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CONTENTS.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Now that Mr. Asquith has invited discussion of the coming industrial problems there ought to be no further hesitation on the part of our readers in expressing their ideas. For the mere satisfaction of a desire to appear wiser after the event than our fellow countrymen are likely to be before the event, we ought not to refrain from contributing our share to the present common pot. The obligation indeed is on all of us who profess an understanding of economics superior to our neighbour's to deliver our opinion and to insist upon its being heard. What if there is no inclination to listen to us or, in the din raised by the Bottomleys and the other bullocks, our voices should be drowned,—the moral satisfaction of having at least done our best will be worth having won. Among the thousands of readers of these weekly Notes there are surely a few hundred who are now in sympathy with our propaganda and have both opportunity and means of assisting it. Is it not their duty to do so? By conversation, by correspondence, by letters to Members of Parliament and to the Press, and by other means that will occur to those who have the will to help, the ideas that have been made, we hope, familiar to our readers in these pages may be spread now as opportunity has never served to spread them before. The times are critical, but they are also full of promise. Formative influences are at work and upon a material that has never within living experience been more plastic. Words dropped to-day will prove to be words in season; and as we think now England may be to-morrow.

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Of the two main industrial problems before us one is a temporary problem and the other is a chronic problem. The one arises out of the war and is essentially a war-problem; the other arises out of the constitution of industrial society and is as much and more a problem of peace as it has proved to be of war. The first and temporary problem is that known as demobilisation,—and its elements consist of dealing with the restoration of the Army to civil life on the one hand; and, on the other hand, of restoring civil industry to its normal functions. But the second and chronic problem is that of discovering a solution of the antagonistic relations of Capital and Labour. Let us consider them in turn. To begin with the first, we may remark that the solution of the immediate problem may conceivably be of no great credit to us. Biologists are familiar with instances of adaptations to environment, perfectly made and ingeniously contrived, that yet have the effect of producing degeneration of type. In the absence of a purpose over and above that of simple comfortable adaptation the organism, indeed, stands a very good chance of finding itself slipping down the ladder of life instead of climbing up it. Similarly it may be said that we need to beware of taking for granted the progress involved in merely finding solutions of practical difficulties as they arise; for otherwise we may solve all our problems one by one and find ourselves defeated at the end of a series of practical triumphs. And our safety in this respect is none the more certain for our meaning well. To mean well and to do ill is, in fact, a concatenation all too common in human affairs. The best of intentions often go with the worst of performances; and vice versa. The obligation is therefore upon us in considering the immediate industrial problem created by the war, not only to mean well by the chief victims of it, and not only to adapt circumstances to the immediate demands, but to find a solution which at the same time that it provides for the immediate difficulties takes into account the future both of industry and of society.

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Little of this prevision was apparent in Mr. Asquith's speech last week to the deputation that waited upon him on behalf of the Triple Alliance of Labour. It is true that both upon that occasion and upon a later occasion he uttered words that have been interpreted to indicate the approach of "large changes of State policy in regard to Labour." But neither then nor later did anything emerge that we can lay hold upon. Now it is all very well to shake the curtains mysteriously and to lead the public to apprehend that something thrilling will shortly be disclosed; but of this kind of showmanship we have had enough from Mr. Lloyd George. What marvellous sights was not the little wizard from Wales going to display when he had obtained Labour's consent to dilution and to compulsion! We were to see a partnership between the State and Labour established by a second Great Charter of Freedom in the

terms of which the plans of a new nation were to be laid down. But it has all turned out to be no more than conscript labour upon a fixed minimum wage with penalties for strikes and with no punishment for profiteering. Is the same variety of rat to come out of Mr. Asquith's mountain of promise? Are we to be kept agog with expectation only to discover in the end that our pockets have been picked? Among the utterances of Mr. Asquith was one to the effect that after the sacrifices they had made for freedom the working classes ought not and should not be allowed to return to the old conditions of "suffering and unemployment." Be they ne'er so vile, the day of their victory over Germany should better their condition. But in the sequel and when he enumerated the actual provisions to be made for Labour we could not discover any reality to correspond with his promises. What, in fact, do his proposals amount to? The soldiers, on the one hand, are to receive furlough on full pay for a limited period during which they will be expected to find employment. And, on the other hand, for the war-workers who are likely to be discharged from industry when peace returns, a similar provision of pay for a limited period will be made. So far so good; it is the Labour Party's old Right-to-Work Bill holus bolus, but with a limitation of time. Yes, but the time-limit is precisely what makes the difference. Suppose that the period of six or twelve months during which the demobilised troops and workers are to be paid should expire and find, as it may, hundreds of thousands of them still out of work—can their suffering and unemployment then be avoided? Six or twelve months is a long period, no doubt, in which to discover a niche for every workman displaced by the war; the provision of pay during that time is also a fairly bold policy for the State to adopt. But neither the mere lapse of time nor the fact of payment carries with it any guarantee that work will be found and that industry will be able to absorb its prospective surplus.

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The defect of all such proposals—and they are, of course, typical of the prevailing thought—is that they are for a season only and in no sense carry their own fulfilment with them. They depend upon the chance that industry may recover itself within a limited period; and they do nothing whatever to ensure that industry shall. Moreover they have other serious drawbacks. By offering pay without work to the returning troops in particular they risk detaining from industry a class of workmen who, in fact, might be of the utmost use in it. And by failing to offer pay without work to the workers who are likely to be *permanently* thrown out of employment they ensure, in the first place, the reluctance of these to leave industry, and, in the second place, their certain pauperisation when finally they are discharged. Chief defect of all, they contemplate as the conclusion of all their efforts the restoration in industry in general of the status quo with no radical change. But is not this to fall precisely into the danger we have above indicated, that of adapting ourselves to an immediate absolute circumstance without regard to the relative effect of our adaptation? As we see it, indeed, by the means here indicated we shall surmount the problem of the war, but only to leave ourselves where we were before the war, but with two or three years lost. We shall have recovered, but we shall not be stronger. In fact, we shall be relatively weaker. Now how much better it would be, if we could contrive it, not only to solve our immediate problem, but to turn its solution to the advantage of industry. The immediate problem, we see, is that of Labour: but the problem of which it is a part is the perennial problem of industry. Is it past our wit to settle the first to its own advantage and to the advantage of industry as well? Can we not by some means make the war pay its toll to peace and extract from the problem of war-labour a solution of a part, at any rate, of the general problem of industry? We see no reason to doubt it; and, in fact, we believe we know the means to do it. Nor are they difficult to be understood or impossible to adopt. It is proposed, for example, in expectation of the existence of a *surplus* of labour after the war, that certain groups of workmen, arbitrarily selected from the point of view of industry, shall be paid to remain idle until they can be absorbed. But instead of creating and maintaining a reserve of labour such as this—the mere chance product of the war—why should we not create a systematic reserve consisting of persons less useful in industry than the bulk of the men whom it is now proposed to make into a reserve? It is certain, for instance, that there are in industry at this moment whole classes of persons who not only are less productive than the men whose idleness is in contemplation, but who would be almost as productive out of industry altogether as in it. This may sound paradoxical, but it is nevertheless true; for the production of children in industry (to take the extreme example of the classes we have in mind) is actually less from an all-round economic view than their production out of industry and under education. What is to prevent us from taking these classes out of industry on the conclusion of peace and leaving their places to be filled by the returning troops or by other more suitable persons? If *some* classes are to be paid during unemployment, why should they not be the classes whose employment is least desirable? Why, above all, should they be the classes whose employment is most desirable? By raising the school age considerably and by lowering considerably the old-age pension limit, not only would room be made for a good deal of prospectively surplus labour, but the cost to the State would be no greater and the effect upon industry would be beneficial both immediately and remotely.

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The larger of the two problems before us is, however, that of the relations of Capital and Labour; and it is to this that we will now turn. In view of the revelations made by the war we can well understand that as disposed as the Trade Unions are to insist upon the restoration of their former privileges, employers and the public are equally disposed to resist it. They cannot, it is true, deny that the State is under a pledge to restore these privileges or that the Unions are within their strict rights in demanding their restoration. They are even prepared to consent to the fulfilment of the State's promises if nothing better can be devised. But *at the same time they mean to put up a fight against* it and to employ every argument and form of appeal within their command. Their case, moreover, is plausible and we do not mind admitting that it is naturally strong. We are even disposed to think that they may carry it against the Trade Unions unless the latter discover more intelligence than they have yet shown. What is it? In the first place, it has been found that, contrary to our happy-go-lucky assumptions, Trade Union restrictions really do restrict. It has been, in fact, one of the "surprises" of the war to find that with two or three million men away the productivity of industry has been nevertheless maintained on only a small substitution of fresh labour, and mainly by means of removing Trade Union restrictions. As much as forty per cent. has been reckoned as the amount of production regularly forfeited under Trade Union rules—and we ourselves should reckon it at nearer a hundred. Now is it sensible, people are plausibly asking, to re-institute as privileges the restrictions that have this effect? Ought we to re-impose upon industry a handicap so considerable as this has proved to be, and for no better reason than that the State was foolish enough and the Unions unpatriotic enough to promise and to require its restoration? In the second place, it is not as if our national industry were likely to find itself without rivals at the end of the war. On the contrary, our rivals will be more numerous and more powerful than before the war. It is therefore no defence of the restoration of Trade Union rules to plead that industry kept its head above water with them about its neck before the war and may therefore be

expected to swim with them hereafter; for the weights of another kind have been in the meanwhile increased. We shall need in order to swim at all under the new circumstances to be lighter, not heavier; and a handicap of 40 per cent. on our production is, in the future we have to face, bound to be fatal.

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Yes, we understand it very well as we hope we have demonstrated in the foregoing paragraph. And this, perhaps, will give us the right to complain when our own case in reply to it is misunderstood, as it certainly is. We are constantly being reduced to despair after having done our best to state our opponents' case fairly, on finding that no such pains are taken by them to state ours even intelligently. Look, for instance, at this remark of the "Daily Mail": "If employers and employed will only get it into their heads that there is no reason why they should not work together as fruitfully and harmoniously in the factory as officers and men work together in the trenches . . . ." But if we have observed once we have observed a hundred times that the difference between the trenches and the factory is precisely the difference to be abolished, and not to be treated as if it only existed in men's minds. It is, in fact, all the difference between a national industry and an industry carried on for private profit. Officers do not make profit out of their men's labour. War is not carried on for the personal advantage of the officer class. But industry is! To appeal, therefore, to employers and employed to regard each other as officers and men in a common army when their interests are actually not the same is to talk either silly nonsense or incipient revolution. We would, indeed, make them officers and men in a National Guild: but the "Daily Mail" appears to think that they are so already. Another equally ignorant misunderstanding of our case may be found in the current "Spectator." Writing on the commodity theory of Labour, the "Spectator" says: "We are unable to discover why a man who stands up and offers his labour for sale should be a more ignoble figure than the stockbroker who stands up and offers stocks and shares, or the grocer who stands up by his counter and offers tea or butter. . ." But is the "Spectator" unable not to discover (for we will save it the labour of originality), but to appreciate when it is pointed out, the difference between selling a commodity separable from oneself and a commodity *that is oneself?* The grocer or the stockbroker having disposed of his wares goes about his further business; but the labourer whose labour is his only ware must go with his labour.

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But the question is: How are the Trade Unions to be induced to forgo the fulfilment of the State's pledge to restore their privileges? What can be offered them in substitution? How much will they demand and how little can they be persuaded to take? It will be seen that we have here another great opportunity for Labour, one of the many that Providence seems to delight in offering them. For it is certain that if they like to insist upon it their pledge can be kept—in the letter at any rate—but only at the cost of a permanent handicap of industry. On the other hand, there is almost nothing that they cannot ask and get if they are prepared to bargain their present pledge for it. Here is a chance for collective bargaining; and not between a single Trade Union and a group of employers, but between the whole of organised Labour and the whole capitalist system of industry. Let us pray that the leaders may take advantage of it. The first offer, we may say, has been made by Mr. Asquith. Speaking on Wednesday on the subject of the economic policy to be pursued, he went out of his way to assure Labour that in any measures proposed for the betterment of Capital, a corresponding provision should be made for a fairer distribution of the product. "The Government," he said, "conceive themselves to be under the obligation to see that the benefits that result from the new policy are fairly apportioned among all sections of the community." This is plausibly spoken and we have no doubt that it was sincerely meant. But the most elementary and provisional analysis of its implications reveals the dangers it contains for Labour. Let us examine one of them. We must ask by what means and with what sanction the State can undertake a "fairer distribution" of the product of private industry? Wages or the purchasing power of the proletariat are fixed, as we know, by the same Law of Supply and Demand that fixes the price of any other commodity; and only by the suspension of the Law of Supply and Demand can wages be raised above their market level. But who is to suspend the Law? Is it not necessary, if the State is to determine wages without reference to the Law of Supply and Demand, that the State should control one or other of the two parties to it, namely, Capital or Labour? And which of these, do our readers think after their experience of war-legislation, is the more probable first victim? Is it not Labour, since not only has Labour shown itself more amenable to control than Capital, but the governing classes and the capitalist classes are one and the same? We take it as a matter of course that Labour will be chosen as the first subject of State control and, moreover, that Capital will join in partnership with the State to effect it. The prospect from Mr. Asquith's promise, coupled with the condition implied in it of releasing the Government from its pledge to restore Trade Union restrictions, is therefore this: that the Unions will find themselves without weapons of attack or defence, powerless to resist or to injure Capital, but guaranteed under the joint control of the State and Capital in certain minima of wages and conditions of labour, as per the Fabian programme. But say what you please of the security of the "fairer distribution" thus provided, the security to our minds is shadowy: for it must inevitably depend upon the legal inability of Labour to strike; and in the absence of this final sanction of all the privileges that Labour has won or may yet win, even the privileges conferred upon it by the State must needs be precarious.

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If this is likely to be the outcome of Mr. Asquith's plausible plans for a "fairer distribution" of the product we can form an idea of what may be expected of the other plans now being put forward in the interests of *Capital for reconciling the irreconcilable differences of* Capitalists and Workmen. Their end is the Servile State but by an even quicker road. We shall do our best to analyse them to death as they make their appearance. In the meantime what is to be said of the chronic problem which the relation of Employers and Employed, of Capital and Labour, creates, save that its solution lies in abolishing both classes equally and simultaneously? The alternatives before the State are, as we see them, two and two only: to take Capital into partnership and to establish the servility of Labour; or to take Labour into partnership and to establish the national serviceability of Capital. But the latter involves the creation in each great industry of a National Guild, composed wholly of workmen whose range of skill varies with the need of the industry from manual ability to the highest talents for dealing with the larger questions of administration and management. In such a system of Guilds, as in the Army and Navy which are its existing examples, it is clear that the distinctions of employer and employed, of capitalist and workmen, of interest, profit and wages, cease to exist. And in their place we should have national organisations each controlling the tools of its own industry and each organised in its personnel by ranks according to the ability and needs of the individual workmen involved. But the condition, again, of realising any such plans for saving us from servile labour is the demand, made now by Trade Unions, for a share with the State in *control*. Now or never is the moment for Labour to demand its share in control.

Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdad.

PUBLIC attention has again been drawn to Roumania by the announcement in the newspapers last week that a body of Bulgarian soldiers had tried to land on a Roumanian island in the Danube near Giurgevo, and had been driven off by the garrison. An official protest from Bucharest at once followed, emphasising the fact that this was but the latest of a series of incidents, the recurrence of which was likely to imperil the relations of a friendly nature existing between the two countries. Unless the Bulgarian Government actually wishes to provoke a quarrel, it is not easy to understand precisely why these frontier incidents should be persisted in. No doubt the immediate object is to keep Roumanian troops just over the border, so that if fighting did break out, or if the Bucharest Government decided to join the Allies, Hungary would be temporarily safe from a Roumanian invasion until some measures could be devised to meet it. It is, of course, certain that the Bulgarian Government has considered all the possibilities involved in such a decision as this; and one of them would almost inevitably be an Allied advance from the Salonika area, where, as the comments in enemy newspapers show, the Entente Powers are well prepared with men and guns.

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Let us try to see how this strategic area looks in view of the published information. For several weeks there have been vague indications in the Austrian and even in the Bulgarian Press that another grand Turkish attack on Egypt was being prepared. This announcement seemed incredible; for it ought to have been well known to the German General Staff—the supreme arbiters in these matters—that no attack on the British lines could possibly succeed, especially when carried out with so small a force as 14,000 men. The advance was ordered, nevertheless, and its object was fairly clear. It was hoped, by a surprise descent, to keep the British forces occupied for at least a few weeks, and to secure the removal of troops from Salonika as reinforcements for the Egyptian garrison. Then a Bulgarian attack on Roumania, possibly in conjunction with an Austro-Hungarian attack from the opposite direction, could have been undertaken without *fear of interference from the Anglo-French troops at* Salonika. It was an ingenious enough scheme; for it is just possible that this manœuvre, if it could have been carried out, would have left Roumania helpless. The recent Bulgarian incursions on the Roumanian border seem to have been "feelers," successful in their immediate aims. But this plan depended entirely upon the initial success of the Turkish advance; and the Turks, instead of keeping the British occupied for a few weeks, have had to fall back, with heavy losses in men and equipment, at the end of two or three days. The Balkan situation becomes correspondingly intensified; for no local campaign can now be thought of which is likely to result in the removal of British soldiers from Salonika.

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It has become customary of late to blame the German General Staff for their miscalculations and mismanagement; but it ought not to be assumed that recent moves by the German Army, or by Germany's allies, for that matter, have been made in consequence of careful thought and methodical preparation. It is clear that the enemy is now beginning to suffer from two defects which the Allies grievously suffered from during the first twelve months of the war, namely, shortage of men and inferiority of guns. There is a great difference in the effect of this situation on Germany, and that is that Germany cannot now afford to wait, though the Allies could. Every day added to our resources and detracted from our enemy's. The Germans, planning for themselves as well as their allies, can no longer draw up vast schemes of invasion any more than they can try to hold their present lines. The result is that we have had moves designed with a view to political effect, such as the Austrian offensive in May, or purely gambling moves, such as the Turkish advance on Egypt. No commander would, if he could avoid it, risk his army on a mere toss-up. It was a toss-up whether the Turkish offensive succeeded in its immediate object or not—there was certainly no ultimate object to be gained by it. But it did not succeed; and in consequence the gambler has not merely lost several Turkish battalions, but probably Roumania as well.

