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CONTENTS.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

While the war, after two years, still remains critical, we recognise that it is hard for our readers to fix their minds upon the matters to which we wish to draw their attention. It is like asking men to consider the plans of the new building while the old is being burned down. On the war itself, however, it is impossible for anybody to write much that is of any value; and if it appears irrelevant to talk of reconstruction while destruction is in progress it appears to us folly to discuss the destruction itself as mere spectators. That in regard to the war even the most powerful are little better than spectators we are absolutely convinced. We believe that there is not a soul in Europe who would not stop the war if he could or who does not wish that it had never been begun. The tragedy, however, seems to be out of human hands for the time being. Hell has been let loose upon a scale never before known in history and comparable only to the mythical wars of the Titans. The little any one of us can do in it, especially when it is only talk, is not much; and perhaps indeed the best thing to be done is to keep out of the way of the actors, and to mind what, after all, is our own business. For there is no doubt that, whether with or without our attention, events are now shaping the sequel of the war in the form of social, economic and industrial ideas whose condition for the moment is malleable. And these, if not the accomplished fact of the war, we can still hope to affect by our thought. Everybody knows that at bottom the causes of war are mainly commercial; and everybody must recognise that until the commercial spring is smashed peace is a dream. We, therefore, who profess a knowledge of economics can do no better service, even during the war, than in clarifying the truth about capitalism and in endeavouring to make that truth prevail.

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The third article of the series in the "Times," to which we referred last week, ought, in particular, to be in the hands of every reader of The New Age. It is the first clear sign we have seen of the fulfilment of our forecast that the "Times" would one day be found advocating Collectivism against National Guilds. The issue between them, indeed, is not only joined, but in the minds of the able group of thinkers to whom the "Times" writers belong, it is as good as settled in favour of Collectivism or State Capitalism. How gratified the Fabians must be to see the harvest of their labours brought home with the full sheaves of the "Times" thanksgiving! The praise, however, must not be given to them since the causes that are bringing about the success of their propaganda are neither those they set in motion themselves nor any of which they have had foreknowledge or control. It is not the foolishness of their preaching that has ripened State Capitalism to the harvest, but the fears of Capital itself. Capital, you see, discerns with its prescient eye that it will not be able to resume after the war its former condition of minute sub-division. Faced, as it will be, by a world-competition severer than ever, by taxes heavier than hitherto known, and by a Labour opinion raised several degrees of independence by war-service, Capital realises that unless it is united it cannot hope to re-occupy and to maintain its old ground. At the cost of thinking nationally it must therefore be prepared in the first instance to unify itself, and in the second to take the State into partnership. And this it proposes to do under the flag of Collectivism with the sub-title of a State Trust of Capital. The "Times" writers do not, it is true, confine themselves to this bare and bare-faced proposal. Along with the State trustification of Capital there is to be a corresponding union of Labour in the form of a Trade Guild the status and functions of which we shall discuss presently. But the problem of Labour is, as we shall see, secondary in the minds of the writers to the problem of Capital. Capital, in short, is to command attention in the first place, and Labour must take its chance of the fragments of the banquet.

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We believe we have on several occasions invited our readers to make a note of passing events. But if ever we have done it with the desired effect we pray that we may do it now. The scheme put before the readers of the "Times" and embodying the mature conclusions of long discussions of Guild Socialism carried on not for the purpose of discovering whether Guild Socialism is practicable but how it can be defeated, ought to be as clearly realised and as earnestly remembered as would be an enemies' plan of campaign fallen providentially into

our hands. At the risk of considerable repetition and in the certainty of destroying the trimmings of sentiment with which the "Times" writers have decorated and disguised their scheme we cannot be too ruthlessly precise about it. Here, indeed, before our eyes and under our hands is the programme laid down by its best minds for Capital in future to carry out. Should we not be fools to ignore it as of no account? To begin with its main outlines, then, we are to see that the scheme involves two things: first, the certain and prior establishment of a State Trust of Capital; and second, the problematical and in any case posterior establishment of Trade Guilds. These are the main bones of the beast. Now what is a State Trust? It consists, as we have said, in pooling all the existing private capital in the form of syndicates and in thereafter placing the whole in the care of the State. A State Trust, in short, is a working partnership between the bureaucracy on the one hand and a unified system of capitalists upon the other. And what, in the conception of these writers, is a Trade Guild? It is to consist, as clearly as we can follow it, of an organisation of workers embracing practically the whole of the proletariat and constituting in its totality all that we mean when we say Labour.

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Before proceeding to examine the scheme in detail let us make one or two general observations upon the articles in the "Times." We cannot help, in the first place, commending our authors for the pains they have been at to present our case for Guild Socialism with something approaching impartiality. It is obvious that the writers are more in sympathy with Labour than the conclusion to which they must come admits of. They deprecate, for example, exactly as we do, the short views that have hitherto prevailed in the treatment of Labour. They choose not to believe it fair that Labour after its sacrifices upon the field should return to the factory to find itself no better off than before the war. They have a clear conception of the nature of status and of the difference in status between the worker for a fluctuating wage and the worker upon fixed pay. And they have the courage to associate THE NEW AGE by name with the theories of Guild Socialism that were first promulgated in these pages. And for these things, as we say, we are grateful. On the other hand, they have fallen into a misunderstanding about us which *we must do our best to correct even at the cost of a* confession. For they would have their readers (the readers of the "Times," that is) believe that not only have they "snubbed" THE NEW AGE, but that we have reason to regret it. These people, they say (meaning ourselves), are "apt to couch their new views in terms of class hostility and in the old aggressive and now irritating phrases of militant Marxism"; with the effect that the governing classes are naturally disposed to boycott us. Nevertheless, these new views are "essentially constructive views"; and they deserve attention no less than in manner they merit to be snubbed. Our complaint, however, has never been that the governing classes have boycotted THE NEW AGE, although it is a fact. For the truth is that we have deliberately sought to bring it about. Do our readers really suppose that if we had been so minded we could not have cooed our theories after the manner of the "New Statesman"? Our hope, on the other hand, was by an assumption of militant phrases (and not only of militant phrases!) to put off from too close an attention to us the capitalist classes until such time as the Trade Unionists had learned the lessons of the new economics. But, alas, we have to confess that it is the Trade Unionists who have been put off by our irritating phrases and aggressive manners, and the capitalist classes who, on the whole, have first succeeded in getting over them. What Socialist or Labour leader has yet approached in divination of our purposes the present writers in the "Times"? Until a week or two ago the great Panjandrum of Socialism, Mr. Bernard Shaw, had never made a public reference to Guild Socialism, and this after seven years of our writing about it. Nor do we know of more than one or two Labour officials who even to this day have betrayed any signs of understanding or even of ever having heard of the propaganda we have been carrying on on their behalf. The "Times" writers are therefore wrong in assuming either that the governing classes are the sole authors of the boycott of THE NEW AGE or that we regret upon any grounds their "snubbing" of our theories. Our complaint and our regret are reserved for the class from whom we hoped for understanding.

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A more considerable omission from the articles in the "Times" is that of the constructive title of Guild Socialism, namely, National Guilds. There is something significant in the omission, too, since it is obvious that National Guilds expresses a single and indivisible idea which is at the same time free from the associations of the Socialist conventicles. As a matter of fact, it was only after ourselves realising the independence of National Guilds of any school of Socialism and the danger of confining a proposal of social value to a clique of only Socialist value that we adopted the description as a more exact definition of our theories. Since that time, however—four or five years ago—we have as far as possible employed National Guilds exclusively; and it will be remembered that the only work yet published upon the subject of Guild Socialism is entitled "National Guilds." It is all the more strange, therefore, that the very name we have finally fixed upon as the precise description of our theory should find itself boycotted in the articles of the "Times." There you may read of trade guilds, of State trusts, of Guild Socialism, of partnerships between the State, Labour and Capital; but nowhere in the articles will you find the phrase National Guilds. Why? It is not by mere accident, nor can it be that the writers are unaware of the exactness of the name for the scheme they are discussing. They have, indeed, to use clumsy periphrases in order to avoid its direct mention. No, the reason is that the phrase is too exact for their critical purpose. They wish to prove that our propaganda is no more than a reciprocal effort of Labour to keep pace with the syndication of Capital, that it was designed to be an educational movement amongst the workers to prepare them to receive the news of the formation of a State Trust, that, in short, its impulse was wholly proletarian, and its aim the completion and not the abolition of the Capitalist system. To have employed the name National Guilds would, it is clear, have militated against these secret purposes of the "Times" writers. For how can National Guilds be represented as having either an exclusively class object or, still less, the object of supplementing the efforts of Capitalism? How, again, could it be said to imply a division of Capital from Labour or to contemplate the establishment, whether in partnership or in antagonism, of two associations, that of State Trusts and that of Trade Guilds? Whoever, in fact, wishes for any reason to divide the substance of industry or to perpetuate the divisions now existing in it in the form of economic classes (the only classes, by the way, that we recognise), will naturally shy at the use of the term National Guilds, since it contradicts them on the threshold of their attempts. Hence Mr. Shaw, who is a Collectivist first and an industrialist afterwards, is no less careful to omit the term than the "Times" writers, who are capitalists essentially, and industrialists only contingently and sentimentally. For ourselves, however, we shall insist more than ever upon calling ourselves National Guildsmen. By doing so we intend to avoid the dangers into which the invitation to division implied in Guild Socialism inevitably beckons friends and enemies alike.

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Returning to the "Times" scheme it ought to be clear, from the analysis we have made of it, that its origin and intention are mainly capitalist, and that the

interests of Labour are only involved in it because in these days the co-operation of Labour (if only in its sleep) is essential to any large industrial plan. There is all the difference in the world, however, between a scheme approached from the Capitalist side and the same scheme approached from the side of Labour. And the difference is expressed in the result which, in the one case, is the subordination of Labour to Capital and, in the other, is the subordination of Capital to Labour. We have seen something of the dangers resulting even from the priority of one consideration over another and when, we allow, the one is actually involved in the other. The Collectivism of the Fabian Society, for example, we admit to be involved in the scheme of National Guilds; but we deny altogether that because the one is a condition of the other it must precede it in point of time. On the contrary, let Collectivism follow the establishment of National Guilds and all will be well with both; but let National Guilds wait upon Collectivism and it may wait for ever. But even more fatal to our scheme would be the admission of the plea of the "Times" that Capital should first enter into partnership with the State as a condition of securing the welfare of Labour *after* having secured its own safety. A precious amount of consideration Labour might expect to receive after Capital had put itself in the State bank! We see the argument, however; and we admit its plausibility. To modern industry, and particularly to international competition, Capital and its security are absolute necessities. A nation without Capital is a nation without tools. Preserve and increase Capital, then, by all means. But our reply is that necessary as Capital is, Labour is still more necessary. Desirable as it is that we should devise a means to preserve and increase Capital, it is still more desirable that we should devise the means to preserve and increase the well-being of Labour. Capital and Labour are to one another as tools and workmen; and it stands to reason that if both are in peril the one to be wisely delivered first is the workmen. The "Times" writers, however, with their heads in their pockets, see in the present situation the perils of Capital almost to the oblivion of the perils of Labour. They therefore would save Capital first and trust to it to save Labour afterwards. But Capital, whether private or State, would never save Labour. It is not its nature to.

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We have often enough said that the wage-system can be abolished in one of two ways: by the establishment of National Guilds or by the institution of servile or convict labour. The double-edged character of our slogan was, in fact, always in our minds when we appeared, to some of our readers, to be needlessly refining upon a simple statement. How necessary, however, subtlety is in considering practical economics becomes apparent when we see the writers in the "Times" perverting to Capitalist ends the ideas we have elaborated primarily for Labour ends. For it is clear that the "Times" writers, like ourselves, are disposed to abolish the wage-system and only differ from us in the little world of the purpose and means of it. We, our readers know, would abolish the wage-system as a means primarily of freeing the workers from the dictation of Capital and by the establishment of National Guilds in which Capital would resume its proper place as a tool, and from which capitalists quâ capitalists would be eliminated. We would, in short, abolish capitalists at the same time that we would abolish the wage-slave, and the former as the very condition and sole security of the latter. The "Times" writers, on the other hand, would abolish the wage-system, it is true; but neither capitalists nor Capitalism. Under its scheme there would still continue to be a class of users of tools and a class of owners of tools; and the latter would have the advantage over the former that their interests and those of the State would be identical. What is this but to elevate Capital to the throne and to make State subjects of the whole body of workmen? Subjects of the State and employees of the State Trust would be one and the same thing. The wage-system would, indeed, be abolished, but only to find itself replaced by a system of convict labour applicable to the proletariat alone, who would owe a double allegiance to their employers as capitalists and as the State.

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It may be replied that we are failing to take into account the existence of the Trade Guilds, in other words, the associations of the Trade Unions, which the "Times" writers assume to be an integral part of industrial organisation. It is true that in their opinion the Trade Guilds are to come into being concurrently with the State syndication of Capital, and that they are conceived as having functions to discharge in industry collectively. But we may surely dismiss it as a "pious aspiration," either their function or even their existence, since the "Times" writers dismiss as a "pious aspiration" our claim for Labour to a share in the direct control of *Industry*. The difference, we hope, is clear. The servants' hall in a modern mansion may have the privilege of managing their own affairs under the chairmanship of the butler, who is one of themselves; and they may claim to be free to that extent. But since they have no control over the management of the house and are subject to the absolute discretion of its owners their freedom cannot be said to be as real as it is imaginary. It is clear, however, that in dismissing as a "pious aspiration" the claim of Labour to a share of the control of industry (for we are modest and only ask, as yet, for a share of the control) and in offering to Labour as a great concession the control merely of its own ranks, the writers of the "Times" are setting up a system of industry upon the model of the modern mansion, and for much the same reasons. The heads of the house are worried with external affairs and the servants of the house are difficult to manage. Happy thought, free the former from external worry by pooling their troubles under the protection of the State, and from internal worry by charging the servants with their own discipline,—and the thing is done. The worst of it is that, as usual, the "Times" writers can point to Mr. Webb, the Socialist, as their authority for this servile arrangement. Has not that great man, bred and brought up in a bureau, himself suggested that the only function of the Trade Unions under Collectivism shall be no more than the administration on their own responsibility of the regulations and requirements laid down by the proprietors of the industry of the State? And in what does this lofty attitude differ from the dismissal with a grin by the "Times" of our claim for Labour to a share of the control, not of itself, but of industry? With the dismissal, however, of our "pious aspiration" the baby is emptied out with the bath. We see now, in fact, why our phrase National Guilds must be anathema to bureaucrats and capitalists alike: for it is certainly of the very flesh and blood of a Guild that its members should have control not only of one another, but of the industry or the Thing for which the Guild exists. To employ the word Guild to describe groups of workmen with no control whatever over their industry is to prostitute its meaning and to vulgarise its associations out of all semblance to its historic value.

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We have not by any means come to the end of our criticisms of the "Times" articles, and still less to the end of our feeling of apprehension lest their greater circulation should swamp our puny coracle and make off with our ten years' propaganda of National Guilds to feed Capitalism upon it. Nor does the agenda of the forthcoming Trade Union Congress restore any confidence to us; for chief among its items is the demand for the State organisation and control of industry. The State ownership of industry (or, rather, of the tools of industry) we can allow; but unless Labour obtains a share of the control of industry its members are all dead muttons. Now the control of industry is the control of Capital . . . .

Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdad.

THE resignation of M. Sazonov, the Russian Minister for Foreign Affairs, is the climax to a number of resignations from the Tsar's Cabinet which have been taking place for several months. On the whole, judged by the rough-and-ready standards prevailing in England and France, it is approximately fair criticism to say, as one or two Liberal organs have said, that the "reactionary" element in the Cabinet is again predominant and that the "Liberal" elements have been weeded out. The "Nation," for instance, lays stress on the fact that M. Makarov, the notorious Conservative who signed the memorial to the Tsar praying for a separate peace, is now in the very Cabinet which is devoting itself to carrying on the war, and that M. Khvostov, "who had made himself impossible as Minister of the Interior by promoting and subsidising a Black Hundred Congress, which was to demand the suppression of the Duma, again returns to his old Ministry." In point of fact, I am under the impression that the M. Khvostov who has rejoined the Cabinet is not the former Minister of the Interior, but his cousin; and even the "Nation" admits that the Duma spokesmen have obtained the assurances they wanted in regard to foreign policy. It may be taken as undoubted that the Cabinet as now constituted, despite its reactionary elements, will carry on the war to the end, without backstairs intrigues on behalf of Germany. There are somewhat different reasons to account for the reconstruction. Even fairly well-informed critics of foreign affairs must nowadays confine themselves largely to the immediate effects of the war, and no one need be surprised if there is a marked tendency in Liberal circles here to judge the Russian Cabinet by the principles of Cobden and Bright. It may be assumed, nevertheless, that the Premier, M. Stuermer, would not have gone to the trouble of rearranging his colleagues merely because of some differences of opinion on home policy. From evidence which has been brought to my notice I am inclined to think that the causes of the changes are somewhat deeper; and one of their first results is the agreement just concluded between the Russian Government and Japan. According to the terms of this Treaty, each Government binds itself to come to the help of the other in the event of their respective interests being menaced in the Far East. I do not use the word "interests" in any capitalistic sense, nor is it to be understood in that sense. Statesmen are guided, in these matters, primarily by strategic considerations; and caution is advisable in suggesting that capitalists or manufacturers are necessarily interested in the starting and maintenance of warlike campaigns. A perusal of such financial organs as the "Frankfurter Zeitung," the "Koelnischer Zeitung," and the "Berliner Tageblatt" is sufficient to show what German industrial concerns and financiers think of the present war; and Kerr Krupp von Bohlen was not called into consultation by the Kaiser in his capacity as armament manufacturer for profit but in his capacity as armament producer for the State. The distinction is important. Russia has hardly any capitalistic interests in the Far Eastern territories which do not belong to her; but her strategic interests there are supremely important. A subjective State—I believe that is Señor de Maeztu's term—must keep on extending its borders; and, failing a different form of government, this process must necessarily continue until one is found. Russia, let me add, cannot be reproached in this instance; for the negotiations with Japan were short and simple, and were intended as a reply to other negotiations which were announced several weeks before, viz., the purchase by the United States of America of the Danish West Indies, and the statement that pourparlers had been begun by Washington for the acquisition by purchase of the Galapagos Islands, at present belonging to Ecuador. President Taft tried to buy these important islands when the Panama Canal scheme was very much to the fore, and the project was revived when the Mexican troubles began, in their more acute form, four or five months ago.

