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 familiar to our readers in these pages may be spread now as opportunity offers. For 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 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. The obligation is therefore upon us in considering the 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 one and the other are both chronic problems. 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 labor and with penalties for strikes and with no punishment for pro-

fiteering. 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 position has been doubled? 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 workers who are likely to be discharged from industry. 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 that which makes the difference. The period of six or twelve months during which the demobilised troops and workers are to be paid to show up and be paid is, as it may, hundreds of thousands of them still out of work—can their suffering and unemploy-

ment 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.

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 the soldiers 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, as we have pointed out above, 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 it 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, it is to this that we shall 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, 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 only by 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 have ourselves had our work in hand during the last 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 we think it probably much enough and the Unions unpatriotic enough to impose and to require its restoration? In the second place, it is not as if our national industry were likely to find itself made without industry out of 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 demonstrated in the foregoing paragraph. And this, expected to swim with them hereafter; for the weights 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 observed once we have observed a hundred times that the benefits that result from the new policy are 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 the 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 inept 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 misapprehension of the current Spectator may be found in the commodity theory of Labour, the "Spectator" says: "We are unable to discover why a man who stands up and offers his tea or butter 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 the "Spectator" unable not to discover (for we will save it the labour of originality), but to appreciate the 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 in profit of whose labour is his only ware must go with his labour.

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 get if they are prepared to bargain their present pledge 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 in the light of its not heavier; and the 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 call in 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 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 the interference of 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 wage-legislation, is the most 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 the conspiracy to make the State to effect it. The prospect from Mr. Asquith's promise, coupled with the condition implied in it of re-leasing the Government from its pledge to restore Trade Union restrictions, is therefore this: that the Unions will find themselves with no new weapons with which to make their appeal to the State or to guarantee under the joint control of the State and Capital in certain minas of wages and conditions of labour, as per the Fabian programme. But say what you please of the security the "fair 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 safeguard no other of the privileges that Labour has won may yet win, even the privileges conferred upon it by the State must needs be precarious.

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 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 it solution lies in abolishing both classes equally and simul-taneously? 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. How is 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 these 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 question, again, of realising any such plans for saving us from servile labour is 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 Greece and Roumania, while it might also be seen as a matter of great importance with the Austro-Hungarians, with whom Greece is at present in a state of relative neutrality.

The recent Bulgarian incursions on the Roumanian frontier have been carried out, would have left Roumania helpless. The advance from the Salonika area, where, as the comments in enemy newspapers show, the Entente Powers are well prepared with men and guns.

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 Roumanian Presses that an AngIo-British 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 manoeuvre, if it could have been carried out, would have left Roumania helpless. The recent Bulgarian incursions on the Roumanian border seem to have been "feeler," 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.

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 this is but the beginning of the effects of the situation in the Balkans, and that is that Germany cannot now afford to wait, though the Allies could. Every day added to our troops on the Salonika front 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.

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 the personal safety; and in this regard there is an awkward precedent in the Balkan War. The Entente Powers, if they should 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 German General Staff 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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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 affected the southern life—southern life—replaced old a new war-cry. Consciously or not, the prejudice of race now directs, or at any rate stimulates, the ambition of States, inspires their poetry, and tingles even their philosophers. The idea that the fact of race has lasting power of a tragic destiny. There are good races manifestly of Slavonic descent. Eastern Prussia, as Tacitus wrote. Some of the most truculent exponents of such a theory, let the arguments by which it is supported be ever so specious and acute, is palpable to anyone who has read their books, listened to their talk, and undergone the distressing fact that a pure race is to be found anywhere; that the skeletons of Parisian women for the bones of Kalmuck soldiers. It is then clear enough that those who seek sanction for the roasting 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 is not Slavonic. It is hard to define that common element. It is upon this basis, as wide as the earth, that Muscovite politicians attempt to build their Pan-Slavist 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; that there is, is a common Jewish tradition, which results in a certain social type. Take from the English, French, German, Russian, and Spanish men of various origins could be separated, put down in widely scattered Sands, and forbidden all intercourse for some centuries, then you might produce a Turk with the face of a Greek, a Russian of Hungarian extraction, bringing 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 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 offener in books like Herodotus and Plutarch than in any geographical 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 thrust-cutting in racial incompatibility are running after an illusion no less illusive than those who at one time sought sanction for the roasting of
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 here hold the prejudices of colour, creed, and race answerable for a good deal of the sorrow and suffering that afflicts 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, unloved, mighty monsters, fathers of an endless series of unending 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 the 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-brokering, 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; but this is a matter of amicable arrangement.

