NOTES OF THE WEEK.

It is commonly enough said that this is a national war; but it appears not yet to be realised what a national war implies. Among other things it involves us in a twofold strategy, that of the military and that of the civil population; and of these two forms, indispensable in a national war, one is just as important as the other. Acting, however, upon the assumption that the war would be short, our military authorities, we know, provided themselves at the outset with only a striking force, leaving to be painfully created subsequently, and only after catastrophic instruction, the larger military force which we now possess. Great has been the abuse showered upon them for their lack of foresight, and especially by the civilian Press. But what is it but a repetition of their error into which the civil Press has itself fallen in failing to foresee the need of civil organisation and in failing to provide it? Exactly as the military authorities assumed that the dispatch of the Expeditionary Force would settle our business with Germany, and that thereafter we should have no need for further military exertions, so the civil authorities, Governmental and Press, have assumed that a few hasty improvisations of civil organisation would suffice for civil strategy and that thereafter society could be left to take care of itself. What is worse, the civil authorities are slower to learn than ever the military authorities have been. The consequences are to be seen at this moment. While, on the one side, we have a military organisation almost as complete as thought and effort can make it, we have, on the other side, a civil organisation which differs from the organisation of peace only by being more chaotic and confused. Nobody, in fact, can compare the two indispensable strategies of a national war without coming to the conclusion that as effective as we are in the military province we are ineffective in the social province. But there is no doubt that this weakness will tell in the long run against us.

The longer the war lasts the more certainly, indeed, will our social defects betray us; for it is of the essence of a national war that it is a war of social organisms in which the superior social organisation wins. When, therefore, we appeal to the Government and Press to devote some time to the consideration of social reconstruction, now while the war is still being fought, it is not with any special anxiety to grind our axe, but in the conviction which they will one day share with us that the organisation for war of the nation at home is as necessary and must be as complete as the organisation of the Army and Navy.

That the nation at large is ready to be organised is one of the satisfactory certainties of the situation. Never before in all history, we believe, has there been a nation more ready than our own to make whatever sacrifices may be necessary or advisable for the conduct of a war. The Press writes, it is true, as if it were the nation that does not yet realise the stake of the war; but, in fact, it is not the nation or public opinion that fails in this respect, but the small minority of the Press and the governing classes. To what measure of defence, declared by the Government to be necessary, has the nation objected? The complaint, on the other hand, is that the Government has not yet gone nearly far enough. They have organised us in certain directions, but in other directions, no less glaringly disorganised, they have utterly neglected to turn their attention. Nay, they have even made matters worse in some respects in attempting to improve only a part here and a part there. Yet we shall see, when the day of reckoning comes, that the burden of the blame will be laid upon "democracy." Lord Cromer will remind us that he always said that democracy was on its trial, and that war has now proved the failure of democracy. It will, however, have done nothing of the kind; for we repeat it and we challenge anybody to deny it, that a more willing people than our own at this moment never existed. From one end of
the country to the other, in every class constituting the nation proper, you will find a spirit of unity in respect of the war and willingness of its conduct that cannot possibly be improved. All that is wanting is the direction that should come from the classes who have taken good care to maintain authority exclusively in their own hands. Let it not, therefore, to whatever other cause our failure (if we should fail) may be attributed, be ascribed to democracy or to the nation at large that in the day of trial the nation failed its rulers. Rather let it be said that the rulers are failing the only will this be true, but wise. For we cannot by any chance change the nation, but we may change its rulers.

As an example of the miserable inadequacy of our governing classes' realisation of the meaning of a national war, we cannot do better than read the interview with Sir John Jackson which was published in the “Daily Mail” of last Monday. Sir John Jackson turns out to have been the contractor referred to in our notes of last week, and it was upon the references in the Press to his doings that the interview took place. Well, what did Sir John Jackson say to himself? Only that far from exercising his power to extract the highest profits for his firm's services to the State, he contented himself with exactly half his usual rate of profits. With this disclosure he apparently expects us to be satisfied; but, on the contrary, this defence of his profiteering makes us more uneasy than ever: for it reveals a view of the duty of the capitalist classes in time of war which might, perhaps, be tenable during a police-raid, but which is profoundly inapplicable to a national war, we cannot do better than read the interview with Sir John Jackson which was published in the “Daily Mail” of last Monday. Sir John Jackson, moreover, is not one of the worst of his kind. Far be it from us to charge him with an exceptionally low view either of his duty or of the need of the State. He assures us, indeed (and we believe him) that from the moment of his commission he thought of nothing else but to perform his work with the utmost dispatch and efficiency. What, however, we have to observe is that such a man should still require that his duty should be paid for in profits and above the cost of its discharge—as if, in fact, the war were nothing more to him than a hobby of the Government which he would indulge to the extent of half his usual profits, but no further. The comparison, you will see, in Sir John Jackson's mind, was between the less and the more urgent, the less and the more normal. The war, he was prepared to assume, was something out of the normal, and therefore worthy of a concession of profits equally, if not more, out of the normal. But what it was not, in his opinion, was something unique, unparalleled and beyond all comparison with anything merely normal. This, however, is exactly what this war is; and if our governing classes have not yet realised it, we must make them realise it. To compare the present war with anything hitherto known, either in peace or in war, is to be blind to the distinction of this war over every event that has ever occurred in our history. It is a catastrophe, it is a day of judgment, it is the final reckoning, it is everything that expresses a unique and final decision. To treat it as if it were of half the national concern of any ordinary State affair—as Sir John Jackson treats it—is utterly to mistake its character; and the very fact that such a man does it is one of the most disquieting symptoms we have seen.

We have said that Sir John Jackson is not the worst of the profiteers. Our case, in fact, is that he is probably one of the best. What may be expected of the worst when they have their example to follow may be seen in the figures that are now being published of the dividends of various companies. Take, for example, the colliery companies. It is the “Times” that informs us that “the prosperity [note the irony!] of colliery proprietors and coal merchants is increasing by leaps and bounds.” And the “Times,” surely in the same spirit of irony, adds that “since the Limitation of Prices Act was passed, both profits and dividends have been increasing rapidly.” With the “prosperity” of the ship-owners we are familiar enough; and of the “prosperity” of almost every other company doing business with the State the financial columns of the Press are witness. The “Financial News” is even horrified by the profit our business men are making; and calculates that of the four millions a day we are spending on the war, about a million is private profit! What, in heaven's name, is to be the end of it? What, in heaven's name, is to be the end of it? And what, before that question is answered, is the possible defence of it? There is to our mind only one excuse our profiteers can plead and that is that they do not take the war seriously. But that, again, is to excuse criminality by imbecility; for not to take the war seriously is one of the best. What may be expected of the worst of the worst? For the monsters of Mr. Dyson's imagination are angels by the side of the men who are making war-profits, and the most sanguinary battle is a parricide in comparison with the fiendish sport of our profiteers. Anybody with a spark of humanity must admit that this is so; and, in fact, we do not see any eagerness on the part of profiteers to make their names known. For the most part they will not sign with titles and company-names, but support the public in the dark. What, however, they cannot conceal is the fact of their presence among us. It smells to heaven. The nation, we know, is growing poorer; it cannot but be so. We are growing poorer by four millions a day. At the same time, some few thousand amongst us are growing richer, richer, as the nation grows poorer. Only to think of that strange paradox is to realise how far we are from even the beginning of a commonwealth. And when we reflect that profiteers can still live in peace in our midst, and go in no danger of being hung upon lamp-posts, we may learn how far we are also from even feeling like a commonwealth.

That, sooner or later, a peremptory halt will be called to making profit out of the war we do not, however, doubt for one moment. It is not in human nature to allow a scandal of this kind to continue in the length of a national war for existence. The Confiscation of Wealth ridiculed a few months ago, but now almost everywhere suppressed with alarm, is as certain to appear again as a hidden fire will burn its way to light. Nor will the mere taxation of current income, to whatever extent it is carried, satisfy the demands that will one day be made. What will be insisted upon is that, as the war will certainly leave the nation poorer in actual capital, capitalists themselves shall be made also poorer; for it is monstrous to allow that the capital of a country can be destroyed and capitalists be as well off as before. Once more we say, therefore, that the Confiscation of Capital is coming. We do not, of course, profess to know by what means or in what way it will come; but the choice most certainly is between a voluntary surrender and an out and out compulsory forfeiture. Our capitalist classes may, if they choose, after examining the auguries, conclude of their own free motion to treat the nationalised property which they have made and furthermore to cancel their loans to the nation by, say, a half or three-quarters of the nominal amount. Or they may wait until events create a demand for the repudiation of the war-debt in which they stand a chance of losing their all. One or other of these courses is probable, it appears to us, unless our wealthy classes are prepared for a third course which would be even worse for them, namely, surrender to
Germany and the conscription of their wealth for the repayment of Germany's, instead of England's, war-loan.

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The problem of Money, however, may be left for the moment. There is a more immediate problem with which we must deal: it is the problem of food. Replying to Mr. Churchill, Mr. Prestyman on behalf of the Government made a confession upon this subject which we can only say should have been followed by his instant dismissal from office. The problem, he said, was so difficult that he could see no way of solving it. Then what on earth is he in office for? Suppose it had been said by the Army or Navy that their problem, that of overcoming Germany, was too difficult for them—we fancy that public opinion would have some comment to make. Is the problem of feeding the nation more difficult than the problem of defending the nation? The utmost sympathy, however, seems to be felt for the Government by some of the very journals who would kick the Government out if it confessed to being unable to solve the military problem. The "Times," for instance, knows it is a fine purpose the "Times"—asks in piteous tones for mercy upon Mr. Prestyman on the plea that nobody knows whether and by what means prices can be reduced. There are, it says, "plenty of unscrupulous rogues who would shear their fellow-countrymen to the skin if they saw the way to do it"; and these, the "Times" says, should be hung as high as Haman. But, after all, it asks: "Are there any such people actually doing it?" That there are such people, and that they are taking advantage of the Law of Supply and Demand to shear their fellow-countrymen to the skin, is as certain as that none of them will be hung. The "Times" must know it even better than we can guess it. Food prices do not go up of their own accord. The law of economics is, at bottom, every one of them personal; and behind all the movements of price are the movements of the minds of men. Who are the dealers in food that are now making excessive profits? Great or small they are also the people who are shearing up the skin. Let us not beat about the bushes for scoundrels, or blame America for what is the fault of our own fellow-citizens. Every trader now making a penny of profit in excess of his pre-war profit is responsible for his share of the trouble the whole problem is causing us. Let him offer what excuse he pleases, but if he does not say, if you please, that this is impossible. Once we have told ourselves that this is impossible, the whole problem is soluble, and if we maintain the "Times" is infinitely simpler problem of organising our resources, home and foreign, and of distributing them where they are needed—the Law of Supply and Demand being openly abandoned. We suggest the immediate creation of a Civil Commissariat Committee of the Cabinet and its division into two sub-committees, each with power to co-opt upon its membership the best available practical men; one committee to be responsible for the purchase and importation from abroad of the foreign supplies we most need (all luxuries excluded); and the other Committee to superintend the collection of our home supplies. This is the first step. The next would be to set up in every county, county-borough, district and parish, voluntary but representative committees charged under the Cabinet Committee of duties of requisitioning the home supplies of their neighbourhood, distributing them equitably, receiving and distributing their share of the foreign supplies, and transferring all surpluses to the committee next above them. A uniform price over the whole country should be charged, and for this purpose all railway and other carriage should be free of cost. The inhabitants of Orkney or of Cornwall should be as free to buy food as they now buy stamps and at the price they would pay if they were in any other part of the country. And do not say, if you please, that this is impossible. Once more we have the Army for an example. If it is possible to feed the Army uniformly it is much easier to feed the self-contained nation uniformly. And let us not take Mr. Prestyman's word for it, or the "Times'" word for it, that it is impossible. Left to such people to decide, nothing worth while will ever be done, for it is notorious that the "Times" in particular has always opposed every national work on the plea that it is impossible. And even to-day it is only with the military aspect of the war that the "Times" is concerned, and that because the military aspect brings gits to its mill of sensation. The fact is, that the real problem of food-distribution is well within the scope of the nation; and, moreover, if the war continues, that it will be imperative if we are not to be defeated. It is only to-day that Mr. Prestyman said it is impossible and still remain a member of the Government. To-morrow or next year a member of the Government who should say so would be haled as Rip Van Winkle—or something much worse.
The participation of Italy in the Balkan campaign rendered a declaration of war on Germany inevitable. It was bound to come, Balkan campaign or not, and the delay, which to many people seemed puzzling, was largely due to financial reasons. The economic dependence of Italy upon Germany has been more marked than that of any other country, and Italy's financial independence has been transferred to a considerable extent to other lands. Nor is it right to suggest, as I have seen it suggested in some quarters already, that this formal declaration of war leaves the military situation unchanged. There are vital parts of the German Empire which lie nearer to the Italian line than any parts of Austria; and even if the Germans do not fear a regular invasion they must detail large bodies of men to guard the frontier from (roughly) the Lake of Constance to the Danube where it enters Bavaria. This means a considerable extension of a line which the enemy is already hard put to to defend.