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With the entry of Roumania into the war on our side, however, the German plans would become even more shattered and disjointed than might appear at first sight. The Kaiser has guaranteed many things to King Constantine of Greece, but he cannot guarantee personal safety; and in this regard there is an awkward precedent in Bucharest. It is suspected by the Entente sympathisers in Roumania that there, as in Greece, there are Court and high political influences at work to maintain neutrality, if not to throw the army against the Entente Powers. The "Fusionists" (MM. Filipesco and Jonesco) have protested vigorously against this presumed policy—so vigorously, indeed, that one is almost surprised to find their remarks printed and circulated in the Roumanian papers. Only three weeks ago (July 17) a meeting of "Fusionists" was held in Bucharest. Both Filipesco and Jonesco, and many of their supporters as well, made speeches protesting against the negligent attitude of the Government and accusing the Prime Minister, M. Bratiano, of bad faith because he had not kept his promise to support the Entente Powers by arms when the moment seemed opportune. Towards the end of his speech M. Filipesco said: "Men of all parties . . . . should unite and form a Government to take charge of the interests of the country. We ourselves do not seek to take part in such a Government; but we do demand of others that they shall think of the country before their own business affairs. We ought, therefore, respectfully to address ourselves to the King, and to say to him: 'Sire, give us sacred union. Call to your aid men able to guide the country over the difficulties it has to surmount.'" This point was emphasised even more strongly by M. Take Jonesco, who said at the end of a long speech: "Let us *go to the King with Filipesco* and beg his Majesty: 'Give us war and our sacred unity so that we can work together to create a Great Roumania; for in a small Roumania there is no room either for you or for us.'"

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These frank declarations gave rise to a bitter newspaper controversy in which the two sides discussed with remarkable calmness the necessity for retaining the King on his throne and the necessity for dismissing him. If the censorship in Greece were less strict there would no doubt be an explosion of equal force in the Greek Press; and already the preliminary electoral moves of M. Venizelos are meeting with considerable success and enthusiasm. It remains to be seen how far the Hohenzollern influence in Roumania can secure the neutrality of the country; though there is no doubt that the present Premier, M. Bratiano, is prepared to follow whichever side happens to be the stronger. He is the very incarnation of caution, and no newspaper discussion regarding the occupancy of the throne is likely to perturb him. What is much more likely to interest him is the statement in the Bucharest paper "Nationalul" that an Anglo-British offensive from Salonika may begin "three weeks from now at the most" (the statement appeared on July 19). The paper puts the strength of the Anglo-French forces at 210,000—the number has become an open secret in the German Press—together with about 120,000 Serbians. Offensive or no offensive, the mere presence of such a force at Salonika is enough to disconcert the sovereign rulers of Greece and Roumania.

War and its Makers.

IV.—PREJUDICE OF RACE.

FROM about the fifteenth century, roughly speaking, the idea of race has been gaining, while the idea of religion has been losing, ground in Europe. This idea has added a new terror to life—or, rather, it has supplied an old terror with a new name and a fresh war-cry. Consciously or not, the prejudice of race now directs, or at any rate stimulates, the ambition of States, inspires their poetry, and tinges even their philosophy with the same fanaticism as religion did formerly. The literature of modern Europe is haunted by the ominous epithets Celt, Teuton, Slav, Latin, just as the literature of mediæval Europe was haunted by the ominous designations of various heretical sects. We hear that the Celtic spirit is antagonistic to the Teutonic, the Teutonic to the Slavonic, the Slavonic to the Latin. We are told by learned anthropologists that the Gaul possesses physical, mental, and moral traits different from those of the Anglo-Saxon, and so forth. These traits, we are assured, are inherent, hereditary, and immutable. They dominate the present and dictate the future of nations with the absolute power of a tragic destiny. There are good races predained to glory, and bad races foredoomed to failure. No nation can escape the fate recorded in characters mysterious and indelible by the hand of Nature on every line of its skull, in every corpuscle of its blood. The very ideals of the fathers are transmitted to the children, so that the trend of history can be predicted by an intelligent scrutiny of the texture of the hair. Biology shapes the political map of the world, and the decisions of international congresses are nothing but echoes of decrees passed long ago in the council of the gods: a diplomatic protocol, being a sort of transcript from the imperishable parchments of heaven.

I do not know which to admire more: the solemnity of the persons who enunciate this doctrine, or the simplicity of those who accept it. Surely, the absurdity of such a theory, let the arguments by which it is supported be ever so specious and acute, is palpable to anyone who has come into direct contact with the various human groups that people Europe. To anyone who has read their books, listened to their talk, partaken of their hospitality, or even looked into their faces, it must be obvious that the creed of race has about as much foundation in reality as the Athanasian Creed. Some of the most eloquent advocates of French Chauvinism I have come across were manifestly of German origin. I had only to glance at their cerulean eyes and flaxen beards to recognise in them lineal descendants of the blond men of the North about whom Tacitus wrote. Some of the most truculent exponents of Teutonic nationalism that I have met were just as manifestly of Slavonic descent. Eastern Prussia, as its very name proclaims, is western Russia. The latest, and in some ways the ablest, apostle of German jingoism is the son of an English admiral, bearing the illuminating name of Houston Stewart Chamberlain. When his tremendous pamphlet appeared, it was torn to pieces in the "Quarterly Review" by a distinguished English patriot rejoicing in the name of Sichel. Do you want another example of the race gospel? Here is rather an amusing one:—

Some years ago a large grave filled with bones was dug up in a Paris cemetery. Nobody could tell how they got there, or to what sort of people they belonged. A renowned craniologist undertook to solve the mystery by the most approved methods of anthropological science. After a careful measurement of the skulls, he ascribed the remains to the Allied Armies of 1813, and accurately classified them as belonging to Finns, Bashkirs, Kalmucks, and so forth. On further investigation, fortunately this time of a strictly unscientific kind, it turned out that the skeletons were of Parisian women who had died in the cholera of 1832.

The race theory labours under two distinct fallacies. The first consists in mistaking for deep and ineradicable qualities characteristics due to mere environment, and, for the most part, dependent for their duration upon the permanence of that environment. For instance, we have of late years been hearing a great deal about the Slavonic Soul. Sentimental or super-ingenious writers tell us that in all the lands inhabited by Slavs from the southern frontiers of Servia to the shores of the White Sea, and from the Adriatic to the Pacific, "there is a certain distinctive atmosphere, which binds the Slavs together and differentiates them from all that which is not Slavonic. It is hard to define that common element, yet it exists." Then comes the usual hymn to "the Voice of Slavdom," "the Spirit of Slavdom" with "its mystic light," its "long-drawn melancholy peasant songs," "the many bright colours of its peasant art," and so on. Now, many of these features so confidently described as typical of the Slavs are really common to all peoples still in the agricultural stage of development. The many bright colours of peasant art are to be found in Persia as easily as in Russia; the mystic light of the *mujik* has its counterpart in the mystic light of the Galilean peasant of two thousand years ago; and as to the long-drawn melancholy peasant songs, I have heard the same sad monotone not only in the Balkans, but also in Greece, Egypt, Syria, and throughout India: the words vary; the cadence, in the main, is the same. It is the song of the earth-born—the dreamy, doleful, and dreary melody of people straining after full articulation. And it is upon this basis, as wide as the earth, that Muscovite politicians attempt to build their Panslavist edifice.

Observations not less partial have given birth to the Semitic myth, with its anti-Semitic sequel. It requires only an elementary comparison between Jews from various parts of the world to convince any unbiased student that there is no such thing as a Jewish race; what there is, is a common Jewish tradition, which results in a certain social type. Take from the English, French, German, Russian, and Spanish Jew his Talmud and his Mosaic Law, and you will have in a surprisingly short time an English, French, German, Russian, and Spanish Gentile. And as his peculiar education, in the widest sense of the word, makes the Jew, so his peculiar education makes the Turk. In point of blood the modern Turk is anything but an Osmanli. But very seldom will a practised observer mistake the Mohammedan inhabitant of Constantinople for his Greek, Slav, or Armenian cousin. His upbringing stamps his face with an expression which differentiates him from his neighbours, though they may be literally his brothers. For aught I know to the contrary, heredity may have as much to do with the formation of intellectual and moral, as of physical, human types; but I have not the faintest doubt that environment has vastly more.

The second fallacy of the race theory lies in its infantile confusion of ethnological with national data. If men of various origins could be separated, put down in widely scattered islands, and forbidden all intercourse for some centuries, then you might produce a world in which racial and national characteristics would coincide, and then you might, with luck, evolve a more or less sound system of classification. But life is no pedant. From time immemorial the various groups of mankind have been moving to and fro upon the face of the earth, mingling their bloods, in obedience to geographical and sociological necessities far more powerful than any human law. This universal conspiracy to confound the modern anthropologist has resulted in the distressing fact that a pure race is to be found oftener in books like Herr Chamberlain's than in reality. Hence the unfortunate possibility of taking the skeletons of Parisian women for the bones of Kalmuck soldiers.

It is, then, clear enough that those who seek sanction for international throat-cutting in racial incompatibility are running after an illusion no less illusive than those who at one time sought sanction for the roasting of

heretics in a divine revelation. But—and this is what concerns us most—some human beings will sacrifice each other for illusions; and it cannot be questioned that the dogma of race, expounded by professors, adopted by poets, promulgated by journalists, and exploited by politicians, exercises now the same pernicious influence over international relations as theological dogma did formerly. Even those who do not believe it use it for the purpose of idealising material aims and of trading upon the enthusiasm of true believers. Racial cant is not less dangerous than religious cant; and it appeals to the educated among us even more than it does to the ignorant. Men who will no longer fight for a metaphysical figment will fight for a national "ideal."

In normal times this madness slumbers. A Frenchman will deal with a German and a German with a Russian or an Englishman without any consciousness of a gulf gaping between them. Representatives of all nations settle in each other's countries, trade together, study together, amuse themselves together, marry one another's daughters, and all goes well. But this peaceful intercourse and co-operation does not prevent them from suddenly discovering in each other "natural enemies"—whenever it suits their leaders to stir the dormant prejudice into activity.

A familiar illustration of this deliberate exploitation of the race feeling by Governments is offered by contemporary Russia, where the popular prejudice against the Jew and the German has often been used by the autocracy as a lightning conductor to draw the wrath of its subjects away from itself. Two recent instances may be quoted. In 1905 Muscovite indignation at the mismanagement of the Japanese campaign was appeased by massacres of the Jews organised by the police; in 1915 similar indignation at the similar mismanagement of the European War was similarly assuaged by officially instigated attacks on the citizens of the Empire who had the misfortune to be of Teutonic origin. In both cases anti-alien riots were prescribed by the Tsar's political advisers as an antidote to the anti-dynastic and anti-bureaucratic agitation.

Essentially, there is nothing new about this device: it is but a modern application of the ancient maxim *divide et impera*. Looked at from another point of view also, the device reveals its venerable antiquity. Not only domestic feuds but hostilities with foreign nations have frequently been resorted to by Governments as a remedy for internal complaints. Thus, one of the motives that induced the princes of the West, in 1096, to participate in the expedition to Palestine was the desire, in Hume's words, "of establishing peace in their dominions by giving occupation abroad to the inquietude and martial disposition of their subjects." In 1621 the Sultan of Turkey, Osman II, led his Janissaries against Poland partly, if not wholly, with the view of weakening those turbulent troops, whose chronic disaffection he regarded as the greatest menace to his throne. Likewise Napoleon III, in 1870, was prompted to his luckless war with Prussia by the wish to regain the affections of his people by an appeal to their craze for glory and their anti-German prejudice. Indeed, many an international conflagration can justly be described as an exaggerated *pogrom*.

It matters little what is the particular illusion available at various periods; so long as the bias exists, it supplies a fund of combustible material which only needs a spark to set it ablaze. When we pass in review the European troubles of the nineteenth century, we see that the Nationalist illusion has been at the bottom, or at all events on the surface, of most of them. And the same thing is true of the present war. Latin, Anglo-Saxon, and Slav are commonly supposed to be struggling to rescue their "national ideals," whatever the phrase may mean, from the Teuton, and *vice versa*. That being so, it behoves us not to despise Nationalism for its theoretical fatuity, but to pay to it the respect due to a great public danger. Fallacious as its reasoning may be, false as the data upon which it rests may appear to the unbiased student, contemptible as its temper may seem to the philanthropist, the doctrine of race is a force that has to be reckoned with.

Without overlooking other causes of dissension, we may then hold the prejudices of colour, creed, and race answerable for a good deal of the sorrow and suffering that afflict us. It is these prejudices which split up our one and indivisible planet into a million petty little worlds, all aloof and hostile to each other; ugly, untamed, mighty monsters—fathers of an endless progeny of coarseness, cruelty, vulgarity, and multiform misery to mankind. Usually they lurk in the background of life, crouching in ambush, but every now and again they leap forward, out of the shadows into the full glare of day, to mangle and to rend, to deluge the earth with blood and to envenom the air with their deadly breath. The destruction of these monsters, if it could be brought about, would inevitably bring with it an amelioration of international relations. Can they be destroyed? KOSMOPOLITES.

(To be continued.)

Central Europe.

IV.—BANKS, INDUSTRY, AND STATE.

IT has been announced officially in the course of the last few weeks that the advisers of the Government are considering some scheme whereby English banks may be induced or enabled to extend financial aid to industrial concerns as has been done in Germany ever since the time of the Franco-German War, and even sooner. In the absence of some such aid it is no doubt true that many English industrial concerns have languished for want of capital in time; though our system of making credits has at least the advantage that the banks act on their own initiative and behalf, run no risks, and do not look to the State for support themselves. The State aid rendered to the bill-brokers at the beginning of the war does not invalidate this general assertion with regard to English banking; for bill-broking is, in this country, an entirely distinct aspect of banking practice, and is for the most part in the hands of specialists. In Germany the practice is different. The banks act as bill-brokers when required, and their remaining activities are multifarious. They do not merely act as bankers act all over the world—by issuing letters of credit and cheques, making and receiving payments on their client's behalf, and so on. The German banks, in addition, grant credits on all sorts of bases; form themselves into a consortium when necessary in order to syndicate important loans among themselves (as bankers do in the United States), guarantee advances on mortgage for large business concerns; and, above all, promote and take a lively interest in industrial undertakings.

Let us take a few instances of this banking participation in industry—participation to an extent which no English banker could contemplate, under present conditions, without shuddering. The Deutsche Bank, which devotes itself almost exclusively to financing German interests overseas, is represented on the boards of more than two hundred industrial concerns, including the great steel concern of Siemens and Halske, the Norddeutscher Lloyd, the German Oversea Electric Company, the Upper Silesian Coke Company, and many other firms. The Disconto-Gesellschaft is responsible for the financing of such great manufacturing and trading concerns as the Gelsenkirchen Company, the Aschersleben Chemical Works, the Bochumer Verein, and many others. Many other large industrial concerns, such as the Harpeners, depend on more than one bank, or banking consortium; but this is a matter of amicable arrangement. It should be remarked, where the import trade is in question, that one of the most common forms of credit granted by the banks to traders is the "reimbursement

credit," opened, on behalf of the bank's clients, to foreign shippers. The latter draw on the banks for their purchaser's account against delivery of the shipping documents, which are, as a rule, retained by the banks pending the arrival of the merchandise, when they are generally taken up against payment. Or, in other cases, the banks may hand over the documents to their customers in trust, without payment having been made. Hamburg has greatly benefited from this procedure. A very large proportion of this business, purely German though it was, was transacted in London up to the declaration of war—partly because the discount rate is usually more favourable in London (or was); partly because the "sterling bill" has always been so well known in the oversea markets. This is a class of business which it is almost impossible to induce the English joint-stock banks to take up; though it is understood that the very English banks which refuse to transact such operations were before the war in the habit of lending money to the German banks in London which made it their speciality.

The German banks in Germany itself, however, have not rested content with forming themselves into consortiums for special purposes. There are still some three thousand "private" banks in Germany; but these smaller financial institutions are in nearly every case, and quite inevitably, associated with some large district bank. For example, the Maerkische Bank (Bochum) controls a score of small local private banks, but the Maerkische is itself controlled by the great chain of banks at the head of which stands the Dresdner Bank. By a series of absorptions the Deutsche Bank was able to raise its capital in two years from £1,000,000 to £10,000,000. But the nominal capital of the Deutsche Bank does not consist of its own funds and reserves. The group at the head of which stands the Deutsche Bank controls a block of capital estimated (in 1914) at £49,000,000—a sum of money scattered all over the world, and representing the most diversified interests conceivable. The Disconto-Gesellschaft group controls funds valued at £33,000,000. The Dresdner group controls funds valued at £23,000,000. It follows from this that the "directing groups of banks," as they are called, represent enormous financial forces and weight. Their word is law; they can make or mar businesses, establish or disestablish firms. And they do. No banking Trust in the United States is more skilfully managed than these great establishments in Germany. But their head and front, their recognised leader in matters relating to financial "policy" in so far as the State is concerned in it, is the Imperial Bank itself, the Reichsbank, at the back of which is the Imperial Government of the German Empire. The building of a tank-system at Bagdad, the construction of a harbour in Buenos Aires, may equally be subject to the divine authority of the Kaiser. When this aspect of German banking is realised, it will be seen what a part is played in German industry, particularly abroad, by the Imperial Goyernment. Riesser, in his almost classical work "Grossbanken" ("The Great Banks"), has explained how these financial concerns of magnitude may aid the State, when called upon to do so, "by raising themselves above questions of profits and dividends and taking into consideration questions of national interest." It took nearly a year of war for the Allies to understand the meaning of that sentence. "The object of this company," said the memorandum of association of the Deutsche Bank, "is to transact general banking business . . . but particularly to promote and facilitate commercial relations between Germany and other European countries and oversea markets." That phrase, also, was not understood until the end of 1914.