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It needs no long period of residence in the United States, or profound examination of American newspapers and reviews, for the inquirer to note that the United States regards Japan at present in much the same way as we ourselves regarded Germany in the last two or three years of peace. There is an atmosphere of suspicion and surliness, a determination to prevent the Japanese already settled in America from holding land, an equal determination to prevent further Japanese from landing. But these positive measures of dislike for the Japanese have taken a more serious turn. It was declared in specific terms by various American financial organs, shortly after the war broke out, that New York should now become the money centre of the world; and pacifists, manufacturers, and capitalists brought all their forces to bear on the Government to keep the United States neutral. In this way America has benefited stupendously from the European war and has accumulated huge resources of funds. Now, it is announced, a Corporation—the International Financial Corporation—has been formed, with a capital of millions solely for the purpose of undertaking foreign loans. The first loan has been made to China and has been secured on canal dues. I should point out that every American citizen is as proud to be, in his modest way, an international financier as he was to take part in the Cuban war or in the acquisition of the Philippines, knowing as he does that Cuban "self-government" is merely nominal and that the Philippines have no form of self-government at all. But this American participation in a loan to China, added to the Standard Oil and Steel Trust concessions in various parts of the southern provinces, raises questions of international complexity and delicacy. I may be excused for pointing out that the Danish West Indies (Santa Cruz, St. Thomas, and St. John) lie close to the larger island of Porto Rico, acquired by the United States by conquest; and that the opening of the Panama Canal lends additional strategic effect (for Pacific Ocean purposes) to these possessions.

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I am not saying that the United States proposes to go to war with Russia and Japan over China within the next year or two; I am simply pointing out that China has now become a potential danger spot. If it be suggested that disputes relating to China might well be referred to The Hague Tribunal, I am forced to declare that that Tribunal has not been conspicuous, not merely in the European war, but in the disputes between Mexico and the United States of the last two years. The correspondence between President Carranza and President Wilson, relating to the occupation of Mexican territory by American troops, has been published. It shows clearly that the law (the international law) was on the side of Carranza, but that the American Government quite cheerfully decided to disregard it, and to remove their unwanted troops only when Carranza definitely menaced them with superior forces, defeated them in battle, and made it clear that he meant to uphold international law at the point of the sword—the international law having been violated by Washington and not by himself. This is a lesson, I have reason to believe, which has not been lost upon Petrograd. It is also a lesson for pacifists; and I shall be genuinely glad to have a pacifist comment upon it. To the common-sense observer the incident shows that international law is safe nowhere, not even in the keeping of its professed supporters.

War and its Makers.

III.—PREJUDICE OF CREED.

PERHAPS no difference has been so often held accountable for disunion between men as the difference of creed. The mere enumeration of the wars waged in the name of Religion would fill a fair-sized volume. But in this province of human activity as in every other it is necessary, if we are to draw a sound conclusion from past events, that we should carefully distinguish between real and avowed causes. The modern student of history cannot be satisfied with the facile interpretations which contented the monastic chronicler. To a man of the world—that is to say, to a man who has mixed with his fellow-creatures and learnt something of the workings of their minds—there is something profoundly unreal about the traditional presentment of so-called "holy wars." Knowing his neighbours and himself as he does, he finds it extremely hard to believe that any considerable section of any human community at any time in any country should have seriously shed blood—its own blood—on behalf of so abstract a thing as a theological dogma.

That there are people capable of the noblest and the basest acts for the sake of a fixed idea is, of course, indisputable. All the martyrs, and some persecutors, belong to this category. These are the people in whom conviction is stronger than common sense—in whom the voice of conscience is so loud as to drown every other voice. In them the very instinct of self-preservation yields to the craving for self-expression. That persons of that type should sacrifice their own lives and the lives of their fellow-creatures for a metaphysical abstraction is perfectly conceivable: the mind of an enthusiast is above, or below, the present world. But the type is rare—just as all that transcends the common measure is rare. The normal human being is not a prey to fixed ideas. The average man will not undergo the fatigues and horrors of a campaign for a metaphysical hypothesis. He wants something more concrete to fight for. Where you find a thousand men ready to fight for food, you will scarcely find one willing to fight for faith. And of those who do risk their lives for faith the vast majority mean by faith something quite different from what the visionary or doctrinaire means. They understand by it something relatively concrete and practical. The patriot will face death in defence of his country, because his country is real and dear to him—a sort of larger home; or in defence of justice, because he feels, even if he be unable to give articulate utterance to the feeling, that justice is essential to happiness: his own happiness and that of the community of which he forms a part. There is always something definite, something real and convincing about the normal hero's heroism. Now there is very little of that sort of thing about the so-called religious feuds. The ostensible object for which they were waged was at best a formula—of no earthly value whatever, and of a heavenly value so doubtful that it could hardly be supposed to furnish a sane man with an adequate motive for self-immolation.

This is especially evident in the case of narrow, sectarian feuds—as all the religious wars of Europe were, after the extirpation of heathenism. The various belligerents were not fighting for different creeds, but for mere variations—often stupendously slight variations—of the same creed. Eastern and Western Catholicism, Catholicism and Protestantism, Episcopalianism and Presbyterianism—what are they but the same dish served up with different sauces and under different names? Even when we examine the broader struggle between Christendom and Islam, and the struggle of either with Paganism, even there we shall discover theology playing a comparatively secondary part. The prose of it is that the feud between New and Old Rome was in the first place waged for temporal supremacy and only in the second or third place for the Filioque. Protestant Europe rebelled not so much against the theological dogmas as against the political pretensions of the Papacy. When Elizabeth declared for the Reformed Religion, she was thinking more of the Balance of Power than of the balance of Truth. Episcopalians and Presbyterians quarrelled over two forms of government rather than over two theological theories. The Crusaders who marched against Asia did so for the sake of conquest more than for the sake of the Cross. And of those who genuinely volunteered to rescue the Holy Land from the Turks, the vast majority were impelled thereto by indignation at the Turk's reported tyranny over the pilgrims rather than by any animosity against his creed. The Spaniards carried on the extermination of the natives of America less for the love of God than for the love of gold; and in Europe the suppression of heretics was always accompanied by confiscation of their goods. Practical—often sordid—considerations will be found at the back of all the struggles misnamed religious. Even though doctrinal fanaticism, pure and simple, may have actuated, in some measure, the priests who preached holy wars, doctrine had little to do with the decisions of the princes who carried them on, and as regards the common people they were for the most part induced to enlist either under false pretences of justice, or by promises of gain, which sometimes turned out true and sometimes false.

The perennial persecution of the Jews in Europe affords another illustration of the true nature of religious feuds. In every age and in every country you will find upon examination that it required the combined efforts of the Church and State to stir up the Christians against their Jewish neighbours. It was not enough to remind the people that the Jews were the enemies of Christ; the Christians had to be persuaded that the Jews were their enemies: that they fleeced them by their usury, that they massacred Christian children, that they poisoned the wells, that they deliberately spread the plague. And it is instructive to note that even after centuries of such teaching the Church felt obliged to rekindle the flame of hatred by incessant renewals of its denunciations of the unclean race: so apt were the Christians to overlook the Jew's spiritual impurity, to consort with him, to forget that he was a pestilent infidel. All the anti-Jewish riots in mediæval Europe were instigated from above—the Church preached the suppression of Israel on theological grounds, the State on economic grounds; while in our own day Jew-baiting—under its modern phase of anti-Semitism—before it could become fashionable, had to receive, at the hands of university professors, a fresh coating of pseudo-scientific sanction consonant with the ideas of the age. That the Jew's heterodoxy has always contributed to his unpopularity it would be idle to deny; yet candour will own that few of the attacks against him were spontaneous sallies of orthodox frenzy.

That religious dissent by itself is not a cause of discord is further shown by the absence of religious rancour and strife in pagan times. The very exception that might be cited in disproof of this view—the persecutions of the early Christians—really proves it. The Christians were not persecuted by the Romans because they were Christians, but because they were a nuisance. The cause of offence was not their theoretical tenets but their practical tendencies. Quite apart from the heinous vices which rumour ascribed to them, their particularism at a time when the commonwealth, threatened by a thousand dangers from without, needed more than ever internal solidarity; their unpatriotic efforts to promote sectarian ends at the expense of the public good; and their ostentatious refusal to pay to the Emperor the divine honours which all loyal subjects owed him, marked them out as a set of conspirators against the State. Their suppression was a matter of political necessity, not of religious bigotry. They were denounced as an anti-social influence by an historian so little given to religious speculation as Tacitus; and they were persecuted by Marcus Aurelius—a statesman, a sage, and a saint far more respectable than many who have found their way into the Christian Calendar.

Political expediency has also been the cause of the sanguinary outbreaks which have sullied the annals of the Ottoman Empire from time to time. The slaughter of Christians in all cases was dictated by the Sultan, who sought to quench the rebellious fire of insurgent patriots in their own blood. The best proof that Moslem bigotry had little to do with those atrocities is supplied by the fact that the Turks who slew the Bulgarians in 1876 and the Armenians in 1896 very scrupulously spared members of the other Christian communities. It is true that many a Turk was goaded into cruelty by the preaching of excited ministers of the Koran, who persuaded him and themselves that the extirpation of infidels was an act as pleasing to Allah as it was to the Caliph. But though popular fanaticism did play a part in those dramas, it was a subsidiary part: the part of what doctors call a predisposing condition. The exciting cause lay elsewhere. Whenever their authority and material interests were not threatened the Turks were tolerant enough.

From personal experience among men of many creeds I can attest that religious prejudice, pure and simple, so far as the bulk of people are concerned, has been shockingly exaggerated. It is only the fanatic who discovers fanaticism in others. I have tried to discover it; but I am bound to confess that I have failed ignominiously—even among the ignorant tribesmen of North Africa at a time of intense religious fervour.

It happened to me during the Tripolitan War to be arrested by an Arab band on suspicion that I might be an Italian spy. I was a Christian; they were Mohammedans engaged in a Jehad. I was a European; they were defending their land against European aggression. I was even suspected of belonging to the particular Christian sect and European nation with which they were at war. Lastly, I carried gold about me; my captors, besides being very holy warriors, were also very poor and very greedy. Yet I was not even robbed. Unarmed and at the mercy of an armed gang, who could have dealt with me just as they pleased with absolute impunity, I was treated as a human being would expect to be treated by fellow-beings. In this instance—and, I submit, it was a pretty thorough test— all the differences which are commonly supposed to create hostility were present: difference of colour, of creed, of speech, of dress, of class. Furthermore, they were reinforced *by a fierce political difference and a lively personal suspicion.* Yet the plain bond of common humanity triumphed over them all so easily, so naturally, that it was only after my release that it occurred to me to think that I had been in a position of some peril. Had there been among my captors any representative of that mischievous species of mankind which lives on the ignorance and credulity of its fellows, it might have fared otherwise with me. Fortunately they were allowed to forget their creeds and traditions and to obey their own moral perceptions.

I was not unprepared for this happy ending of my little adventure. Some time before a Turkish officer, in trying to dissuade me from undertaking that solitary excursion, had said to me:

"What would you do, if you fell in with some wild Arabs—would you pretend to be a Mohammedan?"

"No," I replied, "I would say that I am a Christian."

"Wouldn't you be afraid?"

"No."

"Why?"

"Because I am not at all sure that wild Arabs would object very much to a Christian; but I am sure they would strongly object to a liar."

Religion has not yet ceased to furnish a pretext for war even in Europe. When the Bulgarians moved against the Turks in 1912, King Ferdinand told them that they were going to fight for their Faith; and a good many of them believed him: the rather because a holy war absolves its votaries even from the few obligations of decency which a frankly profane struggle imposes. But this use of the religious prejudice as a mask for political enterprise has to a large extent been superseded among the more advanced nations by the racial prejudice.

KOSMOPOLITES.

(To be continued.)

Central Europe.

III.—GOVERNMENT BY MACHINE-GUN.

THE articles in the "Times" on industrial reconstruction will convey a curious impression of obsolescence to all who have followed Naumann's propaganda leading up to the publication of his book on Central Europe last winter. It is evident that the economic advisers of the capitalist classes have made up their minds to champion certain of the principles of Fabian Socialism or Collectivism. These principles, in spite of the Fabian Society's tracts dating back thirty years and more, are still novelties to the mass of manufacturers in this country; but the essential features of Collectivism have been known in Germany, and, what is more, have been applied by employers there, for at least fifteen years. More than that, "Vorwärts" has itself admitted, speaking officially on behalf of the whole Social-Democratic party, that the methods of the employers have been exceedingly effective in crushing labour movements. As a suitable comment on the "Times" articles, therefore, it will not be without interest to consider the effects already known of Collectivism in Germany and Naumann's relation to it.

Readers of the German newspapers and students of German industrial conditions will have observed that there are five distinct types of recognised trade unionism beyond the Rhine. It is important to note that this distinction is not necessarily reflected in politics; and this is a point which it is especially necessary to emphasise in England. With us, trade unionism means essentially the same thing in every trade: though one union may be more important than another, the principles of them all are identical. It is only in matters of political policy that there may be a divergence (Independent Labour Party, British Socialist Party, Labour Party, Liberal-Labour representatives; and so on); and Mr. Collinson, however useful his strike-breakers may have made themselves from time to time, has not achieved the distinction of official or even semi-official recognition. In Germany there are the Social-Democratic unions, not necessarily sharing in every particular the views of the Social-Democratic party. The adult male vote of the party at the last elections was in the neighbourhood of five millions; the membership of Social-Democratic unions is only 2,400,000. The party vote, of course, is swollen by elements (school-teachers, ex-army officers, business men, lawyers, etc.) who desire, not "Socialism" in any form, but only a more enlightened political system; but these elements, which are what we should call unsympathetic to labour, only weaken the party when labour questions are under discussion by conveying a false impression of its strength at normal times. I have mentioned the theoretically "Socialist" unions, with a membership of 2,400,000. There are also the Hirsch-Duncker unions (110,000), the Christian or Roman Catholic (360,000), the Polish and Independents (770,000), and the so-called Pacifist unions (170,000). The Social-Democrats are the "reds"; the Christians are "black"; the Hirsch-Dunkerites "blue," and the Pacifists "yellow." Perhaps I should add that the Pacifists are not so called because of their views on war (they are not anti-militarist) but because they oppose strikes as a means of settling labour disputes. They represent the Trade Unionists who in England would have followed Mr. Osborne.

These various Trade Unions differ fundamentally. The "yellows," for example, are frankly free labour unions—the Collinsons of Germany—and are admittedly

subsidised by the employers. They are hostile to the principles of the Social-Democrats, as are the "blacks" and the Polish organisations. Although, therefore, the bulk of the organised Trade Unionists of Germany—the 2,400,000 Social-Democrats—are members of one body, yet there remain a sufficient number of non-Socialists—nearly a million and a half—equally well organised, who can and at times do act as strike-breakers; as potential drags on the Socialist wheel. Let it be remembered that the employing classes in Germany are even better organised than the men, and it will be admitted that "Vorwärts" had some reason for saying a year or two before the war that the democratic conditions of England (sic) did not prevail in Germany but, instead, the police bureaucracy and the machine-gun. For this reason "Vorwärts" explicitly repudiated general strikes, urging that they did not suit German industrial strategy. The greater the strike the greater also the weakening of the union funds and the greater the probability of the use of the machine-gun—and this, remember, before the war. Such was the argument of "Vorwärts" itself, the greatest Socialist organ of them all. How do Naumann's schemes harmonise with Social-Democratic views?

Naumann, up to the outbreak of war, was very pro-English and a free-trader; and he had a high appreciation of English Trade Unions. This appreciation, I think, was not due to personal observation—although Naumann knows England well—so much as to his liking for large groups and cartels, whether of masters or workmen. To judge from Naumann's earlier works, such as his books of essays and his famous work on Neo-German policy (Neudeutsche Politik) he would like to see all employers organised in "trusts" and all workmen in Trade Unions; but he does not seek or desire an amalgamation of the two, preferring instead collective bargaining. This, as we have seen, when carried to its logical conclusion of the general strike, is explicitly disowned by "Vorwärts," so that the two leading ideas in post-war organisations in Germany are unfavourable to the workman, organised or not, Socialist or anti-Socialist. The State benefits from Collectivism in Germany; and the employer benefits through the State, as well as directly. In England the employer would benefit wholly from Collectivism, and the State only nominally. In other words, the German State, although a Servile State, does see to the minimum existence of its members. For example, State insurance in Germany has never broken down financially. But in England certain essential features of State insurance have broken down already. For example, as was made clear in evidence before the Committee of Inquiry a few days ago, the consumption "benefit," always more or less illusory, has now been practically withdrawn; and the doctors in working-class districts refuse to "do" maternity cases for the 30s. allowed by law. Further, one witness informed the Committee that it was a "favourite dodge" of landlords, through their agents, to allow the rent to fall into arrears at a certain period in order to be able to claim the maternity benefit of 30s. in payment, as it appears they are entitled to do. These hardships, it must be reiterated, are being inquired into by a Committee whose sittings are meagrely reported, when reported at all, and that they were all known (and hushed up) before the war—hushed up for the sake of a Minister's reputation.

