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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

THE "Spectator" that, as we know, looks for miracles of conversion by every post, is disinclined to believe the most ordinary of new ways of life if they do not happen to suit the account of its friends. The latest gnat to find itself wedged in the throat down which caravans of camels have gone is the public control of the primary food supply. Readers of the "Spectator" cannot, it is true, be expected with their imagination to take seriously a problem that only concerns the other ninety-nine per cent. of the nation. But the plain figures, it might have been thought, would be easy enough of understanding. What, for example, is easier to be understood than that if the purchasing power of the £1 has fallen by almost a half, the wage-earning population are poorer by the difference between ten shillings and the accidental wage-bonus some of them draw? And converted into actual food-stuffs the result is that many of the workers are insufficiently fed while maintaining the noble traditions of the nation for whom the "Spectator" presumes to speak. The "ungentlemanliness" of the proceeding cannot, of course, be expected to reflect upon the governing classes, since it is well known that in matters of taste they are advocates and judges in their own cause. It appears, however, to a mere proletarian journal, that to pooh-pooh the reality of hunger on a full stomach is neither good taste nor common morality. Nor is the gaucherie diminished in its grossness by the plea, entered by the "Spectator," that in the first place, Rationing would be next to impossible, and, in the second place, certain to be unpopular. To begin with, who ever suggested Rationing in the ridiculous sense to which the absence of humour in the "Spectator" has reduced the proposal to control the food-supply? It was certainly not THE NEW AGE. In consequence, the further cascade of wit which the "Spectator" pours upon the long queues of people waiting outside shops with basins in their hands glides harmlessly off our back. And equally we must protest against the assumption that we must wait to be actually besieged before attempting to regulate the present uneven division of food. Is it always to be under the stimulus of a present catastrophe that the nation is alone permitted to think? Would not a better new way of life than any devised by the curates of the "Spectator" be the new way of thinking at least a few days ahead of events?

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It happens that the week has provided an example of what we mean by the State control of the primary foods in the report of what has been done as regards wool. We may have our opinion of the price at which wool has been purchased by the State. But, to judge by the facts of the case, there cannot be two opinions that the price at which the State has actually bought, high as it undoubtedly is, is still considerably lower than the price to which the private rigging of the market would have raised it. Everybody agrees that this is the case; and the "Times" is obliging enough to make the statement explicit. "English wool will be available for manufacturers at a lower price than if the Government had not taken over the clip." But the deductions to be drawn from the transaction surely do not end with a statement of fact. The transaction, on the other hand, being something of an experiment, deserves to be reflected upon, and its lessons learned. And the first in our opinion is the lesson we have so long tried to enforce, namely, that in order to regulate prices it is Supply that must be controlled. Every other method of regulating prices—and Germany has illustrated them all for us—breaks down sooner or later somewhere between Supply and Consumption; but the control of Supply is the control of the source. Next we would have our readers consider what becomes of the defence put up by the Government for the legitimacy of excess profits. The excuse, we know, has been offered that excess profits are not only a necessity, since nobody in the Government can prevent them being made, but that they are actually advisable, since they form a fund from which taxes can be drawn. Well, here in the case of wool was a means of practising the doctrine. Upon the supposition that excess profits are a good as well as a necessary policy, what else should the Government have done but encourage the inflation of wool-prices in the

certainty that the profits would have returned to it in taxes? We see, however, that the doctrine and, therewith, the defence of it, have been thrown clean overboard. Far from laying up State treasure in the private pockets of sheep-farmers, the Government has disproved the necessity of high profits by commandeering the whole supply of wool and, in the words of the "Times," overriding the market price. But if in wool this method of procedure is adopted amid the applause of the "Times" and the silence of the "Spectator,"—adopted, too, on the authority of the former, without any friction or difficulty; and, upon the authority of plain evidence, successfully as regards the effect upon prices—what is there to prevent its application to the primary foods? More than the urgency in the case of wool exists in the case of food—that, we will presume, would be admitted even by the "Spectator," whose readers would scarcely hesitate to choose between cheap clothes for themselves and cheap food for the nation—and if with this greater urgency the same means are not to be applied to food as to wool, the reason will not be any longer that it is impossible. Wool has led the way. But as well as giving the lie to the contention that prices cannot be regulated and that excess profits must needs be made, the transaction illustrates another principle, the practical power of the State to commandeer productive capital. For note that not only is the Supply of wool controlled and its price regulated by the Government, but, with this lever in its hands, the State can then proceed to commandeer the productive services of the manufacturers whose raw material is wool in any form. We learn, in fact, that no woollen manufacturer is now at liberty to refuse a Government order; or, more than that, can charge any price he can get. On the contrary, he must be prepared to carry out all Government orders at a price or profit regulated strictly by the actual cost of production. This, it will be seen, is a more drastic measure than most people have dared to recommend; for it embodies the principle of the liability, not only of men and of goods, to State service, but of manufacturing plant, in a word, of Capital. Push it a little further and you will see every owner of tools liable as are now the owners of labour-power to employ upon fixed profits the whole of his resources under direction of the State; and all from the power of the State to control the Supply of raw material! The final conclusion, in short, to be drawn from the transaction is the ease with which, given only the adoption of the simple means of controlling Supply, the State can control every operation dependent upon Supply. And if this has been proved true in the case of wool, it would prove equally true in the case of foodstuffs. There is no need for high prices; there is no need for excess profits. Whoever maintains the contrary deserves to read nothing but the "Spectator" for the rest of his life.

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The Report of the Committee of the Privy Council appointed to examine the relations of Science to Industry is not an heroic document. On the whole, in fact, it is about as pusillanimous as Englishmen can conceive. The concessions of these scientists to capitalists are both a treachery to science and an offence to industry, and their effect is certain to bring science into further disrepute and to leave industry in its present chaos. The first thing to be expected of a Committee of Scientists under the patronage of the supremest governing body of the nation was the maintenance, at any rate, of the conditions under which scientists can perform their best work. That, in fact, was their duty to their Guild. If, therefore, it should appear that, without abrogating their own standards and methods of research, they could be of no use to practical industrialists, their business was either to withdraw saying nothing or to recommend industrialists to set their house in order as a condition of taking science into service. And the next thing to be expected was a recommendation to the Privy Council of the best means of bringing industry up to the level of modern Science. Neither of these elementary duties, however, was discharged by the Committee; but, on the other hand, both were almost explicitly negatived. As to the first, the Committee reports that against its own inclination it "decided to give applied Science the preference over pure Science," on the ground that the Committee had to deal with "the practical business world," with men in whose eyes "a real distinction seems to exist between pure and applied Science," and who "cannot afford to wait," but must have "quick returns." This is obviously a case of the specialist consulting his patient and of accommodating his knowledge to the latter's prejudice and ignorance. If the Committee was so contemptuous of the supposed distinction between pure and applied Science, and knew of a surety that pure science is the first condition of sound applied Science, its duty, as we have said, was to say so and leave the advice to be taken or rejected. Most decidedly its business was not to give a preference to a course of action which it knew to be short-sighted in mere consideration of the myopia of the "practical business world." And as to the second of the two points we have raised, what can be more humiliating than the appeal of the Committee to business men kindly to present their problems for the solution of Science? "Organisation," they truly say, "can only be fought by counter-organisation. So long as the Englishman treats his business house as his business castle . . . with his hand against the hand of every other baron in the trade, and with no personal interest in the foreign politics of his industry as a whole, it will be . . . impossible for the State (or Science) to save him." Very well, but ought the Committee to have stopped there? It is, of course, the fact that Science could be of the utmost use to industry, could, indeed, enable us to quadruple our production at a quarter of our present expenditure of energy; and it is likewise the fact that the internecine competition of our profiteers coupled with their small but predatory intelligence makes the employment of Science in modern industry practically impossible. What, however, is not the fact is that there is any use in a Committee of Science endeavouring to *persuade* the employers into a use of Science that could only be made by a national guild. Private profiteering and the thorough application of Science are incompatible. If the former is to be retained, Science will have to beg its way into industry and may expect to be kicked out whenever it threatens the "quick returns" which are the only object of private industry.

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It is not a matter of cold-shouldering Science alone that concerns the nation in its dealing with private industry. It is true that we pay enough in actual forfeiture of the progress Science might bring if industry were nationally organised to give us the right to demand that, at least, the industry we do possess should be efficiently organised. But the same greedy stupidity that forbids the nation the full industrial use of Science also deprives the nation of the advantages of any organisation whatever. You would have thought that the "practical business men" of Lancashire above all counties would by this time have provided for themselves an organ for the control of the supply of cotton, the staple of their trade and, incidentally, one of the foundations of national prosperity. Strictly limited and therefore easily organised as the supply of raw cotton is, the recurrence of panic-prices and of apprehensions for the future of the cotton-trade would, it might have been expected, have been stamped out as completely as any other social plague. The fact, however, is quite otherwise, as may be seen from the reports in the Press of the perturbation in Lancashire over the recent rise in the price of cotton. At this very moment, indeed, cotton manufacturers and merchants are in a state that they would describe, no doubt, as un-English if they found any other class of persons in it. But what is the

necessity of it and wherein lies the cause? The necessity is illusory, but the cause is the competitive profiteering which makes impossible the consideration of the "foreign policy" of the trade and the control of Supply by a single organ. But then we shall be asked what this has to do with us? If the cotton-lords like to be fools in their own business, it is none of ours. Our reply is that the cotton-industry, however the principle may be denied, is a national industry delegated only—and, let us hope, only for the time being—to profiteers to farm for their profit, and then upon condition of performing national service. When, therefore, owing to their folly, they bring the industry into peril and imperil the nation with themselves we, as well as they, have a right to cry out. Loudly enough, we know, they raise their voices against us when Labour threatens industry with disaster. And are they now to go unchallenged when it is themselves who are rocking the boat? A Government not in their pay would quickly end the trouble by ordering them to create an organ for controlling the supply of cotton; or, better still, by doing the job itself. Wool!

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There is a tendency to regard Peace as not only certain, but likely to be early. This is a disposition of mind we can well understand, but it is dangerous nevertheless; for the expectation is being formed that as well as an early Peace the approaching Peace will immediately lessen our difficulties, and we shall therefore be able to dispense with further special exertions. The very contrary, however, is probable. In the first place, the ground of our expectation may itself be insubstantial; we mean that peace may be still almost as far off as ever. And it certainly is not wise to shout with Mr. Bottomley that peace is near (he has been doing so for over a year!) if, in fact, it may prove to demand greater sacrifices and endurance to reach it. In the second place, we wonder if those who look for an immediate relief upon the conclusion of Peace realise the distance there may be to travel between the formal and the practical conclusion. An earthquake cannot subside, however suddenly and completely, and leave nothing to be done. And the Armageddon through which Europe is now passing will assuredly leave behind it problems that may take years to settle, in an atmosphere of difficulty, moreover, which will be little less strenuous than the atmosphere of war itself. Who is to say at this moment, indeed, that our national expenditure for some years after the war will not be almost as great as it is to-day? Finally, it is obvious that in the course of the war we are not only shelving many old social problems, most of which are biding their time for a fresh manifestation, but we are creating innumerable new problems, many of which are greater than any we have before had to solve. To talk, therefore, of Peace as if it would lessen the burden of our present difficulties is to delude ourselves with a dream. The best and the utmost we can expect is that we shall merely change the venue of our trials from destruction to reconstruction.

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Is it too much to ask of the thousands of people who profess to have been absorbed in following the military problems of the war (to the exclusion of interest in their own affairs) that they shall have something to show for it—a grasp, for example, of the difference between a regimental and a Staff idea? Or that they should be able to apply the results of their profound military studies to the congruous problems of social reconstruction? We will assume that they could clearly have pointed out, long before the strategy was actually adopted, that the single Allied front was dictated by common sense; and that thereafter the question to be settled as a preliminary and determinant of every *particular* operation was the nature of the general plan of campaign and the distribution of the forces necessary to carry it out. May we then also assume that as regards the strategy to be adopted by Labour in the coming war the same remarkable prevision will be displayed with the added confidence that comes of a striking success? If we may, the following conclusions as to the immediate future may be drawn. To begin with, we shall see every professed Labour strategist concentrating himself, not upon an isolated movement against Capital here or upon a sally there, but upon the formulation of a single grand plan of campaign. And until that is settled, he will sternly relegate to the canteens and the regimental officers' mess all the chatter about the detailed operations to be effected. Next—or possibly concurrently with this problem—we shall see Labour's General Staff defining their objective which, in other words, is the discovery of the plans of Capital which they must meet and the calculation of the forces at the enemy's disposal. The third step, to be taken when these two have been resolved, is the collection and distribution of force. Then, and not until then, will the moment come for our General Staff to act. Such is the policy we are entitled to expect.

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But that we shall see it adopted we confess we have a few lingering doubts for all the admiration we profess of the assiduity with which our Labour leaders have been applying themselves to the military art. In the first place, the Labour movement has not yet arrived at the degree of organisation of our War Office before the war. "It has no General Staff or even a Cabinet; it possesses no organ of thought whatever." [The verdict of the "New Statesman."] Secondly, to judge by the agenda of the "parliament of Labour" that is meeting at Birmingham this week, it has not even begun to speculate upon a plan of campaign for the whole of Labour, still less to define for itself an objective, or to accumulate the necessary force to reach it. Then, again, if we may judge from the writings of the Labour leaders, we do not find even the makings of a Staff officer among Labour officials, if we except (and we do it reluctantly) Mr. Tom Mann. Mr. Mann has grasped the notion that in order to deal with unemployment after the war we must "undilute" Labour—and that is something of a general idea; but you will look in vain in any other quarter for an idea even so general. Then, as deaf as our military General Staff was for so long to the advice offered it by our Labour leaders, so deaf now are our Labour leaders to the advice offered them—not by amateurs, but by men who have studied the subject while they—its paid professors—have been drawing military maps. Finally—for we are tired before the end—the prevalent attitude of Labour towards advice is not merely to decline it (which is quite within their right), but to maintain in effect that it is impertinent of anybody to offer it. And this is all the fruit we can see so far of their military studies!

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Nevertheless we shall continue to do our duty, whatever pleasure it brings; and here in a concluding Note we will resume our opinions. One: it is necessary that the Labour movement should create for itself a permanent General Staff, the nucleus of which is the Parliamentary Committee of the Trade Union Congress. Two: the single front of Labour is the union of all the societies, leagues, parties and Trade Unions into which the thousand and one Allies are now divided. Three: the objective of Labour is the control of Capital—the plan of Capital being the control of Labour. Four: every operation of reform that does not aim at acquiring or enlarging the control of Labour over Capital is regimental indiscipline; at best it is a waste of energy, at worst it is treachery or mutiny. Five: the most effective power of Labour is the power to strike. Six: the means to power are the abolition of the blackleg and the federation of the unions by industries. Seven: the war of Labour for the control of Capital is such a war for liberation that victory would herald a new epoch for mankind.

Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdad.