In his new book Naumann has little opportunity of going into detailed figures of German kartels; but for at least fifteen years he has urged the necessity for "big businesses," as I have already indicated. In Chapter IV. of his new book, however, he certainly does make it clear that he expects German methods to set the example for the new Central European State; and a few details of the banking possibilities resulting from a pooling of resources may be mentioned. In 1886 the Deutsche Bank bought up the South American Banco de la Plata and established in its place the Deutsche Ueberseebank, with a capital of six million marks. As business progressed and German manufacturers extended their circle of customers the Deutsche Bank made another change, and the Deutsche Ueberseebank was absorbed in the Deutsche Ueberseeische Bank in 1893. The capital was then raised to 20 million marks, and in 1909 to 30 million. This bank translated its name into Spanish, and soon the Banco Alemán Transatlántico had a score of branches in Argentina, Chile, Peru, Uruguay, and Mexico; and when a branch was established at Rio de Janeiro the name was translated into Portuguese. But South America was not enough, and German bankers were not long in turning their attention elsewhere. In the ill-starred history of our negotiations with the Young Turks the names of certain banks keep cropping up—the Banque Ottomane, the National Bank of Turkey, and the Orient Bank, which was more frequently and more correctly styled the Deutsche Bank. It was the wish of the German bankers to oust the English, French, and Turkish bankers from the Turkish Empire, which they had done in a large measure even before the war. In 1905 the Berlin Nationalbank and the Greek Banque Nationale amalgamated, the result being the flotation of the Orient Bank, with a capital of 10 million marks, and branches at Constantinople, Smyrna, Alexandria, and Hamburg. The head office was at Athens. The new financial institution all but amalgamated with the German Levant Line of steamers, which put immense quantities of commercial data at its disposal. As the result of a dispute with the Greek National Bank a stronger company was formed in 1906, the Dresdner and Schaffhausen banks participating with the Deutsche Bank, and the remodelled concern was generally known as the Deutsche Orientbank. This bank, retaining the old branches of the 1905 institution, opened further branches at Aleppo, Brussa, Cairo, Dedeagatch, Mersina, various places in Persia, and even at Casablanca and Tangier.

The influence of the German bankers on Turkey is known to all readers of recent history; but the Balkans also fell under their sway. While the Deutsche Bank exploited Turkey the Disconto Gesellschaft turned its attention to Roumania and Bulgaria; and the same great house helped to found, in 1898, the International Bank of Brussels, and at an even earlier date (1889) it helped to found the famous Deutsch-Asiatische Bank, with branches so far off as Calcutta and Shanghai. There were many smaller banks, associated, of course, with the larger houses, such as the German and Chilean Bank of Valparaiso; and business men have noted that every German bank that goes abroad takes some local name. The Disconto Gesellschaft of Berlin trades, or traded, as the Banque de Liège at Liège, as the Banque Anversoise at Antwerp, as the Banque Internationale at Brussels, and so on. The Swiss Banking Company (Schweizerischer Bankverein) at Bâle is simply a branch of the Berliner Handelsgesellschaft. The point to be noted about these institutions is that, whether at home or abroad, they never stop at banking. The manner in which the Banca Commerciale Italiana secured gradual control of Italian industry is a romanec of financial economics; though not more so than the manipulations of the Deutsche Orientbank in connection with later developments in Turkey. It was the Deutsche Bank itself, the parent of them all, which floated the Oriental Railway Bank as a preliminary measure to financing the great Bagdad railway enterprise. The history of this undertaking is bound up with the names of the Deutsche Bank, the Dresdner Bank, the Wiener Bank (Vienna), Baron Hirsch, Arthur von Gwinner, and a host of others. But I think I have written enough to show how well German banking is organised.

Independence & Interdependence.

By Ramiro de Maeztu.

THE conclusions of the Paris Conference have revived in England the old controversy between Free Trade and Protection. In the editorial notes of this journal it has been said that the ideal of the Socialists ought to be that of the economic interdependence of nations, and not that of their independence, because interdependence favours peace among them, while independence is at least a negative condition of war. I like this reasoning, because it removes Free Trade from its purely economic standpoint, and under the merely economic fact of the removal of the customs-houses it discovers the political motive: the desire of creating among nations firm bonds of solidarity. And this is one of my favourite ideas. I have said many times that it is impossible to create a strictly independent economic science, a political science or a military science of a strictly deductive character, because neither the economic object is exclusively economic, nor the political purely political, nor the military purely military. But every economic object is at the same time political and military; every political object is both economic and military; and every military object is also political and economic.

These reasonings about Free Trade make evident the infrangible unity of the economic, the political and the military world. Free Trade is wanted because it promotes the interdependence of nations; and this is already a political object. And the interdependence of nations is wanted because by its means war may be avoided, and the avoiding of war is a military object.

Thus it becomes clear that economic, political and military preparations are only empirical concepts that act as a rough classification for the different human activities in respect of the acquisition or distribution of power. Under the names of political, economic and military preparations there is only one reality: power, for the possession of which men dispute among themselves.

But power is not only divisible into personal power—that naturally possessed by every individual—and social power—power conferred on the individual by others, such as the command of a regiment, a university chair, or a deed of property—but it is also divisible into absolute power and relative power. Absolute power is that possessed by every man, or group of men, abstraction being made of the power possessed by other men or by other groups. Relative power is that which we possess in comparison with the power possessed by others. Absolute power may increase even when the relative power diminishes, and vice versa. For instance, during the last twenty years the absolute power of England has been increasing, though its relative power has been diminishing in comparison with the power of Germany. On the other hand, the power of Germany has been increasing not only absolutely but relatively.

That happens also among individuals. If we suppose a general rise of wages of 100 per cent., the workman who has his own wages increased 50 per cent. will find his absolute power increased, but his relative power diminished. From the point of view of absolute power, this is no doubt true. Free Trade is convenient, since it induces every nation to develop its natural aptitudes and resources. It is more convenient for Valentia to produce oranges, Cuba sugar, Argentine corn and meat, and England coal than that Valentia should produce machinery and England oranges. For the oranges that England produces in glass-houses would cost four shillings apiece, and a locomotive in Valentia would cost its weight in gold if Valentia had to import its iron ore, its coal, its foundries and its engineers.

But men are not moved only by the desire of increasing their absolute power, but perhaps have an equal interest in ameliorating their relative power which is their social position. If men are given the choice of being the richest in a poor country or merely well-to-do in a rich country, there may be some who prefer the first, as Cæsar did, and there may be others who prefer the second, as the provincial rich who were the richest in the small towns where they were bred nevertheless sometimes prefer to live in cities where they are by no means the richest. It may be said that those men who prefer the first, increase of their absolute over the increase of their relative power, are those in whom the sin of lust is greater than the sin of pride; and vice versa. The man who prefers simply to be better has more lust than pride; the man who prefers to be better than his neighbour has more pride than lust.

Other things being equal there is no doubt that economic interdependence will make more powerful all the nations of the earth. But there are also nations that prefer to concentrate their energies in ameliorating their position relatively to that of others. Their motto, like that of Julius Cæsar, is: Better to be first in a poor world than second in a rich world. What are we going to say in face of this fact? That absolute power ought to be preferred to relative power? As I feel in myself more lust than pride, I have no objection to subscribing to this wish. But the wish does not annul the fact. Let us suppose that there are only two men or two nations in the world. Let us suppose that one of the two says: "What is most convenient for us two is economic interdependence, solidarity, co-operation; under a system of free exchange we shall both be more rich and powerful." And let us suppose that the other should reply: "I agree with your postulate; free exchange is truly more convenient for us both; but the interest of *both* of us does not interest me; what does interest me is to become more powerful than you, even if both of us should be poorer." If this is the situation of fact, what ought to be done by the first? And this is the problem that is actually set before England. And set in these terms the solution is inevitable. If there are in the world only two men or two nations, and one of them proposes to augment the power of both, and the second to augment only his own power relatively to the other's, the material victory will fatally fall to the more selfish of the two, although the moral triumph may be to the more altruist. The totality of men are interested in exchanging the greatest possible number of products. But every man may be interested in liquidating the balance in his own favour, that is to say, in selling more than he buys, in accumulating his difference in the form of capital, and in thus increasing his relative power. To affirm, as the English Free Traders affirm, that imports must be paid in exports, has a legitimate meaning in an infinite period of time; but in a limited period, say of fifty or of a hundred years, imports may be paid not only by exports but by capital. You know what happens when a man pays his expenses not out of income but out of capital. The same thing happens to a nation: it ruins itself. Economic interdependence is defended in the name of universal peace. It is, therefore, a noble ideal, but it is no use that a single nation should declare for economic peace if the others declare for economic war. Interdependence cannot be established by the will of a single nation. If there are only two nations, interdependence requires for its establishment the consent of both. If only one opens the door of its house and the other shuts his own door and utilises the house of the other, the final result will be that the more selfish will own both houses.

Trade Unions and Friendly Societies in the Roman Empire.

Lectures delivered to the members of the Workers' Educational Association at University College, Bangor, August, 1914.

By Professor Edward V. Arnold.

I.

To you, workers at the mill and in the mine, who for a short time are visitors in these halls, the question must naturally suggest itself: What practical services does a university render? Of what use are the volumes, piled by thousands in its library, recording the languages and experience of the past? Is it well to spend a lifetime in studying what has happened, and meanwhile to close our eyes to what is being done and what ought to be done?

Or, on the other hand, can we say that the past teaches practical lessons? Can it guide our actions to-day, warn us against dangers, and point out the way of true progress? Can the student help the worker to ascertain the true meaning of the facts of our social life to-day, and can he mark out the limits within which reform is possible?

Opinions differ. There is a school which says, "History is the science of politics": its purpose is to gather up the generalisations or "natural laws" by which society develops, and the purpose of politics is to apply to those laws.* But another school says, "History is the record of events": human society is too complicated to be governed by natural laws, and our knowledge too inadequate to state them.

In our experience, history and politics stand apart. The historian wishes, above all things, to be exact and impartial, and the atmosphere of politics seems to him too heated. The statesman is glad enough of an historical parallel to point a speech, but he does not study his history books when he wishes to determine his policy. But you and I are not quite satisfied with this. You who wish to see this world made better and happier, to see England stand out in it as the land of sound limbs and contented hearts, wish to hear more of the experiments and the experience of the past. Those who, like myself, have spent their lives in books, long to make their knowledge serviceable to their neighbours. We are trying here to come nearer to one another.

In the social life of to-day it is evident that unions of working men are playing a part of increasing importance. In the Roman Empire two thousand years ago that was also the case. In this short course of lectures I propose to draw a parallel between the two. The lectures will be four in number. In the first I propose to give you a general sketch of the history of the Roman world, so that you may be able to judge for yourselves how far it was like, how far it was unlike our own. In the second, I propose to trace the growth of trade societies in Rome, to show you how they were governed, what services they rendered to society, and what benefits they secured to their members. In the third, I shall tell the story of the decay and final collapse of the societies and of the Roman Empire itself. About the last lecture I will not speak too confidently. My desire is to apply Roman experience to the facts of to-day. Such an attempt implies serious risks, and though I know that I may count upon an indulgent audience, I do not know till the time comes how far it may be right to try its patience. I will only say this in advance: I shall not attempt either to prophesy or dictate. Science can foresee the eclipse of the moon and measure exactly the force of the tides: but the wisest of men have failed to foretell rightly the future of a nation or of a class. And where we do not know it is a folly to speak positively. Everything that may be said here about the future must be understood as a discussion of what is possible or probable; the truth will reveal itself in its time.

To sum up in the course of a few minutes the story of the Roman Empire is in itself no easy task. Let us approach it from various points of view, such as time, place, growth, and decay.

In time we take a period of roughly 1,000 years, from 500 B.C to A.D. 500. In place we take the Mediterranean Sea: at its very centre lies Rome, the capital; and every country that borders on it is included within the circle of the Roman Empire, the "orbis antiquus." By growth we mean that a community which was at first limited to the walls of a petty town gradually extended its boundaries till it included that great circle; by decay, that the community so included became gradually weaker in itself—degenerated in physique, in character, in numbers and organisation, until at last it fell a prey to a few barbarous tribes on its frontier and was utterly destroyed.

How long did Rome grow, and when did it begin to decay? In its external power Rome had reached almost its largest extension at the opening of the Christian era; thus we say roughly that there were 500 years of growth and 500 of decay. Yet note this: the periods overlap. Long after the year 0 the Roman Empire gains accessions, and even large accessions of territory: the conquest of Britain belongs to the first century of the Christian era, and it was by no means the last of the Roman conquests. Long before the year 0, it seems probable, had commenced the internal decay which in the end destroyed Rome.

We have then a general distinction between a man and a nation. In the case of a man a long period of maturity is provided by Nature, which follows on growth but precedes decay. But in the case of a nation the growth may continue at the circumference long after decay has set in at the centre.

We have also a warning which has not failed to attract attention. It may be that the British Empire is now in this very stage: that whilst red strips are still being added to the map of the world there is already degeneration in the great cities of the island home country. It may be so, and many think it is so; others judge differently. But we need to ponder the truth that it may be so, because the popularity of the Darwinian theory has spread throughout the modern world the impression that social progress is assured; that Nature provides for the survival of the fittest; and that men each century become wiser, stronger, happier, more prosperous, more rational. Here at least History can speak with definiteness: there is in society decay, degeneration, dissolution, destruction. There are dangers all around us and graver dangers within us. Those who seek to better the world must at the same time be careful that it does not become worse.

Let us go back to the 500 years of growth to see, if we may, what that meant.

In the fifth century B.C. the Roman State was a combination of small clans (gentes) of which the members were, in the main, farming households within a radius of twenty miles from Rome. Each such household was in all essentials independent. It produced food for its own members: corn and wine, milk and cheese, and on great days of festival the meat of animals slain in religious sacrifice. Clothing was made by the women of the household from the skins or wool of the animals on the farm. Life was hard: only the frozen winter brought some little relaxation to daily work. Danger was constant: famine, pestilence, and war were almost yearly visitors. Few grew to old age in these surroundings; only a small proportion of children born survived infancy. Often a whole family, or indeed a clan, was wiped out by some disaster in

* So writes Cicero: "History is the witness of the ages, the lamp of truth, the soul of memory, the mistress of life, the herald of the future."

which there was none to bring aid. On the other hand, for the young and strong, there was an adventurous career: marriage came early, and the birth-rate was high.

The tools of industry were primitive: only the muscles of man and ox were the source of power. Weary and wearing was the work of turning the soil, clearing the weeds, harvesting the crop, and beating out the full grain with the flail. Dawn was an unwelcome visitor, for it summoned to a fresh round of work: and the farmer was a stern employer to his sons and his men alike, and the farmer's wife to her daughters and her sons' wives. No Trade Unions then, for the wolf was always at the door, and no distinction of class separated employer and employed. In the proceeds of labour all shared alike: yet in times of scarcity the strong workers saw first to their own needs, and the old and the weak met with little pity and no special care.

Primitive, too, was the warfare of these days. There might be sometimes war for a national issue or a constitutional settlement: but, normally, war was an affair of the seasons, and its aim to secure a neighbour's property. When the spring sowing was complete and harvest not yet begun, the young men of a clan combined to raid a neighbour's cattle: and if law was strong enough to restrain them from attacking a fellow Latin, then many Latins would combine to attack a neighbouring tribe, the Volscians or the Æquians. For the whole century such warfare went on with ever-varying issue: but at the end of that century a general result was established. The Romans had obtained the mastery of their immediate neighbours: they had occupied their lands and seized their cattle, or reduced the owners to dependence upon them. Rome had grown: it was no longer a town with its outlying farms, but a little country with its capital.

And with this growth came a new experience, that of peace. Whole years passed without war, and men were even pleased. Famine became rarer, starvation the exception: men began to trade and acquire property. Occupations became more manifold, the men of the city imported luxuries from abroad, and exchanged them with the farmers for a share in the necessities of life. Town and country began to be mutually dependent.

Then, in the new century, the fourth before Christ, came a new evil. Over the passes of the Alps came wave after wave of invaders. Tall, strong and merciless, the Gauls entered Italy, seeking new homes for themselves and their families. Over the marsh-lands of the valley of the Po they swept, chasing and slaying. The old empire of the Etruscans went down before them. Over the Apennines they came, defeated the Roman army, and took the city of Rome, all but the citadel where the young and the strong alone maintained themselves: old men and children alike awaited their fate in the streets of the city. Past Rome they went, and took possession of the fair fields of Campania, the richest land in Italy.

Not till then did they meet an enemy that did not fear them. From the hot soil of Campania ascended in countless millions the malarial germs with which that land has always been infected. The native population had long been acclimatised to them, and had acquired some power of resistance: but the Gauls were their helpless victims. Their great armies were destroyed by the pestilence, and only a helpless remnant found its way back to the Po valley, where they remained established, so that that country was from this time known as Gallia Cisalpina, Gaul on the Mediterranean side of the Alps.

The Romans had suffered terribly, but they had not been destroyed. Gradually, they resumed possession of their city and of their lands. And here we note, again, an important historical fact. Rome in the period of its growth had recuperative force. As its own poet afterwards said of it: "Like an oak-tree when hewn down by the merciless axe, it draws life and strength from the very iron," and again shoots up from the old root. And the new Rome found its former neighbours still more exhausted than itself.

But if the Gauls had retired, the fear of them remained. And in that fear lay the germ of the movement for Italian unity. Vaguely there dawned on men's minds the conception that all Italians should be ready to join against the foreign invader. For that end there should be a common government, and Rome seemed marked out for its capital. There should be high roads from one end of Italy to the other, so that troops might quickly assemble at any threatened spot. There should be a trained professional army, ready to carry on war in summer and winter alike. These conceptions were destined to become realised in the Roman government of Italy.