Let us take a few instances of this banking participation in industry—participation in 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 Diskont-Gesellschaft is responsible for the financing of much 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, as a very large proportion of this business
is 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 overseas markets. This is
a class of business which 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 con-
sortiums. There are still the three thousand "private" banks in Germany; these smaller financial institutions are in nearly every case, and quite inevitably, associated with some large district
banks. For example, the Maerkische Bank (Bochum)
controls 54 of these 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
£40,000,000—it is 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 £2,000,000. 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 group 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, 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 Government.

Rieser, 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," says 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 overseas
markets." That phrase, also, was not understood
until the end of 1914.

In his new book Naumann has little opportunity of
seeing into detailed figures of German cartels; but for
at least fifteen years he has urged the necessity for
"stronger 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 pool-
ing 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 1900 to 50 million. This bank translated its
name into Spanish, and soon the Banco Almann Trans-
atlantico 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, 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 kept cropping up—the Banque Ottomane, the
National Bank of Turkey, and the Orient Bank—of which
they had done in a large measure even before the war. In 1905 the Berlin Nationalbank and the
greek Bank for National and Commercial
transactions 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 discussion with the Greek
National Bank a stronger company was formed in 1906,
the Dresdner and Schaaffhausen 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
Fezhanbca and Tangier.

The influence of the German bankers on Turkey is
known to all recent history. They have had dealings with
the Balkans also 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,
which it sold later; 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 Liége at Liége, as the Banque
Anversoise at Antwerp, as the Banque Internationale at
Brussels, and so Turkey, 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. Treasure even
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 reasons 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 economic interdependence, 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 Valetta to produce oranges, Cuba sugar, Argentine corn and meat, and England coal than that Valetta should produce machinery and England oranges. For the oranges that England produces in glass-houses would cost four shillings a piece, and a locomotive in Valetta would cost sixty pounds. England would import in order 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 Caesar 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.

Further, things being equal there is no doubt that economic interdependence will make more powerful all the nations of the earth. But there are also natiacs that prefer to concentrate their energies in ameliorating their position relatively to that of others. Their motto, like that of Julius Caesar, 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 that 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 lie 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 man 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 nations. If only one of the two shut 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.

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 to reform? To you, workers at the mill and in the mine, the question to-day is, how far have you already degenerated in physique, in character, in numbers and organisation, until at last it has become a prey to a few barbarous tribes on its frontier and was utterly destroyed.

To sum up in the course of a few minutes the story of the Roman Empire is in itself too 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 centre lies Rome, the capital; and every country that borders on it is included within the circle of the Roman Empire, the circle which, like myself, has spent their lives in books, long and short, in the social life of today, and can make out the limits within which reform is possible?

Opinions differ. There is a school which 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 accurate 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 and short, in the social life of today, and can make out the limits within which reform is possible?

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 still 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, in the main, were the men, working 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 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 those 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 the life of one of its members.
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 as the work was, turning the soil, clearing the woods, 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, so that for the Union, which 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 families and the land, and it aimed at securing a home to work in and 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, they went with the Roman world. And when the Union, as a neighbouring tribe, the Volscians or the Aequians, 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 Rome found 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 peril. On the passes of the Alps came wave after wave of invaders. To the North, the merciless 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 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. The new Republic was not 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 dwelt 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 when danger threatened. There should be a trained professional army, ready to carry on war in summer and winter alike. These conceptions were destined to be 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 high and far away. But there was no permanent 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:and the parliaments, the 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 as long as they lived they would find 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, for which substantial 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
In the first century, it says, Rome was ruled by a series of bloodthirsty tyrants, Titurius, Nero, Domian, and others, whose names are rightly infamous. In the second century, it was ruled by benevolent philosophers Nerv, 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 factors 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-engine was introduced by an ambitious citizen, who might 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 luxury, and lived amongst nature in primitive independence. But 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 knew on one day become a nation, should they only be let alone, 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 up their 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 amongst the enemy. At the moment of its maximum power, Rome had but four provinces, and three in Germany. 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 culture and thought stood crushed and stunted. 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.

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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 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 Mahomedan 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. Purely physical laws are deduced from a knowledge of the properties of matter; and 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 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 age.
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 than it was, and at a weak point, the musicians still perform on their 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 boat, and so forth. In case of accidents, such men may find shift to escape.

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 cases 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 boat, and so forth. In case of accidents, such men may find shift to escape.