Nors is this the only likely sequel to the Italian declaration of war. It is not to be supposed that other moves have not been arranged to harmonise with it. We know that the Russian troops, adequately provided with munitions, have now reached the Carpathian Passes, and have continued themselves during the last few days with taking possession of heights of strategic value; that they have overrun the Bukovina, and that they are ready to make themselves masters of Galicia. But it would be of some aid to them if they could send a few divisions through Roumanian territory, and recent comments in the German and Austro-Hungarian papers lead one to suppose that the enemy is not indifferent to the presence of large bodies of Russian troops in close proximity to the Roumanian border. A declaration of war by Roumania and offers of aid by Bucharest to Petrograd—these, let us hope, are events of the very near future. No matter what the Roumanians may do, the fate of Bulgaria is clear. The Russian and Italian reinforcements which have arrived in the Balkans have not been sent there for nothing, and General Sarrail is now in charge of a large army which can operate with perfect ease on several sectors at once.

For the last three or four months the inspired section of the German Press has openly expressed the view that Roumania is not to be counted upon; and no "arrangements" with regard to the purchase of cereals have caused that view to be altered. The "Frankfurter Zeitung" of August 21 is typical of what the German papers have been permitted, or not impossibly instructed, to publish in order to prepare the public for the unwelcome announcement that yet another enemy has to be faced. In an article dealing with the general military situation the "Frankfurter" says:—

There can be no more doubt about it—Roumania can be held back only by a check to the Russian swarms on the eastern front. It is well known that this is the only difference of opinion between the Entente and the Roumanian Government. Bratiano, the Roumanian Prime Minister, wishes to behold the deeds of others before joining, while Russia would be glad to have the prosecution of the campaign in securing a decision. The plans of the Entente are pretty clear. Greece, under Venizelos, and Roumania will join hands with General Sarrail and the Russians in conquering the Balkans; Serbia will be restored, and Turkey will have the choice of making peace or being exterminated. Then, according to the calculations of the Entente, two extra allowances for the middle-class recruits, or, rather, conscripts, are not being given; pensions and sickness allowances are being harshly and carelessly discharged without compensation or recognition. These are factors which will have to be faced when the Military Service Acts were under discussion in the early part of the year, and it is idle to say that they do not count. A little more officialdom, a little more harshness, will lead to a demand for the cessation of the war—and that in the very moment of victory. These conditions are known to the War Office. It is not too much to imagine a Northcliffian campaign in favour of stopping the war because of the pension and allowance muddles—a campaign, if you please, provided from an authoritative source. Have not stranger things happened; and is not our Welsh politician more treacherous than a Greek?

The writer adds that these plans must not be neglected; and, what is even more surprising (in view of the strict censorship, I mean) is the fact that he considers how they can be countered. His only hope rests upon the factor of time, and what Hindenburg may be able to do before the plans of the Entente can be carried out. The Greek army, he suggests, will not be induced to march before the elections take place, and the date provisionally fixed is October 8. On the other hand, he believes, Roumania, will not care to take action without the assurance of Greek help. That is to say, the presence of the Allied armies in the Balkans; and Hindenburg, in consequence, has six weeks or so "to destroy or alter the basis on which the Allied agitation in Roumania and Greece really rests." This confession is all the more curious when it is recollected that Hindenburg has up to the present been unable to secure the reserves he obviously desires in order to be able to hold his own line; and it is certain that Bothmer would never have been allowed to retire if Hindenburg could have taken steps to supply him with reinforcements.

It is not without interest to note these references to Greece. The Germans have never professed to have much conviction in the Roumanian peoples; and they realise quite well that Greece, having been bullied and tricked into betraying Serbia and the Entente Powers, may be induced by similar measures to leave Germany in the lurch. It is useless for the Kaiser to repeat his warning that "frightfulness," threatening "freemen" with such an in-law on the Greek throne; for the Allied armies and the Bulgarians are the only forces at present operating on Greek soil. The former can easily prevent German soldiers from arriving to administer "frightfulness"; and even if they should arrive, the only likely provocation would be an insurrection against the present Greek Cabinet. On the whole, the Balkan prospects are at last excellent, so far as we are concerned.

The diplomats have done their work well at this stage, and we may leave the results to speak for themselves. In these circumstances it is to be hoped that Mr. Lloyd George may form the advantageous habit of thinking twice before he speaks once, and especially of consulting his own more recent utterances before committing himself in the House of Commons. In one of his first speeches after taking the Office, he said, at a matter of a few weeks ago—he gave it to be understood that "we have plenty of men," a fact, he added, which it was well for the enemy to know. Everybody understood this to mean that there were plenty of men available under the present Military Service Acts; and it was therefore disconcerting to hear this optimist saying in the House of Commons only last week that he could not pledge himself not to raise the age for military service to forty-five—we wanted, it seemed, more men, more money, and munitions. This is the sort of contradiction which makes both friends and enemies shrug their shoulders; and everybody knows that the raising of the age would provoke much resentment. The extra allowances for the middle-class recruits, or, rather, conscripts, are not being given; pensions and sickness allowances are being harshly and carelessly discharged without compensation or recognition. These are factors which will have to be faced when the Military Service Acts were under discussion in the early part of the year, and it is idle to say that they do not count. A little more officialdom, a little more harshness, will lead to a demand for the cessation of the war—and that in the very moment of victory. These conditions are known to the War Office. It is not too much to imagine a Northcliffian campaign in favour of stopping the war because of the pension and allowance muddles—a campaign, if you please, provided from an authoritative source. Have not stranger things happened; and is not our Welsh politician more treacherous than a Greek?
War and Its Makers.

VII.—TOWARDS COMMON SENSE.

For the success of any project it is absolutely necessary that its advocates should clearly distinguish between attainable and visionary aims. A thorough regeneration of the world is a mere chimera. There is no agency that can bring it about. But while to abolish all national rivalries may not be practicable, though that desirable, it is not beyond human power to prevent rivalry from degenerating into savagery. I shall not, I trust, be accused of Utopianism; but I must remark that, even greed does not seem to me to constitute an insuperable obstacle to the establishment between States of those laws of conduct which govern the relations between individuals. On the contrary, once men are convinced that national aggrandisement is not a synonym with national enrichment, the very motives of self-interest which now make for strife will automatically be enlisted on the side of peace.

Common opinion to the contrary notwithstanding, there is nothing to show that fighting and killing for their own sake are—so far as the bulk of living things is concerned—irresistibly driven by natural instincts. Even a tiger does not fight for fun: it fights for food or for sexual gratification. It would vastly prefer to satisfy its appetites without fighting. Even with regard to persons who devote their lives to hunting and killing—amateurs who, if they kill, do so from self-interest and love of sport—there is nothing to show that fighting and killing for that purpose is an instinctive impulse. The instinct of competition, on the other hand, is a natural instinct, both among men and animals; but it can be, and often is, gratified without bloodshed.

And no less natural than the instinct of competition is the instinct of co-operation. The average human being is a gregarious creature. Few men voluntarily choose the desert for a home. Few are able to be alone. The vast majority are driven by an irresistible, though perhaps unconscious, need of their fellow-men, not only for their physical well-being, but for their mental and moral development. The instinct of competition, on the other hand, is a natural instinct, both among men and animals; but it can be, and often is, gratified without bloodshed.

Switzerland affords a good illustration of how common sense triumphing, not only without any assistance from Imperialist schemings and Nationalist dreaming, but, as it were, in defiance thereof. That State is inhabited by three populations differing from each other in race and language; yet these differences do not make for dispersion, if they are not worked upon by propagandists directed to that end. Equally instructive lessons are to be found nearer home. The Scottish and English nations, after centuries of reciprocal hostility, agreed that it was to their reciprocal advantage to live together; and now, save for a handful of doctrinaires intoxicated by the gospel of Celtic and Saxon Nationalism, you will not find on either side of the border any inclination to fall apart. The loyalty of French Canadians to the British Empire and the union of Dutch and Zululand under one flag point the same moral. Conversely, a quarrel about taxes sufficed to saddle all the tides of blood, speech, and tradition which bound the British Colonies of North America to the Mother Country.

An international agreement would be only an extension of this process: it would be simply doing in a larger area what has already been done in a smaller. There is not the slightest reason why it should be logically impossible about it—provided the agreement is based upon a recognition of a common interest. The principle admitted, the practical shape in which it may body itself forth becomes a matter of secondary consideration. Where there is a will there is a way. The question is one of “United States of Europe,” on the model of the United States of America; put forward some years ago, holds an ideal to be devoutly wished for and striven after. But many things will have to happen before it can materialise. Other programmes elaborated more recently may possess similar drawbacks.

The need of the moment, it seems to me, is to create among the various nations and their rulers a volume of opinion that they have a common interest in the abolition of the organised murder called War and the volume strong enough to secure the adoption of a pacific policy in lieu of the pugnacious and predatory attitude hallowed by traditional barbarism, but utterly incongruous with the spirit of modern civilisation. This movement must run parallel with the movement for educational reform. The aim of the latter would be to work by the negative method of exposing the fallacies of national and racial prejudice; that of the former to convince people of the positive advantages of inter-nationalism; and both movements would converge in the idea that peace between States on the same legal and ethical principles on which peace has already been established between individual citizens of each State. There is nothing Utopian or visionary about such a project. If private war—once regarded as a legitimate institution—has been abolished by the common sense of mankind, it is not unreasonable to expect a like recognition of the absurdity of all war.

Needless to say, the reasonableness of a proposal is no guarantee for its speedy acceptance. Like every other effort at innovation, this also will have to overcome, one by one, all the thousand and one obstacles with which tradition, custom, and vested interests never fail to strew the path of change. It will have to overcome, not only the scepticism and the stupidity of individuals, but the far more formidable opposition of organised institutions—the Church as a body, the Press as a body, the scatolic profession as a body, the financial world, the army and navy as a body, the professional purveyors of military and naval accoutrements—the Army and Navy themselves, the kings, diplomats, and statesmen in every country, will be found banded together in a solid phalanx. But, on the other hand, there is in every country the mass of people who, having no particular axe to grind, may be relied upon to weigh the arguments in favour of peace impartially. There has been contended that lawless lust of territory is the one great point upon which despotisms and demo-
The working classes, however, though amazingly exercising its Sovereign rights. Now, I defy anyone would seem to bear out the contention. Republics have against war. Vehement declamation is one thing and reveals the all-significant fact that, whereas the world has known many genuine despotisms, it has yet to answer for as many bloody chapters as monarchies. But a more careful perusal of the records of the past is not enough that the sovereignty of the State should be vested in the people: the people must be capable of after a free inquiry into the merits of the question and judicial deliberation is another; and while monarchical and oligarchical councils have always arrived at their decisions by the latter process, the former has hitherto been the only method accessible to popular assemblies.

Take the present war as an example. The newspapers have not hesitated to describe it again and again as “a war of peoples, not of governments.” Is it? When were the peoples consulted about it or about the policy which led up to it? Englishmen have for generations deluded themselves into the belief that they are free masters of their own destinies; and yet they are content to leave the conduct of foreign affairs—the matter which more directly than any other affects their very existence as a nation—entirely in the hands of a few men in whose omniscience and prudence they place implicit faith, without demanding any proof that their faith is not misplaced.

The foreign policy of the country is never discussed at general elections, it is rarely discussed in the House of Commons; and upon those rare occasions it is the endeavour of Ministers to disguise from inquisitive Members and the people whom they represent, rather than to disclose to them, the true motives and aims of their various experiments in the dangerous field of international relations. It is only when the fruit of their wisdom, secretly tended for years, has reached the point of ripeness—nay, of rottenness—that it is offered for popular consumption, under such a label as they choose to attach to it. A supernaturally tomato may thus be put on the market under the name of a succulent peach. The majority, unable to tell the difference, purchase it as such. A small minority may have their doubts; but if they dare express them they are treated as traitors to their country. Perhaps in time, when the fruit devoured in good faith manifests its true nature in ill health, the majority may come to find out their mistake.

But then they are kept in their error by the combined efforts of all those who live by pandering to national prejudices or playing on national ignorance. Democracy, as the world has known it so far, means nothing more than a transition from the frying-pan of the despot into the fire of the demagogue.

The working classes, however, though amazingly short-sighted, are not altogether blind. Those patient multitudes of Europe that toil day and night over land and sea, and deep down in the pits beneath the ground, have always known that it is their sweat which provides the sinews of war—that it is their flesh and blood which pays for every square foot of territory added to the Empires of the world. And now they are beginning to realise how little they profit from each addition. The wealth accumulated in the course of many years is squandered in as many weeks. Sums far exceeding those which are ever devoted to the amelioration of life are voted for its destruction. Verily, in the words of a shrewd Highlander who returned from the stricken fields of France to moralise in a hospital, “It is silly work killing folk.”