But this stage was not reached until yet another century was complete, the third before Christ. In the interval many a long war was fought within Italy, and twice the land was overrun by foreign invaders, first by Greeks and later by Carthaginians. Yet, when the year 200 was reached a Roman Italy was established.

The second century B.C. is the period of Rome's conquest of the world. To the east of Italy lay all that remained of the ancient empires of the East: countries rich and highly civilised, but without settled government or strong armies. Rome absorbed them in its system: it gave to them law and order, and it absorbed from them the sciences and the humanities. Roman soldiers kept the peace at Athens, at Antioch, and at Jerusalem: Greek philosophers and physicians, Syrian fortune-tellers, and Jewish merchants established themselves at Rome. Which were the conquerors and which the conquered? The Romans themselves could not answer. But once more a new idea had seized upon them: the picture of a world under one government, controlled by one code of laws, and protected for ever from the plagues of famine and of war. It was the picture of a civilised humanity, in which the lion should lie down with the lamb.

The first century B.C. is the time when the strife of political parties, the nobles on the one hand and the popular party on the other, became always more embittered, and broke out first into street rioting and then into civil wars. Long before those wars had ended men had forgotten why they had begun: they only knew that at all costs they longed for peace. They found it in the rule of the soldier, and the parliaments and election contests of Rome made way for the steady rule of the Chief Captain or Emperor. And with this change ends the growth of Rome. For the first principle of the new empire was Peace, and Rome was already large enough for its ambition. Henceforth, it should be enough to administer wisely what had been so bravely won. Secondly, it promised the extension of the Roman citizenship, which had already been attained by all Italians, and was in time to become the right of every subject of the Empire.

We therefore leave out of sight the new conquests of Rome, even that of Britain. They were due to two causes. First, the ambition of individuals who had learnt in their childhood the story of Rome's earlier conquests, and in whom there grew up instinctively a desire to imitate the glorious deeds of their ancestors. Secondly, the petty friction which always exists where a less civilised nation lives alongside of one more highly civilised, and for which subjugation appears to be the only cure. These new conquests of Rome spread over comparatively weak and savage peoples, and did not greatly alter the character of the Empire.

To the two first centuries of the Christian era we must give special attention, because in this period the friendly societies reached their highest development, and we wish to know the social atmosphere in which they grew.

Of these the traditional history gives a summary

account. In the first century, it says, Rome was ruled by a series of bloodthirsty tyrants, Tiberius, Nero, Domitian, and others whose names are rightly infamous. In the second century, it was ruled by benevolent philosophers, Nerva, Trajan, Antoninus, Aurelius. The first century was a time of cruelty and oppression, the second one of general happiness.

This view rests far too much on personalities. The development of Roman society depended on wider forces than the character of individuals. It would be truer to say that we have a harsh picture of the first century, because its history was written in circles which were in permanent opposition to the Government. We have a favourable picture of the second, because its history was written by its friends.

The feature which characterises both centuries alike is the increasing complexity of social organisation and the centralisation of government. Italy can no longer provide food for itself; the olive is grown instead of corn, which is imported in vast quantities from Egypt. The regular supply of cheap corn is one of the chief cares of government, for high prices mean riots at Rome which may grow to rebellion. Another important service is that of the fire-brigade. The first fire-extinguisher was introduced by an ambitious citizen, who would help in no fire unless the owner first promised his vote at the coming elections: but now every provincial city has its own brigade. In every part of the Empire the State is prepared to give relief against losses by fire, flood, and famine. The population grows daily more peaceful: to maintain the little armies which protect the frontiers is increasingly hard, and the habit grows of inviting men from amongst the enemies of Rome to take service for its defence. When war arises, it is more often checked by diplomacy or trickery than on the field of battle.

While Rome still remained outwardly prosperous a vision of its danger appeared to a talented observer, and the "Germany" of Tacitus now reads like a book of prophecy. The Roman traveller when he crossed the Rhine from west to east found himself amongst a people who resembled the Romans of five centuries before. Simple, strong, brave and virtuous, the Germans knew nothing of luxuries, and lived amongst their marshes and forests in primitive independence. To the steady march of the Roman legions they could not make resistance in the open field: yet they won many a notable victory when invaded. They were still divided by quarrels between clan and clan: yet, the Romans foresaw, should they one day become united and realise their power, they would be irresistible. To meet this danger the Romans began the construction of the long line of fortresses of which much remains to this day. At Cologne, Andernach, and Trier, they constructed wall and ditch and tunnel, and kept perpetual watch against the future invaders. But the wisdom of the ancients had long ago foretold that a tower is nothing without the men to mount guard on it: and now the Roman guardians were themselves mostly of German birth, and by no means to be trusted in the day of reckoning.

And, then, at the end of this second century appeared a new source of alarm. The population of the empire, and most notably that of the capital, declined. In the early days of Rome laws had been made to check adultery and sexual violence, but the institution of marriage seemed secure by its natural vitality. But even when the Christian era began, marriage was becoming daily rarer: and now the laws began to offer rewards for marriage, and high honours for those who were parents of three lawful children. In married homes the size of the family dwindled, and the death of the young seemed to become more common. Seneca writes a letter to a lady of his acquaintance, who, out of four children, has lost two in early youth. "But consider," he says, "how unusually large your family was, and still you have two remaining." When a pestilence visited the city towards the end of the second century, it swept away half the population of a city which seemed to have no power left of resistance. The causes of this decay of vitality are still unknown to us: but some of its symptoms we can easily recognise as displaying themselves in our own day.

In the two centuries that follow the progress of decay became obvious to all. It extended to every department of life. Children could no longer understand or learn the books that had been familiar to their grandfathers: the Latin language, which once had been the pliant instrument of the subtlest thoughts, became a dialect for expressing the conceptions of infants. Science, philosophy and art became steadily inferior. All enterprise in commerce and in architecture had passed away. The machinery of government remained the same: but the magistrates exhausted themselves in their efforts to find competent men to maintain it. The friendly societies changed their character. Once it had been a privilege to be a member, it was now a penalty. For the friendly societies were held to the discharge of social duties, and the law forbade any man or woman who had been born to membership to resign his place.

Thus, at the end of the fourth century, the Roman empire was perishing from internal exhaustion: it needed but a touch to bring down the whole structure. In a few years the Goths broke in over the northern frontier, and spread themselves over the whole empire. The name "Goth" still suggests to us associations of terror and destructiveness, as it first did to the terrified citizens of Rome. Yet the Goths were a noble people, and do not deserve this reproach. At the moment of their conquest they were seized with a reverent admiration for the great structure of Roman society, imposing even in its decay: and they set themselves to prop it up and prevent its further fall. For the whole of the fifth century the Roman empire, and, in particular, the glorious buildings of the capital were maintained in safety by Gothic soldiers. Then still fiercer invaders succeeded, till the whole structure of ancient civilisation crumbled in ruins, and, for a thousand years, darkness, ignorance and violence brooded over the face of Europe.

To us at the present day the decay of an Empire seems but a meaningless phrase, and suggests little but the disappearance of one form of government in favour of another. That is not what we mean by the decay of Rome. We mean that a whole continent which had been a-flower with crowded and busy cities and smiling farms became a desolation: that millions of men and women perished one by one by quick violence or by slow process of starvation or disease. In Rome itself, which had been the home of millions, at the time of its lowest degradation there were but eight men left.

It is no wonder that historians should say: nations, like men, grow to maturity, and then decay and die. Rome reached the zenith of its power, and was then doomed slowly to perish. And thus they, at least, hint a general law and its particular application. "Thus," they say (and even if they do not say it, the thought arises in our own minds) was it with Babylon and Nineveh; with the empire of Alexander, and that of the great Mahommedan conquerors: so it was with Venice, and Spain, and Holland: so it will be, in due course, with England and Germany and Japan.

It is part of our purpose now to examine this belief. As we have already explained, it is more than doubtful whether we can deduce historical laws from a study of past events, in the same sense as we can deduce physical laws from experiments. Further, although we know of many States that have perished, yet the time of their life has greatly varied: some have lived but a few years, others for centuries, Rome for a millennium. Again, even in our short summary we have found that Rome began to decay before it reached its prime: and it therefore seems more scientific to examine the causes of its decay one by one, and not to assume that the decay was inevitable. Even so, we cannot be confident

in applying the experience of Rome to our own widely different conditions.

The following theory may serve as a basis for discussion.

All States at their rise are composed of numerous organisations, such as families and clans, which are almost independent, very like one to the other, and in incessant conflict. Young States are therefore liable to early dissolution. If, however, they surmount these first dangers, a process of increasing organisation sets in. Law is established and wars become fewer. The work needed by society is increasingly specialised: the State is divided in many ways, into social classes, professions, trades. The State becomes richer and happier so long as all goes smoothly. But if one part of the organisation becomes injured, the whole society suffers, and does not easily repair the mischief. The individuals are no longer adaptable. Further, ambition and enterprise decay: children are looked upon as a burden: the physical frame becomes less robust. Upon this weakened society some new danger bursts, and in a few short years it is destroyed. A new society can only be built up from units which retain the elasticity of its earliest stage.

If this sketch fits the history of Rome, as a whole, it may be made clearer by a comparison with the navigation of the sea.

In primitive times a boat is a very simple and a very dangerous machine. Such boats are manned by one or two sailors, who can each perform every operation of navigation, row, steer, manage the sails, bale the boat, and so forth. In case of accidents, such men may find shift to escape.

In a more advanced condition a great steamer is infinitely complicated and immensely safer: it is served by an army of sailors, each having his special business. Yet such a machine is not unsinkable. If it is struck at a weak point, the musicians still perform on their instruments, waiters serve food and drink, postmen move about mail-bags, sailors lower the boats. The passengers may or may not be saved: if not, they die as heroes. But none of these many classes have any versatility: they do what they have been trained to do, and that is often inadequate. Complete and terrible destruction is as possible as ever.

We must, I think, allow that our present civilisation stands in danger of such destruction. In the England of ten centuries ago there might be plenty in one county and famine in another: there might be war of which many inhabitants in remote parts never heard. Everywhere the farmstead was practically independent. To-day it is no longer so. Society is organised and divided. A three months' strike of dock labourers or transport workers might quite conceivably spread starvation throughout the whole country. A change in foreign fashions might upset the basis of all our trade. The capture of Liverpool or London by a foreign army might make all further resistance hopeless. Nay, even a change of climate due to natural causes, or a shortage in the supply of coal, might bring our society to the same end to which Rome came, the slow death of millions of men and women by starvation, disease, disorder, and hopelessness. Thus it is, I think, true that we live in the midst of the most terrible dangers. It is equally true that we venture to cherish the highest hopes. Our dangers and our hopes alike arise from the same cause: increasing organisation, specialisation, standardisation, centralisation of our social activities: decreasing ambition, energy, elasticity, self-assertion, and vitality of the individual. These appear to be the factors that necessarily accompany the development of a State, and, on the whole, we cannot imagine them otherwise. And it is in the history of the friendly societies that we see these forces most clearly reflected. From this standpoint we shall approach in the two following lectures the detailed history of the Roman friendly societies.

(To be continued.)

Drama.

By John Francis Hope.

WHENEVER I think of Lancashire comedy, I remember a phrase of one of the Hebrew prophets: "Smoking flax shall he not quench." I know that Lancashire's great industry is concerned with cotton and not flax, but we ought to be as careful of cotton as the Hebrew was of flax. Seventy years ago, Disraeli said that the apostles of Progress had great faith in the future of Birkenhead—but Birkenhead is not in Lancashire. We may have some, if not great, faith in the future of Lancashire; indeed, we ought to have, for it is against Nature that such provincialism should persist for ever. Not even Lancashire can remain immune from the processes of change; it does move, but slowly, slowly, like Tennyson's Science. What did Carlyle say about Respectability in its thousand gigs? I forget; but Mr. H. F. Maltby has written "The Rotters" to express something about Respectability in its motor-car. He rings the curtain down on the phrase: "We've got to sell the car"; but this does not mean that Respectability is vanquished. It only means that Respectability will walk rather than cease to be respectable, that it will sacrifice two-thirds of its income to the preservation of its own pretences. That is why I say that we must have some, but not much, hope of Lancashire. Even the author shows signs of some culture, for the chauffeur in his play is the footman in "Fanny's First Play," degraded to the level of a Lancashire family.

Of course, the play has an "idea"—all Lancashire plays have, and it is always the same idea. The fathers have eaten sour grapes, and the children's teeth have to be filled by the dentist. The authors visit the virtues of the fathers upon the children—heredity is the means by which vice comes from virtue. One can play at the game all day, giving a little twist to well-known maxims and thinking it wit. The "idea" of "The Rotters" is no more profound than that virtuous parents have disreputable children—and what a crew they are! Councillor John Clugston himself is bad enough, with his petty intrigues to prevent Joe Barnes from obtaining the Mayoralty; but he is an angel of light compared with his family. Even their vices lack vigour. The son has a preference for getting drunk and gambling in a beer-house; the elder daughter flirts with the chauffeur, the younger daughter is expelled from school for flirting with a choir-boy, and she tells the chauffeur that the affair with the choir-boy masked a much more serious affair with a man. Even the mother attempts to flirt with the chauffeur, and the discreet acting of Miss Clare Greet did not redeem these passages. There is only one decent person in the play, the servant-girl, and she is told to "get out."

The chauffeur is the worst of the lot. He is supposed to have been educated at Eton and Oxford, with disastrous consequences to his status and morals. Expelled from school, "twice," as he brags, disowned by his people, he remembers his grammar even if he forgets the code of honour of a gentleman. His constant correction of his employer's syntax emphasises his only superiority; when he lends money to the son who wants to go "on the spree," he makes it clear that he supplements his wages from the running expenses of the car. He is ready for anything that has "no relish of salvation in it"; when the younger daughter returns from school, he forges a telegram and arranges to intercept all communications from her schoolmistress to her father. Even at the last, when he has blackmailed the father for a wedding-dowry with his daughter, he announces that he will not be

able to marry her until his wife has divorced him. Respectability is bad enough, but the alternative is insufferable.

It is interesting to notice that these studies of Lancashire life seem to regard blackmail as a quite legitimate means of triumph over Respectability. Maggie, in "Hobson's Choice," secures dowries for her two sisters by this means; Mr. Maltby finances the whole of the younger generation of his play by the same method. All the lies and subterfuges of the family have been exposed, and the father is just sending them all packing, when Mr. Maltby resurrects a former Mrs. Clugston. She had left her husband years before, and he thought that she had been killed in a railway accident; he had identified the body himself. She had never communicated with him, and would not have done so at this moment if she had not discovered that he had become fairly wealthy, while she had remained poor. The matter was simple; she wanted £130 a year (presumably to avoid income-tax), and having made her arrangements, she departed. Then the chauffeur demanded double the dowry as the price of his silence; the wastrel son, who was being packed off to Canada with a capital sum of £100 and no remittances, demanded £250 a year; the school-girl daughter demanded £100 a year pocket-money as the price of her silence. Even Mrs. Clugston chimed in with: "What do I get?" But there were limits to the Councillor's purse; "You get nowt," he said, "we've got to sell the car."

Apparently this sort of thing impresses some people. The audience seemed to like it, and I saw that Miss Marga la Rubia, who plays the elder daughter, declared in an interview: "We are not rotters really, we only seem to be, for in the end we turn out quite nice." It is a curious example of the effect a play may have on moral ideas. Blackmail certainly does not soil the hands; it is a leisurely occupation that requires little previous knowledge; but to regard it as a nice way of securing an income is to reverse the verdict of both law and literature. Balzac declared that blackmail was the invention of the English Press; it is the dénouement of the Lancashire comedy, and reminds us that what Lancashire thinks clever to-day, England declared to be criminal years ago. It is impossible for any author, no matter how witty he may be, to rescue blackmail from its deserved ignominy. It is the meanest form of *crime; the burglar takes risks and exercises some skill*, the card-sharper is dexterous, but the blackmailer has not even the courage to speak, and he is paid for his cowardice.

It is impossible to resist the impression that the author does really imagine that he has made Respectability ridiculous. It is characteristic of most of these Lancashire plays that the younger generation is satisfied with itself when it has made the elder generation pay. But a folly cannot be corrected by a crime; Respectability is really made ridiculous by the appearance of virtue, not of vice, particularly of furtive vice. If the younger generation really is advanced, it must show us something better than the older generation; that impulse to self-understanding and expression that Ibsen gave to drama ought not to lapse into a mere assertion of trickery. Liberty is not libertinism, and the function of comedy is not the lowering of the standard of morals but the raising of the standard of manners. Clugston lacked courtesy and grace in all his relations, because he lacked sincerity; he did not live up to his own standard of behaviour, and he ought to have been made to do so. But to set against him a chauffeur who steals cigars, forges telegrams, filches money, and commits blackmail, is to prefer a blackguard to a conventional hypocrite. One can only imagine the chauffeur opening a gambling hell, and using his wife as a decoy; but Clugston himself may yet be as good a man as he would like people to think him, the tenacity with which he clings to his Respectability really makes one admire him. As Mr. Maltby intended to make us laugh at him, he has failed; and decadence is not progress.

A Modern Document.

Edited by Herbert Lawrence.

VIII—(CONTINUED).—*From Acton Reed.*

BEFORE reporting my conclusions on Ibsen's view of women, may I return to Shaw with an appendix upon his idea of the purpose of the individual, which term for me, of course, includes woman? The full significance of Ibsen's individualist theories will be more easily apparent, I think, if contrasted with the views held by Socialist Shaw.