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 as famines in another: there might be war of which many inhabitants in remote parts never heard. Everywhere the farmstead was practically independent. Today 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 our trade. The capture of Liverpool or London by a foreign army 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 friction, energy, elasticity, self-assertion, and vitality of the individual. These are 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 turn to the following lectures the detailed history of the Roman friendly societies.

(To be continued.)
Respectability is bad enough, but the alternative is ridiculous. Lancashire thinks clever today, England declared to be so. Respectability is really made ridiculous by the appearance of trickery. Liberty is not libertinism, and the invention of the English Press; it is the denouement of the card-sharper is dexterous, but the blackmailer has no heart; he has not even the courage to speak, and he is paid for his services. It is a curious example of the effect a play may have on moral ideas. Blackmail certainly does not soil the hands of the ordinary mortals who occupy that position, but to regard it as a nice way of securing the verdict of both law and literature. Balzac declared that blackmail was the meanest form of earning a living. It is, after all, the lowest of the down-and-outs, and the lower classes are the only ones who can afford to support such a career. But a folly cannot be corrected by a crime; a legal action against a fraud is not a crime, but a folly. The family is nothing to him; personal friends are nothing to him. All that casts over the uglinesses and hardships that may come: Mr. Clugston is a perfect little Christian. I think not so, however, because he lacked sincerity; he did not live up to his own standard of behaviour, and he was bought to have been made to do so. But to set against him is to set against an attitude which is far from the truth. Blackmail is to prefer a blackguard to a conventional hypocrite. One can only imagine the chauffer 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. Malby intended to make us laugh at him, he has failed; and decadence is not progress.
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 love is, in Shaw's view of it, and the love is to be denied 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 selfish and romantically attached to each other; that men and women are only selfishly and romantically united. His Christian love to spring? Shaw's point of view seems to be that...

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 another. Mr. Shaw 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 not what 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...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. They are only useful to the association they believe in if: if not, not. This is all well for the person with the talent for the kind of utility required; but what is to become of the people (the despised and 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? What if not the more practical 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 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 could he have a use for 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 Rabbi, Ibsen has suggested that Jesus said 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 laissez-faire but savoir faire!

Shaw's fancy really seems to be of some vegetable kingdom. For is it scarcely even animal. Are we to believe 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 women exclusively for social work—this is surely the logic. The man 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 service 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 extinct. In fact, the State 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, the only man who can 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 for the person with the talent for the kind of utility required 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 in a partnership in order to achieve results in the world, but also, 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 a fusion of only a foundation of 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. Beehoffer.

XV.—LIGHT FROM THE NEAR EAST.

It was very hot in the bazaar. The glaring strip of road 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 noonday heat of Damascus. To old Masr the Beggar, 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 strolling about, eager for any form of mischief or pilage.

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 son of the moon and glory of the sun's rays, O beloved of Emirs, O apple of my eye, O father of my children, O gladness of my liver and remarked of men in high places, O lord of peace!—O noble Suleyman, I do not know 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 beloved of Emirs, O apple of my eye, O father of my children, O gladness of my liver and remarked of men in high places, O lord of 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 men do abroad in the heat of day, when all true believers repose and only Christians—(may their teeth ache!)—talk 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 talk of in the coffee houses, who—(may his legs drop off!)—pretends to have adopted our faith, and to have

"Masr, with a comic air of excitement 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!—Din, din, din, and all with their corpses and burst with repulsion. O my uncle, those were the days of day. 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-liht 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 lost in the mouth squashing in 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 beggar was heard 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
thefield...Wah, wah...Obeloved...Give mebuttot writethis in a book..."

When all his money was gone and the bag was empty, the Frank arose, dizzy from delight, and with undeviating steps approached to his head, and as soon as he was gone, old Masr cried in his natural voice, "O Suleyman, Omyfriend!" Fat Suleyman woke up and answered drowsily, "O myuncle, 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 thought? And what if Mirabeu said 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 the Teutonicle in the name 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 perpetually 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 ever grasped such a dictatorship. So, rightly considered, war, whether tribal, city, or national, has no Pope in the fullness of his power ever grasped such a dictatorship. So, rightly considered, war, whether tribal, city, or national, has not ever grasped such a dictatorship...

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 in this direction, the world itself is not far behind. We can imagine the Teutons in the name 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 perpetually 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.