In the last few weeks there have been several suggestions that it is time to formulate "our" terms of peace. I do not allude to the propaganda of purely and professedly pacifist organisations, which have insisted from the very beginning of the war that we should formulate peace terms. The British offensive on the Somme, in conjunction with the French; the very successful Russian offensive in Galicia; the successes of the Italians against the Austrians; and, lastly, the participation of Roumania in the war on our side, have all seemed to many more rational people than the extreme pacifists to be so many indications of an imminent peace that an outline, at least, of peace conditions appeared to be called for. The September issue of the "Round Table," for example, gives an article on "The Essential Conditions of Peace" the place of prominence; and, although the writer does not suggest that the end is by any means in sight, he does lay down—it is true, with customary "Round Table" vagueness—an essential condition of peace which may well form the basis of discussion in the well-meaning intellectual circles into which the "Round Table" penetrates. The "New Statesman," I gather, is not averse to hearing of peace terms; the "Nation" certainly is not; and there are many serious organs throughout the country, representing types of thought and a following, which hold that it is time to discuss what our peace conditions ought to be.

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It seems to me, on the contrary, that it is not merely too soon to discuss terms of peace, but impossible. There has been a great deal of peace talk in this country, and attempts have been made to put forward suggestions. These have all amounted to this—a plan advocated, in varying language, by two such different organs as the "New Witness" and the "Round Table," namely, that militarism in Germany has arisen in Prussia, and has been consistently maintained by Prussia, and that, therefore, militarism, the menace and scourge of Europe, cannot be subjugated until the Germans themselves are deprived of the power to use such a fearsome weapon. The "Round Table" expresses this point of view by saying that, "When her political and military control over her neighbours is destroyed Germany will cease to be a menace to the world." And, again: "It is not difficult to determine the point when the essential condition of the victory for which the Allies are fighting will have been gained. It will be when not only Belgium and Serbia are freed, but when the number of non-Germans under the control of Berlin has been so reduced that it ceases to be possible for Germany to think of conquering all Europe in arms." The two plans are essentially similar; for they both presuppose the break-up of the Teutonic Alliances. The "Round Table" might, or might not, be content with the complete severance of Germany (i.e., the German Empire) from Austria, Bulgaria, Turkey, and so on; but, in practice, it would have to agree with the more extreme conclusion of the "New Witness"—the isolation of Prussia from all the other States in our enemies' alliance, including even the remaining States in the German Empire.

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There are two reasons why it is premature to discuss peace on this basis—and let it be remembered that no other basis of any consequence has been put forward by those who have demanded the immediate production of peace terms. One is that the German Empire has not yet been conquered; the other is that we alone cannot make peace. Military reasons may, and perhaps, indeed, will compel the breaking-up of the German-Austrian, Turco-Bulgarian alliance; and there may be an opportunity for Bulgaria, Turkey, and Austria to arrange a separate peace. The alliance of which we form part is, with equal probability, destined to remain intact until the end of the war. Even if the average journalist or public man in England outlined terms of peace, there could be nothing final about such terms; they could not even be accepted as a basis. And the average man in England certainly does not possess the requisite information to enable him to express an opinion on this subject. This latter point, incidentally, explains why most of the articles in the English Press with regard to a trade war fall wide of the mark. We are concerned not only with our own tariffs, but with tariffs as they may affect the trade between Germany and our Allies individually.

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It is quite true that militarism has its home in Germany, and that Prussia inspires and organises militarism. I venture to think, however, that the Roman Catholic school in this country is disposed to deal too leniently with the South German States, for no other reason (so far as I can see) than that those States make an especial appeal to it on religious grounds. Similarly, it is not to be overlooked that too much often seems to be expected from the setting up of a number of small States. Thus, it has often been said that this country in particular is fighting for the principle of nationality, and that it would only be carrying out our essential policy if we were to see, after the war, a revived Bohemia, a new Poland, and so forth. This, again, is, I think, a misconception. The principle of nationality, as our statesmen conceive it, certainly applied to a country like Italy half a century ago. It was obviously desirable that a homogeneous country should cease to be governed from without, or governed from within by a small foreign caste of officials—it being always assumed that the country was capable of self-administration. Italy had shown herself to be so, largely because the race was one and because the foreign element was extremely small. But Poland and Bohemia, to take the two most important States in the Austro-Hungarian union, are not in precisely the same position. There is a very large German minority in Bohemia which complained even before the war of bad treatment; and there is an equally large Jewish minority in Poland. Again, there is a large non-Roumanian element in Transylvania. Above all, none of these States has displayed adequate capacity for self-government. The rule appears to be that the semi-dominant race (e.g., the Bohemians in Bohemia) shall complain of oppression from above, shall become more or less independent, and shall forthwith proceed to ill-treat the minority of a different race now subject to its rule. The Magyar fight for freedom has been tarnished by the Magyar treatment of subject races in Hungary; but no one will say that any one of the subject races would have acted otherwise, given the same opportunities. The Roman Catholic school among us hopes for much from a revived Poland. But Poland fell to pieces—and not so very long ago, either—simply because she could not govern herself at all. The people were politically apathetic and lazy, and the nobles were at loggerheads, not merely with the people, but with one another. The history of political administration often repeats itself.

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Let us take yet another point. I think it will be impossible for the Slavonic questions affecting Central Europe to be settled on the principle of nationality. Even if the Serbs in the territories adjacent to Serbia were turned over to King Peter's Government, and if the Roumanian inhabitants of Transylvania could come to some arrangement with Roumania without persecuting their own recent persecutors, there would still remain the problem of the Magyars, the Slovacks, the Slovenes, the Ruthenians, and other small peoples. It is impossible for these to remain at rest more frequently than not, unless they are bound up, for administrative purposes at least, with some stronger if occasionally harsh State. In a word, it would be (politically) the best solution of this particular problem if Austria-Hungary, shorn of certain outlying provinces in the manner indicated, could make herself responsible, as at present, for the organisation of the smaller nationalities. The

peace of Europe will not be safe if the tiresome Balkan question is settled only to be transferred from the Balkans to Hungary and parts of Austria. The small peoples I have mentioned are too small in number to form individual States; they must of necessity form part of a large parent-State. From the point of view of a policy directed towards the preservation of peace, this State ought to be a chastened Austria-Hungary. That would be much better than a series of quasi-independent jarring peoples, continually quarrelling with one another, and an Austria reduced to nothingness and absorbed in the German Empire, or what might be left of it.

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Unfortunately for the peace of Europe, the campaign has not taken this turn. It was highly desirable for the Allies that Austria-Hungary should be left, not, certainly, so strong and arrogant as before the war, but strong relatively to a very much weakened Germany. It is easy to see, however, that almost the precise contrary of this is happening. Germany herself has presented such an unbroken wall that it has become necessary to direct the arms of the Allies against her weaker partners. The consequences will be—indeed, the consequence already is—that Austria, which it was to our interest to leave relatively powerful, will leave the war perhaps before Germany, but at any rate much weaker than Germany; weaker in the loss of men, of spirit, of prestige, and of money. This state of things, it may be argued, can be changed when Germany is finally beaten; and I have no doubt that it is within the power of the Allied forces to inflict a signal defeat upon Germany. But even a thorough defeat of Germany cannot restore the prestige of another country, and in administering subject races prestige is an essential factor. It was to our interest to have a relatively strong Austria in fact, not an Austria artificially propped up. As matters stand at present, Austria will, in practice, be absorbed by Germany—that is, the German elements in Austria.

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Nor can the economic side of this question be overlooked. However much the political aspect of peace terms may be arranged on paper, the smaller countries of Central Europe, independent or not, are inevitably destined to come under the economic sway of Prussia in the event of Austria herself being wholly crushed. It is impossible to prevent this; nor can the Allies (even if they would) devise some fantastic scheme of tariffs with the object of preventing trade between Germany and the smaller nationalities of Central Europe. I hope these few notes will make it clear to readers of this journal that there are grave objections to our endeavouring to set forth a series of peace terms at the present juncture. It is known that discussions on these and other points are taking place among the Chancelleries from time to time, but they are inevitably based upon the progress of the campaign. I am, incidentally, aware that a suggestion made in these columns at the very beginning of the war has not been overlooked, viz., the possibility of uniting the South German States with Austria, leaving the North German (and Protestant) States to be governed from Berlin as heretofore. In this suggestion, I am well aware, there is one weak point, and that is that Prussia has shown powers of administration and organisation far superior to those of any other State on the Continent of Europe; and her very abilities in this direction might, in time, result in her attaining, willy-nilly, that actual hegemony which she sought to achieve in this war. The acquisition by Austria of the South German States, even if only in the form of a partnership, would soon make her wealthy and powerful, but she could not use her wealth and power to so much advantage as Prussia. I recognise this difficulty, though I hope the further course of the campaign may enable it to be overcome. That is partly why I hold, with the Government, that it is impossible to outline peace terms at present—much less "our" peace terms.

War and its Makers.

VIII.—CONCLUSION.

For the senseless freak which produces this havoc the masses are not directly responsible; but it is they who suffer the effects. It is now admitted, even by our Liberal newspapers, that the burden of the Napoleonic victory fell with crushing weight upon the poor compatriots of His Grace the Duke of Wellington and Mr. William Pitt, and for the next thirty-five years inflicted untold misery on them. Those who have forgotten the price paid by the people of this country for the brilliant triumph of Waterloo might refresh their memories by dipping into the social history of England between 1815 and 1850. The following lines, penned in 1820, are worth quoting at this moment:—

> We can inform Jonathan what are the inevitable consequences of being too fond of glory: Taxes upon every article which enters into the mouth, or covers the back, or is placed under the foot—taxes upon everything which is pleasant to see, hear, feel, smell, or taste—taxes upon warmth, light, and locomotion—taxes on everything in earth, and the waters under the earth—on everything that comes from abroad, or is grown at home—taxes on the raw material—taxes on every fresh value that is added to it by the industry of man—taxes on the sauce which pampers man's appetite, and the drug that restores him to health—on the ermine which decorates the judge, and rope which hangs the criminal—on the poor man's salt, and the rich man's spice—on the brass nails of the coffin, and the riband of the bride—at bed or board, couchant or levant, we must pay. The schoolboy whips his taxed top—the beardless youth manages his taxed horse with a taxed bridle, on a taxed road—and the dying Englishman pouring his medicine, which has paid seven per cent. into a spoon that has paid fifteen per cent., flings back upon his chintz bed, which has paid twenty-two per cent., and expires in the arms of an apothecary who has paid a licence of a hundred pounds for the privilege of putting him to death. His whole property is then immediately taxed from two to ten per cent. Besides the probate, large fees are demanded for burying him in the chancel; his virtues are handed down to posterity on taxed marble; and he is then gathered to his fathers—to be taxed no more.

This witty homily must have been keenly appreciated by Sydney Smith's contemporaries. Of course, our Liberal journalists will have it that the sole fountain of those sorrows was Protection. I do not pretend that Protection had not something to do with the terrible dimensions of the evil. But I have yet to learn that Protection was its cause. When this war ends, I very much doubt whether any panacea devised by our wisest political economists will do more than mitigate in some measure its consequences. Even during its progress such abnormal and transient prosperity as it has brought to the working-classes is discounted by concomitant demands. If wages have risen, so have prices; and the Treasury takes back, in the form of loans and taxes, a big slice of what the Munition Department has paid in wages. But it is on the day when peace is signed that the full cost of the adventure will be brought home to the poor. For years to come they and their children and their children's children will be labouring to liquidate the debt to which they owe now their increased earnings. Moreover, year after year they will be experiencing the effects of this orgy in a variety of forms, more or less indirect: abandonment of schemes for social reform, curtailment of expenditure on municipal improvement, restriction of individual freedom, and so forth. In a thousand and one different ways this lesson will be brought home to them:—that, all the fine words used about it notwithstanding, War is the taxation of thrift for the support of waste.

Surely, despite the hypnotic power of demagogic eloquence, the bread-earners are shrewd enough to perceive that all this sad, sordid, semi-delirious game is

not worth the candle: that it is a selfish, foolish, and, in good part, hellish game which politicians have been playing with human souls for incalculable ages: that it is high time for sane people to combine against a superstition pregnant with cursedness for all the sons of men?

It is hard to obtain adequate attention to a philosophical discussion from persons in a state of intoxication. But after a vinous night comes the morning with sobriety—and a headache. That is the hour for reflection, and good resolutions. We have to see to it that the good resolutions do not vanish with the headache.

Many people at the present moment rave, not because they are really drunk, but because they are afraid of appearing sober. That is the wisdom of the weak: in every crisis to run with the crowd, and seek safety in numbers. Just now the partisans of peace are a small, negligible knot of unpatriotic, sentimental, odious busybodies; and the very term "pacifist" is a term of abuse. But their turn will come. Yet a while, and they will command an audience when every prophet of war in the Empire is discredited. Then all these excellent people may be trusted to join the side to whose views experience has given value, and assist in promulgating the truth that a foreign policy which aims at the abolition of war is more profitable than a policy which tends to its perpetuation.

But the British people, even when converted to that truth in principle, will still be loth to put it into practice, unless they observe a similar willingness making headway elsewhere. It is obvious that one nation cannot disarm while its neighbours remain armed. Nor would it help matters much if we were to give up our possessions simply to enable others to annex them. The Pacifist movement of one country is by its very nature and logic indissolubly bound up with a parallel movement in every other. As its aim is universal, so its methods should be. British Pacifists must, therefore, work hand in hand with all other organisations of the same character the world over. This necessity will, in one sense, be a source of weakness; in another, a source of strength. It will be a source of weakness, because all nations are not on the same level—while some are beginning to realise the immeasurable futility of nationalism and imperialism, others still look upon those things with a feeling approaching to religious veneration. On the other hand, the progress made, though slow, will be all the more sure, if made simultaneously in every country. One encouraging fact—the most hopeful fact for the believer in the future of our species—is that the desire for peace is not confined to one nation: it spreads through a great number of nations. True, in each the adherents, compared with the opponents, are a small minority. But all movements at the start consist not of majorities, but of minorities; and the driving force of a movement depends less on the multitude of its followers than on their earnestness. All the dogmas of to-day were once heresies; and men persecuted in one age may be canonised in the next.

Sensible men, to whom alone I address myself, will not charge me with self-contradiction if I temper these brave utterances of faith with a word of warning. No climber has ever reached the summit of his aspirations at a stride; and the loftiest peaks, because they are visible from the greatest distance, are apt to present a deceptive appearance of nearness. For generations, even centuries, yet to come, the international disasters which have so often overtaken mankind in the past must recur. Only a miracle, such as the opening of the heavens which the disciples of the Carpenter's Son expected to take place in their life-time, can turn this poor earth of ours into a paradise all at once; and miracles, as we know now, do not happen. It is far too early in the day to count on universal peace. But, on the other hand, one need not live in terror of universal cataclysms every day. These strokes, if they are not to be parried altogether, can be reduced in frequency and severity.