Let me explain first why I charged Mr. Shaw with omitting love in the relationship between the sexes. This I will do to save myself, for it seems quite possible that, far from agreeing that he has no room in his world for love, Mr. Shaw would seize any credit that is going for trafficking in a rarer kind of love than ordinary mortals have knowledge of. I should not be at all surprised, in fact, if he were to reply that the only sort of love he understands or will allow to be called by the name of love is Christian love. His love, he may say, is for mankind. It knows neither limitation on the one hand nor illusion on the other. His goodwill and loving-kindness extend to one and all. His heart yearns as much to one as to another. He has no favourites and no preferences among mere persons. No one, fact, would have preferences Shaw seems to think, unless some personal reward was expected to come of them. When the young man told Socrates that virtue consisted in doing good to your friends and evil to your enemies was he not summing up the horrid pagan atrocities that arise from this base personal love between individuals? How much higher is Mr. Shaw's conception of love: for he would do equally well by his friend, his enemy, his wife, his ox and his ass, by everybody and everything, in fact, without respect for race, kind, sex, creed, caste or colour. He is a perfect broadside of love really if you only knew it, and knew what perfect love meant. And anything less than this love by the universeful is unworthy of the name. Cupboard-love! That, it seems, is what Mr. Shaw calls any lesser or particularised love: for in his opinion it *requires not only sentimental reciprocity but the expectation* of definite and practical returns. And over and above this it is an illusion which requires romanticising to be made even tolerable. What else but part romantic and part selfish is family affection? and as for love between man and woman—sex-love . . . ! (Thank you for teaching me those dots, Mr. Wells.)—Mr. Shaw allows himself to be deluded by none of these things. The family is nothing to him: personal friends are nothing to him; sex, of course, is nothing to him. All that anybody would do from any of these motives Mr. Shaw would doubtless do without them, and more. In short, he is a perfect little Christian. I think not so, however, though far be it from me to deride a great ideal. But surely it is just this that Mr. Shaw does, for is it not clear that in emptying out the illusions and limitations and associations of personal and particular love Mr. Shaw is also emptying out love itself? It seems so to me. It is no doubt true that in many instances the associations of love are selfish: but because its associations are selfish it does not follow that the love is selfish: the love itself remains love for all that. True, again, that romantic lying is often an outcome of love: but the love itself neither is nor requires romance in this sense. On the contrary it is the associations of love that are the object and subject of the romance which the accompanying love throws upon them. We are accustomed to speak of the transforming power of love. Mr. Shaw even writes of love as transforming men into swine. But it is more usual that swine are transformed into men. Romance is only the glamour which love casts over the uglinesses and hardships that may come

into the lives of lovers. But this is by no means to say that love is itself romance. Love is love. Romance is only one of its effects.

Nevertheless, in face of these facts, Mr. Shaw would still have us believe that men and women are only selfishly and romantically attached to each other; that even the family is united only by habit and in interest. Take away sex from the first and habit and interest from the second and he appears to think there would be no other bond to bind either family or husbands and wives. But if Mr. Shaw is right, and the love is to be denied that in association with personal feelings and interests produces family affection, friendship and love between men and women, whence does he expect his Christian love to spring? Shaw's point of view seems to be that the first condition of Christian love is to be incapable of personal love. The first step to Christian love is to kill all we know of love. The golden rule of Christian love is that there is no love. But Ibsen would tell him that he who cannot love one person cannot love mankind, while the Christian philosophers by no means postulate that every lower form of love is first to be eliminated before Christian love can appear. They do not say, in fact, that love admits of such differences as are implied in the terms lower and higher: for God is love and love is God. Love is love no matter what the form in which it appears or the associations in which it is to be found. It cannot be made impure by contact with anything. It is the gold that is always gold. What, on the other hand, can and should be done is to purify love of its alloy. Is family affection alloyed by the associations of interest and habit? Then remove or enlarge the associations, but do not touch the affection. Is friendship alloyed by reciprocity of interest? Remove or raise the motive of interest, and leave the friendship. Is the love of the sexes alloyed by sex? Then transmute the sex and leave the love. Elevate the associations of love, in fact, until only God and humanity are incorporated in it. But Mr. Shaw's method of denying love will never raise its associations. I would *free* love: Mr. Shaw would cast it out. Nobody can love too well, though most of us love unwisely, that is, not well enough.

Many other consequences arise from Shaw's view of love. Men are only to be associated from interest in a common thing, never from personal love or affection alone. Moreover the association is made to depend upon the utility of the persons associated in respect of the common thing. If they are useful to the association they may belong to it: if not, not. This is all very well for the person with the talent for the kind of utility required; but what is to become of the people (the despised and the rejected) who are unable to be of specific use to either a society or even to Society itself? From Shaw's point of view it surely follows that since they serve no immediate and visible end they have no place in the world and no right to live. But is not this to reckon man's value in terms of this world exclusively? Was it not to these very despised and rejected that the Christian gospel was brought? Of course it was. Christ did not say that unless you are of use to a society of this world you are of no use at all. When society has cast you out, said Christ, then I still have a use for you, and you have a use for yourself. Your significance is not exhausted because you have no significance in this world. Is it not clear, then, that Mr. Shaw is not a Christian at all, but is just a Socialist of this world with no proper conception of love, Christian or other? How indeed should he have? For does he not eliminate the other world from Christianity and confine himself to the values of this world exclusively, with the result that he really puts himself in opposition to Christian doctrines? In exactly the same way as he suggests that Jesus was only a Fabian, ignoring the fact that Jesus said that His Kingdom is not of this world, he would reduce Christian love to the manners that should prevail in a Fabian State. Shaw's Christian love, in fact, is the counterpart of Shaw's Fabian State. The latter being Fabian the former is to be Fabian—enfin, the fabianisation of Christianity! Not laisser-faire but savoir faire!

Shaw's fancy really seems to be of some vegetable kingdom. For it is scarcely even animal. Are we infertile in his opinion? Then at least we should have the grace to wither and die as do the pods when the seeds drop out. For if men and women are to associate only for use and not from sentiment—the sexes exclusively for social children, the men exclusively for social work—this is surely the logic. The woman who has no children or who has ceased to have them, and the man who does no outward and tangible work or who has ceased to do it—those, in fact, who are not or have ceased to be of obvious and immediate use to the State—have at the same time lost their right to exist. For surely if the right to live can only be purchased by calculable service to the State, people who are unable from any cause to serve should be extinguished at once. Certainly, says Mr. Shaw, the propagandist Christian. By no means, says Christ. Those also serve who only stand and wait. Man has a utility beyond the computation of State and Society. He has a utility for Me. Though he is barren for this world, he may be fruitful for the other. In saying this, however, I must not leave the impression that I think it enough for socially capable men and women to sit twiddling their thumbs while other people do all the dirty work of the State. This is far from my meaning. Actually I think love cannot exist without the wish to serve: but it can exist nevertheless without appearing to men to serve. For example, one may wish to help but be unable; or one may wish to help and wisely think that the best help is to do nothing. Of the motives, in fact, man cannot judge. He is only concerned in actual outcomes. But Christ looks to the heart. When, moreover, Mr. Shaw maintains that the common thing—the social work or the social child—is the only bond of association between persons and denies the association of men and women from sheer love, he is denying the Christian doctrine of fellowship. And the Christian doctrine is also the human doctrine. For there are, it is clear, two motives for human association: one the simple love of companionship and the other the need to combine in order to carry out a particular object. The former alone is entitled to the name of fellowship; the latter should really be called a partnership. Of course the fellowship may exist along with the partnership: in other words, people may be partners in a common work in addition to being friends pure and simple. And equally we know they can be partners only—hating each other personally and yet bound by a common service. What Mr. Shaw appears to do, however, is to deny the sufficiency of fellowship in itself. He seems, in fact, to think that the fellowship is superfluous and romantic: that partnership in a common thing is quite enough. Let partnership be established and the fellowship may take care of itself. But how totally different is this view from that of Christ, who would have the fellowship first and the partnership consequent upon it. Unless the Lord build the house they labour in vain that build it. Without a foundation of fellowship—in other words the simple love of persons for each other—the partnership in things will be precarious and must needs be maintained by laws and punishments. Its service is not perfect freedom. Coupled with fellowship, however, partnership is both free and stable. Ibsen, I am sure, is with me on this point; for somewhere he regrets that modern society is only a fusion of men and not a fellowship of mankind. The very personal love that Shaw rejects, Ibsen, it seems to me, makes the head of the corner. And let this be my bridge between them. I must hasten indeed or I shall be leaving England before leaving Shaw and arriving in Egypt before arriving at Ibsen.

(To be continued.)

Tales of To-day.

By C. E. Bechhofer.

XV.—LIGHT FROM THE NEAR EAST.

IT was very hot in the bazaar. The glaring strip of roadway seemed to rise up and dance in the intense noonday heat of Damascus. To old Masr the Beggar, dozing in the shade of a squalid, filthy arch, the whole world seemed to be a thirsty waiting for sundown. On the other side of the road the fat merchant, Suleyman, lolled on two cushions in the dark doorway of his shop, whose interior was piled high with valuable silks and carpets, some brought by footsore caravans across the mountains from far Istambûl, others—and these the best—the spoils of a happy looting of a godless Nazarene's house in the last riots. When the fat merchant could sufficiently collect his energy, he would puff gently at a soothing narghileh. In the bazaar not a creature was stirring, except for a few dogs and Christians, if such may be called creatures, who were skulking about, eager for any form of mischief or pillage.

Fat Suleyman looked across the glare of the road to Masr the Beggar. "O my uncle," he said languidly. "O joy of thy father's house and delight of the harem, O thou, my heart of heart and soul of all pleasures, O son of the moon and glory of the sun's rays, O beloved of Emirs, O child of my soul and joy of my children's pleasure, what is the time?"

Masr answered no less brusquely, "O apple of my wife's eye, O father of my children, O gladness of my liver and remarked of men in high places, O lord of the Jân and master of the Afaerit, O thou luscious of the luscious, slender of the slender, splendid of the splendid, giver of all kindnesses and despiser of unbelievers, O beloved of the Prophet (On his name be peace !)—O noble Suleyman, I do not know the time." And, after invoking blessings on each other's father, mother, and other relatives to the third degree, the two closed their eyes and dozed off again.

About an hour afterwards, Suleyman again opened his lips.

"O Masr," said he," do not thine ears, straighter than the horns of a gazelle, hear a noise? What should men do abroad in the heat of day, when all true believers repose and only Christians—(may their teeth ache !)—walk abroad?"

"Perhaps, O my uncle, it is the Frank we have heard talk of in the coffee houses, who—(may his legs drop off !)—pretends to have adopted our faith, and to have renounced that of the Nazarenes—(may camels blow in their faces !)."

"O fount of all wisdom, O my uncle, wisely hast thou spoken. See, here men come." Old Suleyman jerked himself into wakefulness as a crowd of Moslems came into the bazaar. Masr hastily transformed himself to a withered, decrepit old cripple, and, as the strangers approached, he raised his voice into a snuffling squeal, interspersed with low mutterings under his breath: "O Moslems. . . . O ye powerful men of the earth. . . . O lords of a thousand camels and a million she-asses—(graceless dogs !). . . . O Emirs. . . . O foam of the waters of kindness—(Skinflint sons of swine !) . . . O my lords . . . 'tis a hard world, O my masters—(Not so hard as your hearts, O ye without fathers !). . . . Give, give, in the name of the Lord, give. . . . 'Tis old Masr, the beggar, who entreats you. . . . Old Masr, who slew a thousand Nazarenes with his own left hand—(Would it had slain you too !). . . . Give, give, give . . ."

The passers-by, well acquainted with the old beggar, only laughed at his appeals. "Where is thy hoard, old son of a dancing-girl?" cried one. "Thou hast more young wives in thy harem than I have fleas in my beard," shouted another. "We have nothing for thee," said others. "Ask alms of the Frank."

"The Frank?" asked Masr eagerly, "is he here?" "The Frank?" murmured Suleyman the Merchant from the other side of the road. "Yes, the Frank," answered the men, "he who claims to hold our faith—(May the crows gnaw his vitals)."

"Tell me which is he?" moaned Masr, appealingly.

"Behold, here he is—(May a ladder fall on him !). We told him that the noonday was no hour for walking, but he has the accursed obstinacy of the Franks and did not heed us. We follow him for the joy of laughing at him. Look, this is he——(May he fall downstairs in the dark !)."

Masr fixed his gaze on the man of whom he had heard so much. Even fat Suleyman struggled from his right to his left elbow to look at the notorious convert to El Islâm.

Old Masr's voice rose to its professional howl: "O Effendi, O Arab with the white face, give, give; behold one who has suffered much for the True Faith! Behold one whose own left hand has slain a thousand Nazarenes! Behold one, now in destitution, whom once the Nazarenes begged in vain for their lives and their property! Give, give!"

The Englishman stopped to listen. Then, fixing his unaccustomed fez more firmly upon his shaven head, he writhed his hand into the baggy seat of his trousers and produced from that pendant pocket a bag full of gold coins, which he jingled before Masr's face. The old beggar almost foamed at the mouth with greed. "Listen, O Masr," said the Englishman, seating himself beside the beggar, "a gold piece shall be thine, if thou rejoice my ears with the story how thou didst slay the thousand Nazarenes——(May their creed be accursed !)."

The beggar shouted in the fullness of his joy. "Din, din, din," he cried.

"Din, din, din," shouted the Frank in answer, as politeness necessitated.

"O Frank, I will tell them my story," said Masr, gazing fixedly into his hearer's face. "O my uncle, once there was a Frank —(Devils light on his children !) —who came hither to Damascus from London, and he lay in the Consulate. O rejoicer of my heart, about the second day after his arrival, it chanced that he—(May his garden be desolate and slugs eat his lettuces !) —passed through this bazaar and beheld me sitting here, O thou wearied in good works, even in my accustomed place. Thereupon that foolish son of a humpless camel——." The tale went on and on, Masr narrating to the best of his ability. The Frank grew more excited every moment, and his eyes glittered with a strange light. In about an hour the tale came to an end: "And thus, O my uncle, were convincingly demonstrated the Kâfir's knavery, stupidity and covetousness, and the superior wisdom, simplicity and zeal of the Faithful; for I slew the Frank and a thousand of his kind—(May all unbelievers perish thus !)—and the dogs ate their corpses and burst with repletion. O my uncle, those were the days of days. Din, din, din."

"Din, din," assented the Englishman. "Take this gold piece, O noble Masr."

"O most delicious of all sweetmeats, O my dear, I have yet another tale to tell thee. Listen, O my uncle, O my cow." This story, too, concluded with another massacre of a thousand Christians, and again the Frank gave Masr a gold piece. The old beggar turned up his eyes to where the sun-lit minarets tapered away into the blue heavens till only the whites were visible, and, hastily composing himself, began a third story. Soon the Frank and he were left alone, squatting on their heels and gazing intently into each other's faces; not even the fat merchant Suleyman, for all his love of stories, could listen any longer, and he fell fast asleep on his cushions. But the Frank was beside himself with delight. "Wah, wah," he cried, stroking his stomach and swaying with voluptuous delight, "O my eyes . . . O my liver . . . O my soul . . . O, what stories . . . And yet a thousand Christians, sayest thou, O my uncle . . . Din, din, din . . . And all with

thy left hand . . . Wah, wah . . . O beloved . . . Give me but to write this in a book . . . ."

When all his money was gone and the bag was empty, the Frank arose, dizzy from delight, and with unsteady steps departed to his hotel. As soon as he was gone, old Masr cried in his natural voice, "O Suleyman, O my friend!" Fat Suleyman woke up and answered drowsily, "O my uncle, has the Frank—(May his toe-nails grow in!)—departed?"

"O my son's godfather," said Masr, "I have told him all my lies, and he has given me all his money. May every Frank suffer likewise! Yea, on my father's liver!" And with a parting curse upon his late benefactor, Masr the Beggar limped home through the bazaars, leaving fat Suleyman to chuckle himself to sleep.

Letters from France.

WAS it not Tacitus who presented a dull world with the opinion of the early Teutons that it is amazingly stupid to acquire by the sweat of the brow what might be annexed by a little blood? And was it not Mirabeau who said in 1789, or thereabout, that "La Guerre, c'est l'Industrie Nationale de la Prusse"? These words conduct us to the very factory of war. They account for *the* War. They are a trumpet for announcing the active advance of a virile barbarism and the retreat of a decrepit civilisation. Evidently the early Teutons understood the utility of war, as Eve did of the fig-leaf, at a very early period of the world's history, and the seeds and ashes scattered by the knowledge at that season of barbarism have been carefully preserved behind deepening blushes ever since. To-day Prussia has rubbed the blushes from its face, since it may no longer appear shame-stricken for nothing. It has declared the business of its life to be war, and the business of war to be that of meddling in the business of every other blessed thing. No Pope in the fullness of his power ever grasped such a dictatorship. So, rightly considered, war, whether tribal, city, or national, has neither love nor hate in its heart, but measures the world by its own standard of possession. Rightly conducted, it elbows whomever and whatever it can out of the way so that all regions may be both invaded and occupied by its real God—the God of Expansion. To this end it directs the whole system of its life.

But expansion is a desirable thing, some will say. Is political expansion? It appears to be a law of Nature that freedom, justice, and political expansion shall never co-exist. Whenever a nation casts its eyes worldward it becomes servile and unjust, and its ambition invariably leads it first to seek the destruction of other nations, and, it would seem, eventually to compass its own, like the fir-tree in Andersen's fairy tale. We in England, who have been dazzled by looking so intently in this direction for deliverance, are reluctant to admit that we have placed ourselves in the lengthening shadow of Liberty, as New York is darkened by the massive form of the famous statue at its gates. We are reluctant to admit that, though world-possession may be nine points of the law, it is not two points on the road to spiritual advance. But who can deny it that can imagine the steep hell into which the latest culmination of the greed of political expansion has suddenly plunged us? To him the sight of England engaged in an unparalleled bitter conflict must recall Dante's vision of the third division of the Seventh Circle of Hell, in which the violent against others, God, Nature, and Art, are tormented by eternally falling flakes of fire. And to record his vision I suppose he would write the words:

> Unceasing was the play of wretched hands,
> Now this, now that, way glancing, to shake off
> The heat still falling fresh.