Kosmopolites.

To be concluded.
Germany of the 19th century was never so innocent as its admirers imagined it. The Germany of the 20th century, whatever its crimes may be, still cherishes the virtues which those admirers rightly discerned.

(i) With nations and men the desire of victory is an overpowering motive. Even in our class-struggles in this country we often hear the excuse for some doubtful action—"we could not win in any other way." Ethical theory lays it down that victory cannot rightly be won by breach of faith or violence. To win in this way is therefore wrong: but it is not unnatural. To offer a fish food and then put a hook through his mouth is not very honourable; to kill a wassup which has never harmed you because he may perhaps do so is not very considerate. In politics this is called "preventive war," and we deem it an invention of the devil. But these things are done every day by men who are not bad men, and who are even rather proud of their achievements.

(ii) Cruelty is a wide-spread human passion, and it is often named by fear. Red Indians tortured their captured enemies: the Romans gloated over their sufferings in the gladiatorial shows. The orthodox of the Middle Ages waged war with the heretics with all the horrors depicted in Foxe's "Book of Martyrs": the French revolutionists sacrificed millions of lives to their cause. I have myself listened to a miner describing the pleasures of a hunt of blacklegs with a glee that no moralist could quite approve. The Germans, too, with their doctrine of frightfulness, have shown themselves cruel enemies: for all that they are men, not monsters.

(iii) There is no greater solvent to moral restraint than a general idea, embodied in a proverb. No proverbs are wholly true or wholly false: the short phrase is inadequate to the complexity of human life. But the power of such a phrase, once assimilated by great bodies of men, is almost unlimited. "All's fair in love and war" is an English proverb: it is frankly immoral, but we cannot say that it makes no appeal to our nature. In the German form, "In war the morality of every act is judged by its success," the meaning is the same but the practical application is to us revolting.

Such considerations as these do not go one inch to justify such an act as the invasion of Belgium; but they do help us to understand how it came about. To apply them to this particular case:—

(i) The Germans are, and have been for a century past, a warlike and conquering people. Their very virtues are warlike virtues. To win victories it is necessary to find an enemy. The weak and the innocent are the most convenient enemies: in the language of the invader, this weakness is a warlike qualification which has been developed by the complex of human nature.

(ii) The aggressive attitude has the natural result of uniting all those who are endangered by it. Hence Germany has been "ringed round" by nations all fearing its attacks, and more or less prepared to unite to repel them. This ring of nations has in turn frightened the Germans, and fear has stirred up cruelty.

(iii) In war some tricks and much violence are permitted by universal custom: the Germans hold it logical to use force. The Irishman desiring the reconstitution of Ireland, the suffragette demanding the vote, the German tribes destroy the Roman Empire. Might is not Right: but to say that it is so is a bold paradox, which contains at least a germ of truth. The law of Might exists, and will always exist on this earth: it is a part of that which we variously term natural necessity, the law of nature, or the divine ordinance. Without Might no individual, no nation, can survive.

The law of Might in the public opinion of Germany justifies the outbreak of the present war, the invasion of Belgium, the frightfulness practised on the conquered populations, and the introduction of new horrors into warfare. In the public opinion of England, and still more in that of the United States of America, it justifies none of these things.

Yet the law of Might is a fact. To us as a nation an unwelcome fact: but let us be sincere in our repudiation of it. As a nation we hate this fact largely because we have nothing to gain by it: we do not wish to extend our Empire. As individuals and in other associations we are not so greatly averse. In whatever directions we have strong desires, we are not unwilling to use force. The Irishman who for years has been desiring the re-establishment of Ireland, the suffragette desiring the vote, the Trade Union eager for the advancement of the working-classes, have always countenanced, and will continue to countenance, violence for the attainment of their ends. They will not bind themselves by any promises they may have signed in past generations: they will

"I reminded the King that every one of his ancestors, not even excepting his brother, had won an increment of territory for the (Prussian) State. Frederick William IV had acquired Hohenzollern and the Jilie district; Frederick William III the Rhine province; Frederick William II, Poland; Frederick I, old Hither Pomerania; the Great Elector, further Pomerania and Magdeburg, Minden, etc.; and I encouraged him to do likewise.

"His Majesty was horrified, and seems to have imagined that I would be glad to hear no more of it. The Crown Prince raised his hands to heaven as if he doubted my sanity: my colleagues remained silent.

Yet this view was adopted and carried into effect: England was sentimentally moved, but never dreamed of acting. Well may we believe that William II also was horrified at the counsellor who first suggested to him in blunt language that he too should win an increment of territory for the State at the cost of Belgium: but the example of his ancestors counts for him, too, more weightily than the vague abstractions of honour and humanity.

When William II recently declared, "I did not will this war," the statement was treated in England as hypocritical. Yet it may well have been quite sincere. National feeling and family tradition are too strong for any sovereign, unless he be of clear intellect and heroic character.

The aggressive and warlike principles of Germany, which have been abundantly proved not only by the modern writings of Bernhardi and Cramb, but from the mouths of all the German leaders of the nineteenth century, and especially of Prince Bismarck, have called out horrified protests, not only from England, but from the whole civilized world. Yet these protests have not altered the resolutions of Germany one whit.

How are we to regard these principles?

They are the statement of the law of Might. From the biological point of view they are the basis of the "Struggle for Existence." Nature is red in tooth and claw. The hawk devours the dove, and the wolf the lamb. Man, regardless of honour and of compassion, devours the ox and the lamb: he destroys or starves out of existence the lion, the tiger, and the rabbit, and wages incessant war against the flea and the microbe. The strong nations devour the weak: Israel exterminates the Canaanites, Rome wipes out Carthaghe, the German tribes destroy the Roman Empire. England and the English have dealt likewise with the native inhabitants of America, Africa, and Australia: modern Germany will, if it can, do the same with England.

Might is Right: but to say that it is so is a bold paradox, which contains at least a germ of truth. Might exists, and will always exist on this earth: it is a part of that which we variously term natural necessity, the law of nature, or the divine ordinance. Without Might no individual, no nation, can survive.
not be hindered because their victory means suffering and perhaps death to individuals amongst their opponents.

If England as a State is to survive, it must reconcile itself to the law of Might. It must be strong to preserve its unity, to face the aggressor from without, and the forces of disintegration from within. If it shrinks from this effort, if it has too many scruples to use the necessary means, it will be swept out of existence. And because Germany is its most threatening enemy, it must fight Germany.

Therefore we reach in theory the startling conclusion that the necessity for England to learn how to fight Germany. It has done so, and has evoked from Germany the "hymn of hate." If it had not done so, it would have evoked the "hymn of contempt": or, we may rather say, before the war Germany, confident that England had not the pluck to fight her, regarded her only with contempt.

This change from contempt to hatred is the first step for the better in the relations of the two countries. In the hatred of Germany there is the first dawn of a feeling of respect. The hatred was largely artificial, and intended to disguise the respect: and in proportion as England shows herself able to maintain her military position, that respect will increase, and with it the possibility of friendship in the future.

If Germany can destroy England, she will. No sentimental appeals to humanity, no theories as to an age of universal peace, no Buddhist version of the Christian gospel, will stay her hand. If England can destroy Germany, she will. Even those in this country who would protest most eagerly against such a policy must recognise that it would carry with it the enthusiastic approval of all the dominant elements in our society.

But if neither can destroy the other, there results a Balance of Mights. If one is in the hands of One or of Many, and the other in the hands of One it constitutes Despotism, whether that one be an individual man or a State organism. From the present war one of two things must result: either England above all are needed mutual respect and a common idea of International Law. But the first condition for such a constitution of the civilised world is that the Power contributing to it shall be in fact able to maintain its existence by relying on a bargain which is out of date. Such an attempt is foredoomed to failure. This is not right, but it results from Might.

And to German thought the British Empire itself is a fashionable propagandist of Pan-Germanism. The map of the world. In Treitschke's phrase quoted by Professor Cramb: "A thing that is wholly a sham cannot in this universe of ours endure for ever. It may endure for a day, but its doom is certain; there is no room for it in a world governed by valour, by the Will to Power." And it was, says the Professor, of England that he spoke.

To Germany the whole British Empire, its traditions, its government, and its military forces are alike paper machinery. Our first duty is to convince her that behind all these lies also a real "Will to Power" which will show itself on the battlefield. No other argument will convince.

To sum up: Might is the Law of the Universe, or at any rate one of its laws. We must learn to respect it, if not to admire it.

The strong swallow up the weak. Germany will swallow up England, if she can. Argument is no protection.

When Might meets Might, there results the Balance of Power. From the Balance of Power and its Rigour. Even if Right be also a Law of the Universe, even if it be its highest law, it must be founded on Might.

When Might meets Might, war is the inevitable consequence. Hence war will always exist in the world, and will always end in the destruction of the weaker. War is the parent of cruelty, treachery, and hatred. The defeated complain in vain of these things.

But when war results in the Balance of Power, two Mights begin to dream of Peace. Peace is a bargain between Mights, and will continue as long as Mights are evenly balanced.

With the thought of Peace the gentler virtues arise: Pity, Reasonableness, and the sense of Honour. But above all are needed mutual respect and a common idea in our own country, to lay the foundations for that respect.

The mind of Germany is not all bad. It is expressed openly in countless books, memoirs and tracts. It is not disloyal to our own country to try and understand it.

The beginning of wisdom is to recognise that our enemies are men, with human instincts and not those of beasts; and that we too are men, and not angels or heroes.

Let us then try first to understand the German conception of the State: then to see why and how this conception has brought Germany into collision with her neighbours: and finally, by comparing our results with the conceptions prevalent in our own country, to draw some practical lessons for our own conduct in waging war or winning peace.

**Deutschland Ueber Alles?**

Most people who speak German are aware of the peculiar distortion which this phrase has undergone in the current mistranslation: "Germany above all." It is popularly supposed that this sentiment embodies the determination of Germany to impose herself upon the world, or upon as great a part of it as possible. Yet, as we ought to know, its implications are infinitely more modest, being simply the expression of a natural and healthy patriotism. In short, the sentence merely proclaims the pre-eminence of Germany in the affection of her people, who love "Germany above all" other countries.

Only those prepared to risque the odium or contempt of their compatriots would refuse to subscribe to a sentiment so eminently respectable. Substitute the name of France, or any other nation, and the words will summarise the principles upon which all loyalty rests.

Strange to say, this general misconstruction of the words is not the only dubious point suggested by an analysis of the sentence. What if the idea which has been read into them should also be a fallacy? What if the plan to Germanise the world should be another great illusion? With the tomes of Treitschke and Bernhardi before us, and the voices of the minor propagandists of Pan-Germanism in our ears, it may be a little difficult to believe that such is the case. The
prophets of Kultur have left no room, it would seem, for doubts of this kind, and the events of the war have furnished all too concrete facts in support of their theories. Yet, whenever it is possible to recede from the actualities of warfare, and to free the mind of journalistic formulae, scepticism asserts itself.

Nobody will say, of course, that Germany is innocent of the intention to expand and dominate wherever and whenever possible. Not even the most innocent of patriotic disinterested patriots in the Allied countries can deny that Germany has swayed the capitalist class, and played a very essential doctrine of the Pan-Germans is a proof of the superiority of German culture, and strenuously preach the sacred obligation of imposing its blessings on the Latin and Anglo-Saxon world.

Much has been said and written in criticism of Kultur, and in varying terms of hatred and contempt the prevention of German civilisation are exposed and denounced. Unfortunately, most of these critics have been unfamiliar with the subject of Germanism. They have, in the main, displayed an unprofessional ignorance of Germany, while those acquainted with the native culture are not merely the rivalry of profiteers. Moreover, the essential doctrine of the Pan-Germans is a proof of the superiority of German culture, and strenuously preach the sacred obligation of imposing its blessings on the Latin and Anglo-Saxon world.

The only escape from this obsession is to be found in a dissertation on the factors upon which it relies for success. We must look about us for some evidence of the capacity of this bogey to materialise. Clearly, if German culture is to dominate the world, the individual German must aid in its transmission. In vain will Mr. Chamberlain assure us of the Teuton’s superiority, if the latter does not impose himself, if he fails to realise the importance of his racial destiny.

Now, as everybody who has observed the Germans abroad admits, they are the last people capable to be conscious of their national identity. The readiness of the German to adopt the language and customs of the place where he finds himself is notorious. Before the war the most difficult person to find in London, New York or Paris was a German who would speak his own language. In fact, a great deal of cheap humour was derived from the fact that even in his own country he insisted on conversing, however imperfectly, in the language of his foreign visitor. At this moment, in spite of a hyper-sensitive and deliberately cultivated sense of nationality, due to hypohenated neutrality, the German-Americans cannot slough their ancidisation. It is amusing to hear a recently arrived German denounce the actualities of the old country as the only way to make a patriot who answers the German of the newcomer in English.