If quarrels there must be, let us see to it that they are limited to those States whose interests unavoidably clash with ours, and beware of regarding every rising Power as an inevitable enemy. Happily the earth is large enough for several great Empires to disport themselves in without knocking against each other. A policy of moderation—of give and take—is not only the most respectable, but also, in the long run, the most effective. Before having recourse to violence, let us make sure that all means of a pacific accommodation have been exhausted. In many cases the common sense of the people would succeed where the finesse of politicians fails. Let us, therefore, insist, as a first step, upon the right of the people to express an opinion on international disputes, through its representatives, while there is yet time for peaceable settlement. As it is, not only are foreign transactions never revealed until it is too late for Parliamentary intervention, but even then the dispatches and memoranda laid on the table often are, in the words of the late Lord Salisbury—no bad judge of these matters—so "clipped at the beginning, eviscerated in the middle, and cut off short at the end," that to divine the whole from the parts is an operation as arduous and uncertain as is the reconstruction of an antediluvian animal from a few fragmentary bones. If we must fight, let us know at least, in advance and not after the event, what we are fighting for. Those who pay the piper have a right to call the tune; and *they* will think twice and thrice before selecting the tune dear to Cabinet Ministers who, since impeachments with decapitations and confiscations have unfortunately gone out of fashion, risk neither their personal safety nor even their financial emoluments, but only their reputations—a loss which, in most cases, they can well afford to incur. Thus the intervals between wars will grow longer, and in those intervals the spirit of conciliation and compromise will have time to grow stronger, until strife comes to be regarded as an accident rather than as a normal instrument.

Pessimists, posing as philosophers, would have us believe that, so long as the world endures, War must endure: "It is a law of Nature common to all, which no time will ever abrogate, that the stronger should dominate the weaker," said Dionysios of Halicarnassus many centuries ago; and the saying is still quoted as a self-evident proposition. I cannot but admire the ingenuity of this contrivance for shifting the burden of proof from those to whom it properly belongs on to the broader shoulders of Nature. But when I remember that the views of Galileo were once pronounced philosophically absurd, and the views of Christopher Columbus were scouted on the ground that, if there existed another continent, it would have been already discovered, I am tempted to hope for a day when the settlement of international differences by murder will be reckoned among the obsolete aberrations of mankind; when the great European nations, instead of plotting each other's destruction, will be able to develop side by side, without rancour, without resentment, without perpetual alarms, or any storms of anger; inciting one another to emulation, learning from one another what is best in each; and, while engaged in this noble rivalry, co-operating in the only work that justifies, in some measure, the encroachment of Europe on other continents: the work of introducing into the less civilised parts of the earth justice, order, and peace.

KOSMOPOLITES.

FLOWERS.

Flowers from olden time
Burst in bloom of rhyme,
With faint, delicious chime.

Cast no flowers on me dead,
Who shall have these instead.

E. H. VISIAK.

Germany: Her Strength and Weakness.

Lectures delivered to members of the Workers' Educational Association, at Bangor, August, 1915.

By Professor Edward V. Arnold.

II.

THE GERMAN CONCEPTION OF THE STATE.

To the German the State is Power. This conception the Englishman interprets to mean "the State is brute force." He pictures the German State as typified by the German officer and the German policeman, both of them brutal, overbearing, and at heart cowardly: of the German citizen he thinks as of a helpless and abject slave, working at a master's orders, not daring to call his thoughts his own, sacrificing his labour and his life at the word of authority.

There is in fact no such dividing line between the German soldier and the German citizen. Both consist normally of highly disciplined but also kindly and considerate individuals: both are devoted to the State heart and soul: both are capable of merciless cruelty when thwarted in their vital aims.

The German State is Power, but not mainly the power of muscle and machine. All the active virtues are included in it: labour, skill, thrift, scientific knowledge, justice, and organisation. Each individual shares in the power of the State according to his individual powers of body and mind: not therefore all equally. But in this organisation of power the weakest gains most, because his weakness is protected and guided by the strength of those who stand above him in the organism. At the top of all stands the heroic ideal figure of the Kaiser, semi-divine not by its personal pre-eminence but because it incorporates in the eyes of the world all the ideals of the German race.

To the German, democracy is contemptible, and the negation of the State: and this, although perhaps a majority of its citizens call themselves Social Democrats, and dream to themselves of a State in which the working classes shall constitute the dominant power. But to the German of the dominant and governing classes Social Democracy, and with it the mass vote, is the domestic enemy. Its power seems to them to rest on an empty fancy, the value of the majority vote: but that power, they are convinced, will never be allowed to guide the destinies of Germany.

This conception was very clearly expressed by Prince Bismarck, at the very time that he was proposing universal suffrage as the basis of the constitution of a United Germany.

"I had no hesitation whatever in throwing into the frying-pan the most powerful ingredient known at that time to liberty-mongers, namely universal suffrage. I never doubted that the German people would be strong and clever enough to free themselves from the existing suffrage as soon as they recognised that it was a harmful institution.

"The influence and the dependence on others that the practical life of man brings in its train are God-given realities which we cannot and must not ignore. If we refuse to transfer them to political life, and base that life on a faith in the secret insight of everybody, we fall into a contradiction between public law and the realities of human life. Upon this contradiction is supported the insanity of social democracy, which knows that the judgment of the masses is sufficiently stultified and undeveloped to allow them, with the assistance of their own greed, to be continually caught by the rhetoric of clever and ambitious leaders.

"It may be that the greater discretion of the more intelligent classes rests on the material basis of the preservation of their possessions. The other motive, the struggle for gain, is equally justifiable: but a preponderance of those who represent property is more serviceable to the State. Every great commonwealth that loses the prudent and restraining influence of the propertied class will always end by being rushed along at a speed which must shatter the coach of State."

To Bismarck absolutism is the ideal form of government. But he recognises that the King and his ministers are as other men, and that it is not given to them to reign with superhuman wisdom, insight, and justice. Hence monarchy stands in need of criticism, and criticism can only be exercised through the medium of a free press and of parliament. The limits which are to be permitted to such criticism must be determined by political tact and judgment: but it must always be possible to maintain ministers in office in spite of the occasional votes of an adverse majority.

The German constitution means therefore the rule of a King through ministers whom he appoints and can maintain in defiance of his Parliaments. Yet such defiance is usually to be avoided by tact. The history of German domestic politics for the last fifty years admirably illustrates Bismarck's theory. The secret of government lies first of all in its efficiency: it must be just, firm, and enlightened: but it must never allow power to pass into the hands of the unenlightened masses. The supreme art of politics is to win the assent of these masses to measures which are above their comprehension and often contrary to their instincts. If a conflict seems otherwise inevitable, the King has always a last resort, to plunge the country into war.

The Prussian conception of the State is far indeed from that which is universally accepted in England: it would be rejected with disgust by any public meeting held in these islands. Yet judged by its results it has much to recommend it to the German, even though he belong to the working classes.

This Prussian State is unquestionably strong: and by its strength it protects every German home from invasion. Men who know by their own experience or have heard from their fathers what invasion means, do not easily dismiss the lesson. The home burnt to the ground, the occupation ruined, the wife and daughter dishonoured, the children starved, are not quickly forgotten. Germany knew all this well a hundred years ago: she knows she is free from it now.

And the same power that protects the frontier protects the individual workman. No jealous neighbour can interfere with his trade or his savings: no domineering union can dictate where and how long he may work. For sickness, accident, and old age the State makes a modest provision which protects him from the worst fears. The education of his children is better provided for than anywhere else in the world. His standard of life is surely but slowly rising. And if as an individual he is still insignificant, yet as a German he shares vaguely but genuinely in the proud thought that he is a German citizen, and that Germany stands or will stand above everything in the world.

But to the classes which stand above the wage-earners the appeal of the Prussian State is much greater. The average income of a German professional man would hardly satisfy an unskilled artisan in this country: but his social position is far higher than that of his brother in England. He listens to no talk of the equality of man: he and his belong to the "educated classes," and exact and receive respect from the workers. The Government is the patron of science, philosophy, art and poetry: and he belongs emphatically to the governing classes. He sees also that German science, German industry and commerce, and German learning stand the highest in the world: and though he may and does criticise "the Government" almost as freely as the street orator, in his heart he has no wish to see it changed. In time of war he offers it without a moment's hesitation his life, his property, and his labour.

Within the range of the German State there is infinite kindness and sympathy in Germany, and by mere force of habit (if for no better reason) Germans extend this kindness and sympathy to strangers within their gates. They are also not a little proud to see the

whole world come to them as it were in pilgrimage. But in theory the German acknowledges no duty outside the limits of the State: he does not believe in humanity. To the State, and because of the State to his fellow-countryman, he owes everything: to the foreigner not even the cup of cold water, and the instant war is declared this theory dominates his whole nature.

It follows from the devotion of the German to his State that he cannot tolerate any social organisation which has an independent will, and may thus come into collision with the State. This intolerant attitude is well illustrated by Bismarck's comments on the claims of the Catholic Church in Prussia.

"The proper treatment of the Catholic Church in a Protestant State is rendered difficult by the fact that the Catholic clergy, if they desire properly to discharge what is theoretically their duty, must claim a share in the secular government, extending beyond the ecclesiastical domain: they constitute a political institution under clerical forms, and transmit to their collaborators their conviction that for them *freedom* lies in *dominion*, and that the Church, wherever she does not rule, is justified in complaining of Diocletian-like persecution."

In short, the Catholic organisation wishes to be master exactly as Prince Bismarck himself does.

"It is impossible to confine *within stated limits* the claims of Rome upon countries that have religious equality and a Protestant dynasty. The conflict that has been waged from time immemorial between priests and kings cannot be brought to a conclusion at the present day."

That is, Germany cannot and will not confine herself within stated limits. Neither will the Catholic Church. Therefore between the two there must in principle be war to the death, alternated with peace.

"Eternal peace with the Roman curia is impossible. If human life is nothing but a series of struggles, this is especially so in the mutual relations of independent political bodies, for the adjustment of which no properly constituted court exists with power to enforce its decrees.

"The Roman curia, however, is an independent political body, possessing among its unalterable qualities the same propensity to grab all round as is innate in our French neighbours."

Other movements with which Bismarck came into conflict were Polish nationalism, social democracy, and the women's movement. All these had "Will to Power," or in other words, "the propensity to grab all round"; none of them would set limits to its future growth; all, when they did not get their own way, squealed and protested that they were persecuted. Bismarck detested and fought them all, with unequal success. But he never reached the standpoint, so easy to an Englishman, of recognising them as honourable foes, and treating them with respect. He fought with the machine-gun and with the mud-pot at the same time.

The English conception of the State is totally different. It is based, not upon its power, but upon the free assent of its members: and since the members do not freely assent to many things in common, the State must as far as possible efface itself, and its pride is in its weakness. Since that upon which the largest number of its members are agreed is to take money from the rich and to distribute it amongst the poor, that process is the chief preoccupation of political life. Or if ideal forces arise antagonistic to the existence of the State, the State must as far as possible suppress its existence. From the German point of view the weakness of the British State is past all belief. The colonies, they say, have thrown off the last vestige of control by the State: Ireland has only to ask for its independence to receive it. That unions of working men should openly defy the Government does not so much surprise the German, for he knows something of that trouble in his own country; but that a few hundred women, bent on exacting the franchise, should be able to assault Ministers in the public streets, to burn churches and mansions, and to walk in and out of prison as they please, appears to him as anarchy gone mad. We, of course, merely watch these events with a smile.

It is in this country a universal criticism that the German in his censure of the British State shows a lack of humour. In that criticism I am personally unable to join; because I cannot but think that modern politics in England have a real tendency to anarchy, and that we are in fact in danger of collapse as a State quite as much from our internal disunions as from external aggression. We boast indeed that the present war has rallied to the defence of the Empire all its parts, even the most distant and the most antipathetic. And it is true that the Empire has found helpers in every climate and in every class: but we have also to admit that in every climate and in every class there are vast numbers, perhaps an absolute majority,[1] who have never stirred a finger or willingly contributed a shilling for its defence. And but for the foreign war we must, in my opinion, have been the victims of two civil wars, a nationalist war in Ireland[2] and a class war in England.

I do not expect to carry my audience with me in these opinions, for they are not generally entertained in this country. But I think it will be generally admitted that it is the desire of the dominant forces in Britain that the State shall be weak rather than strong: that the opinions of the majority shall prevail, rather than those of the thoughtful and well informed: that a standard of efficiency very far from the highest shall be accepted as sufficient both for the professional man and for the artisans: and that our rulers shall be pliable and polite rather than firm and high-principled. We rely upon the whole-souled devotion of the masses of the people to make good the obvious weakness of our State organisation.

In contrasting the German and English ideals of the State, which we may roughly call the ideals of aristocracy and democracy, we are at first most impressed by their bearing on warlike conflict. There the German seems at every point to have the advantage. That his population is half as great again as ours may or may not be a result of his political system, but at any rate the growth has been concurrent with it. His State is *stronger, better equipped with science and skill, much* better organised, vastly more united in spirit. Of our smaller population we can only get one-third to make sacrifices for the war: the remaining two-thirds expect to make a profit of it. The German works or fights as he is told, not only willingly, but devotedly: the Englishman will do neither except as he personally thinks right. The German is led by men who know what war is: English Ministers during a year of actual warfare have been the dupes of the wildest illusions. If Germany and England had stood to fight face to face, our country must have collapsed in a few months.

Such at any rate is the German view, and it explains why the German will never accept the English theory of the State. It is, however, not my purpose to justify one or the other theory: and I do not forget, though it is not necessary here to repeat, the familiar arguments in defence of the English system.

There does, however, result the practical problem whether it is in any way possible for these opposing theories to be reconciled?

And here we must first notice that the actual contrast in daily life between the two is by no means so sharp as the theory suggests. Germans who come to live in England, Englishmen who settle in Germany, rapidly assimilate themselves to the habits of their new countries. The German feels that he is left too much to fight his own battles, the Englishman that he is too much grandfathered, but neither are seriously concerned with the difference. The ordinary orderly habits of life, respect for the persons and property of others,

[1] This was written in 1915. It is not suggested that it applies at the present time.

[2] An Irish rebellion has since taken place.

willing payment of taxes and submission to police regulations are common to both.

If Germany were to conquer England, and admit Englishmen to its citizenship, should we individually suffer? Certain popular dreams would certainly be destroyed. The two civil wars with which we have lately been threatened would be forbidden, and the first signs of outbreak would be put down with considerable loss of life. Certain extreme theories, according to which individual property is to cease to exist, and all industries are to be managed by and for the mass of the workers, with equal weight given to the wise and the unwise, would have no prospect of realisation. But we may safely say that the vast majority of our population already knows in its heart that these vast changes are not practicable, and would feel relieved by their disappearance.[3]

Thus shortly we may say that the effect of a German conquest would be to preserve the English social system as it now exists from the violent catastrophes which now threaten it. As such we might expect it to be welcomed by the upper and middle classes, but viewed with suspicion by the well-to-do and powerful working men's unions. The course of events has shown that even in England material interests count for nothing with any class as against a strongly roused national sentiment.

Now on the other hand let us imagine the English theory of government introduced into Germany. Let us imagine (what our statesmen profess they intend to carry out) that the military despotism of Prussia is suppressed, and that the duties of her police are restricted to giving topographical information when asked by passers-by. Let us imagine further that the typical German of the governing classes is so broken in spirit that he makes no effort to re-establish his authority. At once Social Democracy would be established in Berlin and other large towns: the wild ideals and the hideous cruelties of the French revolution would be re-enacted: and the whole proud structure of German civilisation would crumble into nothing.