My own vision is not much different. I remember, when crossing to France, bits of a similar picture seized and held me. They gradually fell together, as forms are united by a smouldering twilight, so that on looking back I was able to reconstruct and refit them in my own manner. What I saw was a vast space in which a forest of bare and fleshless arms, from shoulders to finger-tips, extended themselves skyward, waving wildly in the attempt to shake off and evade a storm of falling fetters. I saw the fetters were of two kinds, military and bureaucratic. At first sight they appeared forged, strewn and fastened upon the wrists of an awakened and disillusioned nation by another nation exalting a cruel, insolent, and rapacious ideal in its latest form—the ideal of political expansion. But, looking closer, I saw something else. The first nation was less humane than it pretended to be. The better part of its character had fallen off from it, and in lust of world-possession and number of claws for seizing prey it was not far behind its aggressor, to whose extension of conquest it was opposed. And, looking intently, I saw the true origin of the fetters. I noticed, to my amazement, they were being forged not by the rapacious ambition of the aggressive nation, but by the instincts of the very nation that sought to evade and shake them off. The fear of permanent interference with its vast political interests, and the danger that another nation might gain a durable footing on its wide threshold, had overlaid it with the very protective covering which it heartily condemned when used by others. Actually, the example of its bitterest enemy had sunk into its own breast. Of course, this is only one explanation of the kind of vision of England I had in landing in France. There are others—patriotic, cultural, and so forth. But at the present moment I think political sentiments should be heard in the confessional—or is it the kennel?

The plain truth is, political sentiment can account for much nowadays. Even for the realisation of Mr. Sidney Webb's fascinating dream. Once upon a time Mr. Webb dreamt that England could be fashioned out of bureaucratic stuff. Like someone in the Bible, he expounded his dream. He meant well, and doubtless spoke as he dreamt, for he was a visionless Fabian and a bureaucrat of parts, and presumably, therefore, of taste and ambition. He believed there was a smooth and gracious solution to the prickly problem of unemployment. I think he implored heaven (or was it the other place?) to send everyone the minimum amount of work. Well, heaven (or the other place) has replied in the proper spirit by arranging to make every man in England a bureaucrat as rapidly as the war will permit. Not even Mr. Webb can complain of the progress heaven (or the other place) has already made in this direction. I forget how many tailors it takes to make a man, but I remember that it takes nine men to pass a passport at Southampton and a score more to prepare it at the War Office, and another score to dance round it at the French Consulate. Then political sentiment can account for the English military invasion of France. Turn where one may in France, there are English soldiers. They all wear one thing—a perfect English air of possession. And they are all brothers, for they are all made out of the same piece of khaki, like the leaden soldiers that were all made out of the same old leaden spoon. And then political sentiment can account for the appalling appearance of some of the fairest regions of France. Imagine Corot's country that floats between Havre and Paris (and happily untouched by the war)—imagine its gem-set towns and villages swept bare as by a colossal landslide, every precious cathedral shattered, every tree destroyed, every seductive hill torn into fragments, every inch of green meadow, rich vegetation, and golden cornfield ripped by shells, its delightful streams livid with blood as with crimson cushions for Satan to kneel upon in his glorification of evil, its soft soil strewn and sown with festering bodies—imagine this Paradise of painters turned into a Valley of Hell, and then ask political sentiment for a reason, and it can give one.

It can tell us, as our instincts can, that this manifestation of a wild and horrible energy is due, first of all, to a wrong desire bred in early man. It was a desire to expand outwardly instead of inwardly. From this desire, no doubt, sprang the tendency to regard everything within the region of expansion as part and parcel of the Self. William James has remarked that it is characteristic of contemporary man to clothe himself with his lands, houses, servants, pots, pans, ox and ass, as essential outward parts of his inward parts, or the blossom and flower of Self. If he has a world-mind like Cæsar or Napoleon he clothes himself with the world. I do not know when the said desire arose. But I am inclined to believe there was once a time when man was pastoral and regional, and grew according to the region that suited him—the shepherd on the hill, the peasant in the valley, the fisher on the coast. I daresay association and peaceful exchange arose. Then something happened. We are told Sátan appeared as a boa-constrictor. But the truth is, men suddenly conceived an aversion for natural fare. So they left off licking manna from off each other's faces and took to active cannibalism. Thus man unveiled the habit of putting men inside him and their things upon him. Thus he found Nimrod and mislaid Apollo. Well, the hunter-cannibal spirit grew and man became in turn hunter-warrior, hunter-politician-warrior, hunter-conqueror, hunter-cannibal-ruler, hunter-cannibal-despot. So conflict replaced peaceful association, and war began and continued on truly cannibal lines in ever-widening circles; clan ate clan, tribe ate tribe, and nation now eats nation. The steady pursuit of this eating business has had queer results. It has bred a false world-spirit, and it has made killing a first principle of civilisation. It comes to this, then: it is my peculiar view that a wrong conception of subsistence is the root of all evil. War is simply cannibalism. The Fall of Man is bound up with the Fall of Manna and characterised by the fall of manners. Arising from this conception is my present argument that the cause of war is expansion and the cure of war is inspansion. I find there is much in this country to support my argument. For one thing, France is now seriously trying "to consider the lily" in the light of the Champs Elysées. But I will return to this recovery of Nature, Parnassus, and Olympus.

HUNTLY CARTER.

Retrospect.

I HAD travelled all day and was tired, but I could not rest by the hearth in the cottage on the hill. My heart was beating with too great an excitement. After my year in the city I felt like a child who wickedly stays from home through a long day, and who returns frightened and penitent at nightfall wondering whether it will be received with forgiveness by its mother. Would the Mother of us all receive me again as one of her children? Would the winds with wandering voices be as before the evangelists of her love? Or would I feel like an outcast amid the mountains, the dark valleys and the shining lakes? I knew if benediction came how it would come. I would sit among the rocks with shut eyes, waiting humbly as one waits in the anti-chambers of the mighty, and if the invisible ones chose me as companion they would begin with a soft breathing of their intimacies, creeping on me with shadowy affection like children who steal nigh to the bowed head and suddenly whisper fondness in the ear before it has even heard a footfall. So I stole out of the cottage and over the dark ridges to the place of rocks, and sat down, and let the coolness of the night chill and still the fiery dust in the brain. I waited trembling for the faintest touch, the shyest breathing of the Everlasting within my soul, the sign of reception and forgiveness. I knew it would come. I could not so desire what was not my own, and what is our own we cannot lose. Desire is hidden identity. The darkness drew me heavenward. From the hill the plains beneath slipped away grown vast and vague, remote and still. I seemed alone with immensity and there came at last that melting of the divine darkness into the life within me for which I prayed. Yes, I still belonged, however humbly, to the heavenly household. I was not outcast. Still, though by a thread, fine as that by which a spider hangs from the rafters, my being was suspended from the habitations of eternity. I longed to throw my arms about the hills, to meet with kisses the lips of the seraph wind. I felt the gaiety of childhood springing up through weariness and age, for to come into contact with that which is eternally young is to have that childhood of the spirit it must attain ere it can be moulded by the Magician of the Beautiful and enter the House of Many Mansions.

I had not always this intimacy with Nature. I never felt a light in childhood which faded in manhood into the common light of day, nor do I believe that childhood is any nearer than age to this being. If it were so what would the spirit have to hope for after youth was gone? I was not conscious in boyhood of any heaven lying about me. I lived in the city, and the hills from which aid was to come to me were only a far flush of blue on the horizon. Yet I was drawn to them, and as years passed and legs grew longer I came nearer and nearer until at last one day I found myself on the green hillside. I came to play with other boys, but years were yet to pass before the familiar places grew strange once more and the mountain dense with fiery forms and awful as Sinai.

While the child is still in its mother's arms it is nourished by her, yet it does not know it is a mother which feeds it. It knows later in whose bosom it has lain. As the mother nourishes the body so the Mighty Mother nourishes the soul. Yet there are but few who pay reverence where reverence is due, and that is because this benign deity is like a mother who indulges the fancies of her children. With some she imparts life to their own thoughts. Others she endows with the vision of her own heart. Even of these last some love in silence, being afraid to speak of the majesty which smiled on them, and others deceived think with pride: "This vision is my own."

I was like these last for a long time. I was aged about sixteen or seventeen years, when I, the slackest and least ideal of boys, with my life already made dark by those desires of body and heart with which we so soon learn to taint our youth, became aware of a mysterious life quickening within my life. Looking back I know not of anything in friendship, anything I had read to call this forth. It was, I thought, self-begotten. I began to be astonished with myself, for, walking along country roads, intense and passionate imaginations of another world, of an interior nature began to overpower me. They were like strangers who suddenly enter a house, who brush aside the doorkeeper, and who will not be denied. Soon I knew they were the rightful owners and heirs of the house of the body and the doorkeeper was only one who was for a time in charge, who had neglected his duty, and who had pretended to ownership. The boy who existed before was an alien. He hid himself when the pilgrim of eternity took up his abode in the dwelling. Yet whenever the true owner was absent the sly creature reappeared and boasted himself as master once more.

That being from a distant country who took possession of the house began to speak in a language difficult to translate. I was tormented by limitations of understanding. Somewhere about me I knew there were comrades who were speaking to me, but I could not know what they said. As I walked in the evening down the lanes scented by the honeysuckle my senses were expectant of some unveiling about to take place, I felt that beings were looking in upon me out of the true home of man. They seemed to be saying to each other of us—"Soon they will awaken; soon they will come to us again," and for a moment I almost seemed to

mix with their eternity. The tinted air glowed before me with intelligible significance like a face, a voice. The visible world became like a tapestry blown and stirred by winds behind it. If it would but raise for an instant I knew I would be in Paradise. Every form on that tapestry appeared to be the work of gods. Every flower was a word, a thought. The grass was speech; the trees were speech; the waters were speech; the winds were speech. They were the Army of the Voice marching on to conquest and dominion over the spirit; and I listened with my whole being, and then these apparitions would fade away and I would be the mean and miserable boy once more. So might one have felt who had been servant of the prophet, and had seen him go up in the fiery chariot, and the world had no more light or certitude in it with that passing. I knew these visitations for what they were and named them truly in my fantasy, for writing then in the first verses of mine which still seem to me to be poetry, I said of the earth that we and all things were her dreams:

"She is rapt in dreams divine.
As her clouds of beauty pass
On our glowing hearts they shine
Mirrowed there as in a glass.

"Earth, whose dreams are we and they,
With her deep hearts gladness fills
All our human lips can say
Or the dawn-fired singer trills."

Yet such is human nature that I still felt vanity as if this vision was mine, and I acted like one who comes across the treasure house of a King and spends the treasure as if it were his own. We may indeed have a personal wisdom, but spiritual vision is not to speak of as ours any more than we can say at the rising of the sun "This glory is mine." By the sudden uprising of such vanities in the midst of vision I was often outcast, and found myself in an instant like those warriors of Irish legend who had come upon a lordly house and feasted there and slept, and when they woke they were on the barren hillside and the Faed Fia was drawn about that lordly house. Yet though the imagination apprehended truly that this beauty was not mine and hailed it by its heavendy name, for some years my heart was proud, for as the beauty sank into memory it seemed to become a personal possession, and I said "I imagined this" when I should humbly have said "The curtain was a little lifted that I might see." But the day was to come when I could not deny the Mighty Mother the reverence due, when I was indeed to know by what being I had been nourished, and to be made sweet and mad as a lover with the consciousness of her intermingling spirit.

The sages of old found that at the close of intense meditation their being was drawn into union with that which they contemplated. All desire tends to bring about unity with the object adored, and this is no less true of spiritual and elemental than of bodily desire; and I, with my imagination more and more drawn to adore an ideal nature, was tending to that vital contact in which what was at first apprehended in fantasy would become the most real of all things. When that certitude came I felt as Dante might have felt after conceiving of Beatrice close at his side and in the Happy World, if, after believing it a dream, half hoping that it might hereafter be a reality, that beloved face before his imagination grew suddenly intense, vivid and splendidly shining, and he knew beyond all doubt that her spirit was truly in that form, and had descended to dwell in it, and would be with him for evermore. So did I feel one warm summer day lying on the hillside, not then thinking of anything but the sunlight and how sweet it was to drowse there, when, suddenly, I felt a fiery heart throb, and knew it was personal and intimate, and I started with every sense dilated and intent and turned inwards, and I heard first a music as of bells going away, away into that wondrous underland whither as legend relates the Danaan gods withdrew, and then the heart of the hills was opened to me, and I knew there was no hill for those who were there, and they were unconscious of the ponderous mountain piled above the palaces of light, and the winds were sparkling and diamond clear, yet full of colour as an opal, as they glittered through the valley, and I knew the Golden Age was all about me and it was we who had been blind to it but that it had never passed away from the world.

PAN.

(To be concluded.)

Peace Notes.

THE exploit of the French girl who shot five German soldiers is now crowned by the English military. Nobody seems ever to have wondered why those Germans, three of them mere lads, did not shoot her. Was it chivalry—or horror? Suppose some young German lady had taken part against our soldiers, those attacking, under orders, of course, and had shot say, *your* husband and *your* two sons and *my* cousin and some other woman's father—how pleased we should all feel to know this Hunnish wretch decorated with the Iron Cross! Joan of Arc, at least, could boast of never having killed any man, let alone five, with her own hands.

The deed of this girl fills me with unspeakable dismay. In charity to women it ought to have been hushed up. War is certainly the worse for women taking part in it. And women are certainly the worse for war. I remember how the French women all through the country received the first prisoners brought in with pity, sending them food and drink. The "Echo de Paris," pious organ of our dear Saviour (Catholics only!) and of M. Maurice Barrès, of "War in a Gondola" fame (why, why does not this healthy globe-trotter defend his country—why does he merely push the others into the trenches?)—the "Echo de Paris" rose in patriotic wrath, and the poor women with their pots of balm retired shamed out of their nature.

But it looks as though the barbarians among us have pretty well run their tether. In spite of all—now comes the voice of decency again. The International Committee of the Red Cross in issuing its manifesto against reprisals utters with magnificant simplicity what private people have hitherto hardly dared to think amidst the shouts of hell around their ears. The poor, simple old Pope's appeal for prayer by children is touching and pathetic, but the manifesto of the Croix Rouge is commanding. Only the principles of humanity can command over barbarity. All religions are too tainted with cruelty to serve.

"War in itself is a scourge terrible enough without men adding to its evils by inhuman measures and useless harshness. Then, when the strife is over, if the nations hope to arrive at a durable peace—will not mutual understanding be more difficult if hate has been stirred in the heart not so much by open and loyal combat as by these sufferings imposed by cold calculation upon unhappy beings defenceless under their masters? . . .

"You take great care of the wounded, you shower help upon them, no matter what flag they may have fought under: why should the prisoners be treated differently? You complain that your own men suffer unjustly in captivity—why not appeal to the sentiment of justice in the enemy? . . . If you have difficulty in corresponding with him, why not send him your message through a neutral power? Here, it seems to us, is the rivalry which should replace the reprisals of to-day, rivalry in justice and in humanity. Such rivalry would leave grateful memories and would contribute to extinguish hatred, this obstacle to peace."

But, my God, to think that we are all in such bad hands that such words should be necessary! It is a relief to one's disgust at the ruling classes of Europe to feel that France will listen to this voice.

I think that English people cannot too soon be instructed that the French consider us as only next to the Germans (and only since the war) as a nation to be physically feared while spiritually despised. Of course

they do not really know us. They only know us through the acts of our rulers; and although their own rulers are every bit as corrupt as ours, theirs is a corruption confined to the house, as it were, and more or less domestically manageable (the French do not fear their rulers in the least, that is why they give them so long a rope), whereas ours strut the world and are unmanageable. Another thing—we have simply no idea of the extraordinary forgiveness of the French. They like the sensation of a dramatic revenge, but quite as well that of a dramatic pardon. The French papers printed very widely the Kaiser's recent reference to us as "a cruel people without pity." They believe it! Once differ with an Englishman and you need never hope to be reconciled—this is about their view of us, they who differ and re-agree every other day. And English people do part for life over things which two Frenchmen would consider well settled by an accusation of bad taste and a smiling apology. They think of us as a grim, opiniated and sullen nation, given to hysterical laughter by way of relief. It is very unhappy because such is merely our superficial aspect. Our virtues are deep—but what is the use of having virtues so deep that they only shine after years of acquaintance?

The French people want really to be on civilised terms with the whole world, not over-intimate, but, of course, not in the least dominating. It is very hard to get them to colonise or even to travel outside France, but they give great liberty, almost unbounded liberty, to foreigners, *even* although they do not find us very agreeable. This *spirit* of civilisation and liberty is what one stays in France for. It colours all the life of the people. You meet it in every little difficulty which arrives. I do not mean to say that they have not their own methods of human torment—scandal, for instance, goes to lengths undreamed among us; but there it is, "on est libre"—and this cuts both ways equally for the defamed as for the defamer. They cut away half a scandal as "literature," a quarter as probably true, but humanly tolerable, and only demand that the charge be defended with wit and courage to forgive it. It always appears that at the bottom of any dirty feud in France is Catholic or political machination. For the rest of trouble, it is made by the newspapers of the "Daily Mail" class, especially the "Matin." This profiteers' newspaper is the disgrace of France as the "Mail" is of England. It never ceases to stir the worst passions of the mob; yet, it is not so sinister in power as the "Mail," for there are many competitors—the people patronise largely half a dozen other journals, among them the "Bataille Sindicaliste," "L'Humanité," "Le Bonnet Rouge," "L'Œuvre," which appear daily, and are all anti-profiteer. The "Matin" equals the "Mail" in unscrupulousness. An incident may illustrate. The other day it reproduced a photograph—"How they Surrender," inviting the world to note the haggard faces and outstretched arms of the cowardly Huns seeking shelter in our trenches. One looked in vain for the haggard faces and "Kamerad" arms. Next day the "Bonnet Rouge" explained the mystery. These were Germans, knife in hand, cutting our wire fences, while behind them were not French guards, but Germans with grenades, protecting the work! The "Matin," after this exposure, had the true "Mail" insolence to refer to the photograph as "How they Surrender." It reckons on hypnotising the mob, just as the "Mail" does.