It need not be said that a State benefit of this nature would never be allowed to go bankrupt in Germany. On the other hand, except for one or two embarrassing instances, English employers have not had to have recourse to administration by machine-gun. The problem of the employer after the war is simple enough in every belligerent country—it is to increase production. But this, in England, at least, is a problem which has been very nearly solved. The papers, not very long ago, reported the bald fact that our exports for June, 1916, were of very nearly the same value as those for June, 1914, two months before the war. Making every allowance for high prices, this was a great achievement, and the papers had some reason for congratulating all concerned on what constituted almost a miracle of production. What this feat really amounted to may be judged from a speech by Mr. F. Kellaway, M.P., delivered at Bedford on July 8. Mr. Kellaway is an important official in the Ministry of Munitions; and in his speech, after having mentioned the number of arsenals built since the beginning of the war, and the number of shells, guns, etc., now turned out, he added: "In 1914 there were 184,000 women engaged in war industries; to-day there are 666,000. In 1914 the total number of war workers was 1,198,600; now it is 3,500,000. The Ministry of Munitions is now considering the provision of day nurseries for the children of married women munition workers." This is certainly an enormous number of war workers; but note the effect on production. The number of actually productive workers withdrawn from industry for the Army (from England and Scotland and Wales) is reckoned at a minimum of 2,500,000 skilled men. Making allowance for the number of pre-war workers at munitions, arsenals, etc., we shall see that at least 4,500,000 skilled men have been taken from industry, yet, after nearly two years, production has almost reached the pre-war level.

We know, in general, how this has been accomplished. There has been a huge influx of women into industries of all kinds; overtime has been worked without scruple; holidays have been abolished or cut down; Trade Union restrictions have been relaxed. When the war is over many of these conditions will remain; and, in addition, a very large proportion of the skilled men will resume their old occupations. In addition, to give even more definite proof that our problems of production have been all but solved, consider these authoritative statements made by Sir George Paish to an interviewer ("Weekly Dispatch," July 9 last):

> There has been a net expansion of 100 per cent. in our trade every 30 years, with a reaction of only 2½ per cent. every 10 years. . . . I see no reason why the average income of every family should not be £500 a year. In the past hundred years the national income has grown from about £50 per family to an average of £250 per annum at the present time. . . . The income of the nation is governed by the amount of wealth produced. If a man works slowly and inefficiently the amount of wealth produced is relatively small. If, on the other hand, in working for their employers they would remember they were working every minute for themselves and their families, and worked as much as they would for themselves, then the output would be increased and the income of the country would be correspondingly added to. All we need to double our income is method, machinery, and honest labour.

This is a comfortable doctrine for capitalists, and its implications, unfortunately, are obvious. The improvements in production already effected are to go in adding to the income of "the country," but Sir George Paish is not such a simpleton as to imagine that the additional national income is necessarily reflected in the wage-bill of the working classes. On that point the German example is before us. The workmen in Germany, in the three years 1909-1911, came out on strike 6,216 times, and nearly every dispute was concerned in wages, only nineteen per cent. of the strikes being successful. In the same period the men were locked out by the masters 1,462 times; but, while the men affected by the 6,216 strikes number 470,000, those affected by the 1,462 lock-outs numbered as many as 376,000. It will be seen from these figures that the propaganda carried on by Naumann and his friends for the last twenty years has not resulted in much satisfaction among the German workmen, though the "national income" of Germany has improved out of all recognition during that period. There have been other factors in this movement which we have yet to consider—the large associations of German employers, for instance, and the assistance they receive from the State.

HENRY J. NORTHBROOK.

Our Un-idea'd Press.

By Charles Brookfarmer.

VII.

I GRANT that the journalists of the "Nation" have an attitude, and, as the Press goes, theirs is better than some. The trouble with them is that their attitude is passive, too un-idea'd to carry any weight. Did Mr. Lloyd George blench when the "Nation" threw him over? Did he care a farrier's curse? We know he did not; indeed, by the time the "Nation" lost faith in him, we and he had almost forgotten he had ever set up as a Liberal. And how weak is the "Nation" in support! The same period which sees Mr. Massingham mourning that the Government has usurped the rights both of the voting citizen and of Parliament, sees him also writing to the "Harmsworth Times" to appeal for Parliamentary votes for women. When consistency is gone, what remains? Political Liberalism? In a few years from now the "Nation," ten years after the rest of us, will suddenly wake from its slumber to find that the Liberalism of Sir Alfred Mond and his kind has been only a mask of capitalist policy. Then it will throw Sir Alfred Mond over and demand—votes for women. Take it for all in all, the "Nation" is at best the foolish friend of liberty. It vigorously challenges the enemies' gnats, but cries "Pass, friend," to their camels.

An instance of this feeble-minded benevolence occurs in an editorial article in a recent issue, entitled, "After the War." Speaking of the reports of the recent Land committee, the writer says very sensibly :—

> We wonder whether the gentlemen who write like this in the true eighteenth-century manner about the "industrious and enterprising labourer" really thinks that the men who come back from the trenches are going to be treated as if they were a number of deserving applicants for help, appealing to a distress committee or to a branch of the Charity Organisation Society.

Perish the thought, says he. There is a new spirit now.

> Neither in agriculture nor in industry can we be content to take up things again precisely as and where we left them when war surprised us. . . What is wanted after the war is the spirit which recognises that the status of the workman is the fundamental problem, and the courage to proceed on bold lines.

Excellent; and how are we to solve this fundamental problem of the worker's status? Read this; it is the noblest platitude the "Nation" ever printed :—

> We have to make of the workman something more than a wage-earner.

But how?

> Mr. Hall has taught us to look forward to a time when agriculture will be an industry paying high wages and using highly skilled labour and machinery.

There's a muddlepate for you! We are to make the worker "something more that a wage-earner" by hoping to see agriculture "paying high wages" to him! The "Nation" might as well say that a man who wears high collars is more than a wearer of collars. Let us turn to the next article in the issue.

This is headed bravely, "Causes and Cures of High Prices," and opens thus :—

> At present food costs at least 60 per cent. more to the consumer than it cost before the war. . . . Though prices for clothing and other articles are not so well ascertained, most of them have advanced, though not so far as food. Rent, alone of the important items of expenditure, has remained virtually stationary.

Let us consider the causes first.

> The rise may be due to a failure of supply, an enhancement of purchasing power, or both. In our case the causation apparently proceeds from both sides.

Let us start with the first side: failure of supply.

> Summarising the supply side of the equation, it seems probable that the general rise of prices has not been due to any considerable extent to a real diminution in the aggregate of foods and other necessaries available for the consumption of our population. . . . Taking our civil population as a whole, we cannot regard the rise of prices as indicating any considerable failure to buy and to consume as much as they bought and consumed before the war.

Could mud be clearer? The first of two causes of the rise in prices is the failure of supply—but there has been no failure of supply! Why, then, have prices risen? Let us try the second side: "Enhancement of purchasing power."

> Indeed, it is to this side, the demand side of the equation, that we must look for the main cause of our rise in prices.

And here it is: the currency has been inflated.

> This inflation of the currency tends to raise prices, both directly in the case of the war-requisites upon which the Government spends it, and indirectly as regards the other goods upon which the higher wages and profits are expended.

So the cause of high prices is run to earth at last; it is the inflation of the currency. But why have food prices risen by at least 60 per cent., clothing much less, and rent not at all? Food, our author tells us, should be the least susceptible to rise in price, since "all the various foods are more or less competitors for the same human stomachs." For example, if tea costs ten shillings a pound, never mind, we will drink coffee instead. If beef costs half a crown, we will eat its competitor, bacon. Then, why has the price of food risen doubly as much as of other things? Is it, asks the sagacious reader, that the meat trusts and the shipping combines have deliberately held up supplies in order to force up prices? Did not Mr. Will Thorne, a short while ago, tell the House of Commons that bacon was being left to rot on the wharves, while the prices rose, and did not Mr. Pretyman explain that bacon has risen in price because it was a "sympathetic" article of commerce? Hush, hush; nothing of the sort—we must look to the inflation of the currency (poor little dropsy!) for the main Cause of the rise in prices.

Now we come to the Cures. First, a warning :—

> There is some danger of the public attention being over-concentrated upon the war-plunder effected by shipping companies and middlemen to the detriment of the really vital issues, the need for increasing the shipping and other transport facilities available for our civil needs, and the need for curbing the cowardly finance which hides a secret and injurious taxation under inflation.

But, on our writer's own showing, there has been no failure of supply; so why worry about "increasing the shipping and other transport facilities"? Still, let us be quite clear about freights.

> No regulation of freights can have any real effect in reducing prices unless it is accompanied by an increase in the amount of available shipping.

No, we had better leave the "war plunder" and the plunderers alone; and concentrate on the currency. What are we to do?

> We want more direct taxation and less borrowing.

And, if prices are not to rise still higher,

> Two things are necessary. The first is a really drastic reduction of all consumption beyond the limits set by considerations of hygienic and economic efficiency. The second is a cessation from the practice of allowing banks and other financiers to manufacture credit, and lend it, at highly profitable rates, to the Government. More taxation is the proper way of checking both these wastes.

It may be so. And yet, the taxation of excess profits, for example, has not reduced, but has raised, prices. Ah, no, we forgot; it is the inflation of the currency that has raised prices. Supposing, though, that the Government had seized that rotting bacon in the London docks and sold it in the open market; would the price of bacon not have fallen? Ask Sir Isaac Newton!

The Guild Ideal and Architecture.

"Not in the architectural schools, not in the adoption of any style of the past, not in the study of ancient buildings, necessary though that is, is the line of advance. The triumphs of the future will spring from the attainment, through organisation, by the workers of the world of the one indispensable element of great art—Freedom."—T. S. ATTLEE, M.A., in his R.I.B.A. Prize Essay, "The Influence on Architecture of the Condition of the Worker."]

ART is the expression of joy of the worker in his work, and if a building is to be a work of art it must be built by free and happy workers from the humblest labourer to the architect. But this is not possible under our present system of commercial competition in which we are all slaves. The client about to build may choose his architect because he is a relation of his wife, or because he has become acquainted with him in political work or in business, or because he has met him in foreign travel, or perhaps the architect has a happy way of speech in setting forth his own qualifications which his more modest brother artists lack. The quiet, modest architect with no social position but strong socialistic tendencies, however clear, is forced to find a partner to obtain work for him, or else to work in the office as an assistant to another man who may not be an architect except in name. We have all heard of "ghosts" winning architectural competitions. Having in some way, peculiar to our competitive commercialism, found his architect (or having been found by his architect) the client employs him to design the building. Patients take the advice of their doctor; but the architect's client generally considers that he knows more about taste in art than the man he employs to do the drawing, and the latter generally cannot afford to lose, by arguing, all that a client means to him. Therefore, if a client wants a blazing palace instead of the "frozen music" of the architect's own conception, he gets it. The palace being designed, the next step is to put half a dozen or more builders into competition—competition for knowing how best to buy in the cheapest market all the required labour, material, brains and art (yes, we *buy* art nowadays). The work is given to the one who submits the lowest price. This means that every builder competing has reckoned on being able to work in cheap inferior work which he hopes will escape unnoticed by the employer; he has also reckoned on being able to recompense himself for some low prices by charging heavily for some "extras." The building is erected, and if no inferior work is allowed, and there are no "extras," the builder often loses by the contract. From the moment when the wrong kind of client to build starts to employ the wrong kind of architect, to the moment when the wrong kind of builder has built the wrong kind of house, everything tends to lower the status of the real workers. Materials are used from sweated labour factories, because the client likes them, and they are cheap. The builder has put in a low price for low quality materials and low-priced labour, because he had to in order to get the work in competition. It has been immoral commercial competition from start to finish, instead of what it should be, competition of invention in art and science used for the benefit of the whole work and the people.

The present commercial system, even at its best, will not give us architecture. Let us suppose that the client be a man of real artistic sense who happens to find a kindred spirit in his architect, so that the will and money are there ready to produce something great. The two will, however, find difficulties at every hand to upset their plans, and disappointment each time a piece of work is completed. Each trade will quarrel with other trades in the fear that it is being put upon in the mad scramble to get things done cheaply. These habits have been acquired during scores of years; they cannot be thrown aside in a day. The workers have not been used to making their work alive with their inventive powers; there is lacking the experience, the will and the spirit of the Guilds, there is lacking the co-operative art of building—architecture. A great work of architecture cannot be produced by one man with a host of perfect slaves. Even if it were possible to get all the materials desired of the right quality, it would still be just as impossible. Only a lifeless fabric would result. Architecture is a co-operative art dependent on the industrial freedom of the people.

An example in history of beautiful architecture produced by slave-workers is that of Greece. It may be "frozen music," but it has not the life-music of Gothic. We regard it with contemplative calm, knowing its faultless repetition of line and form. Splendid but cold, it does not stir our imaginations to invent, to strive for the future, to help the Life Force onward in its evolution. On the other hand, the great buildings produced by the Guilds of the Middle Ages teem with life, and stimulate our imaginations in all directions.

But in modern days the commercial competitive system reigns throughout the greater part of the world. A builder could not succeed if he did not buy in the cheapest market and sell in the dearest. Besides that, the competitive system has so demoralised the building trade that immediately anything is done without a price being agreed upon there is an exorbitant charge made. Indeed, there are some contractors who take on work at a figure which will bring a loss if there are not a few "extras." This spirit of insincerity in giving, and grabbing as much as you can, is a natural result of our commercialism. It affects everyone from the humblest worker to the builder himself and the architect's drawing office. We are all slaves to it, and it takes more than an ideal client and an ideal architect to get rid of it. But this spirit will be changed. Out of our present-day Trade Unions there will spring up Guilds in which men will find they can work more for the love of work and less from the fear of poverty. They will not be forced to strike for higher wages. No man will be haunted by the fear of poverty in old age, by the fear of being thrown out of work in the next week, or by the fear of never being rich enough to bring up a family.

The Guilds when properly established will guarantee to its craftsmen and members shelter, clothing and food, the three great necessities of life. By that time they will probably be building real garden cities with a view to transit system and future growth, and it will be easy to make men contented in those park-like cities of open spaces and sunny quadrangles. Use of all public transit and entrance to public buildings will probably be free, just as our high roads and bridges and museums have become free. The artist will be treated as the craftsman unless art becomes absolutely free and part of man's leisure hours, as it should be. Works of art can never be done for monetary reward; the higher our evolution evolves the more its artists will work purely for the love of the work, and not of personal gain. Guilds will be great organised institutions full of craft traditions. Each would manage its own interior affairs, and, being composed of men whose lives have been spent in their trade, will naturally be fitted to know its own affairs best. Matters of more general importance would be managed in conjunction with the other Guilds at the Guild Congresses. The State would receive from them a payment to the national revenue, and this tax would be the nation's chief weapon against the Guilds should they attempt exploitation.

The building trade under the Guild system would lose its present horrors of commercial competition. Private clients for architects will become fewer and fewer in the future, giving place to the corporations and companies. This will be greatly to the benefit of the architect and his art, allowing him to carry out his own ideas more easily, for although dealing with a committee generally means submitting to a democratic levelling of taste, yet the architect gets his own way on account of the lack of any acute personal interest from

the committee; also a company spends more lavishly than a private individual. The architect would be a part of the Guild, and this would give him great freedom in putting forth his ideas without the fear of losing his practice if his ideas were not acceptable. He would not have to prostitute his art, as he does at the present time. Having settled on the plans, the work could be priced out according to the prices ruling in the trade at that time. The work would then be commenced without the trouble, anxiety and immoral practices of the commercial competitive system, with its host of sub-contractors and their commissions. It would be done in a spirit of real co-operation. The architect would work with the craftsmen and the members of the Guild, discussing problems of the work as they arose. A certain amount of freedom would be allowed to the individual workman in the details for which he would be personally responsible. Working under the chief Guild smaller specialist Guilds would be employed; the manager (who would take the place of our present-day contractor) and the architect could deal with them somewhat in the same way as they deal with sub-contractors at the present time, but without the elements of commercialism. These smaller Guilds would again have a large amount of freedom in the details for which they would be responsible. The manager of the contract (or, rather, co-operation) would not fear bankruptcy, and would be able to do good work without personal loss. The foreman would not fear getting the sack from an irritable boss, nor would he have to use inferior materials to make the job "pay." The workman would be able to take an interest and pride in his work when he had a voice in the management of the Guild. He would be employed by the Guild, which would guarantee him work. Fear of poverty would not be an incentive to work. Only when fear is abolished can men take a pride in their work; it is false to say that men only do good work from fear. Left to face little problems in the fashioning of the material before him, the workman would be forced to use his inventive powers. New forms would be involved, as they were in the past under the Guild system; the work would commence to live. Traditions would grow up after a time which, though leaving the craftsman free to invent, would yet give a result that would not be anarchy, because of the common aims of the Guild and the spirit of co-operation in it.

This is the Guild ideal as I see it in the building trade. It has existed in the past, and as it came to birth it gave us that wonderful element of humanity in the Byzantine architecture. That style was awake and alive because the workers who produced it were becoming free. Later we come to Gothic architecture, in which we see the Guilds at their best; great free organisations, defenders of freedom against the king, the lords and the wealthy. All over Europe these Guilds flourished, producing the great monuments that stand unrivalled even to-day. Only the language of Ruskin can adequately describe them. Later the Guilds were killed by the capitalistic spirit, and with them died the wonderful Gothic architecture. The worker was transformed from a free citizen into a wage-earner without influence on the productive machine of which he had become a part, a tool in the hands of the capitalist—a mere instrument of profit. But the Guild ideal exists in the future, and it will be materialised again on an even grander scale. Methods of transit and communication will facilitate the union of the workers of the world far more efficiently than was possible in the past. Methods and materials for building will doubtless change, but the fundamental fact that architecture is a co-operative art will remain unshaken. The Guild will doubtless suffer transmutation, but it will always remain a Guild—a communion of workers. It will come to birth amidst modest surroundings, as all great movements do, and even now the first few steps towards the realisation of the Guild ideal may be taken. The Trade Unions have only to act by gaining control of the materials and the services of the salariat and direct the process of their labour.