If ever the transplanted German had an excuse for retaining his own language and customs, for keeping intact the pure flame of Germanism, it is in America, where the native culture is particularly obnoxious and incomprehensible to the Teutonic mind. While it is true that he refuses at the present time to subscribe to the true faith of ‘Americanism,’ he is still a very welcome pillar upon which to rest so elaborate a fabric as Pan-Germanism. It is significant that every important study of America written by a German in the last twenty-five years has denounced the decline of Germanism in the United States. The schools, the bookshops, the theatres, and even the beer-gardens, have gradually disappeared, leaving a generation unfamiliar with any signs, however rudimentary, of non-Anglo-Saxon customs. In the city of Baltimore, with a population of more than half a million Germans, only a few churches now testify to the former vitality of the German national spirit. The chief lending-library had to exhumate from the cellar its stock of German books, at the request of the patron.

It would be unfair, of course, to pretend that the German-American should lessen his chances of gaining a livelihood by refusing to learn English in the United States. That is not the point, however. He is quite right in doing so, and his willingness and ability to do so voluntarily, and at the same time, he utterly abandons his own tongue, ceases to read his own books, brings up his children in ignorance of their parents’ language, and takes no interest whatever in German culture. Such a man, with a population of more than half a million Germans, only a few churches now testify to the former vitality of the German national spirit. The chief lending-library had to exhumate from the cellar its stock of German books, at the request of the patron.

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The power which the Pan-Germanists covet, and the qualities with which they have endowed the race, are precisely those that are lacking. So vociferously have they assured us of their ruthless ambitions that we are not permitted to credit them with the virtues or vices they assume. Intellectual conquest is a fundamental necessity to the realisation of their programme. For want of that, they profess to be immensely flattered by the victories of the military party. At bottom they must know that such conquerors as Germany has so far produced are useless for the purposes of the larger imperialism. Force is the most obvious factor in empire-building, and Germany has seized upon it, carrying the theory to its extreme limit. There is, however, a spiritual, an intangible factor, without which imperialism is doomed to failure.

Imported patriots like Houston Chamberlain, theorists like Golbeme, and subservient pundits with an eye to scholastic promotion, may proclaim the mission of Germanism, but they cannot create the instruments for its achievement. That enthusiastic Englishman, for example, extols the beauties of the German language, points out its superiority to his native tongue, demonstrates, by its use is more widespread, but no German abroad will believe him. German-Americans frankly admit a preference for English on the ground of its greater practical value. It is permissible to State that the Pan-German programme awakens equally little response in the mass of the people to whom its execution must be entrusted. As regards the greater part of their ideas...
we may accuse the Pan-Germanists of making the wish father to the thought. By an irony of fate, the strength of Germany resides precisely in that inability of the people to live up to the professions and theories of the doctrinaire world-conquerors. While the latter would have him absorbed in beatific contemplation of his own inherent virtues and greatness, the average German calmly goes about his business, which leads him into very different paths. Essentially docile and adaptable, he insinuates himself into the most varied communities, appeases his intelligence with what is wanted, and proceeds to supply that want if possible. He has no interest in colonies as such, and if he settles in an already developed country he at once sinks his identity, approximating as nearly as possible to the standards of his new environment. Personally the most tractable and amiable of men, he rarely disturbs, or attempts to control, the established hierarchy. In America the incapacity of the Germans for political intrigue, their aloofness from the mad whirl of pseudo-democratic vote-catching, has long been familiar. The visitors from Germany who tried to organise German-America for purposes of politics were unanimous in their disgust at this absence of political sense. They themselves, however, bungled their business in a manner which drove the Pro-German Americans to despair.

All the circumstances of German life tend to render the people peculiarly unfitted to dominate. They are unaccustomed to and actually contemptuous of that political liberty and self-assertion which distinguishes the Anglo-Saxon. They want to be led, not to lead, and inasmuch as German expansion instinctively looks to already settled communities for its exercise, the establishment of a colonial Deutschum must remain a dream. Neither politically nor intellectually has Germany the metis of imposing itself. Not only does the German abroad neglect the material of his national culture, but he encourages foreigners in their indifference to it. How little the world interests itself in the literature of Germany compared with that of France and England. Yet there are German novelists and poets to-day no less important, to say the least, than their French contemporaries, whose names are familiar to the reading public in England and America. There is a possibility that this war may produce Germans of the type demanded by the Pan-German programme. German-America has been galvanised into opposition, but the evidence seems to be that this is a passing phase, which will not last much longer than the duration of the war. With the best will in the world the German-Americans have failed to respond to the promptings of the propagandists. The latter may inspire a little factionism, or engineer a few outrages, but they cannot, and in fact do not, flatter themselves that they have accomplished anything more permanent.

In fine, the German menace is commercial rather than spiritual. The theories which supply the journalists with their material are academic idealisations of economic truths. What the Allies have to fear is not the spread of German culture, but the growth of German trade. The latter, so far from implying imperial expansion in the English sense, owes its development precisely to the fact that antagonistic to the establishment of a world empire. While the Englishman has succeeded by suiting his environment to himself, the German prefers to suit himself to his environment. The one has ensured the diffusion of English civilisation, the other has fostered the aggrandisement of German commerce. It is for England to demonstrate whether, having established her sway as a coloniser, she can similarly confirm her economic superiority. Given the fundamental difference between the tendencies of the two nations, Germany's strength will result from England's weakness, should imitation be substituted for constructive action.

The Promoted Advocate Must
Co.
By W. Durrant.

"I have for between forty and fifty years been connected with the administration of justice in this country, where, by almost universal consent, justice is better administered than in any other land."—"Civis," "Times," August 19, 1916.

"From 1869 until to-day over 300,000 English citizens have been actually imprisoned who have not been guilty of any crime whatsoever."—"The Law and the Poor," by Judge Parry (1914).

Judge Parry explains that these enormous numbers of innocent people have been imprisoned mainly for poverty; while those who have compassed their confinement, "the tally-men, the money-lenders, the flash jewellery touts, the sellers of costly Bibles in series, of gramophones, are the knaves the State caters for."

"Laws grind the poor and rich men rule the Law," wrote Goldsmith a century and a half ago. In Judge Parry's opinion those conditions obtain to-day. The words just cited figure on the title-page of "The Law and the Poor." Moreover, the book is dedicated to "the man in the street in the hope that he will take up his job and do it"—that is, insist on legal reforms to which "lawyers as a profession will always offer a strong opposition."

Observe that instead of enumerating a list of glaring defects, we prefer to appraise the quality of our legal outfit according to its treatment of the poor, that is, the section of the community who stand most in need of the protection of law. But the mere suggestion that our law protects the poor is the exact opposite of the truth on Judge Parry's evidence. The law grinds the poor and caters for their despilers. This is confirmation of an assertion for which Mr. Snowden, M.P., is on record that "the poor in this country would be better without the protection of law."

At first glance it might seem that the authority first cited is in flagrant contradiction with Judge Parry, whose experience he will not venture to question. Those of us who have some acquaintance with the legal domain will not so readily assume that our two authorities are at loggerheads in the respective roles of optimist and pessimist. The contradiction is more apparent than real, as thus: our laws leave much to be desired, no doubt, but they are better than those of any other country.

This attitude of insularity finds favour in the highest legal circles. The present Chief Justice, then Sir Rufus Isaacs, threw out a challenge to the civilised world at Reading a couple of years ago. "In no other country," he declared, "are accused persons treated with such chivalry." Well, we know that weeks wear to months while accused persons, many of whom are afterwards acquitted, pine in confinement owing to the exigencies of the circuit system. The inference is that there are still worse abuses abroad. Nor can there be any doubt on the subject in the minds of those who have heard the loud timbrel sounded at our great banquets, and have seen members of Bench and Bar fall (metaphorically) on each others' necks in an ecstasy of mutual adulation, while accused persons, many of whom are afterwards acquitted, pine in confinement owing to the exigencies of the circuit system. The inference is that there are still worse abuses abroad. Nor can there be any doubt on the subject in the minds of those who have heard the loud timbrel sounded at our great banquets, and have seen members of Bench and Bar fall (metaphorically) on each others' necks in an ecstasy of mutual adulation. We are perfectly safe in assuming that ours is the best of all possible legal systems for them.

These are mere tricks of the trade: the superlative excellence of our special brand of justice never receives a word of commendation from the consumer, so it has all the more need of being trumpeted by the purveyors. But when they are confronted with such a book as "The Law and the Poor" are they not staggered, ashamed, silenced? Not at all. The expectation of such an effect shows little appreciation of the resources of the special pleader. He is equal to the occasion. The make-up is changed. The note of triumphant supe-
We men in the street must resolve to defeat this conspiracy. For the first time in history a book has been dedicated to us. If we are to take up our jobs and do it, the first step is to decide what point of the legal entrenchedments we are to attack. That point is clearly indicated. All progressive systems preserve a clear distinction between the forensic and the judicial habit of mind; they are acutely opposed to each other. An obscurantist and medieval system, such as ours, while ignoring that line of demarcation, strongly favours the forensic habit in recruiting the Bench from among successful members of the Bar.

The Bar-habit, confirmed by the practice of half a life-time, is held in this country to be an indispensable qualification for the Bench. Other and the letters have ordained, by the most strenuous legislative enactments, that the practice of advocacy is an absolute disqualification for the exercise of judicial duties.

Our position is logical to the last degree. Mr. H. G. Wells pronounces it irrational and demoralising. But this is not the place for academic disquisitions. Let us look briefly at the practical outcome of our boasted system.

The advocate naturally opposes codification, the acknowledged cheaper of legal processes. The advocate of to-day is the judge of to-morrow. Upright and honourable, he is not learned like his congers on the continent of Europe who have been trained in a progressive system and who instinctually feel the need of codification and is unwearying in its endeavours to develop the judicial faculty. A progressive system evolves upwards from empiricisms to wide generalisations which render codification possible. Our advocates, from interested motives, are hidebound in empiricism. Their success, in so far as it is not purely histrionic, depends chiefly on the possession of a retentive memory for cases. Evolution upwards being barred, the history of our system for centuries was an evolution downwards until the spirit of the law was prostrate and the letters have triumphant. In the "strict constructionism" of America, the maniacal litigation of India, and the scandals at home, gibbeted by Judge Parry, we perceive the inevitable outcome of the degeneracy of law into letter-worship. Nor is it conceivable that we can emerge from this humiliating condition while we continue to sacrifice the judicial to the forensic habit.

The beginning of wisdom is to establish that Imperial School of Laws described in "The New Age" and the Bar Council opposes. Once we give law students an opportunity of entire detachment from the atmosphere of the Bar we shall not find that the countrymen of Newton and Darwin are incapable of grasping large generalisations in law. Already to the German and our neighbours be must go,

The epoch that is opening before us, that controlling condition of the age, is a strong presumption that whatsoever portion of it fell to their share by gift of nature has been smothered and even farther afield, settles a multitude of cases at the cost of a few francs! On such points there is a conspiracy of silence.
Letters from France.

IV.—THE RISE AND DECLINE OF REGIONALISM.

A very instructive and entertaining chapter, or even book, might be written on the rise and decline of regionalism. As I have indicated, regionalism is not new. It is, in fact, as old as the Garden of Eden. When Adam delved and Eve span there were the first regionalists getting all that was necessary out of their little kingdom. And the devil was the first prefect. The unknown discoverer of Cyprus was a regionalist. So was Columbus. So was Jack, ne of the beanstalk. Robinson Crusoe and his man Friday were regionalists. So were the members of the Swiss Family Robinson. In Robinson Crusoe and the Robinson Family we have classical examples of true economists, and in the story of their adventures the finest application of real natural economy. It provides the most convincing proof of the rule that any fool can govern a large kingdom, but it takes a very wise man indeed to get all the subsistence he needs, that is, all the natural wealth, out of a small one. Perhaps it is not wisdom, but imagination, or better still, brilliant common sense that should be brought to the task.

At the same time, it must be said that Crusoe and the Robinson Family were governed rather by considerations of individual utility, thoughts of self-survival, than by ideals of self-surrender. They were actuated by the first law of subsistence according to which men exist upon the natural resources of their little kingless kingdom, and not upon each other. They were not actuated by the highest principles of conduct springing out of this law, as the Greeks were. Of course, the Greeks did not initiate nature culture. The first man did that. What they did was to raise this culture out of a vegetative groove of continuance—a groove into which modern society and its occupations have become entombed. One of their first cares was to place labour and its ideals upon a godlike foundation. Another was to guide those who labour into the paths of strict simplicity, intensity and unity. A third was to direct labour to the fullness of life and away from empty wage-earning drudgery. A fourth was to convert the thoughts of the laborers of the grooves—labourership—a sharing of privileges, away from those of absolute rulership and mendacious monopoly. Added to these were the attractions of whatever is most wonderful and beautiful in Nature. Indeed, never before or since has Nature attired herself so seductively into a small one. Perhaps it is not wisdom, but imagination, or better still, brilliant common sense that should be brought to the task.