In Austria the result would be even worse. There a free field would be given to all the racial animosities which so far have been repressed within the Dual Kingdom. A dozen petty kingdoms would be engaged in mutual wars upon the model of the Balkan States. Even the fields would lie uncultivated: it would be beneath the dignity of a man to think of anything less stirring than the cutting off of his neighbour's nose.

Here in England we have ridiculed and despised the German talk of the preservation of their "Kultur." This ridicule is misplaced. German Kultur is in essence the maintenance of law and the upraising of industry. To cross the border from Germany-Austria to the East is to pass to the conditions of the Middle Ages, when neither life nor property had any security. The popular movements which culminated in the assassination at Sarajevo marked a vital danger to the interests of civilisation, and in endeavouring to suppress them both Germany and Austria deserve the recognition of all the civilised peoples of the world. It is the unhappy irony of history that this honest motive was mixed with others which, with equal right, have met with general condemnation.

In their conception of the State the Germans have the advantage of us in all the main issues that affect Europe: only in the thinly peopled districts of Canada and Australia is the English theory safe or successful. In saying this I do not mean that the good State is necessarily founded on aristocracy and property. It is equally possible to conceive of a good democracy willingly following enlightened leaders, and of a regulation of wealth in which inheritance plays a subordinate part to personal service. What, however, is essential is that a State shall be guided by wisdom and not by uninstructed majorities, and that law shall meet with respect and not defiance. Unless we can learn this lesson from our enemies the British State must perish, either from external attack or from internal dissolution. The task which awaits the British statesman is to build upon the foundations provided by the history and ideals of its citizens a structure which they will be prepared, even at the cost of life itself, to defend against all attacks from without or from within.

[3] These remarks are not to be taken as a condemnation of all bold schemes of social reconstruction. With this subject the writer hopes to deal with some fulness later.

Industrial Notes: A Preliminary.

IN former articles I have ventured to suggest that the experiences of the war as understood by German manufacturers and industrialists are not without interest, and, indeed, warning for the working classes in this country. In undertaking a series of Industrial Notes for THE NEW AGE I had not intended to confine myself to the lessons of Central Europe; though I must premise that there is one essential in which Central Europe provides us with a most decided warning. This is the Servile State. The spiritual consequences of the Servile State are seen in the nonsense talked by self-sufficient State professors about the qualities of the Teutonic race, the god Thor, the inferiority of the rest of mankind, and so on; and the economic consequences, so far as the workmen are concerned, are by this time sufficiently well known to readers of THE NEW AGE. Still, these matters are not so thoroughly appreciated that we can afford to do without examples of them; and these examples, I think, can be furnished from time to time by the German newspapers. In studying not merely Naumann's book on Central Europe but also the propaganda which has followed it, I have been struck by its tendency towards what has been called in this country the Servile State—in it this form of State is taken for granted. Now the very basis, the indispensable groundwork, of the Servile State is militarism; and without the control which militarism enables the authorities to exercise over the general population the Servile State would be impossible. I am far from alleging that it is only in Germany that the benefits (for the governing classes) of the Servile State are appreciated. I well remember the French railway strike of 1910 and the crushing of the men's union by the simple application of a military law; and I observe—to such an extent does history repeat itself—that only last week President Wilson proposed a measure which should stop, or at least check, the threatened American railway strike by the inclusion of a clause almost similar to that which M. Briand put into force in France six years ago. It is startling enough to note that the United States is, apparently, quite willing to accept the theory that the State is omnipotent, and that in matters affecting the Army and Navy the behests of the State must be unquestioningly obeyed.

It is this subordination of normal life (including bargaining by means of strikes—i.e., the exhibition of economic independence by the workpeople) to military needs, and to military needs even in time of peace, which I, following the principles of THE NEW AGE, greatly resent and fear. I fear it because it seems to me that insufficient notice has been taken of this particular danger in this country. At a time of war and crisis nobody can reasonably object to such adequate precautions as the Government may see fit to take; but there is an abysmal difference between adequate precautions for the defence of the realm and measures deliberately resolved upon with the object of restricting the freedom of the lower classes in the State. In agreeing to measures of this second category the Labour Leaders in Parliament seem to me to have shown an amazing want of common sense, not to say an entire disregard of the interests of the working classes. This is due to a sheer lack of intelligence. To mention an instance, consider the Military Service Acts. I am not quarrelling with these Acts on the ground of expediency; but it must be acknowledged that they cut at the

very roots of working-class independence. What, therefore, was the duty, the obvious duty, of Labour Leaders when they were introduced? To accept them (their necessity being assumed) but only by bargaining, by securing concessions in return. It was everywhere admitted that the Trade Unions had it in their power to defeat conscription; and, this being granted (as it must be), it was even more within the power of the Trade Unions to name a price for their acceptance of conscription. That they did not do so, that they flung away their opportunities of negotiating shrewdly on behalf of labour, was due to the stupidity and sentimentality of their leaders in and out of Parliament.

Unfortunately, this instance may be supported by other instances. There is the case of soldiers employed in munition factories under military control. On this point a deputation of Labour members and others protested to Mr. Lloyd George, as Secretary for the War Office, a few days ago. With much suavity and politeness they were firmly told, almost in so many words, to mind their own business; and Mr. Wardle, on behalf of the deputation, expressed complete readiness to do so. In issue after issue of THE NEW AGE, in the "Herald," in the "New Statesman," in the more strictly Labour organs, and in Mr. Cole's "Labour in War Time," we may have read of Labour in its relations with officialdom since the war began; and in every instance given Labour has been overreached; or, to express it less strongly, has, at any rate, had the worst of the bargain. The slightest appeal to national sentiment has thrown Labour Leaders off their balance, and led them to thrust aside the interests entrusted to their care. I am not saying that appeals to national sentiment should not be made; it is all a question of kind and degree. It is urged, for example, that certain "national" or "key" industries ought to be protected—in the interests of the manufacturer; not of the State—and straightway Messrs. Hodge, Walsh, Stanton, etc., etc., proceed to speak of Protection as if it were an essential policy for the Trade Unions to support.

More than that: it is, unfortunately, only too clear that those Trade Unions whose members are doing well in consequence of the war are neglectful of, and indifferent to, the interests of weaker associations. I have heard strange stories of "pressure" being brought to bear on Trade Unions not of the first rank, of undeserved sneers at pro-Germans, and the like. It would seem as if the whole-hoggers among the Labour Leaders had decided to stampede the entire Labour movement in favour of protection, military training, dilution, and the abolition of Trade Union restrictions. This is a serious situation. The Industrial Notes I speak of, like other NEW AGE articles, tend directly or indirectly towards an improvement in the condition of the working classes; but the desire of practical economists, with an ideal in view, to help the Trade Unions, and through them the Labour movement generally, is not likely to be brought to a speedy realisation by the attitude of the chosen, or passively accepted, leaders of Labour.

It has been suggested editorially in THE NEW AGE that the Labour movement is not likely to make progress until it is taken in hand by educated men of the middle classes, used to the ways of the world and familiar with the methods of Government officials. This is, in my view, an essentially correct judgment. The middle classes are likely to suffer in pocket and status from the war; they must organise; and they must necessarily examine their position with respect to the Trade Unions. It would be well, for the benefit of the workmen no less than their own, that they should organise and lead the Trade Unions. Here again the official Labour Leader is an objection; a hindrance. He will have none of the middle classes; the Trade Union must be his own little preserve. This is a fatal attitude for Labour, rendered not less risky by the apathy of the workmen themselves. I again insist upon Central Europe; for the Prussian ideal of Naumann's propaganda shows us this type of workman and Labour Leader par excellence. Perhaps in the succeeding articles of this series it may be possible to make it clear to Labour Leaders precisely how they stand, and why their attitude requires drastic revision if the interests entrusted to them are really to be guarded.

HENRY J. NORTHBROOK.

Notes on Economic Terms.

UTOPIA.—The effect upon language of the division of Society into the two nations of the Capitalist and the Proletariat is to establish a double entendre proper. This phenomenon is well worth the attention of literary critics; they would find it even more amusing than the study of the double entendre improper. The word Utopia, for example, turns out to have quite a progeny of meanings. Utopias may be divided into two classes: the possible and the impossible; and each of these may be further subdivided—the impossible into the plausible and the fantastic, and the possible into the undesirable from the capitalist point of view, and the undesirable from the proletarian point of view. Of the impossible class of Utopias the literary examples are many, and range between Plato and Mr. H. G. Wells. Of the possible, on the other hand, not much is said. Here, however, we may say that the Servile State is the Utopia of Capitalism, as Communism is the Utopia of Proletarianism. The former is desired by Capitalists, but will be forbidden by Labour; the latter is desired by Labour, but will be forbidden by Capitalists. National Guilds represent the habitable space between two conflicting Utopias.

EMPLOYMENT.—This is a fancy name for the good old English word hiring. Smitten with moral qualms on finding themselves actually hiring men as if they were cattle or land, Capitalist sentimentalists choose to disguise from themselves the operation of hiring men under the title of employing men. But the fact can only be disguised, it cannot be concealed. Employment is nothing but hiring; and a man in employment is nothing more than a hired servant—a creature of much less consideration than even a prodigal son. It is true that *things* can be hired without bringing disgrace upon their owner; and it might, therefore, be supposed that Labour could be hired without lowering the status of the labourer as a man. The distinction, however, ought to be clear even to Mr. Strachey. A thing can be hired without its owner; but labour cannot be. Its owner, the labourer, has to go with it. Hence, to employ or to hire labour is to employ or hire labourers. And there is no escape from this conclusion. Employment is plentiful when the hirers are many or the labourers to be hired are few. It is scarce when the hirers are few, and the labourers to be hired are many. But why are there men to be hired and men to hire them? Because there are men without the tools of industry and the men with the tools. A tool-owner is a hirer; a tool-user is a man to be hired.

POVERTY.—A man is poor who has not, or cannot by exertion obtain, the material means to enable him to discharge the duties of a man in the nation to which he belongs. What are these duties? They are to be a good son, brother, lover, husband, father, friend, citizen, citizen of the world and soul—if he wishes. (Man, of course, is here used in the common gender.) Depending upon the will of the tool-owners, and, hence, incapable by his own exertions of securing the means to a complete life himself, every wage-earner is essentially a poor man. To be a wage-earner is, humanly speaking, to live in poverty.

PRODUCTION.—The word is one of the most fascinating in economics; and months of study could profitably be spent upon it. Simply, however, Production is the creation of market values, reckoned in price. There are thus two main kinds of production—the production of value and the production of price. For the

most part, manufacturers are people engaged in the production of values—in other words, they produce things that are actually in market demand; while, for the most part, merchants are people who are engaged in manipulating price to their own advantage. The former make, the latter sell; the former actually produce, the latter only exchange. The former create value, the latter determine price. A conclusion that follows from this simple analysis is that by no means the whole of Society is engaged in the production of values. The supposition is pathetically common that Society wishes to produce as much as possible. The very opposite, however, is true: it wishes to produce as little as possible of actual value and to obtain for it as high as possible a price. Surely, if this were not the case, we should produce more than we do; nor would there ever be a man unemployed who could produce even enough to satisfy himself. With the greatest of ease, if the maximum production were really the first desire of Society, we could produce four times as much as we do, and with a quarter of the trouble. No, it is not the production of values—that is, of things in demand—that the bulk of Society are after: but the manipulation of prices. A certain amount of real value is necessary to the game of manipulating prices; in other words, a manufacturer is necessary in a certain measure to the merchant. But as little as possible. As it is, about every second person in the nation lives by manipulating the prices of the real values which the first person creates. They are both lumped together, however, as producers, though the second is really a parasite upon the first.

SOLIDARITY. One of the show-words of the Socialist movement, though not to be despised upon that account, for it represents a real discovery in economics, namely, of the existence of communities of economic interest. The jungle of economics is inhabited by various species, preying usually upon one another, but each friendly (more or less) within its own kind. The landowning classes have the solidarity of their economic interest in land; the capitalist classes have a solidarity in capital; and the wage-earning classes have a solidarity in Labour. Such solidarity, however, can be either conscious or unconscious. In the former case, it is obviously more powerful, seeing that one individual of the species then readily recognises other individuals of the same species wherever he meets them; and dog when it knows dog does not eat dog. Both the landowning and the capitalist classes are consciously solidarist, and maintain their sense of solidarity by education. The wage-earning classes, on the other hand, need to be awakened to the fact of their economic solidarity. Hence the existence among them of a propaganda of solidarity that would be superfluous in the other classes. In the meanwhile, being unaware of their actual solidarity (unaware, that is, that they are all in the same economic box), they behave as if each little group were a separate species. *How* many Trade Unions are there?

MALTHUSIANISM. There is no getting away from the logic of Malthusianism when we have once realised that Labour is a commodity the price of which is determined by Supply. For as a means of determining Supply, Malthusianism, if it could be generally adopted, would be decisive. Nor does it follow that, because it also happens that Capital is quite willing to see labourers displaced by machinery, the advantage to Labour from reducing the Supply of itself would not be greater than the advantage to Capital. The question is one of time. If Labour can limit its Supply faster than Capital can dispense with Labour, Labour will always be ahead of the competition of machinery, and thus always able (by the skin of its teeth, it is true) to maintain its price. And there is no more radical means than Malthusianism. On the other hand, the objection to the logic of Malthusianism is more conclusive than the logic: it is that Malthusianism implies the adaptation of the main part of human society (namely, the wage-earning classes) to Capitalism; it is the subordination of Life to Plutocracy. Malthusianism would thus be the final triumph of Capitalism over Labour, whereas we are looking for the triumph of Life and Labour over Capitalism. Let us add, however, that a wage-slave who is not intent on abolishing Capitalism might as well be a Malthusiast.

A Modern Document.

Edited by Herbert Lawrence.

XI.—*From Acton Reed.*

S.S. ——

DEAR MR. LAWRENCE,—Whether sunshine or storm brews the best influence under which to write about love I cannot make up my mind. Yesterday it seemed too rough to settle down to anything. The day before it seemed too hot. To-day—but let me not complain any further. To get under way at once I may as well confess that weather has not been my principal obstacle. For, as usual, now that I come to write about the subject I find myself, like Alice, knowing everything until you ask me. It would be easy enough, however, even in this condition to write you volumes about the effects of love; but it is just love itself that I wish to define or at any rate to come within speaking distance of.

For a plunge I define Love as the awakened instinct of the soul for soul. You will see at once that I make it personal absolutely; and that I as absolutely exclude all other desires and passions and emotions commonly called love that relate to things and works and objects of beauty. I do so after all the reflection of which I am capable; and now to my mind devotion to anything whatever that is impersonal, though it may be intense, prolonged and elevated, is still not love: for love, I maintain, is a unique and supreme affection of the soul and is concerned only with other souls. Plato, I know, related love not only to persons, but to beautiful things and beautiful ideas. He constructed a ladder up which love should climb from beauty to beauty. And many writers and artists since his day have contended that love may have for its object, let us say, a man's work or his art or Nature or some such thing. You hear it said everyday and everywhere. Well, I don't think so; and I call the few to witness who have experienced both kinds of feelings that the passion for beauty or work or Nature is different in essence from the love of persons. Only the latter is really love; and love in association with persons is the highest association of love that can be conceived.