H. B. HYAMS.

An Appeal to Sense.

By Dikran Kouyoumdjian.

WHEN any individual of a lost or conquered (and therefore oppressed) nation begins to write it ceases to be natural, as for an Englishman to write about England or a Frenchman about France, but necessary to write about his own people. An Irishman about Ireland, a Pole about Poland—people expect the extravagant hatreds, the thundering at the gates of the oppressor, the wailing and gnashing of teeth. It is their privilege in exchange for their lost nationality, in the same way as it is a woman's privilege to be allowed to pass through a door first in exchange for her rights as a reasonable being. And owing to a greater length of a dozen or more centuries of oppression, the Armenian in this way has the fullest privilege of all.

But the Armenian, about Armenia, has abused the privilege less than any of the others. Most of the sentimentalising about Armenia has been done by friends, and not by Armenians. For much of it an Armenian is grateful; for much of it, if he counts himself a man like other men as well as an Armenian, he is not grateful. Most of the articles, pamphlets and books I read of my countrymen seem to encourage the casual person to think of the Armenian as something like a beggar, with torn and tattered clothing, his eyes red with weeping, his hands stretched out supplicating every passer-by, a weak, helpless creature, without nationality, without self-respect. A little of this is true: an Armenian in Armenia is a symbol and a warning to all nations of the curse of nationality. Much of it, if not untrue, is perverted truth. In the wash of thoughtless sentimentality the casual person is allowed no other idea of the Armenian than that of the supplicating beggar; he scarcely knows what the Armenian is, and certainly does not know what he was, and soon he will be so bored with what he has been told that he really won't care. Therefore it would be well to try and dispel a little of his ignorance, and to blow away the chaff of sentimentality, which is hysteria, from the grain of pity, which is human.

1. It is known that Armenia is a country in Asia Minor, in which is a Mount Ararat, with which are Biblically associated Noah, an ark and a dove. Also it is known that in the last fifty years there have been massacres in Armenia. But between the Ararat of Noah's Ark and the Ararat with its snow dyed red, and in spite of the fact that most historians have, through ignorance, omitted any but the most trivial mention of Armenia, she has had a history which proves beyond all doubt that Armenians have as much right to Armenia as anyone else: I am of opinion that they have much more right to it than anyone else, which at once brands me as a Revolutionary, so-called. It is not generally known that the Turks are comparatively recent conquerors of Armenia. Before them were the Empires of Babylon, Assyria, Persia, the armies of Alexander of Macedon, of Rome, of the Huns (?), of the Saracens. Turkey is but treading on the ashes of Armenia, looking here and there for a still burning coal that she may crush it, so that she, too, may have the honour of being a faithful slave of history's dictates.

2. One interested person says that there is a wicked Armenian, another that there is a very nice, gentle Armenian. One is malicious and both are ridiculous. The Armenian, being much the same as other people, has about equal proportions of both. But the Armenian in Asia Minor, being an older inhabitant, has long ago realised that he does not want Barabbas (to his material, if not moral, detriment), so he appears, and is, a comparative angel beside the later interlopers, who have not yet learnt, or are just now learning, their lesson.

On the other hand, the Armenian, who has at different times fled from a country quite impossible to live in

comfortably, and obsessed, at first consciously, but his sons and grandsons unconsciously, with the human, but unreasonable, idea that since the world must have its hand against him, he must have and put in effect his hand against the world, has quickly assimilated the wisdom of the Western peoples and used it to good effect: thus making an extremely good business man and an extremely bad advocate for the communistic freedom of his own country, which always is, and always shall be, Armenia.

3. An Armenian is not the weak, helpless coward which his friends and enemies give you to imagine. The Russians have found he makes a very good soldier (General Melikoff was an Armenian), and would not have taken Van so easily the first time if the Armenian inhabitants had not held the town for more than a month against a far superior number of Imperialistic Turks. Also, conforming to the general standard of courage, he has in his time been an extremely good, and as effective as possible, guerrilla fighter, bandit and rebel, and since he has been more or less actively disliking his enemies for the last twenty-five centuries, he is the father of all patriots, rebels and exiles. It is only a more developed sense of the ridiculous and a thorough knowledge of the real thing which prevents the expatriated Armenian becoming an idiotic bravo like the German duellist, or a degenerate brutalist like the English and American prize-fighter.

4. Because of a mere coincidence in the shape of their noses and the colour or curl of their hair, it is not safe to presume that an Armenian is a Jew, or vice versa, or that they are even of the same branch. Both would probably feel insulted, though neither, of course, has the faintest right to be. They are not even of the same branch; though there is some mystery about the origin of the Armenians, and though it might not be quite safe to say that they were homogeneous and probably pre-Aryan, it is quite certain that they were an older and quite distinct race from the Semitic peoples farther south, whom, it is said, they regularly attacked under the Biblical name of Hittites. Later, the Armenian King was the first King, the Armenian nation was the first nation as a whole, to accept Christianity, for which they have paid the unreasonable price of their nationhood.

5. Because Sir Mark Sykes has written in some of his books that the character of the Armenian in Armenia is not all that it should be, and because Captain Dixon-Johnson, giving an extract from Sir Mark Sykes, which the latter has lately repudiated in the Press, has written a ridiculous and malicious pamphlet on the same theme, it is neither necessary to believe them nor in any material way to doubt their veracity. It is one of the conventional and traditional mistakes to imagine that none but disinterested people can write the truth. It is quite a fact that the disinterested are the only people who cannot write the truth. They cannot touch it; though in doing their best they become "authorities" on whatever nation they are lavishing their attention. An Englishman can no more write about the character of Armenians in Armenia than I can about the character of the aborigines of Siam. The depth of ignorance in each case is about the same, no matter how great an "authority" he may have become in his well-intentioned efforts; for there is an immeasurable, mental, intellectual, and every other sort of gulf between the Englishman and the Armenian in Armenia, as there is, though in a different way, between myself and the aborigines of Siam. The only person who can write about the collective character of the Armenians is an Armenian, in which case Armenians will be the only people to disbelieve him, thus sealing the accuracy of his statements.

6. The mere fact of an isolated Turkish general giving General Townshend back his sword does not make Turkey a land of "gentlemen." The Turk has no greater share of gentlemanly qualities than anyone else, rather less in fact, since he has more courtesy, more brutality and less veracity, making the end justify the means whenever he dares. Geographically speaking, it will be noticed that the side Turkey turns to Europe and England is not the same as the side she turns to Armenia. Gladstone was, perhaps, the first Englishman to notice that.

7. One thousand years hence some F.R.G.S. will probably write an exhaustive book on a quondam great Armenian Civilisation, and he will no doubt be believed as we believe Mrs. Annie Besant and others when they say that there has been a great Peruvian Civilisation. (I am presuming that at the present rate, or at a much slower one, five hundred years will see the last of the Armenians.) But, because of the fates of history, there never has been a great Armenian civilisation, wholly Armenian and in Armenia. History and her neighbours have not allowed her to be so selfish. Armenia has had to contribute her share to the world's civilisation in scattered bits, as each Armenian settled in a different country, giving as well as he could and can to the collective progress what he has learned from centuries spent in such a country as his, and what he has learned after his short stay in the country of his adoption. For, after many centuries of ministering at the feet of history, the Armenian's greatest curse at the past is the lack of common sense, and his greatest claim on the future is an abundance of common sense. And if, as I hope at some future date, a generous Power, which has got more than it wants, makes a gift of Armenia to the Armenians—and a gift so long delayed can be given in no other spirit than "There, take your beastly country; I don't want it"—the Armenians should, by their long experience of watching and learning from the ebb and tide of the fortunes of whatever countries they have settled in, make a very good thing out of their own.

Islâm and Progress.

By Marmaduke Pickthall.

V.—THE BROTHERHOOD OF ALL BELIEVERS.

"ISLÂM consists in cherishing the most profound respect for the commandments of God and extending sympathy to His creatures."

"Muslims are brothers in religion, and they must not oppress one another, nor refrain from assisting one another, nor hold one another in contempt. The seat of righteousness is the heart. That heart which is righteous does not hold a Muslim in contempt. And all things of one Muslim are unlawful to another—his blood, his property and his reputation."

"No man has believed perfectly until he desires for his brother that which he desires for himself."

"All the Muslims are as one body. If a man complains of a pain in his head, his whole body complains; and if his eye complains his whole body complains."

"All Muslims are like one wall, some parts strengthening others; in such a way must they support each other."

"Shall I tell you who are the worst among you? They who eat alone, and flog their slaves, and give to nobody."

"He will not enter Paradise who behaves badly to his slaves. The slaves who say their prayers are your brothers."

"Every man who calls a Muslim infidel, it will return upon him."

"To abuse a Muslim is disobedience towards God, and to fight with one is infidelity."

There is nothing remarkable to the mind of a Christian student in such words as the above, which have their counterpart among the Scriptures of his own religion. He judges them a simple counsel of perfection, impracticable in real life. What is in truth

remarkable, almost incredible to him, is to be assured that such precepts of fraternity actually govern the conduct of Mohammedans to an extent which finds no parallel in Christendom since the first century after Christ. Yet that is the case. El Islâm is a vast brotherhood, in which nationality, descent, wealth, rank are accidents of small importance, in which all races and conditions meet upon a footing of relationship. I do not for a moment mean to say that there are no distinctions between man and man in that community; or that no man is respected above another; but that in spite of such distinctions there exists—and has always existed even in the times of most oppressive despotism—a real fraternity of all believers. Even the relation of master and slave in El Islâm possessed this savour of fraternity since both were Muslims. In fact the most despotic Muslim state that ever existed was in this respect more democratic than our own democracy; so that El Islâm is more like one great family—composed of members rich and poor, learned and ignorant—than it is like the group of arrogant and mutually hostile nations, each composed of rigidly divided social classes, which is Christendom to-day. The Muslim's country is not Turkey, Egypt, India or Bokhara; it is El Islâm îyeh, the whole fraternity of Muslims.

This religion has succeeded, where Christianity has failed, in uniting men of different colour happily and equally in one society. White, black, brown, yellow peoples intermingle in its mosques and palaces, fraternise and intermarry without bad results. There is none of that supreme contempt of one race for another which marks the intercourse of Christian peoples. It is a matter of common remark with us—and common observation—that marriages between white men and women of a darker colour tend to produce children of inferior courage and morality, evincing generally characteristics which we deem ignoble. It seems at least to be within the bounds of possibility that this degeneration may be due to the contempt and reprobation in which such alliances are held by white Christians; since no such deterioration is to be noticed among the offspring of similar marriages in El Islâm. Is there in the world a race more thoroughly mixed than the present-day descendants of the Ottoman Turks? Yet is there in the world a prouder race or one with greater character of aristocracy? The United States of America has been called the crucible of nations; and in truth they have assimilated many peoples, of one colour; but the black, the brown and yellow races have been jealously excluded from the mixture. Their work is therefore not to be compared with that of El Islâm.

The only aristocracy of birth properly recognised in the Muslim brotherhood, as apart from dignity of place and power, is descent from the Prophet. Yet many of the descendants of the Prophet are to-day in poor positions; so that it is no unheard-of thing for a wealthy merchant or a high official to address the beggar who implores his alms or the street-hawker of whom he buys a handful of pistachio nuts as "ya emîr" (O prince) when the latter is a descendant of the Prophet recognisable by his turban. In Islâm it is no insolence for a trusted servant, addressing his master privately, to say "ya akhi" (my brother) nor any derogation for the master thus to hail the servant, "All Muslimîn are brothers." Liberty and equality are ideals abstract and purely relative, therefore, from the individual's standpoint, unattainable. Fraternity is personal and can be realised wherever men of the like conscience and goodwill consort together.

The foundation of this brotherhood of all believers is in the charge which the Prophet, then in fact though not in name the emperor of Arabia, delivered to the assembled crowds from the summit of Mount Arafat on the occasion of his Farewell Pilgrimage to Mecca (Hajjetu 'l-Waddâ).

"O people, listen to my words; for I know not whether, after this year, I shall ever be among you in this place,

"Your lives and property are sacred and inviolable amongst one another until you appear before the Lord, even as this day and this month is sacred for all. And (remember) you will have to appear before your Lord, who will demand from you an account of all your actions.

"The Lord has prescribed to every man the share of his inheritance; no testament to the prejudice of heirs is lawful. The child belongs to the parent, and the violator of wedlock shall be stoned.

"Whoever falsely claims another for his father or his master, the curse of God and of the angels and of all mankind shall be upon him.

"O people, you have rights over your wives and your wives have rights over you. It is their duty not to violate their conjugal faith, nor commit any act of manifest indecency; if they do so, you have authority to confine them in separate apartments and to beat them, but not severely. But if they refrain, clothe them and feed them properly. Treat your women with loving kindness, for they are with you as captives and prisoners. They have not power over anything as regards themselves. Verily, you have taken them on the security of God, and have made their persons lawful to you by the words of God.

"Keep always faithful to the trust reposed in you, and avoid sins.

"Usury is forbidden. The debtor shall return only the principal; and the beginning will be made with the loans of my uncle Abbâs, son of Abdul Mutallib. . . .

"Henceforth, the vengeance of blood practised in the days of the Ignorance is prohibited, and the feud of blood abolished, beginning with the murder of my cousin Rabîa, son of Hârith, son of Abdul Mutallib.

"And your slaves! See that you feed them with such food as you yourselves eat, and clothe them with the stuff you wear; and if they commit a fault which you are not inclined to forgive, then part from them, for they are the servants of the Lord and are not to be ill-treated.

"O people, listen to my words and understand the same, know that all Muslims are brothers one to another. You are one fraternity. Nothing which belongs to one of you is lawful to his brother unless given out of free goodwill. Guard yourselves from committing injustice.

"Let him that is present tell it to him that is absent. Haply, he that shall be told may remember better than he who has heard."

Towards the end of his discourse the Prophet, moved by the sight of the intense enthusiasm of those multitudes, composed of men who, a few months or years before, had been conscienceless idolaters, exclaimed: "O Lord, I have delivered my message and accomplished my work." The hosts below made answer with one voice: "Aye, truly, that thou hast." He cried: "O Lord, I beseech Thee, bear Thou witness to it."

Of those words of the Prophet to the concourse of the tribes, an English author, with no partiality for Muslims, has declared: "They are the living things of Islâm, and until they are neglected Islâm will be a force in the world. Faults in the Mohammedan body are not difficult to find; but this at least may be said, that in no part of the world does there exist a Mohammedan society in which men are cruel to those whom they employ, indifferent to their parents, systematically dishonest to one another, or socially oppressive to the poor—all of which odious vices are practised as common customs in the land whence come those persons who sally forth to regenerate the East. It is not Mohammedan law that we should admire, but the observance by Moslems of their own free will of those social duties which Christians will not perform save at the end of a policeman's truncheon."

El Islâm has triumphed in fraternity, which is a strong foundation for whatever structure Muslim progress may evolve. MARMADUKE PICKTHALL.

Great Books as Grotesques.

By Huntly Carter.

V.—THE MAHABHARATA.

IT was well said of Herbert Spencer that he, as a scientist, would, no doubt, have traced words to a primitive and accidental squeak. Between that squeak and ourselves would be the broad field of traditional use traversed by the etymologist and philologist, and beyond and behind it, the ultimate world of origins of which Spencer, Skeat, Max Müller, or any of the learned word-men could tell us nothing. On the whole, the scientific mind is a very queer affair. In a manner of speaking it prefers to nail its eyes to earth, and in this favourite attitude it piles up the things of earth about its eyeballs. So its preferences are queer also. Says Professor A. A. Macdonell in his introduction to Winternitz's "General Index to the Sacred Books of the East": "If I were asked to select any one of the fifty volumes of the Sacred Books of the East as specially useful, I should certainly choose the last." The last is the Index. Only a scientist would give the preference to the index of a mighty work. An artist desiring to taste its usefulness would seek its spirit, and in doing so would feel compelled to read it through. And this because, as we were lately reminded, he is concerned with outcomes, while the scientist affects origins. When we come to think of it the attitude of the artist is the only rational one, seeing that he can honestly say what outcomes are; whereas the scientist is simply making a mock of origins, for he does not know what his own origin was. In a sense this agrees with Professor George Brandes' conviction that all profound historical research is psychical research, if only we can relate the professor's word "research" to revelation or vision and separate it from laborious digging and exploration, or as that remarkable intuitionist, Captain Wilson, would say, give it the meaning of seeing into, onto and unto. Professor Brandes' conviction was the result of a deliberation on one or two vital questions, notably that of origins. "First and foremost came the question of the nature of the producing mind, the possibility of showing a connection between its faculties and deriving them from one solitary dominating faculty, which would thus necessarily reveal itself in every aspect of the mind." Evidently he does not drive deeper than a faculty, and does not perceive the fount whence issues the element which constitutes and actuates the faculty.

The professor is really in the Index stage of interpretation—a stage that is very useful to scientists, scholars and students who have made the momentous discovery that Life is short, and have yet to discover that Art is longer. Actually he is considering nature and viewing man with the bright eye of Literature, and not of divinity. To understand the significant achievements of men, it is necessary to cut deeper to the very psychical seeds. So, to experience the original elements of the great Saga-books, Indian, Greek, Hebrew, Persian or any other, we must proceed not from indices and nature, but from an Infinite source, and by this course be led to a comprehension of the Infinite and a full recognition of the share due to it in these immortal works. The same route conducts to an awareness of the noble and ignoble, or true and false, Grotesque; it reveals alone the source of that play spirit which may be fitly expressed in noble forms of art, and in which there is an element of laughter consistent with nobleness.