To come to my suggestion for an historical study of regionalism. Greece provides a definite start. The contribution of the Greeks pedagogically to civilization was then the strengthening of a proper relation of man to nature, man to man and man to people. In the early days of Rome and while it was yet a Republic, the people stood in a similar relation to natural privileges as the Greeks did. Then came Cesar. With his ruler-hand he closed the door on the Republic and opened that on Imperialism with its far-reaching evils. With Caesar began Roman world-policy as we know it—a policy designed to reconvert mankind into beasts of prey, pledged to theft, raping to slaughter, with Cesarism appeared the emperor-like ambition of treading the people underfoot. Caesar in fact laid the subsoil of "Les Miserables" and gave birth to Gibbon. We know that other rulers have appeared from time to time with the same fish to fry as Cesar, accompanied by God whom they have appointed their accomplice. Napoleon was almost a full-length portrait of Caesar, perhaps not so brutally disposed towards the people. William II is a skim-milk edition, mischievous and a menace to advanced civilization. So what Roman culture did was to put the relation of man to man and man to people on a level of man to animal. In this way regionalism disappeared for a time in the right of a world-conquest invented by the strongest to protect their contemptible application of the laws of suppression, repression and injustice.

A recovery of the right of man over animal took place in the Middle Ages when the people reappeared upholding a natural conception of place and occupation. At this period they were to be seen emerging from servility, relinquishing the labors of the laboratory for once more for the glory of themselves and their age. Their aims and achievements, like those of the Greeks, were characterised by simplicity, intensity, unity and joy. If unlike the Greeks they did not express themselves in a grandiose manner, it was to be seen in the rise up in amazing representative personalities like that culminating type, Hans Sachs. With the Renaissance and its devilish degradation a different kind of animal, the pedant, appears, and the true interests of the people in their idealisation of Nature and Work disappear once more. This time it is beneath a false conception of learning of which Molière was designed by Heaven to be the critic and Oxford, by the other place, to be the vegetative continuance. Following the Renaissance came definite stage of decline of the spirit of regionalism. First there was an age of Imperialism during which the ideal of Cesarism and world-expansion forbade Life-expression to rise above a debased military servility, relinquishing the labors of the laboratory once more for the glory of themselves and their age. Their aims and achievements, like those of the Greeks, were characterised by simplicity, intensity, unity and joy. If unlike the Greeks they did not express themselves in a grandiose manner, it was to be seen in the rise up in amazing representative personalities like that culminating type, Hans Sachs. With the Renaissance and its devilish degradation a different kind of animal, the pedant, appears, and the true interests of the people in their idealisation of Nature and Work disappear once more. This time it is beneath a false conception of learning of which Molière was designed by Heaven to be the critic and Oxford, by the other place, to be the vegetative continuance. Following the Renaissance came definite stage of decline of the spirit of regionalism. First there was an age of Imperialism during which the ideal of Cesarism and world-expansion forbade Life-expression to rise above a debased military servility, relinquishing the labors of the laboratory once more for the glory of themselves and their age. Their aims and achievements, like those of the Greeks, were characterised by simplicity, intensity, unity and joy. If unlike the Greeks they did not express themselves in a grandiose manner, it was to be seen in the rise up in amazing representative personalities like that culminating type, Hans Sachs. With the Renaissance and its devilish degradation a different kind of animal, the pedant, appears, and the true interests of the people in their idealisation of Nature and Work disappear once more. This time it is beneath a false conception of learning of which Molière was designed by Heaven to be the critic and Oxford, by the other place, to be the vegetative continuance. Following the Renaissance came definite stage of decline of the spirit of regionalism.

in Greece. If the measure of a civilisation is to be the number of perfected men that it produces, we are still far from this model people. The slaves are no longer below us, but they are among us. Barbarism is no longer at our frontiers, it is the free-living side with us. We carry with us much greater things than they, but we ourselves are smaller." Pygmies.

To come to my suggestion for an historical study of regionalism. Greece provides a definite start. The history of Greece is in fact the history of a race flowing on a godlike conception of nature, labour and life, of place, work and people. It is the history of Greek culture and the Hellenic ideal vitally expressed in a vision of the representative gods of the Mediterranean. The contribution of the Greeks pedagogically to civilization was then the strengthening of a proper relation of man to nature, man to man and man to people. In the early days of Rome and while it was yet a Republic, the people stood in a similar relation to natural privileges as the Greeks did. Then came Cesar. With his ruler-hand he closed the door on the Republic and opened that on Imperialism with its far-reaching evils. With Caesar began Roman world-policy as we know it—a policy designed to reconvert mankind into beasts of prey, pledged to theft, raping to slaughter, with Cesarism appeared the emperor-like ambition of treading the people underfoot. Caesar in fact laid the subsoil of "Les Miserables" and gave birth to Gibbon. We know that other rulers have appeared from time to time with the same fish to fry as Cesar, accompanied by God whom they have appointed their accomplice. Napoleon was almost a full-length portrait of Cesar, perhaps not so brutally disposed towards the people. William II is a skim-milk edition, mischievous and a menace to advanced civilization. So what Roman culture did was to put the relation of man to man and man to people on a level of man to animal. In this way regionalism disappeared for a time in the right of a world-conquest invented by the strongest to protect their contemptible application of the laws of suppression, repression and injustice.

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Readers and Writers.

How often have I had to remark upon the difficulty of making virtue attractive. Vice, on the other hand, anybody can write acceptably about. This simple observation are moralists. Lesser people, on the whole, would be well advised to let morality alone; for by a dull presentation of it they infect their readers with the utterly false notion that morality itself is dull. Thus they really defeat their own good intentions. These remarks are prompted by the appearance of a new series of pamphlets upon "Marriage and Morality." Published by the respectable firm of Longmans, obviously written by excellent people, and designed to popularise virtue, their effect in my estimation will nevertheless be the very contrary of their intention. The first four deal respectively with "Marriage, Successful and Unsuccessful"; "Marriage, A Harmony of Body and Soul"; "Purity"; and "In Praise of Virginity." Bold enough subjects, you will see; and I can conceive how they should be written in order to make the scheme admirable as the ideas of them are. But turn over the pages of these pamphlets and from a preliminary dis- tinction for hearing anybody discuss such subjects seriously you will, I think, find yourself moving towards their opposite. Not the writers, of course, cannot or really write—which is the first great offence against the morality of moral literature—but, almost without exception, they confine themselves to authorities that I can only regard as artistically twisted—I refer, in particular, to the Bible. Will people, it seems, not be made to adapt their view to the Bible? Scripture does not become us laymen; it is too highly charged with a special tradition 'to be susceptible of secular use. The writers, too, have none of them what I will call a world-view of morality. Their view is middle-class English—the narrowest if also the most practical in the world. It contains no lightness, no beauty, no charm. Oh, charm! How charming is divine morality! But this has none. The writers, moreover, are very naive. My wicked mind palters in discernible quality from the text. Green himself, in fact, might well have written it. The style, of course, is familiar to my readers if, that is, they have been brought up, as I was, upon Green. And it only remains to say that we cannot think so highly of it today as we once could. The modernity is intense, and the generalisations are well-nigh soporific. Listen to this, for example: "At Cromwell's death the success of his policy was complete. The Monarchy had reached the height of its power. The old liberties of England had been punished; the House of Commons was filled with the creatures of the Court and degraded into an engine of tyranny. Royal proclamations were taking the place of parliamentary legislation; benevolences were encroaching more and more on parliamentary taxation. Justice was prostituted . . . "

Green's "Short History of the English People" has had itself a remarkable history. First published in 1874, it immediately became popular and has now run into thirty editions. The last and the best has just appeared (Macmillan, 3s. net), with an Epilogue by Mrs. Green bringing the story up to date. Mrs. Green's continuation of her husband's work is an extraordinary achievement, for it bears no sign of differing in any discernible quality from the text. Green himself, in fact, might well have written it. The style, of course, is familiar to my readers if, that is, they have been brought up, as I was, upon Green. And it only remains to say that we cannot think so highly of it today as we once could. The modernity is intense, and the generalisations are well-nigh soporific. Listen to this, for example: "At Cromwell's death the success of his policy was complete. The Monarchy had reached the height of its power. The old liberties of England had been punished; the House of Commons was filled with the creatures of the Court and degraded into an engine of tyranny. Royal proclamations were taking the place of parliamentary legislation; benevolences were encroaching more and more on parliamentary taxation. Justice was prostituted . . . and so on. No doubt it is all true, for Green was an accurate writer; and equally, it is evident from the vocabulary, Green felt the drama of the situation—but neither actuality nor movement is conveyed in it. The story, for all it is made to concern us, might be of the Aztecs. That is the defect of Green; he was not, like Macaulay, a man with a living cause to advocate; he was not even a party politician. Would I then have historians biased and partial? No, but I would have them intend their history to affect life and not merely satisfy curiosity. R. H. C.
A Modern Document.

Edited by Herbert Lawrence.

X—(continued).—From Acton Reed.

The storm-clouds have paled to white; and the sea has smoothed out its wrinkles and looks quite young again. Now that Sir Isaac Newton no longer demands my whole attention I will turn the rest to religion which is one of the two subjects I mentioned. The difficulties of the subject are, of course, sand for multitude. Some of the faculties of us human mysteries can be described fairly easily. Patriotism, for instance, we can express and convey is a word: it is love of a country—a particular love, that is, of a particularised and finite object. The faculty of religion, however, implies something more; it is love of the infinite. When, therefore, we attempt to describe religion we are met with the problem of translating what is infinite into finite terms. For this reason, it seems to me, it is impossible to pin religion down by a single definition. On the other hand, you do not get ever difficulties by neglecting them. Yet neglect, it seems to me, is the treatment religion usually receives at the hands of our pastors and masters. So little is taught of religion that most of what is taught about and about it is practically useless. What is the use of the teachers whistling to us from their perch amid the branches to bid us admire the foliage when they have not tried to explain all the trees, and where it has its root? I am not suggesting that religion can be taught: what I would have taught is why it cannot be taught. We might then have, at any rate, a glimpse of the beginnings of religion. But teachers really seem to think they have only to explain away a few epigrams of St. Paul, make allowances for Job’s grumbling and St. Peter’s little tarradiddles, and then England will have no further excuse for not going to church twice every Sunday. At school, I remember, no attempt was ever made to explain to us the meaning of the word religion. Religion was reduced to the stature of an ordinary lesson which they called Scripture. And remote enough it was from all I have since come to regard as religion. It may be objected, of course, that a notion of these was by reasoning something like this:—

\[ X-( CONTINUED).-FROM Acton Reed. \]

\[ Edited by Herbert Lawrence. \]
another life. This aspect of re-incarnation is quietly cherished by millions I am sure; it is their unspoken comfort in the loss of those they love. My belief in it goes further however, for, right or wrong, with its aid I find I can construct a fair working hypothesis. It is that the soul under the direction of God re-incarnates in different forms until it has worked its way through all the stages of development—animal, human, humane, divine—that is, until it has mastered the lessons to be learned here and is fit for Paradise to be opened unto it. And the lessons, I think, can be generalised into two: to be content in whatsoever state we are (to be in hell and not to mind it)—and to learn to be happy in Paradise. May I say something about each of these? And of the first first, since it must come as a surprise to you after these letters of mine that I say at being content. What a renegade of my own religion I must be, you will think! But to be unhappy is not necessarily to be discontented, is it? And, again, it is surely something to feel that discontent is wrong. To know one’s fault and to will to amend it is better than not to know it or to refuse to admit it. I shall not always complain, I hope. Who knows, indeed, that these letters are not the swan-song of my discontent?

But I will think not content is happiness. And to learn when we are happy is the second lesson of my religion. I fancy to myself that we are born upon earth because we do not know when we are well-off in heaven. Birth, says one of the traditional scriptures, is due to ignorance. At first sight it would seem that anybody would know himself to be happy in Paradise. But even if the story of Adam and Eve did not warn us of it, our own experience would tell us that, as a matter of fact, we cannot stand happiness very long. We say, no doubt, that we can. Of certain rare experiences we murmur—Oh, if only this could go on for ever! How happy we should be! This would be Paradise, indeed! But would it, I wonder! There is a devil that lurks in every paradise to tempt us out of it into certain and foreseeable wretchedness. I know it. But just as I hope one day to be able to be content on earth, so I aspire to be able one day to be happy in Paradise. And no more earth for me thereafter! But it’s a far cry to either goal. Meanwhile, however, Life is a schoolmaster, and I am learning with many stripes.

I thought we were due at Gibraltar to-night. Now the Captain says to-morrow. I need not have hurried this letter after all. However, let the excuse cover its sins. I want to write something about love, and then I shall have done. This time, really.

Yours sincerely,
ACTON REED.