I apologise for infringing on the territory of Messrs. Shaw and de Maeztu. Among the French people one sees great understanding of the truth that, as Mr. de Maeztu says, "ambition for universal supremacy is a sin in itself." The ambition among certain Frenchmen for supremacy within the Republic is, however, checked precisely by the will of the other individuals, this will which is so wicked in Mr. de Maeztu's eyes, and which, thank God, is in no possible way to be "crushed." Fortunately the world is a place where the individual *can* have a good deal of his own way; and the consequences are nothing like so destructive and disappointing as Mr. de Maeztu hints. Quite the contrary! Men are only capable of great mischief when they give up their individual will to a few leaders, usually inquisitorial prigs if not hypocrites. Respect for the individual will in the present fighting countries would have left literally millions innocent of bloodshed and confined the war to those that *like* it. All preparations for peace will be useless which do not appeal to the individual will as against the will of the crowd. Observe any French crowd settle a "row" and you will see how profound is the respect for the individual. The whole reason of the French is directed to protecting themselves and each other individually against the abuses of what they have been induced to agree to *en masse*. Mr. de Maeztu would have a poor audience in Paris. I can think of none but that of the "Echo de Paris" and the "Matin" whose readers are deliberately trained for the priests and the profiteers.

When people talk to me about German tyranny—I say, "Leave me alone. I have enough to do pinching myself to make sure that I really belong to England"; for something seems to have happened to the soil since my Yorkshire and Kentish ancestors tilled it. The latest news is of the "English public," which I suppose means the "Daily Mail," demanding the goods of Germans in England in revenge for Captain Fryatt's death. The sailor might well turn in his grave at the notion of his death being paid thus by the shopkeepers. The demand is a demand of thieves and pickpockets. Why not let our soldiers loot the German dead, and done with it? Why not shoot several thousand prisoners? Why not any damned thing? Clearly, no German in England had anything to do with Captain Fryatt's death. A little while ago, the rotten portion of the public was insisting that we should kill the captured crews of German submarines. Stir up hell-broth, yes—but there's nothing but hell in the pot.

ALICE MORNING.

P.S.—I am glad to read, in the latest NEW AGE to reach me, the remarks by Kosmopolites on the French attitude towards coloured men, and that my own remarks on the same subject agree with his. The case is simply what one sees every day.

SIGNS IN THE AIR, 1916.

Verse Very Libre. By WILLIAM REPTON.

A workman was gilding three pawnshop balls
At eight o'clock in the morning.
O workman, gild them as thick as thick,
They are a prophetic warning.
Into the pawnshop we all shall go,
Men and things all in a row;
The primacy of this and that,
Thinkers lean and thinkers fat.
Nobody wants us, no, not one,
From break of day to setting sun.
O workman, gild them as thick as thick;
As thick as the head of a Labour man,
As thick as the price of beef and beer,
As thick as a novel by H. G. Wells,
Whose prophecy only the profit swells.
Into the pawnshop we all shall go,
Men and things all in a row.
The years will come, and the winds will blow,
But there we shall be, *this* you must know.
O! workman, I'm thinking the pawnshop balls
Will swing over houses and country halls,
Over men, over cows, over beer, over stalls,
The stars will laugh and the moon will smile,
The sun will sit on some heavenly stile,
And roar with joy at those things called men
Whose eyes bulged out with thoughts of gold,
But those are tales I will leave untold.
Money will jump from the "Daily News"
This way or that turn the handle for views
But into the pawnshop we all shall go.
Earwigs, grasshoppers, jackdaws, will laugh at us,
Standing there all in a row.
Cocks will crow.
Just so.

Views and Reviews.

NOT WITHOUT HUMOUR.

To be introduced and annotated by Mr. Aleister Crowley is a distinction that most prophets have been unable to obtain. This is not the fault of Mr. Crowley; the internal evidence of this book* suggests to me that he would be willing to introduce anybody as a prophet; but either prophets are rare in America, or they avoid introductions by, perhaps even to, Mr. Crowley, for the fact remains that it is Mr. Stuart, and no other, whose work is recommended to us. "I have never yet met a stupid American," says Mr. Crowley. "But Mr. Stuart is almost the only one whom I have met who was not silly." It is a dubious distinction; apparently prophecy, like religion, requires darkness to shine in. In the land of the silly, the one who is just "not silly" is a prophet.

Oh, the little more, and how much it is!
And the little less, and what worlds away!

Mr. Stuart moves in a different world from the Americans, and the English; we are material, he is "spiritual," like the Germans, as he discovered after reading Bernhardi. We think words, vain "words, words, words," as Hamlet said, and they are words without meaning. "The people say. What say they? Let them say." But Mr. Stuart senses "things"; when he wants to know what will happen, he becomes God and says so. "Things" are "in the air," and wherever there is "air," even "hot air," there is Mr. Stuart inhaling and exhaling like the ventilating system on the Tube. "Air! Give me air!" he cries; and as I have nothing else to give him, I do so freely. I may be wrong about the air; perhaps it is not pneuma but spiritus that is Mr. Stuart's daily food; but whatever it is, it blows him out, and he wants a lot of it.

The form taken by Mr. Stuart's expiration is that of letters to all sorts of people and papers. Seest thou a man going wrong in his business? Mr. Stuart will breathe upon him. He breathes upon everybody, from Sun-Yat-Sen to President Wilson, about something that he calls Fine-ance. On this point, the python on his tripodess is no more profound, and far less clear, than the Banking and Currency Reform League, who do not, I believe, lay claim to any divine inspiration or spiritual contact with the unseen. Mr. H. G. Wells, too, has written a novel called "The Sleeper Wakes," working out the same argument to a different conclusion; and he has not claimed any divine inspiration, indeed, he has confessed that he suffered from brain-fag when he wrote the book, and has apologised for the manifest signs of that fatigue.

Mr. Stuart's sensibility to this "thing" tells us nothing that is new, and we are not really compensated for the lack of novelty by the style in which his revelations are expressed. Mr. Crowley certainly says: "Mr. Stuart's style is as difficult as Wagner's or Whistler's were to their contemporaries": perhaps Mr. George Bernard Shaw thought so when he received (if he did receive) the following letter on November 15, 1914: "Master Shaw: —— I have given the greater part of my leisure for the day to the consideration of your article in the 'New York Times.'

"Easily —— Well done!

"Part of a sentence —— one phrase alone; —— ' —— money, the only commodity the moneyed class has to sell' —— would recompense me for my time." We can imagine Mr. Shaw sitting up and taking notice when this letter reached him, and saying: "Great Collectivism! this man pierces straight to the heart of things." Mr. Crowley says something similar on many occasions when Mr. Stuart is no more profound than this.

For example, when Mr. Stuart writes, in free rhythm, a dialogue between himself and Professor Fisher, and in reply to Professor Fisher's advocacy of "an unshrinkable dollar" says:

Such a statement
is only possible
to the mathematical mind.
None other can conceive of anything FIXED—
All others look behind,
around, and ahead; and perceive that
man has not only always failed
to fix things himself
but has never yet found anything fixed,
nor does his vision,
roam where it will
in Heaven or Earth,
find anything fixed;—
All is flux—
The very tombstones fail to fix the "Dead."

Mr. Aleister Crowley puts one of his invaluable notes to the rhapsody: "This argument is extraordinarily subtle and profound, and cuts at the roots of the matter of exchange. The triumphant conclusion in the Panta Rei of Heraclitus stamps this dialogue as great literature.—A.C." Oh! Crowley, Crowley!

But this is a mere trifle of commendation to Mr. Crowley; he does not stint his praise. On January 22, 1911, Mr. Stuart wrote:

Dr. Hannah Thompson pictures the faculty of sight and the organs of sight as separate and distinct.
We know what poor instruments our organs are.
May it not be that "The Heavens" are right before us in plain sight, were our organs only suitable for seeing them?
When we do see them it will be thro' the spiritualisation of the faculty of sight—
And may not some highly spiritual natures already so see them?
And if they did—would they inform scoffers?
Our spiritual natures are far from developed yet.

That is not the sort of message that would make one say: "Hail, Columbia! Bird thou never wert!" But Mr. Crowley says: "There is an extraordinary resemblance between the author of these letters and William Blake (according to the frontispiece, Mr. Stuart looks more like Andrew Carnegie); which extends not only to the quality of the vision, but to their styles. There is the same curious difficulty about reading them, a sort of feeling that one is uncertain of the real meaning of the thought. And this is not a mere question of the connotation of the words used; it is a sort of fundamental misgiving as to whether one's mind is sufficiently in tune to be able to apprehend. If there be anything in the theory of re-incarnation, it is a good bet that Mr. Stuart is William Blake come back." If this be so, let us hope that there is nothing in the theory of re-incarnation or that, if there is, William Blake will come in any shape but this.

Among the minor prophecies, this may be quoted; dated August 23, 1914: "Physically, England is degenerate ——. She cannot put an army of any size or fighting quality in the field any longer." Poor old England! Dead, isn't she? Anyhow, win or lose, England will pass, says Mr. Stuart; the war will last three years, then the debts will be repudiated, then we shall have class wars for seven years, and then the white races, the only savages on earth, will be destroyed by the yellow races. Gold will be the cause of our downfall, and if I may remark a subtlety that Mr. Crowley has over-looked, I should like to point out that Mr. Stuart's prophecies of calamity are arranged on a colour-scheme. Our unstable civilisation is built upon gold; gold is a shade of yellow, and yellow is the colour of wisdom. All the nations of the world, except the Chinese, can only see red at the present time; it is a common complaint at all times that we never see the colour of the other man's money, and that complaint is made more loudly than ever to-day. If there is no gold at the bottom of the inverted pyramid, the pyramid totters; if we cannot see the gold that is there, it might just as well not be there; and people who are blind to the colour of money and wisdom will be destroyed by those who are wise, and look it. Come, China, and conquer us.

A. E. R.

* "A Prophet In His Own Country." By Henry Clifford Stuart. With a Preface by Aleister Crowley. (Author's Edition.)

Pastiche.

TO T. J.—AN INVITATION.

Ere Mars—inexorable—lays
Me by the heels,
Advantage take my best of Js
Of what one feels
Is weather 'twould be hard to praise
Too highly (pray the Clerk it stays!)

When, in a fortnight, with Herne Bay's
Delights you're cloyed,
Turn not again to those of Grays
(So long enjoyed!)
Until you've trod with me the ways
Bohemian where habitués

Of famed Parnassus sport the bays
And rule the roast;
Drunk tea and ate (ne'er mind who pays!)
Poached eggs on toast;
And been fixed by the frenzied gaze
That e'er the poet's eye betrays!

These things miraculously raise
The sinking soul
O'er which through long laborious days
The tides do roll;
So when Herne (where the mermaid plays)
You quit, come where Apollo sways.

And when we feel our wits 'gin craze,
Why, we'll adjourn
To Crofton (the South-Eastern chaise
Will make you yearn
To ride again in't)—where the phase
Of cards will dissipate the haze

Parnassian; cards—and Chess (always
The King of Games),
What time the "weed" its grateful traits
Exhibits. (James
The First's book 'gainst it doth amaze
By the great rudeness it displays.

Nick subjects now to Hell's X-rays
That wisest Fool,
Nick's young 'uns plant their assegais
In him, to cool
His counterblasting zeal—relays
Of demons his lank carcase braise).

This long parenthesis delays
My argument.
Where were we?—Chess!—Your Queen mine slays!
Shall I lament?
Never! I'll mouth the "Marseillaise,"
And strive my utmost to erase

The mantling glow which aye conveys
Your Hunnish glee,
What's more, will do't, if Nan obeys
The instinct she
Evinces (sometimes), and our fray's
Not countered by her supper-trays.

"Supper's" the word!—don't say't dismays
You, for I know
It doesn't.—Lobster mayonnaise?—
It shall be so!
Nan's cookery you will appraise
At its real worth if Rumour says

True of your palate! In a blaze
Of words inspired
By what you've dined on, you will daze
The cook, till, tired
And parched withal, your tongue essays
To stop! A drink its heat allays.

A drink—of what? Though Satan flays
Me, I'll not tell,
Depend on't Tom; so come *sans phrase*—
All will be well
On that score! Now—my fancy strays;
A rhyme to end on?—Carraways!

F. C. OWLETT.

NOTES TOPOGRAPHICAL.

(The writer deeming it prudent—in intelligent anticipation of a notoriously intelligent official—to lay all his cards on the Censor's table.)

Herne Bay.—A place somewhere in Kent (a seaside place). Noted at present for Zeppelins, sandbags, and "Kitcheners." T. J. is a thoroughly reckless fellow.

Herne . . . .—The same place, clipt of its Bay—the writer occasionally develops an unsuspected weakness for lines that scan. The mermaid is introduced here for *effect*—a good instance of *poetic licence*. For some occult reason H. Bay is avoided by mermaids.

Grays . . . .—A place somewhere in Essex. Noted for cement and T. J. Noted also for its Seat of Learning (said Seat filled by T. J.).

Crofton . . . .—Crofton Park, clipt. God knows where; noted for God knows what. Served, however, by the most luxurious railway in Europe, and the speediest. This good fortune C. Park shares with H. Bay. Herein lies, without question, the secret of H. Bay's popularity—the ride to it is a longitudinal dream (and there is a good deal of the sybarite in T. J.).

F. C. O.

TIME PIECES.

By WILLIAM REPTON.

The following letters appear to be a result of the present disturbance abroad. In certain parts of them light shines occasionally. Prophetic they are not. As far as we can gather, it is an imperfect record of the correspondence between an editor and a contributor, and readers must use their imagination to fill up the gaps.

(1) Dear Sir,—I return herewith your article, and may say that our readers do not desire any elaboration of the subject. Don't you think that the joke about the Daylight Shaving Bill is a trifle thin? This question may also apply to your pathetic attempt at humour when you write that one "l" in Slaving is the usual quantity?

(2) Again I return your article. Your alterations and additions do not improve it. I fail to see the point about a man being pushed out of a "pub" in the evening when the sun is shining. Neither do I follow you when you state that it was introduced to send up the sales of alarm clocks to prevent a peer's brother from insolvency. What are you driving at when you say: Up with the lark and to bed with the cuckoo?

(3) Persistent fellow! You think by cutting the story in two parts you can make a drama of it. Your style is degenerating. I can make out something about sheathing the sword. That is the popular vein. Looking at the blotted copy closer I can discern something about until a fourpenny haddock costs two shillings. That sentence neither stands, sits, nor lies down. Your concluding remarks about where are the yeomen are quite beyond me. I think you must have risen an hour earlier on the day you wrote that.

(4) For the last time I return your amended article, entitled The Gray Light Bathing Bill. It is all very well when you talk of progress and getting ahead of the enemy by putting the clock on twenty-four hours. You say the yeomen are yawning. Well, let them to bed earlier.

(5) Damn it all, man, can't you take no for an answer? Surely you must know that the clock cannot regulate the sun! Will you ever grasp the fact that so long as we have the wage-system with us not even the Daylight Saving, Shaving, or Slaving Bill will shave—I mean, save us?

SUNSET AT KERAZUR.

(From the French of Louis Tiercelin.)

Gray clouds, and blue clouds, and clouds all full of roses,
To what country far away at evening do you fly,
Glancing in the twilit mirrors furtively and shy
Of gray waves, and blue waves, and waves all full of roses?
Thus in the silence, very furtive, very shy,
All alone with you aloft far away they fly,
My gray dreams, and blue dreams, and dreams all full of roses.

WILFRID THORLEY.

TO THOSE WHO CHEER AT EXECUTIONS.

Receive ye this rhyme:
Your hearts are as lime!

E. H. VISIAK.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

Sir,—The "lugubrious hypothesis" to which S. Verdad reduces the sensible and well-reasoned arguments of Jean Longuet, as set forth in the "Foreign Affairs" article, contributed by the former to THE NEW AGE of July 27, will hardly inspire confidence in S. Verdad's prophetic qualities, let alone those of Mr. Wells. The question of the transfer to Russia of Constantinople and the Dardanelles may possibly partake of an inevitable character to your correspondent; it certainly is not so apparent to a great many other very worthy people. Its inevitability grows more remote as we read the assumptions by which it is supported, culminating, as those assumptions do, in a highly imaginative forecast of the Grand Duke Nicholas riding in triumph down the Grand rue de Pera, and the children of the Faithful retiring once more back into Asia. How pleased Barrés and Co. would be at this belated vindication of a thousand "prophetic" journalistic articles. But let us commence at the beginning. If an agreement has been arranged between the Allied Governments that Russia shall be given both sides of the Dardanelles—and presumably Constantinople—in the event of an Allied victory, that agreement would hardly be consonant with the objects for which the Allies are fighting, to say nothing of the racial problem involved and the cynical contempt for public opinion in England, France, and Russia. If the Dardanelles problem means for Russia no more than Alsace-Lorraine does for France it does not mean very much; however, I am certain it means very much more, but M. Miliukov has not read Sir Harry Johnston's book on racial problems perhaps. M. Longuet's way out of the difficulty was sensible enough, and seems far more likely to be the inevitable outcome of this conflict than Professor Miliukov's promissory concessions. I have yet to learn that Germany fostered the sinister intentions in Asia Minor that S. Verdad imputes to her. What have the Bagdad barracks to do with business? Your correspondent is fully aware of the Russian bogey in Berlin, and yet he wonders in simple artlessness why Germany should be perturbed over her Asiatic industrial enterprises with Russia in possession of the Straits and Constantinople! Of course Russia would only close the passage in the event of war. S. Verdad finally closes his paragraph with a quotation from M. Longuet's article strongly deprecating its prophetic passages. Why? There is not a single sentence in the prargraph quoted which is not either facts or the legitimate expression of opinion. Your correspondent further writes that Persian territory has been violated by Turkey—wonderful! May I draw this long letter to a close by stating that I read the Loysen-Longuet correspondence, though I have not it before me at present. I prefer M. Longuet as an arbitrator of international questions. After reading S. Verdad's exposition, I still prefer M. Longuet. I wonder if your correspondent would give the names of the half-dozen journalists who favour the "inevitable" solution to the problem of the Dardanelles.