Let us take this route, and what happens? For a time we become primitives. We gaily attire in a Paradisaical habit in which we, like the writers of the said Saga-books, see all Life and intensely enjoy it. This state places us at the junction of two paths—one conducting to Heaven, the other to the Earth beneath and Hades under the Earth. Here we are still free to choose, still bathed in the early dew of heavenly spirits. We are aware, on the one hand, of the existence of a divine world and its deities, on the other of a natural world and the beginning of a vast struggle between man and the forces of evil, aware, that is, of a struggle within ourself of two different wills—a divine and a natural one. If we have poetry in us, so to speak, with a fair amount of exaggeration and embellishment sticking to it, there is a revelation of the higher or divine Kingdom and the transformation of the lower or natural one, in its light, for our subject. In fact we have culled a bunch of the soundest from the eternal vineyard and are now fully prepared to Ramayan or Mahabharat both the over and undersizelings.

The comedy basis of the great Indian Sagas, then, resides in the struggle of two hostile races, the wicked and the virtuous, together with the interference of divinely appointed heroes who, on behalf of the virtuous race, achieve many wonderful victories over the foe. This kind of comedy has been played in all ages. Indeed it is being played to-day by the Germans who allege that they are fighting their enemies with the direct help of God. Wrongly expressed the comedy fills one with disgust. But rightly expressed with strict poetical embellishment, gigantic hyperbole and a grave air of plausibility it occasions bursts of Homeric laughter. Who that has more than a touch of the Infinite in him can read that prodigious epic the Mahâbhârata and receive a vision of its writers returning from a Deep Profundity overflowing with the milk and honey of the Whence and Whither and Conduct of Life, and partaking of a delicious aperitif of speculation provided by legendary Gods, as in the Celestial Song, the Bhagavadgîtâ, before proceeding to enjoy large helpings of a primitive world held in continual conflict by wicked Giants and virtuous Patriachs—can do this without experiencing the joyful surgings of the soul that conditions the whole thing? And who that has read the Saga and received its vision can deny that it presents an image of a noble grotesque wrought by inspired minds out of the "eternally incomprehensible and unfathonable," and fashioned by the play spirit of nature, and characterised by a style of fancy more gigantic than that of other epic grotesques?

This image is there. The mighty poem can bear witness to its significance and sanctity. "There is not," it tells us, "a story current in this world but doth depend upon this history, even as the body upon the food that it taketh." "The study of the Bharata is an act of piety. He that readeth even one foot believing has his sins entirely purged away. The man who with reverence daily listeneth to this sacred work acquireth long life and renown and ascendeth to heaven." Thus the Bharata, like the Bible, is a Divine Comedy and renovates with the laughter of sanctity. Of course individual experience and interpretation and representation may modify the outlines of the image. Interpretation, especially, may fail to preserve the spiritual uplift, the swift march of events, the peculiar power and charm of the whole, or of the beautiful and brilliant parts. It is not every interpreter who is as well equipped as Mrs. Besant or Sir Edwin Arnold to give us the golden fruits of the vineyard. Arnold, in his translation of eight idylls, has set up a fountain in our midst which sends forth glittering jets of sweetness and joyful comedy, while Mrs. Besant in her interpretation has preserved some of the magic potency of the mighty poem. It is not difficult to discriminate between the blessings of these interpreters and the crimes of others. One remembers with a shiver how sacrilegious hands laid hold of Kâlidasa's "Sakuntala," stripped it to the bone, flung away its glittering crown and robes, and abased it in the dust of the Royal Albert Hall Theatre, what time muddle-headed players said, to adapt the words of the king in "Shagpat," "O spectator lo, the plot is unrevealed to us, and 'tis a deep one; but by this Clarkson wig and nigger make-up, we'll strike at the root of it, and a blow of deadliness." And they did.

Readers and Writers.

MR. G. K. CHESTERTON'S Introduction to Mr. Maitra's "Hinduism: the World Ideal" (Palmer and Hayward, 2s. 6d. net) does not contain the neat distinction he has drawn elsewhere between the Western and the Eastern ideals. The Christian ideal, he says, is that we should all love one another, while the Hindu ideal is that we should all be one another. The distinction, however, is no more than a neat trick of words, as may be seen from joining the two statements differently. We have only to say that the Christian ideal is that we should all love one another as if we *were* one another to smooth out the paradox and to bring the East and the West together. In fact, they are the same at bottom, for it is absurd to imagine that beings of the same species can have radically different ideals or that if the ideals are at variance they can both be of the same species. Specialisation may indeed take place, such that one race of men may lay a particular value upon one element of the mind and another race upon another: but in every table of values, however graduated, the common elements of human psychology are all present. If it were not so, not only should we need to postulate a variety of species in mankind, but the various species would be fundamentally unintelligible to each other. Mr Chesterton would not even be able to say of the Hindus that their ideal is to be one another unless somewhere within his own mind the same idea existed though perhaps not as an ideal. Let us, therefore, be assured, repugnant or attractive as the notion may be, that we humans are all members one of another and that nothing human is really alien to any one of us. It is the democratic fact in excelsis.

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Mr. Maitra seeks to make an antithesis of a still more commonplace kind between the East and the West. "India," he says, "looks within; the West without." Superficially, no doubt, there is something to be said for it; but once the popular crust of the philosophies and religions of the East and West is penetrated, the difference disappears. When Christianity declared that the Kingdom of Heaven is within you and the "Bhagavad Gita" (which Mr. Maitra recommends as the essential scripture of Hinduism) preaches salvation by action, the two at any rate seem to have changed places; Christianity appears to be looking within, and Hinduism without. The fact, however, is that it is the characteristic of all religions to look both within and without. Since man is both soul and body and is in contact with worlds within as well as with worlds without, any complete account of him or any professedly complete doctrine applicable to him must of necessity be in part rational and in part mystical. To assume, as our author does, that Hinduism is alone the world-ideal because, looking within, it alone can provide the basis of a world-religion, is, therefore, to assume that any other religion, the Christian religion, for example, can exist without the inner element. It cannot; and hence, from this point of view, the Christian religion is equally competent with the Hindu to become the world-ideal. This, however, is not to say that either has not something to learn of the other. From Mr. G. K. Chesterton's false antithesis of the ideals of Hinduism and Christianity we see, in fact, that Christianity may learn from Hinduism the doctrine of being as Hinduism may learn from Christianity the doctrine of love. But this is in expression only; for the wise of all religions are of the same religion.

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To judge by the account given by Mr. John Francis Hope of the adaptation of "The Toy Cart" made for dramatic production in London recently, Mr. Arthur Symons, the translator, does not seem to have presented the original in anything like its breadth and subtlety. "The Toy Cart" or, as it appears in Sir Monier Monier-Williams' translation, "The Clay Cart," is the earliest extant drama in Sanskrit, and was attributed to King Sudraka, who is supposed to have reigned in the first or second century B.C. It is by no means the sentimental medley of farce and earnest of the present representation; but it contains, in its eight acts, an underlying purpose, and in its extraordinary variety of characters a deliberate selection, of which the key is only to be found in the philosophy then current. The play, in short, was an illustration of philosophy, and not a mere aimless diversion as it now appears. The character of Sarvilaka in particular, the professional burglar, of whom, I think, little mention is made in the modern version, came straight from the "Bhagavad Gita" in which Krishna declares himself to be, amongst other things, the gambling of the cheat; and he is likewise derived from the source whence came the Greek legends of the robberies of the gods. So, too, the moral is as philosophical as it is ancient; it is that, if you only give Fate time enough, every coil finally straightens out, and for every tragedy there is in the long run "a happy ending." This, of course, is romanticism in our current philosophical chatter. To demand, as popular opinion everywhere incorrigibly does, a happy ending to every story is to demand, we are told, something that reality cannot supply. Reality prolonged far enough into time, however, does supply the happy ending; and what is dismissed as romanticism therefore turns out to be only a very long-sighted view of the workings of Fate or, as the Hindus called it, Karma. I am not certain that the "Toy Cart," even if fully represented, would convey these ideas to us nowadays, for it is not a good play in itself; but without them the English version certainly deserved the wit my colleague poured upon it.

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The articles contributed to THE NEW AGE by Mr. de Maeztu have now been revised and will shortly appear in book form under the title of "Authority, Liberty and Function" (Allen and Unwin, 4s. 6d. net). The synopsis is as follows:

"This book is born of the war. But it sees the war as the outcome of something wrong that has prevailed in the European mind from the Renaissance onwards. It sees in the war a conflict of two principles: Authority, based on force, and Liberty, arising from the ideal of happiness. Both are from the author's point of view equally false. He can see in Liberty nothing else but the individual longing to satisfy our lust and our pride. He sees in Authority only the consciousness of power, and denies altogether its pretensions to a moral right. The two first parts are a critical analysis of Authority and Liberty as the foundation of the modern State. But while he cannot see in Liberty a practical principle of association, because Liberty and Association are a contradiction in terms, and because the very first thing even liberal communities do in times of crisis is to suspend individual liberty, he sees in Authority a principle of possible practical triumph, a mischievous fact. To supersede both he needs to find a principle which at the same time binds men in society and yet is not authoritarian. He finds it in the function and in the ideal of maintaining and increasing social values. The original thought of the book is that every human association is founded around a thing, or end, or aim; and from this aim must be derived the laws and hierarchies of men in the association. Function ought to be the normative principle of all laws, private, constitutional and international. No function, no right. The State and the Individual cease to be principles of right, and become organs of functions. Political humanism, that is, Subjectivism, is superseded. And in its place is established an objectivism which has its historical roots in the mediæval guilds, and its intellectual weapons in the neo-Realist movement which has appeared in the logic, the ethics and the theory of law of the twentieth century. The book, in short, is a blend of mediæval and twentieth century ideas. Nobody has any longer the personal right to command, nobody any longer the

right to be free. But all have the duty to serve. Man is not an end; and God above all."

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Mr. de Maeztu's book will be, I think, the first serious independent contribution made in this form to the propaganda of "the Guild idea"; but it will be by no means the last. The faithful readers of THE NEW AGE who have been in the desert with us during the last seven years will shortly find, if I am not much mistaken, that their desert has become a populous place. We shall not be able to count our numbers for multitude. Professor Edward V. Arnold, of Bangor University, writes to the "Times" for instance, as follows: "It may not be amiss to notice that the scheme of social reconstruction which your correspondents advocate, and into which circumstances are forcing all modern nations—namely, the organisation of industry by the State by means of State trusts and trade guilds—was in fact carried out on the great scale by the Roman Empire from the second to the fourth centuries of our era." And he refers for an account of the experiment to a work by the Belgian Professor J. P. Waltzing, "Corporations Professionelles chez les Romains," of which, let us hope, more will be heard in these columns.

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My colleagues whose passion it is will, no doubt, devote themselves to maintaining the purity of "the Guild idea" in the midst of the distorting, debasing and irrelevant ideas with which it is certain now to be associated. And they will need all their perspicuity, moral courage and moral passion. As surely as we are alive, the "Guild idea" of THE NEW AGE will shortly find itself in company, some friendly, but some secretly if not openly hostile and, in fact, murderous. Many are the false prophets that will arise in its name to sow tares among its wheat. I could almost beg our readers to watch and pray lest corruption should enter in. I see the enemy myself even in the sentence I have quoted from Professor Arnold's letter to the "Times." State trusts and trade guilds—a double organisation of capitalists on the one hand, and of the proletariat on the other hand—the latter *under* the former! That, I make bold to say, is not the "Guild idea" of THE NEW AGE, which contemplates a "National Guild" having equal jurisdiction over both the capital (that is, the tools) of its industry, and the labour (that is, the personnel) of its industry. Our idea is not, in fact, the control of *workmen by capitalists, but the control of capital by* workmen—men above things, not the owners of things above men. To point this out is, however, not within the province of these Notes. I therefore only shout Fire and pass by.

* * *

The invasion of England by the works of the late American story-writer, O. Henry, has been begun under the direction of Messrs. Eveleigh Nash, who announce his complete works in twelve volumes (3s. 6d. net each). Professor Stephen Leacock blows his American trumpet to these words: "The time is coming when the whole English-speaking world will recognise in O. Henry one of the great masters of modern literature." Really, however, Professor Leacock need not be so modest about America. There are some of us who can read the American language and who, moreover, have already made the acquaintance of O. Henry his works. I am among them, and my notes upon this author appeared in these columns several years ago. I do not recall what I then said—and nor do my readers, of course—but my judgment of O. Henry to-day is, I swear, the same as it was then. In other words, time has not brought me to recognise in him "one of the great masters of modern literature"; it has merely confirmed my impression of him as a highly original, very entertaining and exceedingly clever popular short-story writer. He compares with literature as the cinema compares with drama. That is to say, he is not in literature at all.

R. H. C.

A Modern Document.

Edited by Herbert Lawrence.

VIII—(CONTINUED).—*From Acton Reed.*

ON first reading Wells the thought flashed through my mind that his women were the daughters of Shaw's women. On further consideration, however, I think they are no more than ink-relations. You have only to imagine Ann Whitefield meeting Ann Veronica to realise the worlds they are apart. Shaw's Ann, after all, only makes you laugh. Among other things Wells' Ann makes you ill. At the same time I must say at once that I think better of Wells than of Shaw. Shaw's view of women is infinitely below that of Wells. For one thing Shaw is only playing at women, an attitude as contemptuous in theory as it is contemptible in fact. Wells at least is in earnest; deadly earnest though at times it is. And Ann Veronica is on the right road, too, for all that the road is (to use her own words) in such a "nasty, filthy, unforgiveable mess!" Wells' Ann should arrive somewhere in the course of the coming century's fiction. Shaw's Ann will never get anywhere. To account for this difference and to discover Wells' view of women it is worth looking at his key-words. One is enough—Mates! Mates is the alpha and omega of Wells' sociology. Men and women are to be mates; and while this idea is responsible for much of the nasty, filthy, unforgiveable mess, as view qua view Wells' conception of the proper relationship between the sexes is at any rate more real and ideal than the cold biology of Shaw. For Shaw, as I have said, can only tolerate men and women being mates under the necessity and during the period of the actual mating. But Wells thinks they should be mates for life and mates in everything. Shaw's women have no permanent place in men's lives—that is in their work; but Wells makes his heroes find both work and a woman indispensable. Woman, he says in "The New Machiavelli," is a moral and intellectual necessity in a man's life. And to be indispensable for life is surely a rise in status from being merely irresistible upon occasion. What woman would not rather be a need than a lust? Moreover, Wells' attitude implies a more liberal view of women's uses than Shaw's. Women to Shaw are just a nuisance, of a fascination unfortunately unable to be overcome by men, and arising from a desire in themselves unable to be suppressed. Both sexes are victims of one another. Wells, on the other hand, makes his men deliberately expect and require their women to be intelligent—intelligent enough to share their ideas on work in addition to sharing their ideas on sex.

In spite, however, of all these concessions to Wells, the picture left by his women in one's mind is more indecent than the image left by Shaw's. This is proved by an observation I have often made to myself. To be discovered reading Shaw in public is only to risk a little ridicule: but to be found reading Wells is to risk being suspected of loitering. If you should ask me why this is so, I should reply in a word: Mates! For the fact is that though Wells postulates as a proper aspiration companionship for life and in all things between his men and women, he not only derives his conception of mating from the cave and jungle, but he rises with difficulty above it. He is somewhat biblically serpentine! What, I admit, he attempts to do is to raise jungle-mating into the region of the intelligence. His beasts are to fly! But he allows their origin to be dragged with them and to drag them down. It is all very healthy, no doubt, to insist upon the stark

elements of sex-relations, but you may insist in such a way that you endanger the specific *difference* between the animal and the human, and still more the humane. And this is just, I think, what Wells does. He starts all right from the earth, meaning, no doubt, to soar into the heavens: but somehow or other he carries too much mud to rise very high. Look, for example, at the sort of love Ann Veronica and Capes make to each other—(And are they not the pick of Wells' jungle: the exemplars of his higher mating?):

> One has a craving . . . says Capes. And off they go.
> I want you to kiss me, says Ann. . . . I want you. I want you to be my lover. . . . I don't deal in Higher Things, I tell you. . . . Flesh and flowers are all alike to me. . . . I'm a female thing at bottom. I like high tone for a flourish and stars and ideas, but I want my things.
> . . . . We're going to have children, said Capes.
> Girls! cried Ann Veronica.
> Boys! said Capes.
> Both! said Ann Veronica. Lots of 'em!
> Capes chuckled. You delicate female!
> I'm greedy, I'm greedy! cries Ann. I want children like the mountains. . . .

Except for the articulateness, which, of course, makes it indecent, can you conceive anything more thoroughly animal? The man might be Kipling's Mowgli with nothing else to do than to hunt: and the woman might have nothing else to do than to squaw and papoose. The Wells-lover may object that I have shown only one side of the happy home: Capes also said, "We're going to do work." I know he did. But it seems to me the aspiration comes to nothing intelligible. In spite of the ideal Wells puts before his lovers—to march through life together, latest book in one hand, latest child in the other—the sum of their actual achievement, you feel, is that the woman calls the man Master, herself his squaw and body-servant, themselves mates and their children cubs. There are no joint works. There are only promissory notes. From all their intellectual highfalutins you would certainly not have expected Remington to attempt to justify his flight with Isabel in the way he does. I presumed he would point to a row of Their classics: but instead he points to Their child. "We have already a child," he says, "and Margaret [his wife] was childless, and I find myself particularly prone to insist upon that as if it was a justification."

Altogether, in fact, though Wells promises and I am sure desires intelligent co-operation of women with men he actually arrives at only sexual co-operation. Moreover it seems to me that in spite of his ambition to bring about the higher co-operation he himself actually doubts both whether it is possible and whether women desire it. What but this doubt can you derive from the Labrador scenes in the closing chapters of "Marriage"? When Trafford tells Marjorie that they have got to march together in future, that she is to read and think about everything he writes, she begs him, in doubt of her ability to go along with him, to remember that "a woman isn't a man." She confesses she is afraid of herself: "I'm just the old Marjorie really in spite of all these resolutions. . . ." And ever and anon when Trafford is away on the heights planning the pragmatist essays they will write when they get back to England, Marjorie is in Oxford Street choosing the sort of curtains and furnishings in which to frame their new life of joint-work! What conclusion Wells intends should be drawn from these glimpses into Marjorie's middlemost mind I cannot, of course, say: the only possible conclusion seems to be that his women are, at any rate, not yet ready for the intelligent co-operation of the sexes in the precise sense desired by his men. They are not, in fact, as good as his men would like them to be. Whether this present divergence in the purposes of the sexes is fundamental and in kind or only in degree, Wells seems again rather at a loss to decide. His men, apparently, incline to the latter view, but his women, I think, take the former. Wells' men, in fact, are really heroes of a kind, and pioneers of women. So original, indeed, do they feel is their need of a certain woman they will give up career, work and duty for her. They will go the whole hog. Shaw, by the way, would be down on them for this. Shaw despises men who neglect their work or endanger their reputation for a woman. No woman, he openly thinks, is worth any man's work. Wells, therefore, certainly appears to value women more highly than Shaw—or is it that he has a lower estimate of men's work and its importance?