More Short Cuts to Literary Success.*

BELLES-LETTRRES. (PART I.)

In the previous sections of this work, the beginner was guided into the Great Mansion of Art through the two grand entrances of fiction and poetry. It may be, however, that he feels within him no aptitude for either of these artful evasions. He need not despair. In the tangled and variegated forest of literature there is no narrow compulsion to pursue any particular path or to be confined to a single route. If the wayfarer so choose, he can leave the main road and seek his ease in the shadowy bays and leafy nooks which adorn the fringes of this royal domain. These sequestered haunts may be clasped together under the general heading of “belles-lettres.”

Before proceeding to a closer examination of this aspect of our subject, we will now dispose of an objection which some reader may possibly (and reasonably)

raise. “What of drama?” It may be asked. “Surely that should first come under notice.” This suggestion is all the more allowable, since we ourselves, had originally intended to deal with drama as a part of our didactic programme. At first sight, it might certainly appear that such distinguished names as Plautus, Aristophanes, Shakespeare, Robertson, Shaw, Sims, and Pinero, fully justify the inclusion of drama within the category of literature. Without, however, entering into a detailed discussion which would pass beyond the scope of this Guide, we may briefly point out that any argument in respect of drama, valid though it be as far as the names in question are concerned, loses sight of the fact that the whole nature of drama has, for some years, been undergoing a complete transformation—a transformation of its still fundamentally literary character. As a result of this development, drama is becoming, and has in part already become, the Autolycus of the Arts, as it were. Music, painting, architecture and even millinery claim, for instance, as great a share in it as actual writing. This tendency is becoming more and more marked, and for this reason we can hardly with justice discuss drama as a product of literature proper in a Guide destined for those who are to enrich the literature of the future. Such a course would lead only to confusion and disappointment.

It need hardly be remarked that, in coming to this conclusion, we do not wish to imply that the quality of drama is declining; quite the reverse, in fact. It is merely changing, and that in a manner of which we approve. With these brief observations, we may now resume the thread of our discourse, and proceed to an examination of BELLES-LETTRRES.

The words “belles-lettres” are French, and mean literally, “beautiful letters.” Since there is no English equivalent which quite covers the same ground, it has been agreed to adopt this charming designation to embrace various types of miscellaneous literature such as memoirs, biography, volumes of travel, aphorisms, critical essays, etc.

To the aspirant of maturer years, the writing of memoirs will appeal most strongly. Roughly speaking, memoirs fall into two classes, the serious and the jocular. The choice must naturally be left to the inclination of the writer himself, and each variety has its own particular advantages. We will now consider these in turn.

Memoirs of the grave type should be so planned as to convey useful lessons of sobriety, thrift and industry to the young. They should therefore be interspersed with anecdotes of an edifying nature to emphasise and inculcate these qualities. It may be here remarked that such anecdotes need not necessarily be quite authentic in the strictest sense of the word. The writer of memoirs, acting in the interest of public virtues, will find that the fire of inspiration will fuse the material in his crucible into new and unexpected forms. Seemingly trivial incidents in his life become fraught with a moral equivalent which quite covers the same ground as it has for the past lives for the benefit of coming generations.

Works of this type can only gain by the addition of a portrait. In this case, there should be a frontispiece, representing the author as he appears at the present day. Considerable importance attaches to such a por-
trait, which conveys to the reader the first and most striking impression that the author's personality is to make on him. Care should, therefore, be taken to render this portrait as effective as possible. The following hints may serve as a guide:

1. Sitting at a writing-table in the act of using a quill pen.
2. Sitting at a window and looking into a volume of Carlyle's essays (or some similar work).
3. Sitting in an arm-chair and stroking a pet dog (which should then figure prominently in the picture).
4. Gathering roses (or some similar flowers) in a garden (or green-house).

Other ideas will doubtless suggest themselves to meet individual cases. If circumstances permit, it may be found advisable to include other portraits in the body of the work in order to illustrate the letter-press. These may profitably represent the author:

- In long clothes and holding a wooden spade (or a rattle).
- In knickerbockers with a toy boat; or
- In a sailor-suit with a cap bearing the words H.M.S. "Victory" (or H.M.S. "Monarch"; H.M.S. "Lion" would also look well); or
- (perhaps best of all) As a choir-boy with a mortar-board and surplice.

5. Wearing his first long trousers with a bowler hat.

If it is practicable, the series may be extended to include other important junctures in the author's life, such as:

- At the age of twenty-one. In wedding-dress (if any). On appointment to assistant cashier (or some other position of trust).
- Holding first child (if any). On appointment to assistant cashier (or some other position of trust).
- With us on that day. We children, and our elders, too, were totally unable to answer. He evoked great admiration for the writer.

In accordance with the scheme of this Guide we will now proceed to give some model extracts from a work of the nature under discussion. It is entitled: "Fifty Years in Mincing Lane. Being Scattered Leaves from the Life of ThomasPickerell Bantling, late Head of the Worshipful Company of Tallow Melters."

Mr. Pack was married to Miss Cornelia Marl, the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Marl, of Plunstead (who, by the way, were very remotely connected with the Marl of Hackney Wick, a remoter branch of the same family). Mr. Pack had a dignity of bearing which I cannot hope to do justice to, and which the flush and noisy manner of the average business man of to-day compares most unfavourably with. He would reach his counting-house every morning on the stroke of 8:30, and he always made the journey from his villa in Walthamstow to Mincing Lane on foot. He attached great importance and rightly so — to punctuality. "Punctuality," he used to say, with a grave twirl of the pendant on his watch-chain (a little nervous trick he had), "is the politeness of Kings." At the time I was too young to appreciate the full purport of Mr. Pack's clever saying, but I have often had opportunities of meditating on its truth and of seeing how many promising commercial careers have been blighted through neglect of it.

Such is the model memoir of the serious type. It now behoves us to consider that type of memoir which aims at being jocular, sprightly and even, within certain limits, frivolous. It is needless to say that the two kinds of memoirs appeal to entirely different sections of the reading public, while, as we have mentioned, the most exemplified, serious memoirs aim at edifying by virtuous example, instructing by moral precept, and, in a lesser degree, amusing by judiciously chosen anecdote, the type of memoirs with which we are about to deal has amusement as its main and almost sole object.

Sometimes, as will be seen, the element of pathos may with advantage be introduced, but, as a rule, good hearty fun is looked for, with anecdote of a riper and more exhilarating description. Sometimes even, the writer may venture to put into print opinions or reflections which, though matured, he would not have been bold enough to express in a public writing. In other words, in a model narrative of this type, he can safeguard himself in two ways:

1. By introducing only disguised persons into the narrative; in this case, the element of pathos will be found a desirable adjunct.
2. By writing under a pseudonym.

For other reasons, too, the second method has much to recommend it, unless, of course, the writer is a poor of the realm. In the first place, it gives the writer more latitude in his narrative, and, secondly, to delve in a degree of candour which might prove embarrassing were he to sign his own name. Secondly, a piquant pseudonym will always arouse interest with
When I was a young man, all the fine fleur of Bohemian society could be found every night at the Hesperides Club, the premises of which were located at No. 66, Dean Street, Soho. The club was described as being destined to be launched in the neighbourhood with the Duchess of Eustache, and we tried to find the old building, but alas, it had been entirely replaced by a horrible red-brick affair used, apparently, as a pickle-warehouse. "Still, Stiller," re-marked Her Grace, with that unfailing wit of which she is a past master (or past mistress, perhaps I ought to say).

The Hesperides Club was founded by my friend Archie Jakes, the smartest poker player in the kingdom, and known to his intimates as "Puggy." Poor "Puggy!" He went to Canada some years ago for the benefit of his health, and I am sorry to say that my friend Lord Stumer ran across him as a tram-conductor in Toronto, some little while back. His Lordship was, of course, greatly shocked and grieved, and spared "Puggy" the pain of finding himself recognised.

When the club was founded, it was decided to set an age-limit of 21 for membership. This was rough on me, as I had not yet attained my majority. The difficulty was got over on the opening night by an enterprising guest. Of course, I was made a full member immediately on reaching my majority, and high jinks we had in celebrating the occasion! But that is another story.

In the first night I remember that I entered with jolly Madge Daylow, whose special confidence I happened to be enjoying at the time, and we were the very first to sign our names in the visitors' book. The club was "Sloes." And as I had not yet attained my majority. The difficulty was got over on the opening night by admitting me as a "Slops"-stutterer, who was allowed to sit on the floor, and own his hair, and was otherwise amusingly eccentric; Clarice Tripper, whose fancy dancing was much in demand, and who was said to possess the choicest vocabulary in Long Acre, and young Lord Tubman (now, alas, young no longer) who always lit his cigarettes with fivers. Then there was "Puss" Seymour, whose dainty flat was in Guildford Street was a favourite haunt of us young bloods. It was a code of honour amongst us never to attempt entry when the club was closed. This journal, by the way, was known amongst us as the "Show Cause," as it was supposed to be printed on paper of the same colour as the documents which bear that time-honoured formula. Jasper wrote all his anecdotes at the Hesperides, and as a composer of limericks he was unrivalled. His chief d'etre in this direction was dealing with all the chief watering-places of England. I was one of the few privileged ones who were permitted to peruse this collection in manuscript, written, as I well remember, in an old rent-book, a thing for which "Slops" certainly had no use.

When he became animated, "Slops" would improvise a verse by the yard, and very good verse it was, too, some of it. He would roar it out at the top of his voice, baring on the table with a whisky-bottle in each hand. There were one particular ditty which by frequent repetition had become, so to speak, the official chanso of the Hesperides. It ran thus:

"I kiss, thou kisest, he kisses,
We caper with Eros and Venus,
0 bubbling beaker that brimmeth with blisses,
We ogle you simper, they pine:
We will! We may!! We can! ! !
We frisk with Silenus and Pan :
As we wantonly warble of woman and wine.
But that is another story.

We caper with Eros and Venus,
0 bubbling beaker that brimmeth with blisses,
We ogle you simper, they pine:
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But that is another story.
a bottle in each hand yelling out these stirring lines to the accompaniment of stamping, whistling and bumping of all kinds, was one not easily to be forgotten. I believe that a complaint was made about it by some peevish person whose slumbers were disturbed thereby, but we knew how to get the right side of the powers that be, and "Slops" never modified his programme. Alas! his buoyant vivacity and cheery good temper were not to endure for some years. I saw him being wheeled along in a bath-chair at one of the very places he had celebrated in his sprightly limericks. He was greatly changed in appearance, and did not recognise me. "Poor old "Slops"—he was a good pal if ever there was one.

Tales of To-day.

By C. E. Bechhofer.

XVIII.—WITH NOBLE NORTHCLIFFE IN THE TRENTINO.

PROLOGUE.

The Umbrian sky is streaked with Hope. The waters of the sluggish Adriatic sparkle with renewed anticipations of Glory. The Victor approacheth. Birds, screaming, wheel about the rigging, firmly the steersman presses the straining Tiller, the Bubbles foam in the good ship's Wake, and the Lonely Voyager paces the slanting Deck. He is the Avenger, bound for the field of honour, bearing Triumph in his train. Blazon his Fame, ye triple-tongued Heralds; sound his Praises, ye Trumpets; run away and play, ye Hautboys! Raise Cheer on Cheer! He cometh; he cometh! Ecco, el Conquistador! Behold, the Conqueror!...

A PURPLE PATCH IN ITALY'S HISTORY.

A vessel passes along the Lagoon which separates Venice from the sea, and comes at last to anchor opposite the Doge's Palace. The usual swarm of gondoliers put out from the quays and squabble for places round the gangway. At the foot of this stands a gendarme who scans the passports and makes out the papers of each passenger as he lands. A grim, flashy man descends. Instantly from the official a challenge: "Signor, your name?" "I am the Conqueror!"—a severe, menacing retort. The gendarme hangs his head. Then: "Has his Excellency no other name?" A swift glance towards him of those piercing eyes, a gasp of offended surprise, his heart; their doubts turn to despair, their fears to terror. Who, they ask each other, is the supernatural being aiding the Italians? Far, far behind the danger-zone he moves, in hand, clad in his antique armour and airman's gogglies, all majesty and telegrams. The Austrians fear him mightily.

The Italians, crafty children of the Florentine, fall back in a feigned retreat. The foe, foolishly over-confident, follows them closely. Well baited is the line. Aha, ye triumphant Austrians, your hopes are dashed now! Trapped! Trapped like mice! There are brave men among them. They hurl themselves upon the grim Italians in a desperate attempt to break their way back to their own trenches. Few, very few succeed. The exultant Italians count their captives.

But where is our hero? Alas, the soul grieves and the heart misgives. We have left him, safe, as we thought, behind the Italian lines. Where is he now? No one will ever tell, unless perchance there comes word from beyond the void. Have the Austrians, lured to their downfall by the stratagem of the broken line, overthrown the Victor of Verdun in their unchecked course? Have they bound him in cords and carried him back to their trenches? Or, as some say, has he, thinking himself abandoned by his friends, shaken off their dust from his feet, and, defiantly tossing his noble head, passed over into the councils of the enemy? Who shall say?