But persons are souls possessing bodies; and hence it is that the association of person involves the association of body as well as of soul. And what abuse has been heaped upon love's bright head for this unfortunate necessity! But though I can see an excuse for the abuse, I can see no sufficient reason for it. Love is untouched by any association. Love, as I have said before, remains love no matter what company it keeps. It is always itself and admits of no degree of higher and lower. What does, however, is its company. The associations of love do differ both in kind and in degree, and it is these and not love itself that should therefore be abused, if abuse there must be. From this point of view, then, the only thing to be said against love of body is that love is not in the best of company when it is so associated.

Another great mistake is made, I think, in confusing the affection of the soul which is love with the quite different emotion of sex-attraction. The mistake is easy, of course, for they appear to be inextricably mixed in fact. Actually, however, I think they can be clearly distinguished in the mind; and once more I call for witnesses. It is all a question of origin. Where does the feeling start? If it begins in sex the emotion may for a while overflow into or be reflected in the soul, producing there an appearance of love; but depending on the body for life it dies down with the

body and its shadow in the soul vanishes with it. But the love that begins in the soul, on the other hand, is not ephemeral. It is as immortal as the soul itself. Though it should flow over into sex and thus appear identical with the former sort, it is still different, for it is still not dependent upon sex for its life. It remains alive even when the sex attraction ceases to exist, for its roots are not in sex, but in the soul. If I am really explaining myself you will see that I differentiate between a free association and a servile dependence. Sex as an association of love is, humanly speaking, since we are mixed persons, quite proper and natural. Moreover, the primacy of love keeps sex in its proper place. When, however, the affection is dependent on sex and derives its existence from it, the attraction is neither proper nor human: it is animal. Even so, however, I must beware of misconceiving it; for I cannot deny that even a solely sexual association may have some of the same qualities of a purely spiritual association. Demon est Deus inversus. What I do deny is that the affection that originates in sex and is dependent on it is love in the human sense. For the root of human love is in the soul which is immortal: but the root of sex-feeling is in the body which perishes. If, therefore, I were to construct a ladder of love composed of its associations I should for these reasons put sex at the bottom. And midway I should put the association which is a mixture of body and soul. This, of course, is by far the most common. Not so common, I believe, however, as is vulgarly supposed. I mean that the bodily associations of love between men and women are not, I think, nearly so indispensable to love as is popularly thought. There can, however, be little proof of this, for not only do such people not say much in public (rather, I think, do they often conceal their spiritual love by pretending to a more than ordinary inclination to bodily love), but in the nature of things a spiritual love has nothing visible to show for itself. It appears to be sterile. By oblique ways, however, the subtle may observe that spiritual love nevertheless exists—or, perhaps, I may even say is preferred—in many of whom it would not be expected. Have you not often, moreover, heard people say that they do not know why they love someone or what they love in them? All they know is that they love. Now is it not because the association of their love extends to the region of the soul, the infinite, that they can give it no name; and that it is just this that delights them?

But at the top of my ladder (as you have already guessed, I suppose) I shall put Love pure and simple without alloy of any association whatever; and I call it Platonic. For Platonic love I define as love without admixture. And yet that is not precisely my meaning. Do please be patient while I try once again. Platonic love, I think, is that which originates in the soul alone, and is absolutely independent of any association springing from the body or the material world. Mind or soul is thus the only *necessary* element in it; it is the only *value* of it. Other associations, of course, may be formed as a sort of consequence of the companionship of soul; and they may be sources of pleasure and interest. But they are not even props of the love; they are only dependents upon it; and they may be taken away and leave the lovers still as completely lovers as before.

This would all sound very absurd, no doubt, if said aloud; though I fancy, as before, that more people believe it than anybody would think. I know that John Oliver Hobbes said she did not believe English women capable of Platonic love. Perhaps she was right. But I, for one, do not think so. I believe, on the other hand, that many more people than dare admit it go about seeking for what they call a kindred soul much as the rest look about to discover a kindred body. There are others again, I am sure, who, though they never discover why, spend dissatisfied lives in their need of a kindred soul. I am certain that we recognise our proper companion at sight. The experience when it occurs is unmistakable: for the instant the soul recognises its affinity it has the sensation of at last being at home. Until then it may have felt itself a foreigner upon earth; lonely, isolated and alien. Instantly it feels like a traveller in a strange land who suddenly hears his own language spoken. The most alien land is now home. And to this complexion, I think, must we all come at last. All lovers will have to learn in one life or another to love for love's sake only; for this is, it seems to me, the goal of human aspirations. Platonic love is certainly the love that exists in heaven, where, we are told, body and all the associations of earth have no existence. But that is heaven, you may say, and therefore not earth. I agree of course; none more readily. But all the same the approach to such love is human and, what is more, it has human as well as divine advantages. What they are I have already guessed at in my letter about Woman. And they are great enough as well as rare enough to be worth looking and living and loving for. This, at any rate, is roughly my creed.

But what a subject is love! I had it in my fancy to give you a brief sketch of my views on every aspect of it! I see now that all I have done in fact is to make a few notes. However, with these I must leave it; for I remember my pledge. This is the last letter I shall visit upon you, though I will keep it open to add a few farewell lines before we land.

(To be continued.)

Drama.

By John Francis Hope.

THE silly season has not passed without the revival of one of the hardy annuals. I suppose that when we get to that special heaven that Swedenborg reserved for the English, we shall spend eternity arguing the question of "Morality and the Stage." For morality was made in England, and denunciation of stage performances has always been one of the chief activities of our moralists. General Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien is only the last to discover that "certain performances" have a "demoralising" effect, and to appeal to managers to raise the tone of their productions. The gravamen of his charge is very familiar: "scantily dressed girls, and songs of a doubtful character"; and we are asked to believe that as a consequence of witnessing these performances, "large numbers of our soldiers are hors de combat from preventable causes." I hold no brief for revues; the few that I have seen have been so conscientiously gay that I was bored by them; but it is necessary to protest against the attribution to stage performances of effects that they could not possibly produce. "Preventable causes" incapacitated members of our Army long before revues were invented, although some of the correspondents of the General seem to imagine that they suddenly came into existence in 1914; and if we were to clothe our ballet-girls in the most shapeless of disguises, if the songs hinted at nothing but the angels, those "preventable causes" would still exist. I believe that it was the Rev. Stewart Headlam who once told a Bishop of London that the scanty costume of a ballet-girl was her uniform, and was, like his Lordship's, the most suitable for the work she had to perform. That is the only intelligent attitude to adopt; one might as well protest against the singlet and shorts of the athlete, against the evening dress of the lady, as against the scanty apparel of the chorus. As for the songs, the man who wants always to be edified is probably the man who most needs it; and if he seeks edification, instead of diversion, in the theatre, he ought to be told to go elsewhere. A certain amount of lewdness seems to be inseparable from the English character; that strain of brutality that is expressed in our language (and I suppose that our words relating to sex are among the most brutal in any language) is no less apparent in our humour. The English comic genius, unfettered, is as frank as a fishwife; the Falstaff scenes in "Henry IV" are characteristic; and

the effect of suppression is innuendo, allusion, what is now called "suggestiveness."

We may be thankful that General Smith-Dorrien made no reference to "immoral actresses"; but Shaw's retort to W. T. Stead: "What do you mean, you foolish William Stead, by an immoral actress?": still represents the line of division between morality and the stage. An actress may be an immoral woman, but as an actress, the moral judgment is simply irrelevant; and the same is true of stage performances. It is so often forgotten that the theatre is a playhouse, that it is not an auxiliary pulpit, that it does not or should not produce sermons, but plays. To apply moral judgments to plays is to betray the fact that the play instinct is atrophied, that one is so absorbed in the business of life that the mind cannot be released from practical application. I suppose that the distinction will never be better expressed than it was by Charles Lamb: "I confess for myself that (with no great delinquencies to answer for) I am glad for a season to take an airing beyond the diocese of the strict conscience, not to live always in the precincts of the law courts, but now and then, for a dream-while or so, to imagine a world with no meddling restrictions, to get into recesses where the hunter cannot follow me. I come back to my cage and my restraint the fresher and the more healthy for it. I wear my shackles more contentedly for having respired the breath of an imaginary freedom." Lamb was writing of no "do-me-good' 'comedy, but of what the moralists regard as the most immoral, the most licentious, period of English drama, the Restoration period.

But if Elia be too fantastic an apologist, let us turn to one of the most staid of latter-day moralists, Matthew Arnold. Chesterton truly said that "Matthew Arnold could never have felt any part of himself to be truly comic—not even his singular whiskers." This most serious person even fixed a quantitative limit to morality; defining religion as "morality touched by emotion," he said that the object of religion was conduct, and that conduct was "three-fourths of life." But he nowhere argued that the other quarter of life was subject to the same judgments as conduct; the moral judgment is plainly irrelevant to science, it is no less irrelevant to art. And if anyone retorts that art is spiritual, I will agree with him, and will remind him that the spirit is not ignorant of the body. Chesterton alleged against Matthew Arnold that "he did not appreciate the force (nor perhaps the humour) of St. Francis of Assisi when he called his own body 'my brother the donkey.' That is to say, he did not realise a certain feeling deep in all mystics in the face of a dual destiny. He did not realise their feeling (full both of fear and laughter) that the body is an animal and a very comic animal." To be able to laugh at the body, one must be free from its most urgent solicitations, and the smuttiest joke partakes of this freedom no less surely than does the most fervent denunciation of the body's immoral propensities.

But the effects? If soldiers really are stimulated to sexual excesses by witnessing revues, it is precisely because the moralists have so trained them that their minds are incapable of free play. Shortly before reading General Smith-Dorrien's diatribe, I came across the following story in a clergyman's description of the effect of war upon religion. He was quoting a Yorkshireman recently returned from India: "Church parades war enoof to kill religion. Thà 'as to polish all tha' bootons and get the' sen oop to the nines. Then they marches yer oop and dahn, oop and dahn, in t'e broiling sun—that for t' benefit of t' public—then tha goos to t' church parade. Tha knaws joost what tha's boun' to get. T' same old sermon ivery time, on the fall of Rome. What made Rome fall? 'Wine and wimmen,' and we was all goin' t' same roäd. We reckoned t' chaplain was gooin' along wi' us anny roäd. We 'ad that for fooer years—and we were joost fed up with it." Yet I suppose that General Smith-Dorrien would object to a play depicting the fall of Rome, and exhibiting the causes, on the grounds that it would put into the heads of soldiers "demoralising thoughts." He has the moralist's fatal preference for one method, denunciation; although the enfranchising power of laughter is great. We have discovered, in this war, at least, that it is better for a soldier to acknowledge his fear than to repress it or deny it; it is better that he should learn the comic possibilities of the body (and some of the revue girls are really caricatures) by seeing them exploited on the stage than that he should fill his mind with conjectures concerning the nature of his damnation. The "preventable causes" of our soldiers' incapacitation are not to be found in the broadest hints at the common infirmity of human nature, or the most blatant public exhibition of the female figure; and if the moralists will only leave the stage alone, and teach a little hygiene to our soldiers, we may reduce the casualties from these preventable causes to a minimum.

Readers and Writers.

MR. SHAW, it appears, has just written a play which the authorities agree should not be produced in war-time. And perhaps the ban will extend into peace, since Mr. Shaw refuses to be clipped into shape by critics. What, after all, is to be done with a writer who continues in his sins after they have been detected but to leave him without protest to the other authorities? It goes against the grain, of course, to call in the police; and never shall my own whistle be blown to do it. But—well, Mr. Shaw won't be told, and what can you do? Misled, perhaps, by the example of the horribly historicised Jesus who also, as we are told, did not get on very well with his own people; or, as a most ingenious correspondent of the "New Witness" lately speculated, being obsessed by the fear of making a fool of himself (and everybody knows how often a domestic man—I mean a man who leads the domestic life—must, if he is wise, make a fool of himself), Mr. Shaw long ago took it into his head to denounce home and all its associations, and to teach the world to thank God that there was no other place like it. And he will not be said nay in his propaganda. It is all in vain that we assure him that his reason for abolishing home-life, namely, the stupendous difficulties it offers—is a good reason for maintaining it. He agrees, and, then, again, he disagrees. He agrees that its difficulties are almost insurmountable, and that they are enough to rob all but the greatest men of their use in the world. But then he disagrees with himself and us by pretending that the domestic life is dull and humdrum. If it is the first, it cannot be the second; and if it is the second, what is all the fuss about? It is also all in vain that he has been told, or might have read, that the domestic life, besides being the most difficult, is the most meritorious, being, as it is, a path in which (and in which alone) the greatest virtues can be acquired and perfected: the virtues, for example, that make the perfect son, brother, lover, husband, father, friend, citizen, and, therefore, man—or the feminine of all these. For where else but at home can these qualities be developed? He persists in his purpose for all our protestations, and has now actually written another play to further it. Says "O'Flaherty, V.C.," to somebody or other, on the eve of returning to the trenches whence he had flown home for a spell: "Some likes war's alarms and some likes home-life. I've tried both, and I'm all for war's alarms now. I always was a quiet lad by natural disposition." Can, I ask, such sentiments be allowed? Or ought not the word coward to be judiciously substituted in the last sentence for a quiet lad?

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It is with trepidation that I venture to make a robbery from "A. E. R.'s" article of last week. But, though he slay me, yet will I quote him; for a sentence from his article was badly needed to supplement my note upon

Green. Green, I said, had the defect as an historian of having no great cause to advocate; he never intended his history to affect life. This left the matter still vague; and I am obliged (D.V.) to "A. E. R." for instinctively correcting me. "Philosophy," he said, "is in the last analysis an interpretation in the terms of teleology of the whole historical process." Admirable, excellent. What, therefore, I should have said is that Green was no philosopher, not even, like Macaulay, a bad one. And a bad philosopher makes a better historian than no philosopher at all. Curtain.

* * *

It has amused me—I use the word in a special sense —to observe how frequently the name of Professor Boutroux has occurred in my reading. Since reading his "Philosophy and the War" (Constable. 4s. 6d.), of which I remarked, you will not remember, that it is the best book the war has yet produced, I have met as many, I'll be bound, as a score of references to him, excluding, of course, the reviews of his book that I have seen. And all of them without exception confirm my judgment that Professor Boutroux is one of the most remarkable men alive. What a man he must be whom Bergson refused to precede as a member of the French Academy on the ground that, as a philosopher, Professor Boutroux was his master—for philosophers, you know, are often jealous of one another. And what a philosopher he must be who commands the "reverence" of the youngest as well as of the oldest schools of thought in France! The distinguished but anonymous French historian who contributes an article on France to the current "Round Table" (an article I shall refer to later) places Professor Boutroux at the very head of the modern French reaction against German philosophy. In an essay, just published, under the title of "Le Germanisme et l'Esprit Humain," M. Pierre Lasserre, the French Nietzschean, calls him "my dear and venerated master." And now in the "Quest" Professor Boutroux's lecture to the British Academy on "Certitude and Truth" has been translated and re-published. These are only a few of the occasions of my recent meeting of him; yet, until a few months ago, I had never observed his name.