Then there is more reality in Wells' women, I think, than in Shaw's. Wells' women are womanly: *it is*, for instance, the rule for women to want women's things—to wit, a home and children, including a husband (as Wells says): but who ever heard of women wanting everything womanly except a man, as Shaw makes them? At the same time, however, Wells' women depart from reality in many ways. Has a woman, I wonder, ever gone to a man and cried through her tears that she wanted children . . . "like hunger. Your children . . . Think of the child we might have now! . . . At times it haunts me . . . Oh, my heart and my lord! . . . I shall never sit with your child on my knee and you beside me—never, and I am a woman and your lover! . . ." Not out of Mr. Wells' books, I think. Or, if so, then only after Mr. Wells' books. For undoubtedly women are suggestible. Just as Shaw has manufactured the evidence of his woman-characters, I should not be at all surprised to hear that girls have modelled themselves upon Wells' heroines. I can certainly imagine a woman under the influence of Wells repeating his exclamation marks to a man in the belief that she was getting near the ideal. And a Wells' man would probably be taken in by it—rather flattered, in fact, and, at any rate, relieved to find the work already done for him. Disinterested men (such, say, as the brothers of the girls) would, on the other hand, be shocked and disgusted by their language. The fact is that women (men, too, for that matter) cannot avow sex-cravings and be decent; and when Wells makes his heroines explicit he makes them indecent as well as highly unnatural. It is this conscious and voluble harping upon sex that in fact bowls Wells every time. It defeats his own purpose—the promise of the intelligent co-operation of the sexes—for either he scratches off the veneer of female intelligence with one stroke of the male-mate paw, or he polishes it off in panegyrics of sex. It results in his women being not only unreal and revolting, but a danger to others. And, finally, it disposes of Wells as a real prophet of women by once more condemning women to the position of a means to men's ends. And this no less completely than Shaw's view, in spite of Wells' superior insistence upon the co-operation of women in men's work. For even if woman really were a means to man's work as well as to his sex, she is still left without any end in herself. Take away her mate, and where is she? A cipher without an integer. Whether a Wells' man can contrive at a pinch to fulfil his destiny without a woman is a question with which I need not for the moment engage. My point is that a Wells' woman has only man as her end—man and man's work. Failing the right man, she will probably get herself into some nasty, filthy and so on mess, or, even worse, fade into insignificance even to herself. Now, this is not flattering, even if it is meant to be. And, in any case, it is no answer to the question of my quest. I did not set out to find some other being who could give me significance, but to find my significance to myself. I am, therefore, not an Ann Veronica, or anything like one, and there is thus no company for me in Wells' women. Nor is there any light by the way for me in him. He is not a lamp unto my feet. Man is his only why of women as children are Shaw's why. Neither offers any reason why a woman should live who has and needs neither husband nor child.

My next shrine was Ibsen.

(To be continued.)

Peace Notes.

REASON may be a bad guide in a time like this. There are too many forms of mental conceit which may easily pass for reason while a man is in difficulty to stand with his head cool above prejudice. One of these forms of mental conceit in men who feel somewhat firm and self-possessed is very noticeable; they take apology for Reason, and imagining themselves not only able to make out an apology for those they mean to protect, but to make the persecuting mob accept this apology, they go so nicely into the particular detail of the particular case that, presently, the mob gets hold of some detail which serves its turn, shouts down the rest, and drags the victim off to execution. Several apologists of Ireland are making this mistake. They want above all things to be considered fair and steady heads. They state the case against the Sinn Feiners, hoping, of course, to be heard also in an overwhelming defence. But their reasonableness, or what they take for such, is altogether too refined for this moment when men's lives and liberties are in danger. Only Principle, of which Reason is the rearguard, can truly defend the Sinn Feiners. Their case rests on the principle that no nation *can* command the loyalty of another against its will. Principles are natural laws, nothing less—there is no whistling them away! England after centuries finds that she *cannot* command the loyalty of Ireland against Ireland's will. Treachery and loyalty come under natural laws. England had the right in international law to make war on Ireland. She has not the right in natural law to treat any Irishman as a traitor.

* * *

The proper reply to persons who doubt the safety of the nation without secret diplomacy is that we could not conceivably do worse for ourselves than the diplomatists have done for us. The flower of the nation, which will toll into millions cut down, is being murdered in every horrible fashion. Capital is winning, Labour is losing; the liberties of the people are being filched, we flounder among tyrannies, lies, and hypocrisies; a future of international hatred faces us, threatening us with further wars. What worse could we do for ourselves? "Never," says Vyasa, "have I seen a whole people act wickedly." Under secret diplomacy the good men of a nation have no chance of influencing the rest as to international affairs, for no one but two or three individuals knows what is passing. Suddenly war is proclaimed, and the nation is led away to slaughter and be slaughtered, having, of course, been educated to consider man-slaughter in war as something worthy a medal and death in battle the greatest service a man can render to civilisation, not to mention his wife and children. We now speak of nothing but the wickedness of the enemy, forgetting that only a little while ago Dutch South Africa, steeped by us in blood and misery, was the pity of the entire world. We forget that we have got ourselves thoroughly hated by most nations, and that the crust of friendship even between ourselves and our present Allies is only as thick as will just bear us while we are useful.

But who has brought us into this position? The clique of politicians, financiers, certain militarists, and certain of the Press, including most of the comic papers. It can hardly be said that the people have contributed, even indirectly. You would not say of a blinded man who fell into a sewer that he contributed to his own fall. But it may certainly be said of artists of all kinds, of the non-official clergy (the official is, of course, only to be classed in general with criminal judges as barbarians, and perverted at that—eager instruments at blinding and maiming the national mind), of the Universities, and of the humanitarian Press—it may be said of all these that they have contributed indirectly to gaining for us English the distrust, fear, and indignant contempt of foreigners, for, with the power, they have let pass the occasion to open the eyes of the nation even though by spitting on them. Now all are equally under censure, and only the hardiest will dare to essay the truth. We hear, or we do not hear—rather, we over-hear—for instance, that Greece has gone to visit Norway and Sweden. Any neutral foreigner is instructed as to what Greece has gone to say about us and our Allies. We are left to suppose that Greece is secretly almost grateful to us for having overrun part of her territory! We are so hypnotised that even what our common sense might whisper is laid to sleep.

But, if we do not awaken ourselves, a time will come when the world will spit on our blind eyes, and venomously. We are as little beloved as ever we believe is the case of the Germans, and even in France! M. Briand may spout his saccharine discourses by the dozen; down in the people is a horror of us as the bloody conquerors and tyrants of helpless nations. At present, Ireland is the talk of the crowd, and is coupled amid bitterly contemptuous laughter with Poland. Battisti, "the martyr of Trente," is compared with Connolly, whose delayed execution excited especial attention here. The newspapers themselves would make the comparison at another time. As it is, they place something about Ireland side by side with the Austrian tragedy. The people are not allowed to forget what overbearing brutes the English really are! And thus they and we are kept blinded together down in the mud of mutual ignorance while our politicians, military governors, and Press make our reputations for us.

* * *

What can we do for ourselves?

No one is any judge of the character of the French people who omits to consider their dislike of strangers. They are stay-at-homes and only demand not to have their bell rung. But while they dislike strangers, above all English and Americans, they have just prejudice only against us! They have a natural contempt of our sexual hypocrisy; they have an acquired contempt of our love of titles; they have the contempt of people educated to consider themselves free, and therefore *responsible, of our fearsomely advertised police system*, imagining that our petty magistrates positively delight in trying cases which a Paris *agent* would be rebuked for bringing to court before men whose time and energy were worth something. Every Frenchman who has been to England tells every stay-at-home that, for literally nothing, one may find oneself before an English magistrate. How these people, who would be outraged if a policeman interfered too soon in their personal quarrels, even although a large crowd gathered to hear the two parties, reconcile themselves to the concierge system I do not attempt to explain. It beats me. The thing works, no doubt, because the average concierge can be bought for a franc and has come to be regarded sportily by the lower classes as the property of the franc which gets in first. Among the upper classes the concierge is merely a permanent hall-porter. Also, for all French people, the concierge is a useful spy on foreigners, those bugbears. Still, the spirit of conciergerie tolerated amidst a nation so free in will seems an anomaly.

While French snobbery of wealth compares even with ours (it is not, however, my intention to emphasise French faults, but *ours*—we cannot mend theirs), there is a sufficiently large notion prevailing regarding petty property. French writers have almost over-stated our reverence for petty property—if, that is, they may overstate the case against a nation which hardly knows to forgive petty larceny and which yearly prosecutes thousands of children for pilfering. We are considered *mean* by the French, who, nevertheless, idolatrise riches as much as the rest of the world.

Our prejudice against colour in our fellow-creatures is a more serious cause of dislike. No coloured man need ever feel humbled in France any more than in Germany. For this reason of humanity Americans here, with their absurd racial spleen against the coloured, are considered ridiculous and ignorantly pompous—and we next! The Frenchman, official or pioneer in some colony, will play cards with his coloured fellows. What Englishman would? But why not? Because of the colour! It is not a *reason* in French eyes. Are we perhaps more humanly important and more cultivated than the French that we may take it upon ourselves to despise Asiatics and Africans where they find nothing despicable? No, no; no one would profess to be. We are simply, then, *insolent* towards the coloured peoples—and so the French regard us and the Americans.

Alas! even our virtues go against us abroad, so insularised are these virtues, so poorly understood, and so ill-controlled. Our modest shyness has a sour face, or, at best, an awkward gesture, which looks very like a proud one, and which certainly is prompted as much by false timidity as true modesty. We are modest, but only as hosts, not as guests. Abroad we find ourselves merely guests, and the second position (the more difficult) brings out our less amiable side. Then the virtue of our word given, our inflexibility about promise-keeping (which virtue has, however, never distinguished our politicians, who have earned us the world-wide opinion as hypocritical and perfidious); somehow this virtue gets out of its sphere and appears as a positive fault in the sphere of opinion—our opinion given takes on for us the importance of a troth, we insist, and foreigners shrug or laugh.

What do our rulers do to correct us of these faults which get us detested socially while their policy gets us hated internationally? They do nothing. Their concern is to flatter us as the greatest nation of the world. Education, with its lying history-books, could not be better designed than ours to make bullies of us. And now their ideal is a militarism based on conscription which shall make us the most formidable kind of bully, the slave in arms. If we are ever to become acceptable to the rest of the world we must look to ourselves, not to our rulers or the education they have designed for us—any more than the French may look to their rulers for civilisation. (French education, but much, much more French politics—and this is the less universally degrading—aggravates the bad tendencies of the French people. Her political Press, in general, tries to treat the people as a lot of fatuous boys, mad on La Patrie, and to be flattered out of their humane rights by being merely called French! However, the sceptical laugh rises too quickly within the average Frenchman for him to be impressed *where he is not ignorant*. He is not ever humanly ignorant, he will never make a mistake about the feelings of men; but he is politically as ignorant as a woman and the sport of his politicians, more corrupt than ours; corrupt to comedy, I should say, if the revenge on such corruption in France could possibly come in the Palace of Justice instead of on the Place de la Concorde, vast and empty square, ready for the next revolution, where financiers will take the place they earned aforetime for the foolish nobles.)

The peoples must save themselves. No good will come in the world while people shut themselves up in their own country or only travel abroad with a comic paper in their pockets to give them a good conceit of themselves and a good contempt of the countries they cross. The time will come when international voyagers will travel free. Meanwhile, let foreign travel become the greater part of education as it is now already a minor part, and diplomatic madmen, men mad on national power for their own personal glory, will find it soon hard and later impossible to set nations by the ears, for we shall acquire international instead of national manners and sentiments. In fact, we shall become civilised.

ALICE MORNING.

Tales of To-day.

By C. E. Bechhofer.

XIV.—DOSTOIEVSKY IN NYSA.

My friend Capulet combined what seemed a perfectly balanced intellect with an obsession for Greek tragedy. Classical, archæological, architectural and other learned and technical journals have published appreciations, from one point of view or another, of his famous Athenian estate in Somerset. Admittedly modelled on Professor Barnard's well-known grounds in Cheshire, Capulet's Athens far outstrips its fellow. The Cheshire Athens shows only a corner, an insignificant, microscopic portion of the old Athenian world, but Capulet's, with its groves, temples, streams, palaces, markets and theatres is a true facsimile. I do not want to add another description to the dozens which have already appeared; I prefer to mention a strange discovery which Capulet made, or thought he made.

He had invited me on this occasion without telling me that he expected other guests. Judge of my delight when I found Evensworth, Carey and another old friend, Powell, there! We had all been fellow philologists with Capulet in the old days at a German university, but, though one or two of us had sometimes met by chance in London, we had never before celebrated such a complete re-union as the present. We met in a courtyard of Capulet's Athens, and, when we had greeted our host and each other, and bathed and dined and strolled through the Attic town, we came again to the meeting-place, familiar to us all from previous visits.

"Do you notice a change here?" asked Capulet. We looked and looked, discovered novelties and restorations, but nothing that could be so described. Capulet laughed at our endeavours. "Look at the busts," said he. For years three marble busts had stood in this courtyard. They represented Sophocles and Aeschylus, the flower of Hellene tragedy, and, at some distance from the others, Aristophanes, its last defender against the Euripideans. As we looked at them, we realised that the bust of Aristophanes was gone and in its place was a new, unknown head. I walked up to the bust and read the name carved in Greek letters beneath it. "Dostoievsky!" I cried in amazement, and Carey burst into a roar of laughter. Even Evensworth smiled. But Capulet was quite calm.

"You might as well have put Conrad there," spluttered Carey, "you wrote to me that you had been reading him."

"Or at least Shakespeare," said Evensworth.

"I thought I should surprise you," said Capulet.

"And you have done so," said I. "I hope at least you will offer us an explanation."

Capulet tucked a sandalled foot beneath his robe, leaned back on his marble seat and thus began: "What is the essence of Greek tragedy? I confess, until I read Nietzsche, I held the ordinary academic notions. Now I have adopted his reasoning."

"I thought Nietzsche was a mad philosopher," said Carey.

"Surely not when he wrote his 'Birth of Tragedy'? He wrote that in his early days, not as a philosopher, but as a philologist."

"His commentary on Theognis is still read," said Evensworth.

"He reasons thus: Tragedy he defines as a drama wherein man, or mankind, appears as a protagonist. He came to this by way of the chorus of satyrs. These, he explained, represent creatures outside nature, through whose eyes we, ecstatic observers, look on Man represented by myth. When Apollonian myth and Dionysian chorus are both present, that is tragedy. Comedy deals with men, tragedy with Man."

There was a pause, then, "Where does Shakespeare stand?" asked Evensworth.

"By these rules his work seems rather comedy than

tragedy. For instance, in 'Macbeth' there is a chorus, but no myth—the witches are the chorus, but the tale is not mythical. Lady Macbeth, Macbeth and Duncan seem to me just human beings, and not symbols. Therefore 'Macbeth' seems to me comedy, but 'Hamlet' is just the opposite. There myth is present and chorus absent. We know that Hamlet is originally a saga Hero—a myth; but there is no constant chorus. This seems to me to account for half the strangeness, the weirdness, of 'Hamlet.' We don't know whether to take it as tragedy or as comedy, to see ourselves in Hamlet or to explain him as one of us. Is 'Hamlet' a tragedy without a chorus, or a comedy with a myth?"

"Heavens!" said Carey. "So Shakespeare is no tragedian, but Dostoievsky is! I can only suggest that, if Dostoievsky is, so is Conrad."

"I admire Conrad," said Capulet," but what little I have read of his work has been farce—'Almayer's Folly,' for instance."

"'Almayer's Folly' a farce!" cried Carey.

"Yes, as I see it, it's not even a comedy. It's a farce, a rollicking farce. An equatorial white man loves his half-breed daughter, but she prefers to run away from him with a splendid savage. Ha, ha! It's a tale you might hear in any bar between Port Said to Yokohama."

"Do you think you have disposed of Conrad by saying this?" said Carey.

"Conrad the poet, yes; and we are discussing poetry. Conrad the writer, no. If you care for my opinion of him as writer, I think that in 'Almayer's Folly' he has described the tropics as no one has before. How true his description is, I don't know."

"Photographically correct," broke in Powell. "From my own experience in the tropics I can vouch for Conrad's precision. An Englishman in the tropics always feels a glamour, a notion that this heat, this bright, vibrating air, the golden sands, the profuse greenery—all this, he thinks, must hold some mystery, something yet unfelt, unrealised. But it's a delusion, a mirage. There's no mystery in the tropics—not for us. Show me the Englishman who has written well or thought well there. Look at the barren record of Anglo-India, worse even than Anglo-Ireland. Ah, that glamour of the tropics! To the end it remains the same—just hot air."

"If the master's faults come out in his pupils," said I, "what Powell says is confirmed. Take, for example, Richard Curle's work; he is a professed disciple of Conrad. He has a dozen stories to tell, no more interesting or significant than a hundred we can hear or read every day in the papers; aware of this, he bears them off and sets them in the dazzling sunshine of the south of Spain. Call this what you will, I call it the art of the cinematograph."