On the spot where he has vanished in the full flush of his triumph the grateful Italians erect a monument. Thereon this simple legend:

HERE
THREE-GREAT NOBLE NORTHCLIFFE
DISAPPEARED.

HEAVEN BE PRAISED!
Views and Reviews.

THE PROGRESS OF MAN.

It is impossible to review this book*; one can only read it and be grateful. Professor Wundt's purpose in this work is to make a synthetic survey of the whole range of development, to study the phenomena synchronously, to exhibit their common conditions and their reciprocal relations. This volume is therefore complementary to his five volumes on "Völkerpsychologie," and relates to an orderly progression the development of the human mind. It is in no sense a substitute for a philosophy of history; philosophy is, in the last analysis, an interpretation in the terms of teleology of the whole historical process; but it is an indispensable preliminary to such a philosophy. Philosophers like Croce who turn away from the facts and ignore the empirical classifications of psychology, may present us with a delightful dialectical exercise, but they do not interpret reality; or, if they do, they do so in the terms of their individual consciousness. "Every philosophy is primarily an autobiography," said Nietzsche, and perhaps autobiography is the hidden purpose of the universe. But individual consciousness, however clear, can never tell us the history of its own development; "consciousness," said Ribot, "cannot be itself and its own antecedents"; it cannot discover its own origin, and without a knowledge of the origin it is extremely doubtful whether any satisfactory teleology is possible. Individual psychology is conditioned by folk (or group) psychology, and Professor Wundt insists that folk psychology is an important supplement to individual psychology, and furnishes principles for the interpretation of the complicated processes of the individual consciousness. Folk psychology is, in a very real sense, the phrase, genetic psychology; and it corrects some of the more ludicrous creations of the individual mind.

There has recently been made, even in the columns of The New Age, an attempt to revive the doctrine of original sin; and if there is any truth in the doctrine, primitive man ought to be the original sinner. But when we turn to the facts, as stated by Professor Wundt, we find that primitive man was no more the original sinner than he was the noble child of Nature beloved of Rousseau. Primitive man had something better to do than to exemplify the theories of poets and philosophers; he was not a sinner, because he was nothing to sin against. He had no conscience, for example, because there was no property; and how could he lie when there was no one to lie to? The most noticeable characteristic of primitive man is what Lassalle called "accursed wantlessness," he had no incentives to such action as we should call immoral; indeed, it is characteristic of primitive culture that it has failed to advance since primitive times. But in one most important respect, primitive man exemplifies modern philosophy; his ethics, such as they were, were quite secular. "Man is dependent upon the environment in which he lives. Where he lives his life of freedom, one might almost call his state ideal, there being few motives to immoral conduct beyond pleasure. He possesses no moral principles whatever." Man, we see, is naturally good, but the world is against him.

The four great periods which are here treated are "Primitive Man," "The Totemic Age," "The Age of Heroes and Gods," and "The Development to Humanity." If the age of primitive man was distinguished by his objective ethics (indeed, everything was objective to primitive man), the totemic age exemplified the chief doctrine of Sekund, the Magician. "Every man is the thing. The thing was usually an animal; to it, man ascribed all might, honour, power, dominion, and glory, he even derived his ancestry from it, and varied the organisation of society, of the tribe, of the family, according to his conceptions of what the totem required. But if man could make a god of an animal, he could make a god of a man; rulership appeared even in the totemic age, and the ruler developed into the hero and the god. The totemic age possesses well-marked narratives; these are credited myths dealing, not infrequently, with animal ancestors who have introduced fire, taught the preparation of food, etc. The hero who is exalted as a leader in war belongs to a different world, a world faithfully mirrored in the heroic song or epic. As regards their station in life, the heroes of Homer are still essentially tribal chieftains, but the enlarged field of struggle, together with the magnified characteristics which it develops, exalt the leader into hero. With the development of poetry, the forms of language also change, and become enriched. The epic is followed by formative and dramatic art. All this is at the same time closely bound up with the origin of the State, which now displaces the more primitive tribal institutions of the preceding period. When this occurs different cults and customs emerge. With national heroes and with States, national religions come into being; and since these religions no longer direct the attention merely to the immediate environment, to the animal and plant world, but focus it primarily on the heavens, there is developed the idea of a higher and more perfect world. As the hero is the ideal man, so the god becomes the ideal hero, and the celestial world the ideally magnified terrestrial world.*

But the human mind could not be checked by any self-imposed limits, and it moved naturally to the discovery of man. A national State and a national religion do not represent the permanent limits of human striving. The claim to dominion of the world, the attempt to conquer it, served to broaden the national idea into the humanistic; world-religions followed the same course, and contained the same propositions concerning human nature. Christianity, for example, looks forward to the time when there will be one shepherd and one flock upon earth. Concomitantly with this development of the world-idea, proceeds the intensification of the consciousness of the individual. "The emphasis shifts, on the one hand, from the State to a culture which is universally human, and thus independent of State boundaries; it passes, on the other hand, from political interests, in part, to the individual personal and, in part, to universal spiritual development. Thus world-culture is at once cosmopolitan and individualistic." But it would be wrong to infer, therefore, that a world-State can arise which can give the greatest possible scope to the development of the individual. "As a legacy from the primitive era, man has permanently retained not only the general needs of individual life, but also the most restricted forms of family and tribal organisation. It will be impossible for an age of humanity ever to dispense with the more limited articulations of State and society that have arisen in the course of cultural development." None the less, the idea of humanity is the last creation of the human mind, and its development is the task of modern culture. "How immense is the chasm between the secret barrier of primitive man, who steals out of the primordial forest by night and lays down his captured game to exchange it, unseen by his neighbours, for implements and objects of adornment, and the commerce of an age when fleets traverse the seas, and eventually ships course through the air, uniting all the peoples of all parts of the world into one great commercial community!" It is an astonishing record of progress, during which man has discovered himself to be worthy of understanding, trust, and hope.

A. E. R.

* "Elements of Folk Psychology." By Professor W. Wundt. Translated by Edward Leroey Schaub, Ph.D. (Allen and Unwin. 15s. net.)
Fabian Finance.

The Fabian Research Department has offered to the Chancellor of the Exchequer what it is audacious enough to call "ideas" on liquidating the expenses of the war. The volume in which these "ideas" are contained is by no means work of individual contributors, but of a committee, the names mentioned as co-operators being those of Messrs. R. P. Arnot, James Bacon, G. P. Bizard, Emil Davies, W. Gillespie, J. W. Nison, and Sidney Webb—the latter last, in due by himself, like the name of a "star" on a theatre bill after the names of the smaller fry. The names of those who co-operated in making this book ("How to Pay for the War," Allen and Unwin and The Fabian Bookshop, 6s. net) are immaterial. It bears on every interest on them; it is useless to consider "fancy" taxes, such as taxes on cats or advertisements: "they might conceivably be useful to meet a deficit of a hundred millions. A loan of £50,000,000 is required for taking over the railways and canals; £2,000,000,000 for coal mines and distribution; and (we gather) no less than a thousand millions for the insurance companies. In other words, the Fabian schemes require an immediate capital outlay of some twenty-five hundred millions sterling. Ah, but the profits! Well, 12 millions a year from the Post Office, 54 millions from railways and canals, 7 millions from coal, 3 millions from insurance, and from the revised income tax, poll-tax, and capital tax perhaps three or four hundred millions—according to the Department's estimate. Note that the "hundreds of millions" so glibly mentioned in the Introduction come, after all, from an old-established tax—a tax with which the Treasury has dealt and continues to deal more scientifically and with surer knowledge than the Fabian Research Department. But we affirm that the proposals in the Department's programme are moonshine if taken (as they are intended to be) in conjunction with the preceding chapters. We could say as much as anybody in favour of an income tax of ten shillings in the pound, but not when we are confronted with a gigantic series of loans which demand the other ten shillings.

We shall return, as we have said, to this volume; in the meantime, we have indicated its most glaring defects. Production and services are totally different things; the Department cannot obtain "hundreds of millions" from transferred services. It cannot carry out both its income tax proposals and its "services" proposals, and either without the other would be inadequate. A curious specimen of finance may be instanced. The railway debt, which pays 5 per cent. on the purchase price of 940 millions, requires for interest payments (5 per cent. on the purchase price of 940 millions) and one million for the repayment of the railway debt, but also an additional 47 millions is required for interest payments (5 per cent. on the purchase price of 940 millions) and one million is wanted to "secure" the other 49 millions of the Great War Debt. Well, it wouldn't. The Department, which has but a vague "idea" of a sinking fund, had better make its peace with the "Economist" (July 15), as well as with us when we return to the subject.
Pastiche.

THE CANAL.
By J.-N. MASEF-D.

A drab canal through London slowly runs,
Where barges float, by stalwart horses drawn.
I have seen the splendour there of setting suns,
And once, but only once, the lurid dawn.
Shine like the glistening locks of Persia's lovely,
Yet with the sunsets and the dawns and those
That in the pools along the horse-track shine.

Over the sturdy bridges bus and tram
And stranger vehicles uncaring pass:
Do flowers, blooms of many lovely kinds,
And all glance idly at the sluggish stream
In the green lands of Hertford and of Bucks
Not till the long canal its freedom finds
It's worth it easily for such a sight of Dante's Hell.

There is a slum which totters to its brink
Fronting the wood-stack on the other side,
Saw awful mists exuding from the bursting floors of Hell.
When work was scarce and times and things were bad,
Scores of England's sons and daughters grow.

There Tommy Muggins, with a truant's joy,
Into the sluggish waters all untimely went.
Loud rang the fateful shriek, the piercing cry,
And into Number Seven lets himself and all his woes.

There Richard bade no last farewell;
There Tommy Muggins wandered down one day
Then turns and looks about and sees, ses 'e,
And with a clothes-prop each they clattered down.

So they sit talking till the midnight came,
Then, leaving Richard's supper on the board,
They turn the gas down to a tiny flame
And into Number Seven lets himself and all his woes.

One struck. The policeman thumped along his beat:
"Come, move along there; don't go dreamin' dreams. You're only thinkin'? Come on, move yer feet: I know the sort that gazes long at streams." A light of rage in Richard's bosom gleams: "All right, you needn't push," he says, and goes,
And into Number Seven lets himself and all his woes.

He pecked his supper as a pigeon pecks.
The scattered crumbs that ladies kind let fall,
Turned out the light and went as one who recks
Of nought save sorrow in the world at all,
And into Number Seven lets himself and all his woes.

Too late, too late! Sing, Muse, a sadder song.
The infant vial is shattered, and the lamp
Untimely quenched! So Lissom and so strong!
They called him angel who had been a scamp,
And with a clothes-prop each they clattered down.

Where the gaunt wood-stack, resinous and stark,
Frowns it. Great Cambridge Street, a spectral sight,
Most visible at twilight (ere the dark)
Will fascinate the gazer. Vapours white
Curl on the still canal with movements light;
As Dante once, by Virgil's subtle spell,
Saw awful mists exuding from the bursting floors of Hell.

Fronting the wood-stack on the other side,
Below the bridge's level, is a row
Of dreary house—a poor owner's pride!—
Where scores of England's sons and daughters grow.

Yet with the sunsets and the dawns and those
White mists of autumn (which are seldom white)
Drear slums and drearer wharves loom up like monsters
To Nature, visible to all men's sight,
And once, but only once, the lurid dawn.
Shine like the glistening locks of Persia's lovely,
Yet with the sunsets and the dawns and those
That in the pools along the horse-track shine.

Not till the long canal its freedom finds
In the green lands of Hertford and of Bucks
Not till the long canal its freedom finds
It's worth it easily for such a sight of Dante's Hell.

At Number Seven a goodly family lived,
The Woodins, father, mother, daughters four
(There had been others, but they had not thrived,
And in their infancy had "gone before",
And wonder they didn't "tea" 'im...

At Number Nine lived all the brood of Bell,
"A peal of bells," as once the curate said
In mood facetious.
That in the pools along the horse-track shine.

In the drab living room of Number Seven
(Both sitting-room and kitchen) sat one night
(It was a Saturday, the hour eleven)
Old Woodin and his wife. His pipe alight,
And all because a bloomin' City marm
Treated like dirt in front of all the street
And into Number Seven lets himself and all his woes.

"Our boy—so son of mine—ain't goin' ter be
Treated like dirt in front of all the street
Because Bell's girl's a bloomin' typist, see!"
Said Mrs. Woodin. "I can't make 'im eat
Now and, 'is face is like a sheet
And all because a bloomin' City marm
Flirts with another man and swears there ain't no 'arm."