J. W. REEVE.

* * *

"THE NEW AGE."

Sir,—Your statement in "Notes of the Week" of the attitude of Capitalists and Trade Unionists respectively towards the proposals for National Guilds is very clear, but in one respect inadequate. You say:—

"Our hope was to put off from too close attention to us the capitalist classes until such time as the Trade Unionists had learned the lesson 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."

Granted that you knew what you were doing in keeping the capitalists at arm's length while you were attacking the old economics, may I take it that you did not realise that you were alienating the very people—the Trade Unionists—whom it was essential for your cause that you should convert? Whether you did this wilfully or inadvertently, it is now a tragic fact that you cannot call to your banner the very people who, I believe, you could have collected had you treated them with ordinary courtesy. Leaving your theories "after the manner of the 'New Statesman'" was not the only alternative to general abuse. There was a middle path.

There is something to be said for severity of discipline in propaganda, for choosing and testing a few out of the many that are called, but you have scared away even your Gideon's three hundred, and instead of slaying the Midianites you are engaged in receiving their belated compliments.

As a constant reader of THE NEW AGE, I am bound to say that you have appeared to me for years to be consistently throwing the apple of discord in the Labour and Socialist camp. You kept a sort of private detective and snapshot photographer called "Press Cutter" who caught red-handed and denounced as a thief anyone who turned his head in the direction of your ideas without first bowing the knee to you. These efforts to secure submission must have driven off many who were ready for conversion.

But THE NEW AGE is rich in psychological specialists; to them I commend the task of explaining the phenomenon of a prophet who, willing for years to be a voice crying in the wilderness, yet shrank from the grand and universal appeal to prepare the way of the Lord; who, among his fellow-exiles, broke the spirit he should have strengthened and united.

Is it now too late to change? As soon as the Capitalists are organised into a huge trust with the State at the back of them, and the workers into a mere self-governing Labour Bureau the great war will stop and a war of another kind will begin. Your chance will come again, as it came in August, 1914, when you did not take it. Will you continue your work of the disintegration of the forces of Labour, or will you aim higher?

WILLIAM L. HARE.

* * *

THE CHINA COAST SHIPPING STRIKE.

Sir,—Accounts have already appeared in some of the home papers of the strike that took place in the spring among the officers and engineers of the Mercantile Marine in the Far East. I have just received some papers which provide interesting details. The China Coast Officers' Guild and the Marine Engineers' Guild of China demanded recognition of themselves by the shipping companies and a general increase of about 25 per cent. in pay for their members, with improved facilities for home leave, etc. The firms concerned, Messrs. Jardine Matheson and Messrs. Butterfield and Swire, refused to recognise the associations, but expressed themselves willing, as usual, to consider grievances put forward by deputations of their individual employees. The associations objected that, in a trade like theirs, when their members are continuously on the move from one port to another, no deputation from ships anchored in any one port can be representative of the rest. The companies' reply was that they sadly feared lest the associations might fall into the hands of "unscrupulous agitators." To this the associations replied:

(i) Their members were, for the most part, long-service men;

(ii) Decisions of importance had to receive forty-five votes out of a committee of sixty before they were adopted; and, best of all,

(iii) In the words of an engineer, "If fair treatment and fair dealing are to be obtained, surely the employers will see that such is best arranged by dealing with the engineers through this, their fully representative organisation."

The employers refused point-blank; the associations declared a strike. *Having a monopoly of their labour* (nine in ten officers and engineers are members), they brought the shipping to a standstill. The employers complained that, in war-time, such an act was unpatriotic. The associations retorted that now, when enemy vessels had been driven from the seas, was the least dangerous time to act. The companies exerted pressure in various indirect ways: the associations found their telegrams tampered with, and passports were refused by British Consulates to their members (the associations, it must be said, dissuaded members from returning home). However, the officers and engineers stuck to their guns and, HAVING A MONOPOLY OF THEIR LABOUR (could this but be written in letters of crimson!), soon forced the companies to a complete surrender, and had all their demands satisfied.

M.

* * *

MR. ZANGWILL AND ZION.

Sir,—Much indignation has been aroused in England as a result of the appearance of Mr. Zangwill's latest book, "The War for the World." I admit one's choler is raised after reading this work, yet I do not think that Mr. Zangwill can be, with reason, condemned for his wild utterings. After all, he writes with his heart's blood. In his despair he has hit out blindly at England, as well as at Germany. But it is not because he has a particular grievance against England or Germany. No; the fact is that Mr. Zangwill has a grievance against the whole world; and it is for the world's intolerance of the Chosen People. When that the Jews have cried Mr. Zangwill has wept. He is hurt by every calumny brought against his race.

No man realises more than does Mr. Zangwill that the Jews supply the comic relief of the present great tragedy. Whilst millions of Jews are starving in Poland and Russia, the "emancipated" Jews are making fortunes out of War contracts! Thrice cursed be "Jewish emancipation." In the maelstrom of to-day one can hear vague promises floating about of amelioration of the lot of the Jews after the war, but of what use are such promises to persecuted people who have to be supplied with food by the agency of funds raised on their behalf by journals whose object it is to convert them to Christianity!

Not long ago Mr. Zangwill took the chair at an assembly met together at the Hotel Cecil to hear Mr. G. B. Burgin read what proved to be a very dull paper on "How to write a novel." I was there on that occasion, and I distinctly recollect that the first person Mr. Zangwill called upon to enter into the discussion—and I noticed a great many celebrities present—was Dr. Oscar Levy. I wonder if it was because, glancing at the big gathering, it struck him that he and Dr. Oscar Levy were the only homeless persons there, and that their common complaint was Heimweh. Undoubtedly, they both yearn for a real home in a country of their own. Now more than ever, when pride of nationality is an established fact, they conceive what is the meaning of exile. Mr. Zangwill is no more an Englishman than is Dr. Oscar Levy a German. They are both Jews. A proper Jew, true to the traditions of his forefathers, and imbued with the idea of redemption, hoping against hope of one day living in a new Judea, is forced to stand aloof, and view but as a spectator the current events in the land where he is forced to spend his exile: never as an Englishman, or Frenchman, or German, or Chinaman.

Mr. Zangwill's arduous work as a Zionist and an Itoist has, alas! been in vain. To-day, despite assurances from people ignorant of the real facts, the Jews are no nearer possessing a country of their own than they were a hundred years ago. The eight million Jews in Russia and Poland and Roumania are helpless, whilst the handful of powerful Jews in England and America are far too comfortable to give ear to the new prophet and redeemer. Some of the latter even regard Mr. Zangwill with suspicion. . . . Other people's vineyards do the Jews mind, but their own vineyard is neglected. They produce Cabinet Ministers for strangers, but amongst all their Prophets, Priests and Pawnbrokers they cannot find a man to take them out of exile. Their only hope now seems to be that the anti-Semites will discover with Mr. Shaw that it is impossible to horde the Jews together and fling them into the ocean; so the only way to get rid of them is *to help them to get a land of their own.*

J. BULVAR SCHWARTZ.

* * *

THE POSITION OF RUSSO-JEWISH REFUGEES.

Sir,—I have read Mr. Joseph Leftwich's letter in your issue of yesterday with the greatest sympathy and approval. My own opinions on this important matter—which, I venture to think, are also the opinions of most sane Englishmen—may be summed up as follows:—

The British Government is not legally justified in exacting military service from any but British citizens; the Russo-Jewish refugees now in this country are not British citizens.

The Russian Government is not morally justified in exacting military service from people to whom it denies political rights. But that is the Russian Government's own business.

It is no part of English statesmen's business to perform the functions of Russian policemen.

As this point of idea is far more eloquently expressed in a communication I have just received, I enclose it, and should be grateful to you if you would give it the hospitality of your paper.

G. F. ABBOTT.

THE POSITION OF RUSSIAN JEWS—INTERVIEW WITH A FRENCH DEPUTY.

Mr. Abraham Bezalel, hon. secretary of the Foreign Jews' Protection Committee, has obtained an interview with M. Marius Moutet, député de la Chambre des Communes, and a member of the Franco-British Inter-Parliamentary Committee. M. Moutet championed the cause of the foreign Jews in France, and on the position of the foreign Jews in England replied as follows:—

"I can, of course, only express an opinion on this subject in so far as it touches the common interests of France and Great Britain. These interests are many and far-reaching, because the attitude of the British Government may have serious consequences in France in possibly reviving a campaign to which the French Government put an end by the application of Liberal measures. The question of the compulsory enlistment of Russian refugees, especially the Jews, was raised by the Nationalist and anti-Semite party. The refugee population was alarmed and fearful of being forced into special regiments like the Foreign Legion or of being deported to Russia or interned in concentration camps. I wrote to the Minister and received a reply that he had never entertained any idea of compulsion or threats, but simply wished to appeal to the consciences of those who were receiving protection and hospitality in France, in the hope that they would regard it as their duty to defend the land of liberty.

"We pointed out to the Minister of the Interior that it was not just to compel men who were in the country, not of their own free will, and were not admitted to the Army because they were political refugees and had no status as citizens. We added that the victims of religious persecution could not be expected to fight for a liberty they had never known, since they had been driven from their own country where their own people were still suffering terribly. They had not acquired the rights of citizens in the country of refuge. And we declared that the agitation seemed to us both dangerous and futile, since it would make us appear to be taking to persecution for an absolutely insignificant result.

"The Jewish refugees have done their duty, since on inquiry we found that 8,000 out of 40,000 had attempted to enlist and that more than 3,000 had fought gloriously with the French Colours.

"The exodus of these refugees to other countries would be exploited by the pro-Germans as the result of Russian influence on France, at a time when we are standing as the champions of the rights of nationalities. Instead of procuring equal rights for the Jews from Russia, we should appear to be sacrificing many of our liberal principles by thus limiting the right of asylum.

"The Minister accepted our arguments, and appointed a committee on which champions of the Jews, such as M. Durkheim, the well-known sociologist and professor at the Sorbonne, were admitted. This committee, which was composed of men of very high standing, made the report mentioned above, and the committee came to the conclusion that it was unnecessary to proceed further.

"I do not know the position of the Jews in England, but it is surely to our common interest in this question not even to appear to be yielding to a demand from Russia while she refuses to accept our demand for equal rights for Jews. If we are the champions of the rights of nationality, as I believe we are, and this war is a war for liberty, our duty is to do nothing to coerce those who have neither rights nor liberties.

"We cannot disregard the opinion of neutral countries, and it is clear that they will believe that England is yielding to pressure from Russia. The refugees will say that, after being driven from their country, they found no asylum in the countries in which they had put their trust.

"For my own part, I believe entirely in the cause which the Allies are defending by war. I am a soldier, my nearest relatives have fallen in the field of battle. My country is suffering unjustly, and I should not be doing my duty if I did not ask all who could to support it in the fearful struggle in which we are engaged.

"I am bound in honour to defend liberty, and I ask all who share the same ideals to defend them with me for those who stand in need of them.

"That is all I could say to the British Government if any of its members were to honour me with a discussion of this important matter. I should urge, (1) that they should not rouse an anti-Semite agitation here; (2) that they should not give satisfaction to Russia if Russia will not give satisfaction to us; (3) that they should avoid making us appear in the eyes of neutrals as persecutors defying the principles which we are supposed to be defending."

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Press Cuttings.

No announcement has yet been made by the Government concerning the manner in which the expenses of the war are to be met. But equally, it is to be observed, no offer of voluntary assistance has yet been made by our City classes. These latter, we know, are in times of peace in the habit of saving some two hundred millions a year, the bulk of which they invest in foreign and colonial enterprises. What is to prevent their offering this amount, if not as a free gift to the nation, at least as a loan without interest, seeing that it represents merely the increment of their possessions, and in no real sense constitutes any diminution of their present income? The effect of such an offer on their part, we do not hesitate to say, would be to prove the moral superiority of England over Germany as no mere military victory ever can.—THE NEW AGE (October 29, 1914).

We frankly say that, if this war leaves the wage-system standing as firmly as it now stands in England, it will have been waged in vain. Only a French Revolution will thereafter be of the smallest hope. And unless the Trade Unions emerge from the war stronger than they have entered it, and with national recognition to their credit for national services rendered, the wage-system, we are certain, will remain.—THE NEW AGE (September 3, 1914).

The Tramways Committee of the Aberdeen Town Council met to-day—Councillor Robertson presiding—when it was reported that the tramway undertaking was now under the Munitions of War Amendment Act, 1916, which would prevent strikes or lock-outs in the department, and also ensure that no employee should leave the department without a certificate.—"Aberdeen Free Press."

It would have been a mild measure of encouragement to Labour in Canada to have selected two of the six national directors for the subsidised transcontinental railways from the ranks of the organised railway workers. It would not have committed the federal government to any ism, nor would it have unduly upset the balance between what is termed Capital and Labour. It would have given Labour some valuable practical experience in management, and a new point of view of the difficulties and problems of administration as seen from the directors' board.

Perhaps more important in the coming social and economic changes after the war, to have given representative union leaders a share in the management of the transcontinental railways would have tended to promote closer co-operation between Labour and the State; and, perhaps more important than raising wages, it would have tended *to raise the status of Labour in Canada. Material reward* is not the only idea inspiring the world of labour to go forward. There is also a striving for what might be termed satisfaction. A sense of interest and responsibility will tend to inspire a worker to higher effort, and this can be awakened by improving the status as well as by advancing the wages of Labour.—"Ottawa Citizen."

Unquestionably the most important item on the preliminary agenda of the Trade Union Congress, which will be held at Birmingham during the week commencing September 4th, is the resolution of the Parliamentary Committee dealing with the restoration of Trade Union rights after the war. The Congress is asked to empower the Parliamentary Committee to "call for the *status quo ante* when peace is declared," and "should the Government fail to keep faith with organised Labour in this matter," to authorise the calling of a Special Congress, "at which the Ministers who urged the workers in a time of national peril to forgo rights and privileges shall be invited to be present." Whilst we have never disguised our conviction that organised Labour will have to undertake the stiffest fight in its history before it will secure the restoration of its pre-war rights, we confess to some astonishment that the Parliamentary Committee, the majority of whom has all along professed to repose absolute confidence in the promises of Mr. Lloyd George and other Ministers, should now openly anticipate a possible breach of faith on the part of the Government. In this connection it is well to recall the exact words used by Mr. Lloyd George in the House of Commons on July 28th of last year. "I hope," he said, "they [the men] will take not merely a promise, but a solemn undertaking put in an Act of Parliament, in which not only the Government, but the whole of the House of Commons and the House of Lords, undertook that at the end of the war the fact of the men abandoning those practices now will not prevent them from restoring the practices at the end of the war." Speaking after Mr. Lloyd George, John Hodge, then leader of the Labour Party, declared that he was "prepared to trust Parliament and the employers." Are we, then, to assume that the Parliamentary Committee's eyes are at last opened to the realities of the situation, or is their resolution merely an attempt to forestall something much stronger from one of the more militant unions? The ludicrous anti-climax contained in the tail-end of the resolution, which threatens faithless Ministers with the dire pains and penalties of "being invited to be present" at a Special Congress, suggests that Labour leaders are once more trying to stop effective action, as they did in the case of conscription. If the Government fails to keep faith in the matter, it is not Mr. Lloyd George, but certain Labour leaders who should be "invited to be present" and explain.—"The Call."

There was a good deal of comment in the Lobby yesterday on the Prime Minister's announcement on the previous day that the Government are considering a post-war policy which is intended to secure a fairer distribution among all classes of the products of our industry. Too much need not be made of a rather vague declaration, which was not amplified in any detail. Still it is known that the Reconstruction Committee are inquiring into the subject of social and industrial conditions after the war, and Mr. Asquith's statement shows that large changes of State policy are contemplated.

The Labour Members are quite in the dark. They have their own ideas on the establishment of the principle of a minimum wage and factory co-partnership on the Australian model, but the Party as a whole has not so far adopted a post-war programme. Nor has it been consulted as a Party by the Prime Minister or other Ministers on these weighty matters. At the same time, Mr. Asquith's statement is already leading social and industrial reformers to throw their ideas as to the solution of the foremost after-war problem into the common stock. It will be found that Parliament as a whole concurs in the shrewd remark of Mr. John Hodge, that when our soldiers come back from France they will not be satisfied with their former standard of life.—"Times."

The Guild System is thus a necessary piece of machinery for the rescue of the world of work from the debasing influences of modern commercialism; and, as such, it embraces in its purview, theoretically, not merely *the higher branches of activity, such as Art, but the* whole world of work. And that is why, amongst other things, those who are advocates of the Guild System are also enthusiasts for the revival of Handicrafts. For they see in an organised revival of Handicrafts the readiest means of reinfusing life and a love of excellence into the humbler departments of manual labour. That every worker should love his work, should take trouble over it, should put his whole individuality into it, should consciously strive to excel in it, and, after some time, should be able to subsist upon it—this in a few words sums up the ideal of the Guild System, and it is because of the obvious need for the revival of a spirit like this, in order to rescue the world of work from the slough into which it has been allowed to fall, that the possibility of a revived Guild System is engaging so many practical and idealistic minds to-day.

Taken together with the first of the great phases above alluded to, the ideal represented by the Guild System clearly, then, marks a necessary development in the process through which the world of human activity must pass if it is to reach redemption.

The first phase was the specialisation of work and the organising of it into clearly defined departments. The second phase is the demand that each of these departments should have its own ideal, and should aim at its own special standards of excellence. In other words, the task of the first was to carve out the limbs and organs of Labour; the task of the second is to vivify these with a noble, healthy life—for there can be no really living work without an ideal. To articulate and to inspire with life—these two phrases sum up the first two phases of the great process.—"Bibby's Annual."

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