"Or Mercator's projection?" suggested Carey. "But, Capulet, just now you laughed at Almayer. I see nothing amusing in his story; I have only pity for him."

"Pity? Yes," said Capulet. "I pity him too. I have pity for the millions of infinitesimal creatures my footstep on the grass destroys. Yet, though this pity may do me credit, I must overcome it if I am to walk or eat or even breathe. I pity Almayer, but my reason tells me that he is only a poor equatorial 'white,' thin-blooded, weak-willed, lonely, desolate, a pigmy, a worm."

"An unlikely subject for a rollicking farce," observed Evensworth.

"Not at all, as I conceive it," answered Capulet. "If tragedy shows Man, and comedy men, then farce deals with demi-men: satyrs or worms, it's all the same. I'm sure Conrad doesn't think Almayer farcical; he pities him too much. But I've seen an actor play the conventional husband in a French farce to draw tears of pity from his audience. It's the nature of the character, not the appeal of the author, who is really only the actor, which must decide."

"Well, well," said Carey, "you're very severe. Shakespeare you term comic; Conrad farcical; what hope now of the tragic crown has your Dostoievsky?"

"Well," said Capulet, "like Nietzsche, I'll start with the chorus. Have you not noticed, in reading Dostoievsky, how at the commencement of each book there is a strange, cunning, filthy, goatish, thoroughly satyr-like character who holds the stage? In the 'Karamasovs,' for example, it's that Silenus, the old Karamasov. In the 'Idiot,' if I remember right, it's a knowing, inquisitive rogue of a sub-contractor. There is always this character who seems to open the book and carry on the tale between the chief scenes."

"There is something in what you say," said Evensworth, "and so far I am with you. But don't forget that, besides the chorus, you must prove the existence of the myth. Remember you defined 'Macbeth' as a comedy, because, though it has a chorus, there is no myth. Where is your myth in Dostoievsky?"

"You know Nietzsche's phrase: 'As the myth passes before him, the reader feels himself exalted to a kind of omniscience.' When I read the 'Idiot' or the 'Karamasovs', I feel this exaltation, this sensation of omniscience. Otherwise I could never read through either of these long incoherent tales. But which myths they are and where they come from, I don't know enough of the Russian mythology (if there is one) to say. I do sometimes wonder if the 'Idiot' isn't the Christ myth——"

"But——" "But——" "But——" we all interrupted.

Capulet laughed. "Come, come," he said, "I've only shown that Dostoievsky attempted tragedy. Read him for yourselves, and judge if he succeeded." And, standing up, he placed a laurel wreath on the marble brows of Dostoievsky.

Views and Reviews.

THE PEACEMAKERS.

AFTER reading a book like this,* I understand what Shelley meant when he said: "I am borne darkly, fearfully afar." Mr. Gerald Stanley Lee writes seven hundred pages on peace, writes at such a length and such a speed that the reader feels that he is riding on a comet, the dogstar as a means of conveyance having become obsolete since Purcell's time. Mr. Lee's book is like his diagram of an American crowd; it is a stream of gaseous particles of extreme tenuity all rushing with extreme velocity round and round the solar system of Europe. But Mr. Lee has forgotten one important phenomenon concerning comets, the change of position of the comet's tail. When a comet approaches the sun, it very wisely does so head first; but it is so concerned about its very brilliant and gaseous tail that it pushes its tail in front of it when it has passed the sun—or is it that the sun pooh-poohs this insubstantial appendage, and tells the comet to take its tail out of his orbit? Whatever be the cause, the fact remains that even so brilliant a tail as Mr. Lee has exhibited in this book, in "Inspired Millionaires" and "Crowds," is not likely to disturb the planetary system of Europe; for the force of gravity is on our side, and if America does not resist this fatal attraction of the European system, she will probably find her tail dissipated and her nucleus captured to revolve ingloriously around the more stable luminaries of Europe.

Yet there is a nucleus in this book. Mr. Lee's attack on the professional pacifists subsidised by Mr. Carnegie is well worth reading. He argues that they have made peace a sort of peep-show, that they have isolated it from life and put it under the microscope in a laboratory. He rings many changes on his figures

* "We." By Gerald Stanley Lee. (George Allen and Unwin. 6s. net.)

of speech; sometimes the pacifists are accused of having discovered peace in the sky, and of inviting the official world to come and look through their telescope at it. Sometimes they are supposed to preserve peace in spirits of wine, as though it were an embryological monstrosity, and to spend their time in the museum at the Hague anatomising little corpses of peace. But whatever the figure, the accusation is always the same: they treat peace as something to be studied, prepared for, argued about, instead of something to be created, lived, and embodied. If you want peace, make some, is Mr. Lee's message in brief; and then he lets loose another hundred pages to show what he means by making peace.

Mr. Lee adapts the main argument of his "Inspired Millionaires." Señor de Maeztu wants to limit the man in his function; Mr. Lee tells him that he is more than his function, exhorts him not to be a machine-minder, but a man, not to be governed by but to govern things. When he wants anything done, or made, Mr. Lee tries to inspire a man to make it; for without man was not anything made that is made. He insists that individuals originate changes, and that the man who has the best opportunity of making a beneficial change is the inventor. He insists with all the vehemence of a Billy Sunday that the man who invents a thing without patenting it, who makes a present of it to society at large, deserves to be frizzled on a gridiron, or to be condemned for life to passing good resolutions at a perpetually sitting Conference; because he has thrown away an opportunity of doing good to his fellows and of renovating the social structure. Patent your invention, work it yourself, and you may make whatever economical experiments you please; whereas, if you give your invention to the public, it will be worked by men who have made no experiments and intend to make none, men who are rooted in the status quo, and whose motto is: "The Public and the Workers be Damned."

His pet in this book is Henry Ford, whom, he contends, has made some peace at Detroit, Michigan, which he shares with from sixteen to twenty-four thousand (Mr. Lee's figures vary) workmen. His enthusiasm for Henry Ford's peace factory is in no way diminished, although it is temporarily arrested, by the ludicrous failure of Henry Ford's peace ship; the peace ship only represents Henry Ford's lapse to the level of Andrew Carnegie, a lapse from the creative to the merely propagandist level. Mr. Lee would interpret the prayer of the world as: "Give peace with thy car, O Ford"; he argues that wherever the car goes, it preaches peace, advertises peace, inspires peace, while the shipload of peace-makers, as we know, quarrelled over peace in the abstract. Every little runabout, rightly understood, says that Henry Ford is at peace with the world, and it is Henry Ford's work to see that it says so frequently and distinctly; he might even invent a hooter that would say it. If Henry Ford puts his peace into the making of his motor-cars, Mr. Lee argues that he will not need to preach peace to Europe from the deck of a ship.

Industrial peace is the beginning of all peace for Mr. Lee, and he cares very little about the particular system that may be adopted. All that he insists is that the peace must not be confined to the factory, but must be made to include the public as well. The employers, the workmen, and the consumers, must cease to say "I," they must not even be satisfied with "I-and-You," they must amalgamate their interests and say "We." "Blessed are the We's, for they shall inherit the earth." Mr. Lee imagines America We-ing to the whole world, We-ing in motor-cars, and rolled-oats, and fountain-pens, and typewriters, and roller-top desks, and things of that sort, an America making magnificent gestures of generosity, and smiling with each gesture like an advertisement of dentifrice. The Atlantic seaboard will be one great grin that will disarm any invader, that will wrinkle the nose of the torpedoes and give a squint to the sights of the big guns. Every American will be his own Dreadnought, a Dreadnought at the sight of which the mechanical monsters of the sea will turn tail, or will allow themselves to be stroked and fed with chewing-gum, or will do anything rather than let off their guns at the Sunday-school children that Mr. Lee suggests should be allowed to meet the invaders in the presence of the cinematograph operators.

It is a brilliant confession of faith in human nature; the only difficulty is that the tail must follow the comet as it approaches the sun, and the nucleus of the comet will be America's big navy. Mr. Lee is wise enough to regard his book as an appeal to the American nation to declare itself, and he says that if his interpretation of the American people is not endorsed by them, that if they are so "scared" that they cannot trust themselves but must have Dreadnoughts, then he wants the biggest navy of them all. Self-expression or self-defence are the alternatives that he puts before them; and if the selves that they have to express are of such a nature that everyone will want to shoot them, then Mr. Lee will retire from prophecy to practise with a pistol. But he thinks that America can and will set a good example to Europe, that she will set all her factories to work producing peace, potting it, canning it, propelling it, making peace hum throughout the continent, and advertising it throughout the world. Then the solar system will follow the tail of the comet, and we shall all lose ourselves in the Milky Way of human kindness. But Mr. Lee had better buy that pistol, for the Senate has just passed a three years' building programme for the navy.

A. E. R.

REVIEWS

The King in Yellow. By R. W. Chambers.
People of Popham. By Mrs. George Wemyss.
(Constable. 1s. net each.)

These two additions to Messrs. Constable's shilling series are not of the quality of most of their companions. Mrs. George Wemyss is, of course, a very clever gossip; and her handling of the tittle-tattle of the little village of Popham is very kindly. But these people are only Mrs. Wemyss' usual types; there is the beautiful woman with the beautiful soul and the beautiful manner that makes everybody love her, there is always the irruption into aristocratic life to afford a contrast to the bucolic blether when it bores; and Mrs. Wemyss is not above making little jokes about children's drawers, or of contriving an introduction so that her heroine shall only be dressed in her underclothes when she first meets the beautiful lady with the beautiful soul and the beautiful manner. Let us hope that the underclothes were also beautiful. Mr. Chambers' volume is a collection of short stories, the earlier ones studies of insanity, the others stories of life in Paris during the siege, 1870, and of love among the artists in the same city at any time you like. There is the usual model, the "demirep who loves and saves her soul" by marriage with an innocent American student; and there are the usual hints at the wild debauchery of the Latin quarter which a certain class of reader expects.

Five Russian Plays. With one from the Ukrainian. Translated by C. E. Bechhofer. (Kegan Paul. 3s. 6d. net.)

Five of these plays have already appeared in THE NEW AGE, and one (Evreinoff's "Harlequinade") has been performed by the Pioneer Players. We are not at all convinced of the wisdom of including Chéhov's "Wedding" and "Jubilee" in this volume, for Messrs. Duckworth have included them in their second series of Tchekov's "Plays" (same author, same name, but differently transliterated); and although Mr. Bechhofer's translation is in a better style of English, yet the sketches themselves are of such slight merit that there is no need for competing translations. But if Chéhov-Tchekov is here represented in his most casual mood, Evreinov is surely represented in his most self-conscious

frame of mind. The "Harlequinade" becomes more bare of character, more plainly argumentative, with every reading; and "The Beautiful Despot" is the most deliberate, the most wilful archaism, as undramatic as our "Daylight Saving" by putting back the clock. Life in the year 1808 may have had its charms, but the men of that period did not waste their time in argument to prove that theirs was a better life than it would be possible to live in 1904. The Ukrainian play is a threnody in prose that falls short of the English of the Old Testament, but is imbued with strong feeling and a sense of literary beauty that is more in accord with Western conceptions than is customary in translations from the Russian. But our general impression of this volume is one of disappointment; von Vizin's "The Choice of a Tutor" is the dreariest castigation of the silly pride of the nobility. Von Vizin manufactures stupidity not that he may laugh at it, as a comedian would, but that he may be sententiously dull in reproving it; he writes like a schoolmaster whose clichés are only apparently more reasonable than the frivolous expressions of his patrons. The drama should be a liberal education; von Vizin tries to use it as a schoolmaster's prospectus, and the result is lamentable. If Mr. Bechhofer cannot find something better than this, we shall begin to regret our alliance with Russia. Turgenev, Dostoievsky, Tolstoy in his earlier period, did not bore us; Tchaikovsky and Rimsky-Korsakov did not make us feel that we were being introduced to infants; but the modern Russian dramatists seem to be mewing a puny youth in jejune phrases. They make a waste, and call it drama.

The Economy of Food. By J. Alan Murray, B.Sc. (Constable. 2s. net.)

This is a popular edition of a book published about five years ago, and it is still of great value (in spite of the rise in prices which has made obsolete some of Mr. Murray's calculations) to students of domestic economy, and all those, such as cooks and housekeepers, who have to translate into practice the theories of physiologists or the whims of consumers. Mr. Murray has no fads, unless a mixed diet is a fad; and after summarising various theories of the requirements of the body, and stating the origin, properties, and composition of numerous kinds of ordinary food, he proceeds to work out in practical terms of fish, flesh, fowl, and good red herring a reasonable dietary. He takes much trouble in working out a dietary which will not cost more than five shillings a week for a man; but the chief value of his book to the ordinary wife or mother will be derived from the possibilities of adaptation and substitution that he shows are necessary not only to variety of diet, but the proper balance of foodstuffs. Whether a man works indoors or outdoors, for example, makes considerable difference to the sort of food he requires; and Mr. Murray makes it possible for the wife intelligently to vary his diet, and keep him in health, as she promised to do when she married him. It is a good book for the present time, for it indicates the real economy of "rations" when they are intelligently chosen.

"What Fools These Mortals Be." A Play in Four Scenes. By Herman Ould. (National Labour Press. 6d. net.)

They will be, if they buy this play, for Mr. Herman Ould is not Puck. The play is the usual dreary, democratic, thesis play that sees nothing in war but killing, and finds the cause of the desire to kill in the ignorant misunderstanding by men of each other. Mr. Ould states his thesis in the terms of a working-class family; very bellicose father thinks that Germans are dirty swine, and ought to be wiped out, very humane and affectionate, but somewhat muddle-headed, mother protests quietly, but insists that the English wife of a German baker who seeks refuge in her house from a plundering mob is not an enemy but a friend. The two sons enlist, because they cannot get work, and on the field of battle they learn that Germans also have homes, and mothers, and wives, and the whole domestic equipment that masquerades as democracy; and one of them comes home to prophesy before he dies, and the other, who is only slightly wounded, gets short leave to enable him to hear the prophecy. The great message is: "It's a case of getting rid of the notion that revenge can ever be a good thing": which is as irrelevant to the real issue as is the attachment of the word "brutal" to the idea of "materialism." "Force and right are the governors of the world; force till right is ready," said that Joubert of whom Matthew Arnold was so fond; and being maudlin about separation, suffering, and death will not alter that essential fact.

The Story of a Prisoner of War. By Arthur Green. (Chatto and Windus. 1s. net.)

Private Arthur Green (of the First Somerset Light Infantry) was wounded at Le Cateau and taken prisoner by the Germans. He describes his experiences in the camps at Darmstadt and Wittenberg—most of them seem to have been distinctly unpleasant. The story is undoubtedly authentic, and the author's apologies for his spelling will be cheerfully accepted for the sake of his narrative. The record makes no pretension to critical judgment, and the author concludes with a quite natural speculation: "I wonder if I could ever make friends with a German after now. I don't think!" He complains most of the brutality of the German guards, but mentions some cases in which complaint to the superior officer resulted in the guards being "in trouble all the time after." The fact suggests that the brutality was not authorised. Complaints about food, of course, must be discounted, for the average Englishman is not quick to adapt himself to a new diet; and some allowance, also, must be made for the fact that accommodation had to be improvised. But when all allowances are made there is a sufficient residue of fact to prove that the English prisoners were selected for the most harsh treatment, and that the intervention of the American Ambassador did hasten the process of reform that was begun before his visit. Private Green is to be congratulated on his release and on the straightforward account he has written of his sufferings.

The Principles of Military Art. By Major Sir Francis Fletcher-Vane, Bt. (Dent. 2s. 6d.)

Major Fletcher-Vane devotes this volume to the simplest possible statement of the principles, avoiding all the technical details which are to be found in the text-books, and stressing with peculiar emphasis the human origin and meaning of those principles. This insistence on the human nature of the soldier, which has not to be repressed but developed and trained, represents a distinct cleavage with the old military tradition, which asked nothing of men but an automatic precision of obedience to orders. Indeed, when we reflect that one of the methods of sabotage of the Syndicalists is the literal execution of orders, we may be able to judge the absurdity of the "Theirs not to reason why" methods of the old school. It is precisely the reasoning why that Major Fletcher-Vane insists is necessary to the soldier; he ought not to be kept at squad or platoon drill without being shown its relevance to the other work of the soldier. He has a right to ask questions, to receive explanations, so that his own intelligence assists in his training. The whole routine of military life has a meaning, and the value of knowing that meaning, of understanding the general principles of the routine, is that the soldier is able to make intelligent adaptations of those principles in an emergency. Ordinary military training makes a man unfit to act by himself, just as lack of any training makes a man unfit to act with others. The ideal training is that which enables a man to act intelligently alone or in company, with orders or without them; and from this point of view Major Fletcher-Vane deals with such subjects as drill, tactics, musketry, sketching and map-reading, discipline, esprit de corps, military law, command, service, supply, observation, courage, and chivalry.

Pastiche.

TO TWO CIVILIANS.

As Wrath and Hatred thrive and Carnage spreads
How bravely you for England lose your heads!
And while domestic tyrannies increase
Ignore the advent of a squalid peace;
Or while old ulcers through the nation creep,
You, drunk with sentiment, relapse in sleep;
Or, like a lunatic, alertly steal
The treasure of a promised commonweal.
Forgive the Quixote on the bloody plain
Who dreamed New Englands since his dreams were vain,
For you, the warden of the native soil,
Have interest only in his servile toil,
Or, lacking power of gold, no other need
Than serve with ignorance a master's greed.
Tell him who ventured on the Flemish field
He only battled to renew the yield
Of years of agony; make him a slave
Who dies his master and his chains to save.
Will one of you then make this childish plea?
" At home, I could not bother to be free,
I did not know that thought and social care
Could ever be a fireside patriot's share.
I was denied the glory of the fight,
Was it a sin to doze away the night? "
Will t'other to the coming age proclaim
His shallow soul and glory in his shame?
" I see no wrong in swelling worldly store
And profiting when poorer partners snore
I followed the tradition of my kind
And wealthy grew by stealing from the blind;
And then again I'd put my money in,
And when was taking dividends a sin?
I always thought ere God created man,
The London Banks and Stock Exchange began.
I helped my country—bought a flag, God knows,
And used to hum the 'Anthem' through my nose."
You plead, accusing witnesses engage
To show your progress on the modern stage.
" These Englishmen who poisoned Peace, behold!
'Twas this who kissed the fingers of a scold,
And let the rogue in office use his art
Of ancient guile to mould his waxen heart.
Contented with his common daily gain
He slumbered to avoid a mental strain.
This other home-bird in his lust assayed
To sell our virtues for an ounce of trade.
He sought to fortify his paltry schemes
And damn the offspring of his better's dreams.
His God, *his* England jingled in his purse;
He took his country's honour and her curse."