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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 dreamed 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 replies 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 leden soldiers that were made out of the same old leden spoon. And then political sentiment can account for the appalling appearance of some of the fairest regions of France. Imagine Corot's countryside—Haunted by the 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 need to regard everything within the region of expansion as part and parcel of the Self. William James has remarked that it is characteristic of correman to clothe himself with his hands, lands, servants, pots, pans, ox and ass, as essential background parts of his stock-in-trade. If he has a world-mind like Caesar 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 natural fare. So they left off licking manna from off each other's faces and took to active cannibalism. Thus man veiled the habit of putting men inside him and his things upon them. Thus he supplanted 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-depot. 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 a killing of a first principle of civilization. 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 man, and the loss of desire is hidden identity. The darkness drew on. It was a desire to expand outwardly instead of inwardly. It was a desire to enter the House of Many Mansions. Will it ever be received with forgiveness by its mother? Would the winds with wandering feet be as before the evangelists of her heart? Or would I feel like an outcast amid the mountains, the dark valleys and the shining lakes? I knew it would come. I was aged; I knew it would come.

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 feet be as before the evangelists of her heart? Or would I feel like an outcast amid the mountains, the dark valleys and the shining lakes? I knew it would come. I was aged; I knew it would come.

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 is a day 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 war 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 me. It was a life in the light of the Champs Elysees. But I will return to this recovery of Nature, Parnassus, and Olympus.

HUNTY CARTER.

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 yearned in boyhood. I still knew there were more 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 Mother of us all receive me again as one of her children? Would the winds with wandering feet be as before the evangelists of her heart? Or would I feel like an outcast amid the mountains, the dark valleys and the shining lakes? I knew it would come. I was aged; I knew it would come.

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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. It if would but raise for an instant I knew what was in Paradise. A floral 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 domination over the spirit; and I listened with my whole being, and these apparitions would fade away and I would be the mean and miserable boy once more. So might one have felt who had served the 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
Mirrored there as in a glass.

"Earth, whose dreams are we and they,
With her deep hearts gladness fills
All our human lips can say
O'er sung, star-fried sky thrills.

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, and this the sudden uprisings 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 Fael Fia was drawn about that lordly house. Yet though the imagination apprehended truly that this beauty was not mine and hailed it by its heavenly 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 to be made 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 contact came I felt as Dante might have felt after conceiving that beloved face before as if it were his own: "She is rapt in dreams divine."

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 the 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 death of this girl fills me with unspeakable dismay. In charity to women it ought to have been husked 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 plaudits and food, 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 utter with magnificent simplicity what private people have hitherto hardly dared to think amidst the shouting of all around their ears. The 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 to 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, instead of adding to the obstacles 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 to understand that 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 our 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 little rope), whereas ours struts 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 reconciliation. The French papers pointed out 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 disagree to en masse. Mr. de Maetzu 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 the rest of trouble, it is made by the newspapers 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.

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.**


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 beet and beer,
As thick as a novel by H. G. Wells,
Whose prophecy only the profiteer swells.

Into the pawnshop we all shall go,
Money will jump from the "Daily News"
While men and things all in a row,
The years will come, and the wind will blow,
But there we shall be, this you must know.

O workman, I'm thinking the pawnshop balls
Will swing over corners, hall and all.

Over men, over cows, over beer, over stalls,
The stars will laugh and the moon will smile,
For the sun will sit on some heaven's stile,
And roar with joy at those things called men.

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, we 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 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 discernance to shine in. In the kind of the silly, the one who is just 'not silly' is a prophet.

Oh, the little more, and how much it is! And the 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? Wherever there is 'air,' even 'hot air,' there is Mr. Stuart inhaling and exhaling like the ventilating system 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 breathe upon everybody, from Sun-Yat-Sen to President Wilson, about something that he calls Fine-ance. On this point, the python on his shoulder says: "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 much like Andrew Carnegie); which extends not only to the quality of the vision, but to their style. There is the same curious difficulty about reading them, a sort of feeling that one is uncertain of the real meaning of that complaint is only possible 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 complaint is only possible; 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 topples; if we cannot see the gold that is there, it might just as well not be there; and if no gold be there, the colour of money and wisdom will be destroyed by those who are wise, and look it. Come, China, and conquer us.