"I saw Jim Bell down at the Bull ter-night.
"Hallo, old cock! 'e said, but I could see
'E didn't think things altergither right.
'E only drunk a single glass with me,
Then turns and looks about and sees, ses 'e,
'Pll 'ave ter shift from 'ere. So long, old cock!
But I could plainly see 'is mind was all arock."

So they sit talking till the midnight came,
Then, leaving Richard's supper on the board,
They turn the gas down to a tiny flame
And into Number Seven lets himself and all his woes.

One struck. The policeman thumped along his beat:
"'Come, move along there; don't go dreamin' dreams. You're only thinkin'? Come on, move yer feet: I know the sort that gazes long at streams." A light of rage in Richard's bosom gleams: "All right, you needn't push," he says, and goes,
And into Number Seven lets himself and all his woes.

He pecked his supper as a pigeon pecks.
The scattered crumbs that ladies kind let fall,
Turned out the light and went as one who recks
Of nought save sorrow in the world at all,
And into Number Seven lets himself and all his woes.
Dreaming, his brother slept; the double bed 
Thumped heavily. He wrote within a book 
Sudden he turned and saw : the dreadful sight 
Dreaming, his brother slept; the double bed
"Liz. She will 'me ter know." With her retreat
Wrapped in a shawl and skirt, with stockinged feet.

Richard stood long and watched the peaceful head, 
Curdled his soul : he shrieked with all his might.
Livid with horror went the boy's round face.

Hal€-dazed he sat and peeled his coat and vest
Dawn stirred his sleepy soul like sudden 'leaven:
His brother stirred and woke at half-past seven, 
When darkly trailed a cloud across the moon.
His brother used for school-work ; this forsook
They cut him down; they eyed each other, sick

"We'll 'ave a lot ter bear in this 'ere blow :
She rose and went out early, little Vicky said."

"Oh, God, I could have borne it if she had not lied!
Perhaps he will find that other details bearing
Perhaps he will find that other details bearing

Sir,—Your correspondent André B. thinks there is a change in the national outlook, and that our Press has now become infamous as its chief inducement is "reviling the Hun." Sir, I venture to say that there is not much change, but that André B. has just discovered what has been going on for two years. This is the first great war to experience the effects of the modern Press, the result being probably the greatest orgy of lies ever known throughout the belligerent nations. Perhaps André B., having made a clean breast, may be permitted more quiet thinking and study, especially of fundamentals. Perhaps he will find that other details bearing upon this war and the diplomacy of preceding years are not quite as he thought or as represented by the Press. In spite of Mr. André B.'s rebuke, I see signs of our really being in agreement; but, please, may I ask him not to continue the war to save my valuable head (his estimate)? As he refers to his services at the front, I am compelled to admit that I have been invalided out of the Army after eighteen months' service. We therefore both know that hatred is almost non-existent in the Army, but that its development among the civilian population makes peace so difficult to obtain. In conclusion, may I quote from Dr. Johnson ("The Idler," November 11, 1758)?
"In a time of war the nation is always of one mind—eager to hear something good of themselves and ill of the enemy. At this time the task of news writers is easy; they have nothing to do but to tell that a battle is expected, and afterwards that a battle has been fought, in which we and our friends, whether conquering or conquered, did all, and our enemies did nothing. Scarcely anything awakens attention like a tale of cruelty. The writer of the new mission of action to tell how the enemies murdered children and ravished virgins, and, if the scene of action be somewhere distant, scalps half the inhabitants of a province."  

W. K. SHYMOOR.
whatever else it may mean, it is certain that [it] is remarked 'born different' ("National Guilds," p. 2). It is not the dead, but what Prof. J. S. Nicholson called "the living capital," that needs to be, and can alone be, "born different." In the chapter that opens the second and constructive part of the work, "National Guilds," the suggestion made that it is not to be denied that the realisation of the immorality of one class of men reducing another class to, and maintaining them in, a condition of propertylessness in order to exploit their wage labor for private profit has been slow in coming. Even at this moment the realisation is confined to a comparatively few minds (ib. cit., p. 120). But "against wage slavery, as against chattel slavery, an increasing minority has always been in active revolt, and the mass of men have always been in passive revolt. For the active revolt it is only necessary to look at the history of Socialism and of Utopianism, both of which alike make the abolition of the wage system their goal. But in regard to the passive revolt the evidence is not less conclusive" (ib. p. 141).

If these things are so, if this large measure of agreement is the goal of a reality, as we can doubt that there is, who are we not those who agree as to the goal to agree to march towards it unitedly even if it be by different roads, instead of wasting time in quarrelling with one another in the presence of a united foe? But the truth of the matter is that, just as there is no real division of principle between Liberals and Conservatives in the political camps, but only a certain mutual distrust of one another, so the class war is no real division of principle between capitalists and labourers any more than there is between officers and men in the trenches or when they are exploiting the foe. The real opposition is between dead capital in the hands of those who have even a little of it (the petty trader, e.g., who is an individualist first and last) and the living capital embodied in the hand or wage worker, the salariat, both brain and hand worker, and the active capitalist, the brain worker purely as such, the captain and director of industry as things are. There is, of course, also the inactive or sleeping or dead capitalist—shareholder, bondholder, etc., who is difficult to classify as either "fish, flesh, or good red herring," but who can only survive in the future (as he or she does by being of some little value to society at present) in so far as such a one is or becomes part of the living capital (perhaps at present as much as a working man or wife, sometimes more, perhaps less, perhaps half, perhaps even less, perhaps in some cases a greater share, perhaps a very small share, perhaps only a share altogether a great deal, perhaps small, perhaps in some cases a greater share, perhaps a very small share, perhaps only a share altogether a very small one, etc.)—and in the hands of those who have even a little of it (the petty trader, e.g., who is an individualist first and last) and the living capital embodied in the hand or wage worker, the salariat, both brain and hand worker, and the active capitalist, the brain worker purely as such, the captain and director of industry as things are. There is, of course, also the inactive or sleeping or dead capitalist—shareholder, bondholder, etc., who is difficult to classify as either "fish, flesh, or good red herring," but who can only survive in the future (as he or she does by being of some little value to society at present) in so far as such a one is or becomes part of the living capital (perhaps at present as much as a working man or wife, sometimes more, perhaps less, perhaps half, perhaps even less, perhaps in some cases a greater share, perhaps a very small share, perhaps only a share altogether a great deal, perhaps small, perhaps in some cases a greater share, perhaps a very small share, perhaps only a share altogether a very small one, etc.), and in the hands of those who have even a little of it (the petty trader, e.g., who is an individualist first and last) and the living capital embodied in the hand or wage worker, the salariat, both brain and hand worker, and the active capitalist, the brain worker purely as such, the captain and director of industry as things are. There is, of course, also the inactive or sleeping or dead capitalist—shareholder, bondholder, etc., who is difficult to classify as either "fish, flesh, or good red herring," but who can only survive in the future (as he or she does by being of some little value to society at present) in so far as such a one is or becomes part of the living capital (perhaps at present as much as a working man or wife, sometimes more, perhaps less, perhaps half, perhaps even less, perhaps in some cases a greater share, perhaps a very small share, perhaps only a share altogether a great deal, perhaps small, perhaps in some cases a greater share, perhaps a very small share, perhaps only a share altogether a very small one, etc.).

What is needed for the immediate future, it seems to me, is to get a large number of young men, especially those who are young men, to matter to what organisation, Socialist, Trade Union, political or semi-political, they may belong, to say openly and constructively: "We are agreed that the foundations of society, as at present constituted, are immoral, wretched being the root of the evil, and we must now find out how to abolish it and replace it by such an order as will give to each his true status as a portion of the living capital of the State, as a bona fide worker for the good of the commonwealth, as a partner in the control of the industry in which he does his share of the common work of the specialised industry of which the State, representing the industrial democracy, has given him and his co-workers the responsible control. Is The New Age prepared to extend the right hand of fellowship and to invite cooperation from members of all organisations, Socialist, Trade Unionist, etc.? I believe it is, and that a beginning has been made by publishing the lectures of Prof. Arnold to the W.E.A.

HUMOUR.

Sir,—The extract below is taken from the "Daily Sketch" for August 24. It would seem impossible for the bad tenant Mr. Gossip to sit up beyond this. Yet I expect the creature will manage it somehow.

"Do you know what 'Homard a la Komand' is? In some Paris restaurants lobsters are served or sit ready to be eaten, propped up on their tails with claws stretched up above their 'heads.' The attitude of surrender and appeal is perfect, and the effect is indescribably ludicrous. Try it. I wonder, by the way, how many of the dolts who absorb this kind of disgusting balderdash actually did try it. There is still a lingering hope that its odious purveyor, for once at least, over-counted the perversity and caddishness of his dupes. Surely it can only be a very small minority to whom this loathsome foolery appeals."

L. M.

CURRENT CULTURE.

Sir,—To our officers of the reformatory and industrial schools there has come an official pamphlet on school books from H.M. Chief Inspector, Mr. C. E. B. Russell, who writes the "foreword." With the "suggestions" contained therein I am not at present involved. That which has amused me chiefly is the following completely unintentional but surprisingly exact estimation of—er—modern culture. I feel I am beginning to understand (at last) what some folks mean by that which they have put crudely called "the psychology of the unconscious." However, here is the extract:

"I would not restrict the choice entirely to books that are good literature and in every paragraph of which are unexceptionable in tendency. There are many children who may be guided through an interest in publications of a very crude type, known to them by the appreciation of the great masters of romance, such as Scott, or Dumas, or Stevenson, just as not a few persons who now read Parliament and the police news and murder trials! The "Times" and Dumas! The Manchester Guardian and "Stevie! Alas, would it all were IRONY! But, dear Sir, it 'tain't! Groblime me, if 'twas!"

G. O. KAYE.

FIVE RUSSIAN PLAYS.

Sir,—I am sorry that my translations bored your reviewer; I can at least explain one of the causes of his disappointment. I did not publish the translation of Chekhov's two sketches in order to show that I can write better English than Mr. Julius West, I knew that long ago. Unfortunately, when my "competing translations" were sent to press Mr. West's had not yet appeared, nor did I suspect their existence. I think no excuses necessary for translating Evreinov's two plays. Regarding the "Beautiful Despot," your reviewer says: "Life in the year 1808 may have had its charms, but the men of that period did not waste their time in argument to prove that there was a better life than it would be possible to save their wage labor, and the police news and murder trials." The police news and murder trials! The "Times" and Dumas! I do not suppose they did. I even think it very unlikely. If they had, there might have been a purpose in their so doing, just as in the "Beautiful Despot" there is a dramatic value in the wilful old-fashionedness of the man of 1904. As for the "Merry Death," when the English stage again produces such an excellent little play I shall begin to have hopes of a dramatic revival here.

C. E. BUCHHOFER.

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Press Cuttings.

The fundamental basis of the Christian case against capitalism is not that it makes many poor—though this is true; not that it creates social conditions which are a disgrace and a cause for amazement—though this also is true; but not that it brutalises the rich by luxury, stifles beauty, and frustrates the hope of craftsmanship for the worker—though, indeed, this does happen, though that it debases and degrades the God-like character of man by the operation of a wage system which makes the worker of no more account than a machine to be exploited, to be brought to the market to be bought and sold, Man's body, which is the temple of the Holy Ghost, is hired at a price in a 'labor market,' he is 'taken on' as a 'hand,' and once he has sold his labor—power and 'wages'—he is human: it can never make it human. How much less, then, can it make it divine!—M. B. Reckitt.

Quite generally speaking, it may be said that participation in task setting, in a country where participation of the worker in large setting is already so far established—at least in principle—as it is in England, must be the next great constructive task of trade unionism. The reconstitutive era after the war will not, at first, find Labour prepared for this new task. Except, perhaps, in the textile industries, management is still essentially looked upon as the business of capital which 'hires labor'; and this idea has been taken over, without much change, into the sphere of public employment.

As for the State, it is probable that in the field of social and labour legislation it will make far-reaching concessions. There is every probability, for instance, of a considerable extension of minimum wage legislation, an essential condition of national security, and exceedingly desirable, so far as it goes, from the workers' point of view. Unemployment insurance also will probably be extended and made more effective. Health insurance will be so amended as to eliminate the most potent causes of dissatisfaction and friction.

But will the great employing departments of State and municipalities, not only confronted, as we have seen, by vastly larger and more complex labour problems than those they have had to deal with up to the present day, but also the pace setters in labour management for private capitalistic enterprise—will these departments let go all the measures which have been so long a part of the official policy for the protection of the home population? Will tax and tariff policy be revised on the lines of the international division of labor? Will there be a long period of labor-management rationing? Will the government's new powers be used to strengthen the hands of the privileged classes? Will the government's new powers be used to strengthen the hands of the privileged classes?

Published by the Proprietors, The New Age Press, Ltd., 38, Cursitor Street, Chancery Lane, and Printed for them by Bonner & Co., The Chancery Lane Press, 1, 2, and 3, Rolls Passage, E.C. Agents for South Africa: Central News Agency, Ltd.