TRIBOULET.

PRELUDE TO A VOLUME OF SATIRES.

Pah! 'tis an age of gulls who court deceit,
A sickly herd of sniggering poltroons;
They dote upon the gang who fleece and cheat,
They raise up shrines to felons and buffoons.

Pah! 'tis a paltering age; its love and hate
Are flabby, counterfeit antipodes;
With whips of butter would they castigate,
And their caress is but a slimy squeeze.

See Alpha rail on Beta with a wink;
See Gamma fawn on Delta with a growl.
Their wrath is turned to vapour with their ink;
They parcel out their praises with a scowl.

Hark to the parlour-thunder of their rage,
The toy upbraiding of their whispered shouts;
Pah! 'tis a curdled, cloying-sourish age—
An age of roguish saints and gallant louts.

But I am set astir by hate and scorn,
Unperjured, undiluted, unalloyed;
Not with sham pangs of labour are they born,
Nor in their hour of birth are they destroyed.

They speak their own unprompted native speech,
Not decked with pilfered finery and frills;
Not with a mincing coyness do they preach,
Nor coax incurables with gilded pills.

But whether with a curse, or frown, or gibe,
Their loathing ever launches its attack
Upon the lisping liar and canting scribe,
The trickster and the toady at his back.

P. SELVER.

OCTOBER EVENING.

(From the French of Léon Dierx.)

A tremor slides from the hill-slopes down to the plains;
From the hill-slopes and from the woods, in the plain and the croft,
A tremor of night passes on to the country lanes.
O! the Angelus bell in the sunset chiming aloft!—
Under a chilly gust the songs grow soft,
Afar the sound of singing and laughter dies
In the dense mist rising up as a breath upcurls,
A slow breath scattering far its last fond sighs,
Its farewell sighs where the dark wood shakes in dread,
It shakes in dread, and the dry leaf eddying whirls,
Whirls and falls on the paths that no feet tread.

WILFRID THORLEY.

AN EPIGRAMMATICAL JINGLE

In the style of Mr. Pipling, of "The Trade," on "Malisthenes," of the "Self-Aid Gazette."

"Gee-whizz!" his style is "cunning,"
His "moral maxims" are so "cute,"
No other's in the running;
"Sure!" he's robbed Orpheus of his lute.

P. A.

"SOME" STYLIST.

An Appreciation of Batchlord, of the "Weekly Mishatch."

The "maiden with the 'tender' glance,"
The "doggie" with the big brown eyes,
The "fearful Hun" invading France—
Mortcliffe indeed has gained a prize.

Lo! here is genius most divine;
Cobbett would worship at his shrine—
Shakespeare, and Milton, also Pitt,
Lacked both his polish and his wit.

P. A.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

THE WAR.

Sir,—I pray for space in order to rebuke Mr. Alfred Hicks for his letter in your last issue.

When Mr. Hyndman said that the war must go on for the sake of future generations, he did not claim that this was a marvellously clever thing to do, nor suggest that "Europe can only be saved by the destruction of Germany or the British Empire." These are Mr. Hicks's own statements. We all know that there is nothing clever in fighting. It requires very little intelligence to ward off the attack of a madman by stunning or killing him, but it is a very necessary (though deplorable) measure when the safety not only of yourself but of others is at stake. The suggestion that the British Empire may have to be destroyed before the welfare of Europe is assured is discounted by the fact that in this instance the madman is Germany; and until the maniac is either forced to admit his sins or beaten to impotence (and in my opinion the former will only come after the latter) there will certainly be small hope of a lasting peace.

There is no question as to whether "Germany shall dominate the world or not." Some of us have decided that she shall not harm a hair of Mr. Hicks's valuable head; and some few thousands of us have already been blown to pieces for our pains. Future generations will agree, not that we have been marvellously clever, but that we have taken the only possible course and held to it, in spite of the pious protests of Mr. Hicks. If posterity has to pay, it will not be for nothing.

Sir—and here I must apologise for referring to myself—I have been out in France over sixteen months, continually under shell-fire, always in some danger, sometimes in great danger, in fighting of the bloodiest and cruellest nature, until now I am heartily sick of it all. But even if I have to stay out here another sixteen months in order that the Germans may be effectively chastised, I shall do it as cheerfully as I can, knowing that, though it may be unpleasant, it is undoubtedly my duty.

In conclusion, I agree that it would be wise and that it would pay to try Christianity, and I suggest that as a start Mr. Hicks be sent to Germany to convert the Kaiser, Bethmann-Hollweg, and the German Imperial Staff.

B.E.F. ANDRÉ B.

* * *

EDUCATION AFTER THE WAR.

Sir,—Now that we are beginning to congratulate ourselves that our conquest of Germany on the field of battle is in sight, it is time to point out that Germany, in the field of theory, has already conquered England. English ideals of Government have gone down like a house of cards before the watchwords of "organisation" and "efficiency." For English workers, this is the essential and lasting outcome of the Great War. Alterations in the map of Europe are, for them, immeasurably less important, and this vital issue is already decided. The battle has been fought and won. For good or evil we have entered on a new era. Our plutocratic government, dull as it is, has learnt its lesson. The superiority of Prussian methods have been proved once for all, and the ground swept away from under the feet of that small body of sturdy Tories who were still inclined to kick against Insurance Acts and the like, and thus became unwitting allies with the rebels who were ready to fight for freedom.

England is an adept at shilly-shally, but the shock of murder roused even Hamlet to make up his mind. We shall emerge from the war with a Lloyd George at the helm instead of an Asquith, and with a defined policy of regimentation. Conscription and a Ministry of Labour will sweep away our military ineptitudes and the muddles of the Home Office, and England, duly organised, will be strong enough to hold her own against any outside foe.

The shadow of coming events was sharply defined in Lord Haldane's recent speech in the House of Lords on education. Almost alone among our rulers he has the gift of seeing a little way ahead of his nose. Years ago he began the crusade for organisation, and was hailed as an ally by the Collectivists. As War Minister his enthusiasm was well directed. It is better to have a well-organised army than a chaotic one, even though it may be used in the interests of capital, but in the field of education the enthusiast for organisation may, at the present moment, do infinite mischief. It is Prussianism applied to education that has made German aggression possible. The world is bleeding under the curse.

Poor and inadequate as our schools are, let us beware of the improvements suggested by Lord Haldane. Compulsory education, as we have it at present, is a powerful weapon in the hands of capital; but if it were extended to a system of secondary and technical schools, rigidly controlled by town or county councils and the Education Department, the weapon would become far stronger and far more fatal to liberty.

The Fabian Women's Group is doing its utmost (fortunately not a very overwhelming quantity) to promote trade schools, but anyone who cares to inquire as to the results obtained by those we have already, and those in Germany and Austria which are our models, will see clearly that such institutions, though they may benefit a worker here and there, must in the long run tend to strengthen capital and to keep the proletariate in its place.

There is no field in which the well-meaning campaign of the reformists can do quite so much harm as in that of education, unless they can be induced to concentrate their efforts on two reforms, the importance of which even they are ready to admit. No one who really wishes to improve our schools, whatever be the point of view from which he regards them, can doubt that the first step to take is to raise the status and the pay of the elementary teacher and to diminish the size of the classes that he has to teach. These are matters in which there can be no dispute; Fabian and Guildsman can lie down together and any child, even a Minister of Education, can lead them; but with reference to almost any other point in the educational programme, difference of aim and outlook will occasion a wide divergence. Those of us who desire to train the next generation of workers for responsibility, who desire before everything for them courage to rebel and wisdom to control their own lives and their own labour, will find ourselves on a track which separates ever more widely from the great Prussian high-road which leads to that goal of economic efficiency that offers security to the worker as the price of complete adaptability to the requirements of a capitalist State.

E. TOWNSHEND.

THE JEWISH QUESTION.

Sir,—Will you allow me as a Jew, by a fortunate accident of birth a neutral, to express through your columns my resentment at the manner in which "Mentor" deals in the "Jewish Chronicle" with the subject of conscripting Russian-born Jews? I admit that a tremendous amount of responsibility in this matter must fall upon the majority of Russian-born Jews themselves, for undoubtedly their ostentatious parading of their supposed immunity from military service and their vulgar display of jewels and fine raiment in a period of suffering and sacrifice aroused the jealous hostility of English people, Jews and non-Jews, and particularly of those Englishmen who were being torn away from civil life and compelled to submit to military discipline.

But "Mentor's" attitude suggests something much worse than ignorant ostentatiousness; it suggests servile abasement and toadyism. It is perfectly comprehensible that English Jews should be enthusiastic for England as Englishmen, but it is ludicrous to pretend that this enthusiasm is the result of Jewishness. The Jews in Germany, Austria, and Turkey are as loyal to their lands as any patriotic English Jew to England, but in each case Jewish nationality is subordinated to citizenship. There is no Jewish position towards this war, and consequently there can be no Jewish argument in favour of the conscription of Jews as Jews, although it is possible to use the very Jewish argument of saving a remnant of our people out of this deluge of blood against it, and the whole question resolves itself into one of conscripting friendly aliens.

Personally, I would argue against their conscription, but that is not the purpose of this letter. I am embittered because Jews should be taking part in the agitation for their conscription—the persecuted as persecutors, the oppressed as oppressors, the slaves as taskmasters! "Mentor" talks about British ideals of liberty, but his article sounds as if his ideals of British liberty are those of British reactionaries, and not of the Liberalism which he invokes. I seemed to see a plea for the restoring of the Inquisition, with fire and rack for those who disagree with his position, running all through his article. Oh, these armchair philosophers who sit at home and stir up hate, in immunity from its horrors! A little hair-dye and a clean shave would be the best proof of their blatant patriotism.

We Jews should have been silent, our Zionist leaders above all; we know that the action of those Jews who were British citizens left nothing to be desired, and this intolerant talk only spoils the effect of their deeds and leaves a nasty taste behind. And when the question of conscripting Russian-born Jews came close, we should have stood up like men and demanded rights for them before they go, not hounded them down and villified them. And when "Mentor" talks of the Russian-born Jews as our race's burden, our flotsam and jetsam, our cowards, our filth, does it not occur to him that such men might, if conscripted, bring the Jewish name into disrepute by deserting, or surrendering, or doing something base of that description? It is impossible to have the argument both ways. Either they are cowards or they are not. Are we Jews so uncertain of our position that we must lower ourselves so much to become cringing, fawning hand-lickers? Must we always regard our actions as the payment of a debt? Oh, these representatives of our people, who in the land of tolerance know not what tolerance means! They have moulded their souls to the form of the outside world, and they have smoothed off all the rough edges of their individuality, until they are so greasily smooth that they fill us with revulsion and contempt and loathing, like on the touch of a scalded hog! I would cover my eyes, for I am filled with sickly nausea!

JOSEPH LEFTWICH.

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Press Cuttings.

It has already been suggested here that no movement in the direction of national trusts has any prospect of success if it is made a matter of private arrangement and secret intrigue. Such methods are not only contrary to the suspicious nature of a modern democracy demoralised by industrialism, but they disregard and waste the enormous possibilities of contributory assistance in an even partially educated populace. And it is in this connection that more attention needs to be given by organisers and directors of industry to those comparatively modern developments of labour thought which figure as Syndicalism and Guild Socialism. These ideas are stirring great numbers of the younger workers, and they are receiving quite inadequate notice in the general Press. Our governing class, thanks to the facilities for a classical education existing in this country, know far more about the ideas of the Gracchi than they do about the notions that such people as, for example, Mr. Cole and Mr. Mellor and the Editor of THE NEW AGE, are spreading industriously in the country. No doubt there is much to be said for the systematic snubbing of these busy propagandists. England would not be what it is if we did not snub, but large sections of the workers are not snubbing these people and these ideas. Let us by all means continue to snub them, take it out of them socially, and so on, but let us at least see whether some use is not to be made of their ideas. These new ideas among the workers need not make for conflict, but they certainly will make for conflict if they are ignored. That is the important fact to grasp. These new views are apt to be couched in terms of class hostility and in the old aggressive and now irritating phrases of militant Marxism, but essentially these new views are constructive views; from the labour side they really present what is a reciprocal movement to the trend of the employer organisations towards trusts and national associations. Like all labour movements, they tend to disregard the practical difficulties in the way of a complete change of control; they do seem at times to contemplate—just as the older Socialists did—a revolutionary change of control. There is no recognition of that fundamental principle of statecraft upon which we have already laid stress in these papers—that *new social classes cannot be suddenly created*. But this misconception is bound to correct itself at the first attempt at realisation, and so it has none of the importance some frightened magnates may be disposed to give it. The fact—the very valuable and cardinal fact—remains that this group of movements of which Guild Socialism is the most typical is rapidly preparing the minds of large masses of workers for industries upon a national scale, and making the position of the hundred-thousand-pound business even worse than it would otherwise be. We have to allow for prejudice and unreasonableness on both sides of this question. Naturally a popular movement will demand a new sort of democratic control, with every porter and ticket-clerk voting upon railway management, and naturally the railway directors (who will, after all, become the national directors) regard this proposal with quite needless horror, because both sides are obsessed by this idea, that with nationalisation some entirely novel sort of management can be immediately improvised. If only the business organiser could be induced to see what a pious aspiration is the democratic control of the Guild Socialists, how apart it is from the rest of the question, and how inevitable is the continuation of the existing control into the new conditions, he would perhaps be readier with help and a welcome for what is really a most valuable educational movement. He is in practice, if he would only realise it, as irremovable as—Mr. Asquith.—" D. P." in the " Times " (July 24).

To the Editor of the " Times."

Sir,—It is a pity that the very interesting letters signed " D. P." should be marred by occasional outbursts of spite against classical education. Thus your correspondents write on July 24 as follows :—

" Our governing classes, thanks to the facilities for a classical education existing in this country, knows far more about the ideas of the Gracchi than they do about the notions that such people as, for example, Mr. Cole and Mr. Mellor and the Editor of THE NEW AGE are spreading industriously in the country."

If by " our governing classes " your correspondents mean men who have received a university education, it would seem superfluous to most of us at this time to question their genuine interest in the affairs of their country; men cannot do more than give their lives for it. How have such men been injured by knowing about the " ideas of the Gracchi "? Those very ideas are being actively propagated at the present day under the name of land reform; and the interest which they excite at school amongst boys of an intellectual disposition is a main cause of the very lively interest shown at the universities in all schemes of social reconstruction. If that interest is not always maintained in mature life, it is not because the seed was wrongly sown.

It may not be amiss to notice that the scheme of social reconstruction which your correspondents advocate, and into which circumstances are forcing all modern nations—namely, the organisation of industry by the State by means of State trusts and trade guilds—was in fact carried out on the great scale by the Roman Empire from the second to the fourth centuries of our era. Something may, perhaps, be gained by studying the results of this great experiment, as depicted, for instance, by the Belgian Professor J. P. Waltzing in his " Corporations Professionelles chez les Romains " (Louvain, 1895).

EDWARD V. ARNOLD.

Of course, the inevitable result is that many farmers have thought it advisable to grow mustard. They also hope to get a good price for their produce; but unless it is so nominated in the bond they will have to accept current market rates—whatever that may be—when harvest time comes. There is the possibility that, when all the mustard grown to order has been delivered, there will be a surplus, the price of which will be governed by the law of supply and demand. Up to now the growers are all optimists—they may live to become pessimists.

This is all very well from the individual farmer's viewpoint, but what about the needs of the nation? Every additional acre of mustard grown in Fenland means an acre less of potatoes or corn. Every farmer in Fenland, from Cambridge to Ely, freely admitted to me that he was using potato land for mustard. " Is it good for the country?" I asked, and in each case a frank reply was always forthcoming. No. Patriotism might say potatoes, but pocket said mustard.—" Daily Telegraph."

There is a number of questions concerning employment that have been created by the war; the consequences of the substitution of women's labour, of schemes of dilution, of the general reorganisation of industries to meet the needs of the war. Neither in agriculture nor in industry can we be content to take up things again precisely as and where we left them when war surprised us. If the war has created problems, it has also suggested solutions. There have been mistakes enough, in our judgment, in the handling of the problem of munitions, but we have, at any rate, begun to feel our way by setting up Joint Committees towards something like a scheme for giving active and responsible share in the management of industry to the representations of the workers. What is wanted after the war is the spirit which recognises that the status of the workman is the fundamental problem, and the courage to proceed on bold lines. When there is a battery to be silenced, or a trench to be seized, there is no talk of limiting output or quarrelling over the details of the job, for the simple reason that everybody—driver, gunner, the man with the bomb, and the man with the bayonet—has a common interest in success. We have to give that spirit play in industry after the war, and to do it we have to make of the workman something more than a wage-earner.—*The " Nation."*

The beginning of wisdom in this matter is to face the fact that, in view of the rents that rich men will pay for non-agricultural uses of land, and of the higher profits that farmers can make by the less advantageous forms of agriculture—there is no way of securing that the land shall be really devoted to the highest possible use in the national interest, so long as it remains in private ownership and control. The economists of to-day can find no way out of this conclusion. If the British State wants to increase the arable area by four million acres, the British State will have itself to put them under plough, either by mandatory order (for which, by the way, there is abundant precedent in the Defence of the Realm Act) or in State farms.—The " New Statesman."

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