* * *

His style, I should say, is the most deceptive in the world: it is the most delusively simple I have ever met in a philosopher. The danger to his readers is in consequence considerable; and I was not, therefore, in the least surprised when a man to whom I lent my copy of "Philosophy and the War" returned it with the remark that he could find nothing particular in it. Thoreau, you may recall, had once to "nudge himself" to listen to a nightingale whose song was so natural that he was passing it without particular attention. And by the same defect of the mind—the mind is a bit of a Harmsworth journalist in all of us, and demands its sensation as a condition of bestowing its attention—the simple style of writing, such as Professor Boutroux excels in, often fails to convey its meaning, for want of the "nudges" of oddity and apparent effort on the part of the writer. The utmost alertness of mind will, however, be fully repaid; and I should advise my readers not to allow themselves to be lulled to slumber when reading Professor Boutroux.

* * *

The æsthetic, as I have said before, is a trap for the unwary; and many are they who have fallen into it. Many are they, moreover, who will fall into it in the future, for who am I, or what is my style, to warn my readers effectively against it? Mr. Clutton Brock had already, to my practised eye, committed a fallacy in his recent discourse upon "The Ultimate Belief" in confusing the love of beauty with the love of persons; and it appeared certain to me that sooner or later his fallacy would become obvious to everybody. Surely enough, it has hatched out in a pamphlet he has just written for the Design and Industries Association: "A Modern Creed of Work" (D. I. A. 6, Queen's Square, W.C. 3d.) "What," he asks, "is the real reason of the profound and growing discontent among our workers?" And he replies "that they do not for the most part feel that their work is worth doing for its own sake," but that it is "producing rubbish without joy." Does not the æsthete wish that it were so, and that the labour discontent could be shown to be an æsthetic revolt? But it is all a misconception and a misunderstanding to suppose it. The discontent, on the other hand, has it origins in regions both above and below the æsthetic plane. Below it is economic and personal, being a matter of wages and conditions; above it is ethical and personal, being a matter of justice and status. And neither of these is æsthetic, though both are susceptible of being inspired by a love which is not of the beautiful. The "joy in work," of which Mr. Clutton Brock writes as if it must needs refer to the work itself—æsthetic pleasure, in fact—is by no means necessarily absent even from the production of rubbish, or, still more astonishingly, from the production of something much worse than rubbish—witness the war, for example. It has usually, indeed, nothing to do with the "thing" that is being produced, but everything to do with the spirit of the persons concerned, their sense of fellowship, their relations with their superiors, their *ethical* sense of the value and rightness of their occupation. If it were not so, it would be a poor look-out for work that cannot possibly in itself become æsthetic. R. H. C.

Tales of To-day.

By C. E. Bechhofer.

XIX.—IN SEARCH OF SUPERMAN.

How often has my dear preceptor said to me, "Mark my words, my boy; the greatest and strongest of our population are to be found in our prisons and our brothels! The bourgeois is impotent individually, but collectively his revenge is crushing. Woe to Superman, the Philistines fear him and strive to free themselves from him!"

I had always a great respect for my preceptor. He was twelve years older than I, and about the same period senior to me on the clerks' list of the shipping firm we worked for. His life, as he used to relate it, had been one long striving to subvert bourgeois morality and transvalue all values in the light of Superman. He had once been in correspondence with a celebrated bigamist, and an autographed letter from him was his dearest possession. He was never so superb and radiant as when he could bring this out of his pocket and exhibit it. When he heard I was going up to London for my holidays, he said to me: "Now is your opportunity, my boy. Search out Superman; I have told you where he may be found." He himself had taken rooms at Blackpool for the fortnight, and so could not accompany me.

The very first morning after my arrival in London, I decided to commence my search. After breakfast I inquired the way to the Norfolk Lounge. Unfortunately I seemed to be too early; the place was closed. Disappointed, I looked at the people hurrying past me—alas, all bourgeois types, hardly to be distinguished from the crowds of my native town. I strolled about disdainfully until lunch-time, and then went to a matinee at the Coliseum. I observed closely my neighbours there. Alas, I felt, what a decadence from the people who, in the Coliseum of the ancients, witnessed the glorious combats of gladiators. I enjoyed the programme very well; a Mr. Denis Neilson-Terry recited. A young lion.

After the performance I went into a teashop. There were no vacant tables, and I looked round to see where I should share one. Here, I reflected, was an occasion for me to exercise my choice; what would Superman do? I chose a table at which a young woman was sitting. She looked at me curiously when I asked if I might sit there, and assented. I knew she was summing me up. I cast discretion—pah! bourgeois

cowardice, I call it—to the winds, and said to her: "Lo, I am Superman."

She said, "Oh, how jolly! My brother simply adores your plays."

"My plays?" said I, perplexed.

"Oh, he's simply mad on them," she continued; "he says they're simply topping. He'll be here in a minute. Here he comes."

A young man approached us. Before he could sit down, his sister cried, "Oh, Bertie, this is Sudermann!"

"Don't be a fool, Peggy," said the youth. As for me, I did not know what to do. I grabbed my hat and rushed out of the place. As I went, I heard her say, "Well, Bertie, he said so, anyhow."

I could have kicked myself for being such a fool as to waste my time upon a teashop; I hastened instead to the Norfolk Lounge. The door was open now, and, as I climbed the staircase, I pulled myself together mentally, in order not to be abashed by the splendour and gaiety I knew I should meet. At the top of the staircase I found myself in a small room. Except that it was much darker and dirtier, it looked very much like the little teashop I had just left. Half a dozen shabbily dressed women sat about the room. I glanced round in surprise. Where were the lamps, the crystals, the orchestra, the gaily-clad revellers I had expected to see? Then I cursed myself inwardly for a Philistine. How foolish to judge the swift channels of life by their outer husks! The women pulled at my coat as I passed by them to a table at the window. I sat down and ordered a drink. I felt a new exhilaration—I had realised the symbolism of the place. How significant became the dirt and the shabbiness! Did not they symbolise the squalor of the bourgeois social shibboleths, against which the Norfolk Lounge was in vigorous rebellion? I came out of this ecstasy of deep thought and found a woman in the chair beside me.

"Good evening, my dear," she said. Then she told me her history. *You* would have called her narrative sordid, perhaps a little pitiful, but I saw in it only the unfolding of a great yea-saying to life in all its manifestations. The greased and powdered ugliness of the woman appealed to me in a new light. I decided to make the supreme vouchsafement: I would teach her Superman.

"Lo," I began, "learn thou Superman!"

Scathingly I spoke to her of bourgeois morality, and soon her face lit up like mine with a scornful smile. A red-faced man entered and sat at a neighbouring table, and she soon after went over to him. Did she intend in her turn to teach him Superman? I doubted rather if he were fit for the knowledge. My glass was empty and I went out into the street, happy to have found light in the very place where my preceptor bade me seek.

In Piccadilly my eyes fell almost at once upon a man in a frock-coat and top-hat. My lip curled with scorn and I watched him contemptuously. Then I saw him jostle an old gentleman in the crowd, and it seemed to me that he thrust his hand into the other's pocket and extracted something. I watched him more closely, and saw him do the same thing to four or five other people in as many minutes. Understanding broke in upon me—he was a swell pickpocket! Was he Superman? I resolved to follow him.

After a while he turned up a side street and ran off at a great pace. I followed him, panting. Once or twice I thought he looked back over his shoulder. We came at last to a poor neighbourhood, and he plunged into a dingy passage. I followed him, and, as I did so, something came down with a terrible thud on my head. I dropped to the ground stunned. My assailant bent over me, and I recognised him as the very person I was trying to overtake.

"I'll teach you," he said, "to poke your silly nose into other people's affairs!" And he kicked me violently in the stomach.

I sat up. "Listen," said I; "you misjudge me. You misapprehend my reason for following you. I had no intention of betraying you to the hired guardians of bourgeois Philistinism—the police. Far from it! Like yourself, I despise the conditions and rules of common morality. I love the yea-sayers to life, the men like you who seek to break down the idols of slave psychology and to set up their own finger-posts in its stead. Long have I been in search of you. I am your disciple. Behold, thou art Superman! Teach me."

"How much money have you got?" asked he with an oath.

I felt in my pocket. My purse was gone. I remembered the Norfolk Lounge.

"My purse has been stolen," I said.

"Have you got a watch?"

"Yes, Master."

"Hand it over!"

I gazed at him in a rapture of perception, but he spat out an oath and raised his weapon again. I gave him the watch. He took it, and again a crashing blow fell on my head.

When I came to, Superman was gone. I never saw him again. But my preceptor was proved to be right.

A Plea for the Arbitrary Limit.

I.

Impossible to lay finger on a first cause of the prevalent vagueness of thought and habits of life. During that period known as the industrial revolution it spread rapidly. With the scattering of the last stones of the feudal structure came the conception of a man as a mere appanage to a machine, and the steady crushing of the individual craftsman. This flattening process was reflected in the popular philosophy in the glib belief that all men are equal, a belief fostered by the discovery that all men bear the metaphysical ghost of a tail. No one doubts in practice the inequality of human souls; no one works harder to maintain that inequality than do our masters, and no weapon is readier to their hands and those of their servants—the priests and the philosophers—than the cant of equality. It is, of course, also a bowdlerised revival of that early Christian faith so soon dusted and put away by a Church fully conscious of the value of a hierarchy.

As the age advanced the edges of life were more and more blunted. The provincial towns became bad copies of London, with all the worst vices of her architectural sins. The little towns, far from the cesspools of industry, kept for a long time their fierce individuality. They have lost it within the memory of youth.

Margit Moore is dead who came round to sing "vessel cups" in their season, was asked into the kitchen, and given cake and wine. So, also, is Fish Lane, the mighty fishwife who was Pink when Tory and Liberal bore their colours as a regiment its flag. They have laid concrete over the cobblestones of the pier where she walked arm-in-arm with the Tory candidate on election day; they have rebuilt the shops that dispensed yards of ribbon at the Party's expense until every child in the town was a whirligig of pink or blue; they have made a picture palace of the dusty hall where the Blue Teas were held before bribery and corruption became the privilege of Ministers, and where once the food was so scanty that the year of the Blue famine became a mocking reckoning-point. Gone, too, the singing-master who visited our homes and beat time to our warbling with a fat white hand; gone his four haughty daughters and his silk-gowned wife who was no wife of his after all, for when he died the real wife came in on the newly built railway and turned the proud beauties out of the house. Gone the family of girls and boys who sang, played the violin, and published a monthly Repository of poems and exquisite personalities on the great ones of the town. The shipyards lie grass-grown and silent; the stays that held the wooden whalers and the little steamships rot by the harbour-side, and the eager crowds who cheered the launching rot in the shadow of the sea-worn church.

Men and women were veritably different then, more decisive of thought and speed, more unashamedly individual. Through the crowding ghosts strides the huge boisterous figure of my great-uncle, who borrowed ten pounds from my grandfather to give a dinner to which my grandfather was not invited. He pulled down the railings round the new Spa as fast as they were put up because, he said, it was an illegal enclosure. He was persuaded to sign the pledge, and for ten years never spoke again to my great-aunt, though he shared the same small house and the huge canopied bed. I shall not look again on such a thing as met my round terrified eyes when my great-aunt opened the door to a knock faintly heard above the fury of the wind and the crash of the sea. Sheltering behind her wide gown, I stared up at a round greenish patch in which sunken eyes blinked and rolled, and I shook with terror at the cracked voice: "I am about to have a fit: I am subject to fits: it is a horrible night for a fit: would you permit me to have a fit in your passage?" My great-aunt hesitated. Then, "Certainly not"; she slammed the door and boxed my ears.

To-day the little towns are nothing but a copy of the cities' dullest follies, their folk mere apes of the cit.

From life to art is but round the corner of the house. Pass the lonely ones who work for the eye of the gods. And there you may see the arts embracing one another in an unnatural fraternity: literature becoming sociology and pathology and ethics in turn in our agonised clutch: painting for the most part fallen between that class of art in which the Hon. John Collier's canvas problems differ only in the matter of degree of skill from the picture that tells a story in the newspaper advertisement, and that other extreme where the artist runs amuck in a world of primary colours, or binds himself in the limits of a Euclidean nightmare; music striving to be farmyards, thunderstorms or psychology; sculpture modelling novelettes in clay, as in the Frenchman's endless sickly "Kiss"; the professional thinkers or philosophers contemplating their own navels until the world reels in confusion round them, and Appearance and Reality play an eternal farce in the corner before their straining eyes; each leader of social reform throwing stones at all the others with one hand, and singing for his supper with the other held out for the subscription. Probably nowhere is the chaos blacker than among those who desire to change the order of society. They follow a hundred paths, burrow a hundred tunnels with as much effect on the order of society as a handful of sand flung against a head wind.

And with all this apparent activity no real strife on the part of artist, philosopher or reformer, for none have desire or ability to push the struggle to a point where one or other must submit—the artist master his material or be mastered by it, the philosopher define his philosophy or sink under it, the reformer face life or be out-faced by her. Strife creates personality, making sharp and distinct the edges of life in the same way as the effort of an artist to master his conception and define it to himself makes for the most rigid form, provided always that the conception be fine enough to survive the fierce struggle with the manner of its expression. And since there is no strife in modern thought, but only a perpetual wrangling in circles, where the tail of the serpent is always in its mouth, the Reality of the philosopher always an Appearance upside down, the new freedom of the reformer a re-presentment of the old slavery, there is everywhere neither form nor the distinction of a spiritual hierarchy of values, but only one rolling mediocrity.

The sea herself is no bound to the chaos. In the growth of a spurious internationalism approaches us the apotheosis of musk. Since all men are equal it follows that all men are equally worthy of love and respect, and there is born the professional lover of mankind. But since it is impossible for a man to love more than a few of his fellows, there is presented for his affection an abstract noun: he becomes a lover of Humanity. And since a poor human may hardly fit well into the flawless outlines of an Abstraction, it becomes all the more necessary to soften down all distinctions into a vague uniformity. In Pitlochrie, Scotland, is the headquarters of a movement which supplies "a lodge and passport of World Citizenship," also "a sacred or secular booklet free on demand."

The most deep-rooted instinct of a man is the love of one particular place and a desire to glorify it above the rest of the world: it is an instinct that was old when the first savage looked out from his cave and thought that the sight was good: it leaped into flame when an Elizabethan seaman sought out the ends of the world for the greater glory of one small island: it is the last barrier of mankind against the horrible vision of a world without boundary of nation, without just hates and loves, without the glorious unreason of partisanship, the fine distinction of the arbitrary limit.