* "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 to the heels,
Advantage take my best of Js
Of what one feels
Is weather 'twill 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
(All so long enjoyed!)
Until you've trod with me the ways
Bohman where habitues
Of famed Parnassus sport the bays
And rule the roast;
Drunk tea and ate (ne'er mind who pays!)
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 yawn)
To ride again in't—where the phase
Of cards will dissipate the haze
Parnassian; cards—and Chess (always
Of famed Parnassus sport the bays
The King of Games),
What time the "weex" its grateful traits
Exhibits. (James
The First's book 'gainst it doth amaze
By the great rudeness it displays.
Nick subjects now to Helly's X-rays
That wisest Fool
Nick's envy; the "weex" plant their assegais
In him, to cool
His counterblasting zeal—relays
Of demons his lanc lark carcasse blaze.
These long parenthesis delays
My argument.
Where were we?—Chess!—Your Queen mine slays!
Shall I lament?
Never! I'll mouth the "Marcellaise;"
And strive my utmost to erase
The mantling glow which airy conveys
Your Hennish glees,
What's more, will do, if Nan obeys
The instinct she
Evices (sometimes), and our fray's
Not counted by her suppers-trays.
"Supper's" the word!—don't sayt 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 tried.
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.
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

Sir,—The "lugubrious hypothesis" to which S. Verdad reduces the sensible and well-reasoned arguments of Jean Longuet, is one of those "artefacts" 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 of Dardanelles from Constantinople and the Dardanelles may possibly partake of an inevitable character to your correspondent; it certainly is not so apparent that the "very worthy people" inevitability grows more remote as we read the assumptions by which it is supported, culminating, as those assumptions do, in the cynical contempt for the British in the forecase 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 Barres 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 arrived at 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 interpreted as meaning that the people who are fighting, to say nothing of the racial problem involved and the cynical contempt for public opinion in England, France, and Russia, and Dardanelles problem means for Russia no more than Alsace-Lorraine does for France. It does not mean very much indeed. But M. Miliukov has not read S. Verdad's exposition, I still prefer M. Longuet. I wonder if your correspondent would see that such is best arranged by dealing with the engineers and the workers into a mere self-governing organisations, the associations, but expressed themselves willing, as usual, to consider grievances put forward by deputations of their individual employees. The companies 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' recent war that they were too hard of heart to take up the associations might fall into the hands of "uncrumpulous 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 a lawyer, "If fair treatment and full dealing are a general rule, 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 (more in ten offices among them than were forced the companies to a complete surrender, and had all their demands satisfied.

Mr. Zangwill and Zion.

Sir,—Much indignation has been aroused in England as a result of the appearance in Mr. Zangwill's latest book, "The War for the World," I admit one's choler is raised after reading it. "All right, you can have collected had you treated them 'with ordinary courtesy. Leaving your theories "after the manner of the New Statesman" as 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 examples you have laid down, and you have laid down. The 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 as a rule, a failure. Who could resist his head in the direction of your ideas without first bowing the knee to you. These efforts to secure subversion must have driven off many who were ready for conversation.

But The New Age is rich in psychological specialists; to me 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 put his voice in 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 last 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' recent war that they were too hard of heart to take up the associations might fall into the hands of "uncrumpulous agitators." To this the associations replied:

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No man realises more than does Mr. Zangwill that the Jews supply the comic relief of the present world tragedy. Whilst millions of Jews are starving in Poland and Russia, the "encamped Jew" is making fortunes out of war contracts. The war has only been "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 faith?

Not long ago Mr. Zangwill took the chair at an assembly met together at the Hotel Cecil to hear Mr. G. B. Shaw and Mr. G. B. Zeidler. 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 hand of this gentleman, I remembered a certain Dr. Levy? He was a German. They are both Jews. A proper &quot;Jewish emancipation&quot; for such men to work upon the idea of redemption, hoping against hope of one day living in a new Judea, is to stand aloof, and view but not to enter into the current of the life 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 care for the underdog and reelector. 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 is impossible to herd 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.

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 in the following words:

The British Government is not legally justified in exacting military service from people to whom it denies citizenship. 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 they had attempted to enlist and that more than 3,000 had fought gloriously with the French Colours.

"The Exodus of the Jewish 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 Mr. 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 we could do nothing to bring about a 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 All-Russian Government by force of a solid principle: 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 denying the principles which we are supposed to be defending.

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Press Cuttings.

No announcement has yet been made by the Government, in the circumstances, of 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 fathers in the one case, or by the Home Office in the other. In the latter instance, the cost of having the railway carried out will be increased by the additional payments which will be required for the safeguarding of the undertaking. The Home Office will have to bear the charge of the railway as a whole, and the cost of maintaining the railway for the purpose of the work of the war will be met by the Government. The City fathers will have to support the railway as a whole, and the cost of the work of the war will be met by the Government. The City fathers will have to support the railway as a whole, and the cost of the work of the war will be met by the Government.