"A Citizen of the World cannot be called upon to be slaughtered for clannish ends." The fee is half-a-crown; non-entity is cheap to-day. Listen one moment to another voice: "For in the hour of trial Athens alone among her contemporaries is superior to the report of her. No enemy that comes against her is indignant at the reverses which he sustains at the hand of such a city; no subject complains that his masters are unworthy of him. And we shall assuredly not be without witnesses; there are mighty monuments of our power which will make us the wonder of this and of succeeding ages. . . . For we have compelled every land and every sea to open a path for our valour, and have everywhere eternal memorials of our friendship and of our enmity. Such is the city for whose sake these men nobly fought and died; they could not bear the thought that she might be taken from them; and everyone of us who survive should gladly toil on her behalf. . . . I would have you day by day fix your eyes on the greatness of Athens until you become filled with the love of her; and when you are impressed by the spectacle of her glory, reflect that this empire has been acquired by men who . . . freely gave their lives to her as the fairest offering which they could present at her feast."

Faugh, what clannish nonsense! Pay half-a-crown and become a Citizen of the World.

STORM JAMESON.

The Decline of Humour.

By Dikran Kouyoumdjian.

IT were idle and taking my subject too seriously to attempt to define humour, or to trace the decline of professional humour from the wandering minstrels of Hellas by way of the buffoons and court jesters, the more individual wits of a hundred years ago, to Messrs. Graves and Robey. I have no mind to compare those good days of the misogynist, Sir Dinadan, "the best jcker and jester, and a noble knight of his hands," with these days when "mother-in-law" and "dirty dog" will set us laughing and keep us laughing for twenty years or more. If I were inclined towards self satisfaction I could go on interminably, whipping with a gentle irony the signs of the times as seen in the characteristics of my friends; for if it concern the generation, one sees it through one's friends, who for the purpose of being written about conveniently turn themselves into enemies. But I would take myself as seriously as I may, for in an essay on the decline of humour any pretension to humour would be unpardonable.

Since what time the great exchange of laughter, man's weapon against mortality, has been degraded into an exchange of risqué anecdotes, there has sprung up an indefinite, invisible spirit of humour. Those who have it call it a "sense of humour." A pretty phrase this "sense of humour," and pleasing to the lips.

Of an age which universally avows its sense of humour it is natural to be suspicious. To deny a person his sense of humour is to lay oneself open to an attack on one's morals. On its first recognition as one of

Nature's gifts those few who were acknowledged to have a real spirit for humour—some were "wits," some did not aspire so high, automatically stepped (I borrow a phrase) into having a sense of humour; thus keeping the inestimable gift as the characteristic of the few. Since then it would seem to have grown into being the natural inheritance of man, to be cultivated in moments of leisure. "It would seem," I say, because it is self-avowed. (And he who self-avowedly lacks it lacks consideration, and is convicted of a fundamental error in taste.) It is a platitude to say that this sense of humour, so indefinite is it and so invisible—for the person whose eyes twinkle lives in novels—must be self-avowed to escape neglect. "At least," will say deprecatingly the lugubrious bore, "I have a sense of humour." And when I accuse him of being nothing more than a lugubrious bore—I am surmising—he will, if he be otherwise a normal person, darkly hint at my way of living, and maltreat my name at parting.

Insomuch as a sense of humour means laughing at other people's expense there can be no denial, or complaint, of its universal existence. For, despite all wearisome moralising, laughing at others, since it is a natural instinct and probably part of that very same instinct for self-preservation which takes us all our time in preserving, is the most wholesome and enjoyable form of laughter. But if being able to laugh at a person who has slipped on a banana skin means having a sense of humour, then surely there is no decline, and Mark Twain was a humorist.

The generally accepted guarantee of having a sense of humour is to join as best as one can in a laugh against oneself: and the last resort of the person who would aspire to be a "jolly good sort"—a wide phrase covering the black and the white of Barrabas and Jésus—is to frantically make jokes at his own expense. Of the first, to join in a laugh against oneself, nothing more need be said than that it is the passing fate of everyone, and that it is the line of least resistance, since not to laugh would brand one as a bad-tempered fellow with no sense of humour: and the second is a despicable form of suicide, since it kills but does not kill enough.

No! To have a sense of humour is to have the ability to make your own fun, and the capacity to be content with the enjoyment of it. Humour is an essence of the mind, universal, not national. There is no English type of humour and Chinese type of humour, except in so far as there is an English type of face and Chinese type of face. But though humour is so universal only a few may perfectly express it (i.e., be humorous). These few have, added to their capacity of being content with their own enjoyment, the ability to add to that of others: and theirs is a perfect expression because they are the faces of humour, coined for humour and bought of humour for the world's use by the world's spirit of humour, which can be enjoyed but not expressed individually. Humour is no democrat, but an aristocrat, a fop. It is a half of the lost sense, the æsthetic sense. All may have of it so that a few may perfectly express it. Tell me not to name those in the past generations who have had its perfect expression. Princes, prostitutes, or pedlars—it is given to them, it goes with them, it comes with others.

But now everyone, not content with having humour, without the capacity to be content with the enjoyment of their own fun, must needs aspire to its individual expression: being used as a vehicle for the petty vices of mind, there is a rot and a degradation in humour's struggle for expression, and in its subject-matter. The few who have and may express are lost among the many who also have and may not express, and there is a decline of humour.

From Aristophanes to the man leering at the barmaid, mediocrity has been reading the marriage service over Humour and Vulgarity. The menu cards for the wedding banquet which were sent round with the invitations were so attractive in their various items that only very few could resist the temptation and stay away.

Letters from France.

V.—THE GODS IN THE ORANGERY.

YEARS and years ago I made English synopses of four-and-twenty French plays for Madam Sarah Brenhardt. Among them was a piece called "La Bois Sacré," by M. Edmond Rostand. The play is now out of print, and as I am away from sources of reference, I must question memory about it. Well, memory reminds me that the author conceived the pretty idea of facing the ancient gods with modern notions, which he treated with his usual dexterity and grace. The curtain rose on a number of gods assembled in an olive grove in Greece, caressed by the tranquil sea and silver sky which are always near in Greece. It was the last of the sacred groves, and all the big old gods were there, except three, whose places were taken by three lesser and minor gods, Pan, Hebe, and the infant Cupid. I remember that the Immortals were very surprised to find themselves alive to-day. No doubt they were aware that nowadays gods do not spring up like mushrooms from the intense and joyous imagination of human beings simply because what little human imagination there is has lost its intensity and joyousness. Therefore, neither the sun, nor the shade, nor the hills, nor the valleys, nor the songs, aspirations, and occupations of men, nor any busy moment of the human mind evokes them. Actually, they are compelled to make what sportive public re-appearances they can in dealers' shops and other museums. Good gods! what a world. Well, these last of the gods were so overjoyed at the said discovery that they started to tread a measure set by Terpsichore after transforming the wild woodland corner into a fit and proper dancing place. But scarcely had they liberated the first fine buoyant raptures when a strange thing happened. They were observed to stop and look intensely towards a black object raising clouds of white dust along the main road. And as they looked they burst into a peal of Homeric laughter. Whereupon, although in defiance, a sound was wafted to them like unto nothing they had heard before. At this, still preserving their laughter, they hastily hid themselves and watched. And as they watched, out of the deepening violet twilight issued the queerest object they had ever set eyes upon. It had the air of a rhinoceros, the monstrous projecting eyes of a lobster, and was pallid as an ogre who had devoured a white road or two. No sooner had this object bounded within the vicinity of the gods, who were convulsed with laughter at every movement of it, than it gave a terrific report and stopped. In this entertaining way M. Rostand introduces a huge up-to-date Panhard motor to the gods, and prepares the ground for the delicious harvest that may be expected. Next, he proceeds to unveil their emotions, speculations, and laughter at the sight and movements of the two occupants of the car. For this purpose he sets the tourists unfolding as it were. They descend from the car, and after making a fruitless attempt to repair it, begin to remove the top layer of their motor get-up. All this time the gods are busy speculating on the identity and sex of the strangely attired creatures, and are more than amazed to see gradually emerge from the motor wrappings in which they are thickly and carefully swathed two comely, gay and up-to-date human beings. Lovers, in fact, Daphne and Chloé. The metamorphosis stupefies the gods, seeing that in their younger days gods and men did not seek to conceal their personal attractions in ugly catacombs, as it were, but attired themselves in a manner that gave full play to whatever beauty of form they possessed. In fact, ugliness was more than garment deep, it was soul deep. It would take too long to relate the whole of the story. But, in the sequel, the gods send the lovers to sleep and then overhaul the car and all it con-

tains, including a rather extensive wardrobe. And from their curiosity and dressings-up and amiable touches of mischief he distils some of his pleasantest fancies.

How would the great old gods receive the signs of the present-day recovery of regionalism? Let us see. A visitor to Paris, crossing the Place de la Concorde in June and July, 1916, would have noticed an unusual phenomenon. He would have seen a row of odd-looking structures leaning over the terrace of the Orangery of the Tuileries garden. These formed the advance guard, as it were, of an assortment of similar structures resembling dissipated field barracks which have been cast headlong out of heaven like Lucifer in the Milton-Doré picture, under the very nose of the Champs Elysees as though tossed there to get a sniff of Elysium. Continuing his expedition into this somewhat deboshed Arcadia, the visitor would have found, just inside the main entrance, a little outlook tower affording a philosophical key to the exhibition, for such it proved to be. Above this tower proudly floated the words, Exposition Civique sous la direction de M. de Professeur Geddès (who is Scotch, by the way). Others informed one that the tower had been to London, Edinburgh, Dublin, Calcutta, etc., etc. In fact, it was a wandering exhibition in more ways than one. The little den was hung with illustrative documents of all kinds, clearly put there to throw light on the historical origin and development of cities. At first sight it appeared a most inspiring place to write a novel in. But it inclined to more than this. For actually assembled within its confined space were the Hellenic gods and muses. Apparently they had stepped from various old engravings on hearing that regionalism was about to be renewed in its simpler and holier phases. Well, our visitor would probably have found these fine old Immortals gathered round a speaker attired so like Plato as to make one's heart jump. But it was only Mr. Raymond Duncan. He was explaining his own proposals for the relief of sufferers by the War, and comparing them with those of the general exhibition. He did not, however, say much about the latter, leaving it to be inferred that the exhibition was an affair organised by business men out for profit, apparently to show how devastated districts might be rapidly reconstructed and refugees housed on a benevolent basis of economy, utility, comfort, and regarding eventualities, but really for the exhibition and sale of (1) portable houses in wood, cement, canvas, from £75 up; (2) materials of construction; (3) furniture and general decorations; (4) heating, cooking, lighting and hydropathic appliances; (5) hygienic appliances. Mr. Duncan was concerned with the merits of a little reed and plaster hut which might have been owned by a husbandman of the Odyssey. He explained to Pan, who was very curious about it, that it could be made by anyone in no time, and required no equipment, and it was his business to instruct sufferers by the War how to make similar huts and thereafter to spin and weave their way into remunerative activity, individuality and beauty. Athena thought the reconstruction of the hut-dweller should precede that of the hut; while Mars shrugged and remarked that mud-huts were really not needed. For his own part he could make an arbour of his armour, and there you are. Apollo said it was a kind of vegetative continuance, but patriarchal Zeus gently reminded him it was only an emergency relief proposal after all—and a kind-hearted one. Probably the visitor might innocently think to make the best of the company about him by inviting them, or a selection, to ascertain how much of their own experience and sense was contained in the proposals of the general exhibition for reorganising urban life and labour. Then, indeed, would the Immortals roar with laughter. For what on earth have Olympians and Parnassians to do with a miscellaneous collection of little shelters on wheels, so to speak, having not the remotest relation to the exalted creations of Hellas, most of them without decent architectural features, and some without a decent room where one might live even upon figs and milk like Philemon.

HUNTLY CARTER.

Views and Reviews.

MODERNISM AND THE CHURCH.

THE title of this book* is provocative to me, whose chief interest is in psychology; but its contents are even more provocative, for the authors of these essays are Modernists. If I may venture on a definition of these rather nebulous persons, a Modernist is a man who has been set free by science to interpret theology liberally, and to call everything with which he happens to agree Christian. I have before me as I write a letter from Father Tyrrell, in which he says that "the spirit of truthfulness is the spirit of God"; Mr. Donald Hankey (I refuse to make the obvious joke) says in this volume that "courage is a fundamental Christian virtue," and, indeed, that all the qualities that the average man admires are Christian virtues. The Modernist deserves better than Robin Hood the title of "mitissimus prœdonum," for he is the gentlest thief who steals only our virtues, and gives to Christ what was meant for mankind. The same instinct prompts Mr. Scott Palmer, in his essay on "The Church and Science," to say: "We must take up into our Church life the life of science, as we take up (or should take up) the life of art, of philosophy, and of the social policy in its pertinence for the Sons of God." In short, the Modernists seem to be ready to steal anything (including the Labour movement, which is declared to be "spiritual") for the glory of God, and to include within their fold everybody who ever manifested the signs of humanity.

This is characteristic of Christianity, but it is also destructive of Christianity; for if Christianity is extended to mean everything that men admire, develop, or invent, there is nothing to distinguish a Christian from anybody else. If courage is a Christian virtue, then every brave man is a Christian; if truthfulness is the spirit of God, then Huxley, the inventor of Agnosticism, was as much led of the Spirit as was Christ or St. Paul. Compare his magnificent avowal with Newman's feeble appeal, "Lead, kindly light." "I had, and have, the firmest conviction that I never left the 'verace via'—the straight road; and that this road led nowhere but into the dark depths of a wild and tangled forest. And though I have found lions and leopards in the path, though I have made abundant acquaintance with the hungry wolf that 'with privy paw devours apace and nothing said,' as a great poet says of the ravening beast; and though no friendly spectre has even yet offered his guidance, I was, and am, minded to go straight on, until I either come out on the other side of the wood, or find that there is no other side to it, at least, none attainable by me." Huxley manifested one of the rarest forms of courage, intellectual courage; he was as concerned for truthfulness as any man could be; but to call him a Christian who declared himself an Agnostic would be a perversion of language. He was not a Christian, nor are the virtues of mankind Christian virtues.

But the Modernists are guilty of a contradiction; their stolen virtues condemn their Church. For they claim that their Church is the body of Christ, and if all virtues are Christian virtues, the Church should manifest them more clearly than any other person. But, alas, they confess with shame that the Church is not what it should be; the Rev. Harold Anson even asks: "Is the Church Christian?" a question which surely does not agree with the assumption that the Church is the body of Christ. It is true that he tries to explain the difficulty by referring it to the English national character; but if the body of Christ partakes of the same defects as the body politic, what assurance have we that it is informed by the spirit of Christ, or that the spirit of Christ differs in any way from the natural energy that

* "Faith or Fear? An Appeal to the Church of England." By Various Authors. (Macmillan. 3s. 6d. net.)

makes man active? Indeed, in their attempts to make religion reasonable, they have really made a religion of reason; and instead of confronting us with a revelation of the Spirit, they attempt only to share in the evolution of the national character, and to train the body of Christ to the ways of men.

Certainly, these writers do not spare their criticism of the Church; indeed, if half their suggestions were to be adopted, nay, less than half, if one of them was to be adopted, the Church would cease to be. In his most scathing passage, the Rev. Mr. Anson tells us: "The Church, as a whole, is seldom apparently deeply moved. Only one subject really moves it to heroic exertions and to displays of genuine and undoubted zeal. That subject, unfortunately, is the maintenance of its own establishments and endowments"; in short, its own existence. But the fundamental difficulty of the Modernists occurs even here, indeed, it crops up at every turn. Whatever the Church may be, we must infer that when it is animated to preserve its own existence, it is informed by its true spirit. If it is not the spirit of Christ, then the Church cannot be the body of Christ; and the Modernists are therefore "unequally yoked together with unbelievers." The only logical thing for them to do is to leave a Church in which they feel their position to be so insecure that the editor of this volume says: "If authority finally declares that there is no room for me, holding the views here maintained, in the ministry of the Church of England, I hope that I shall have the courage and the faith to bow to it."

But these writers do not think of quitting the Church; they are true Tyrrelleans in that respect; on the contrary, they invite all and sundry to enter the Church and engage in the work of reformation. That their missionary zeal should prompt them to preach the Gospel to the Christians is explicable, and while they confine their exhortations to the ninety and nine just persons who, in their opinion, need much repentance, no one will disagree with them. But when they ask the outsider to join a Church which may expel them, its advocates, we may fairly ask what they have to offer us. They have nothing but the old dogmas; for the new meanings they give to them, the liberal interpretation which may yet be repudiated (as it has been repudiated by the Church of Rome) is itself a product of the knowledge that the Church has done nothing to foster. The Modernists are as dependent upon science (they even adopt the experimental test in religion) as the most sceptical of us; and the only use of that science that they make is to show us that it is not incompatible with something that they believe to be incomprehensible.

Sixty years ago, Emerson wrote in his "English Traits": "The Church at this moment is much to be pitied. She has nothing left but possession. If a bishop meets an intelligent gentleman, and reads fatal interrogations in his eyes, he has no resource but to take wine with him. False position introduces cant, perjury, simony, and ever a lower class of mind and character into the clergy; and when the hierarchy is afraid of science and education, afraid of piety, afraid of tradition, and afraid of theology, there is nothing left but to quit a church which is no longer one." That the condemnation is still valid, the appearance of this appeal proves; but these writers remain within this body that they have shown to be corrupt, and invite us to join them. All that they can do is to translate the living forces of to-day into the dead formulæ of yesterday; but what have we gained by their calling the Labour movement, for example, "spiritual," except an attempt to abstract its energy and to confuse its aim. There is a sense in which the Labour movement is spiritual, as, indeed, all vital phenomena are; but in that sense, the Labour movement is opposed to the Church, although the Bishops have adopted "the principle of the living wage," and the Church, with its great possessions, is wiser than the Modernists, for it denounces the Labour movement.

A. E. R.

REVIEWS

Victory in Defeat. By Stanley Washburn. (Constable. 4s. 6d. net.)

Mr. Stanley Washburn here describes the great Russian retreat in 1915, his general argument being that this operation was the most costly and demoralising of the German successes, and will probably be regarded in history as "the greatest single source of the German downfall." His tactical exposition is very detailed, and he insists that the great strategical objective was not attained. Most of all, he insists that it was in this retreat that the Russians found their soul; the more they were beaten, the more they wanted to fight, and he enumerates many of their tactical successes to show that, man for man, the German was not equal to the Russian soldier. When the German infantry moved beyond the support of the artillery, the Russians could always defeat them; while they could beat the Austrians under any conditions. This brings the Russians into line with the rest of the Allies; man for man, the English, the French, the Italians, and the Russians are superior to the Germans—and the conclusion is that the German is not a military, but a mechanical, nation. On land, on sea, in the air, the German cannot fight so well as any of his enemies. Mr. Washburn draws attention to another fact of importance: Germany's first-line army was composed of young men who had not yet been utilised by the industrial machine. The new formations which contain so many older men are "the very red blood of German industrial life"; they are the skilled labour that Germany will need so much when the work of restoration begins. The young men represented the future; they were sacrificed; the middle-aged men represent the present; they are being sacrificed. By the time that Germany is finally defeated, she will have nothing but the past to live on; no army, no skilled labour, no credit—nothing. "With no credit, with her skilled labour largely buried in foreign battlefields, and with her capacity to produce in large volume gone, we see Germany at the end of this war stripped of her greatest aids to foreign trade. For these reasons, it seems more than likely that Americans in Russia will have at least a decade to work into these markets before Germany is in a condition to seriously compete." M. Sazonov has asked Mr. Washburn many times: "Why are you Americans doing nothing to take advantage of this extraordinary condition in the Russian market? Russia wants American trade, and anything which the Government can do legitimately to encourage this trade will be done and gladly." Not even Mr. Washburn could answer the question, so he passes it on to his compatriots, begging them to dump all their spare goods on Russia at long credit. Let America win the war after the war in Russia.

Kitchener's Mob: The Adventures of an American in the British Army. By J. N. Hall. (Constable. 4s. 6d. net.)

Mr. J. N. Hall joined the line as a private in August, 1914, declaring, at the suggestion of the recruiting authorities, that he was a British subject. But his accent betrayed his nationality, in spite of his attempts to talk like a Cockney; and he discovered that the "American Expeditionary Force of one," as he once calls himself, was very popular with his comrades in arms. His adventures were, of course, very much like those of every other soldier; but his account differs from most others by its quality of simplicity, and by the stress it lays on his growing admiration for the British "Tommy." His "Private Holloway, Professor of Hygiene," is one of the most admirable renderings of this supremely practical being; if the war has done nothing else, it has certainly destroyed Shaw's myth of the "sentimental Englishman." Mr. Hall writes with a curious freedom from American turns of phrase, and his Cockneys are much nearer the real thing than were those of the recruiting sergeant who told him that they said: "Gor blimy, 'Arry, ow's the missus?" Mr. Hall has caught the English habit of under-statement, of

avoiding heroics; and just as he seems about to conclude with a lyric, he substitutes instead the story of a characteristic incident which shows much more clearly that "Tommy" is a "boy of the bull-dog breed." It is an admirably simple, straightforward account of a soldier's life.

Humanity v. Unhumanity: A Criticism of the German Idea in its Political and Philosophical Development. By A. S. Elwell Sutton. (Fisher Unwin. 4s. 6d. net.)

In twenty-four short chapters Mr. Sutton refutes the German idea as expressed in German history from the time of the warriors of Odin until now; the Holy Roman Empire, for example, is dealt with in six pages, the Reformation in about five pages. Twelve pages are devoted to Hegel, six pages to Bismarck, four to "the will to live," and so on. The effect of this very cursory treatment is to show that in the main (and with some lapses) the Germans have mistaken the Abstract for the Ideal, that they have sought to surpass humanity by suppressing it; and their mistaken reconciliation of the Real and the Ideal in the State has ignored the human element, has subordinated the man to his functions, and has, in the final analysis, developed a static organisation in a dynamic world. This is, of course, a very familiar method of refutation of the German idea, so familiar that it was not really necessary to use it again. What is needed at this time is a development of the idea of Humanity; the term is extremely vague in meaning, varying in content, and is indeed little more at present than a sentiment. It will not be realised if Mr. Sutton's motto, "Know your enemy," is adopted; "Know thyself" is the beginning of civilisation. If we must have mottoes for Humanity (and they are indeed convenient summaries of ideals) Hamlet's phrase is better than Mr. Sutton's: "Sure, he, that made us with such large discourse, looking before, and after, gave us not that capability and god-like reason to fust in us unused." What, after all, is savagery but faculty lying fallow? "There sits the savage," said a friend to Dr. Boris Sidis, "with three-quarters of his brain unused." And if we press the inquiry, we find that we have developed a system of production that calls for the exercise of even less brain than does the life of a savage. A civilisation that lives by the principle of the division of labour is no more human than is the German; as fast as we take fetters off the mind of man, we put them on his hands or his feet. The greatest service that could be rendered at this moment would be a statement not merely of the idea of Humanity, but of the means by which that idea might be expressed in activity. Mr. Sutton, we think, falls into the usual error even in the title of his book; Humanity is really an inclusive, not an exclusive, term; man needs an inclusive culture, and at a time when educationists are writing as though science must exclude literature, and vice versa, we need a reasoned argument to prove that Humanity needs both. Mr. Sutton has preferred to observe what the Germans, in his opinion, lack, and has not produced a work that is really illuminating.

The Gods' Carnival. By Norma Lorimer. (Paul. 6s.)

It is difficult to tell what this book is. Sometimes it seems to be a novel, sometimes an anti-German tract, sometimes a series of Sicilian sketches for which the author quotes the Duke of Bronte as her authority. There are two distinct love-stories, with a generation between them; and the first is admirably told. Don Giuseppe remains to the end a delightful study of the natural artist, the idealist and true lover; and his wooing of his German wife, Ursula, has all the glamour of romance. But the second love-story has much less interest; Enzio, the offspring of this mixed marriage, is a stereotype of the German idea, and his long disquisitions on Nietzsche and Treitschke are so very familiar to English readers that they are wearisome. The girl is bored with them for quite other reasons. Miss Lorimer works into her story a good deal of material relating to the German spy system; and she is rather unkind to the Cubists in her creation of Count Miramar. Count Miramar is a spy who pretends to be a painter, and adopts the methods of the Cubists as the easiest means of proving it. She brings her story to a tragic conclusion; Enzio was shot as a spy on what would have been his wedding-day, crying "Deutschland über Alles" in the usual way. His prospective mother-in-law was so distressed by the news that she went to shoot his father before he heard it; but found him already dead. The bereaved betrothed lay on her bed weeping for twenty-four hours, crying: "Go away, Maddalena, go away! Tell mamma that she must let me weep! I have a right to my tears! I have a right to my sorrow! I was born a woman, not a saint!": a state of mind that promised a speedy recovery. There is a vivid description of the performance of the "Agamemnon" at Syracuse, and while Miss Lorimer tells her story she makes quite good reading. But she plunges beyond her depth when she tries to talk politics and philosophy; and it is difficult to forgive the creator of Don Bastiano, and that figure of destiny, Maria, and the delightful Don Pepino, for her lapses into quotation from the "Quarterly Review."

A Short History of English Rural Life, from the Anglo-Saxon Invasion to the Present Time. By Montague Fordham, M.A. (Allen & Unwin. 2s. 6d. net.)

This book had its beginning in a series of lectures delivered by Mr. Fordham to a group of villagers during the winter of 1913-14. It does not pretend to be based on special original research, but to be based upon the work of such writers as Prothero, Vinogradoff, Oman, Jusserand, Hasbach, Slater, Tawney, Sidney and Beatrice Webb, Cunningham, and others. To keep the story within reasonable limits, Mr. Fordham has followed the main stream of events, emphasising the struggle that began quite early in our history between the two sections of our rural society. It provides a quite competent and very interesting introduction to a section of our history that is not well known in its details, at least; and it attracts our attention particularly to the structure of self-government in rural communities which is probably the original contribution of our people to political science. The revival of agriculture in this country should revive interest in its history, and as it is unlikely that a social structure suitable to industrial communities will be equally suitable to agricultural ones, we may find in these records suggestions of the most hopeful developments of rural organisation.

Roberta of Roseberry Gardens. By Frances Duncan. (Constable. 4s. 6d. net.)

Roberta was a young American lady with red hair, who was so fond of growing flowers that she wanted to know all about them; and for this purpose she took a situation at a nursery, where, of course, she became a centre of interest. The old German gardener taught her everything; the Irish salesman taught her everything else, and tried to make a match between her and one of his best customers, who was an old bachelor with much money and extensive horticultural interests. But it was a young man from the South who finally got her. He tried to woo her by reciting the catalogue, by counting and measuring plants for her; and God knows, he may have pleased her. But even when he had enumerated all the cacti, she looked so innocently at him that he could not propose; so he invited her aunt to go South to his father's place, and as Roberta accompanied the aunt, his wooing took another turn. He showed her his rice-fields, his attempts to grow flowers, and so on; and when he kissed her, she was sorry for it. So she went back to Roseberry Gardens, after giving him the benefit of her expert knowledge of plants; and when he came some months later to tell her that the garden was growing beautifully, she combined business with pleasure, and married him. The inevitable conclusion is delayed to allow the author to make long extracts from a gardener's manual.

Pastiche.

BUSINESS SECRETS.

By Gustav Schwarzkopf. (Translated from the German by P. Selver.)

For about two years the writer Emmerich Murgau has been reckoned among the favourites of the reading public. As is well known, he attained this position through his first novel, "The Wand of Love," which, as is well known, deals with the Stone Age, and through its overwhelmingly tragic action, through the entrancing magnanimity of its hero, as also through the masterly realistic description of scenery, implements and costumes, has with justice aroused general admiration. In order to cope with the demand, the lending libraries were compelled to keep several dozen copies of the novel in stock; the author became the fashion, was glorified and admired, reviled and derided, and, in recognition of this highly promising popularity, was bombarded with commissions and invitations from publishers and various editors. Fame, which it is said often produces the most remarkable changes, made Emmerich neither proud nor inexorable; he let himself be mollified, he yielded to the tempestuous demands, with liberal hands he distributed the products of his mind, he flung pearl upon pearl before the insatiable, exulting crowd, as long as anything was still left in the drawers where an impressive supply had accumulated from earlier times. His second and third novels, "The Marvels of Love" and "Love and Life," works which followed the first one swiftly, almost without a pause, with the speedy steps of misfortune, like blows of destiny upon the head of the damned, also maintained the same altitude of success, were greeted with the same warmth and heartiness with which it is usual to receive old and cherished acquaintances, who inwardly have not undergone the slightest change.

After the success of "Love and Life" the inquiries, offers, invitations, appreciative letters demanding an answer, requests for autographs and photos increased to such an extent that the lionised author, not wishing to sacrifice a great part of his valuable time in dealing with these communications, was from that time onward obliged to entrust the matter to a secretary.

As a practical person he conferred this title upon a young man, who so highly appreciated the distinction of being permitted to devote his feeble powers to so celebrated a man that he declared his readiness for a very trifling remuneration to spend a few hours daily in drawing up the letters which the author dictated to him.

Anyway, the famous novelist devotes an hour in the morning to the tiring labour of dictation; in this way he best employs that period of time after breakfast in which his spirit has not yet acquired the necessary strength and clarity to raise itself above the humdrum and to create those ideal characters which occasion his readers such high degrees of rapture. Holding in his hand a portion of his numerous communications, he walks up and down, smoking a good cigar, one of that brand which in his modern novels he lets the distinguished idlers and rascally upstarts smoke while his virtuous heroes are making their finest speeches to them.

His brow, on which the Muse, bespoken for a later hour, has not yet breathed her usual morning kiss, is puckered in a frown which points to earnest brooding; his eyes, which an hour or two later are to roll, as prescribed, in a fine frenzy, still have a sober and coldly rational look; his brain, which to all appearance is arranged solely for the purpose of devising and solving fresh emotional problems, is working, for the moment, at prosaic figures; from his beautifully rhymed lips gush forth words and sentences which, for distinctness and terseness of their contents, leave nothing to be desired, and which, uttered in a dry and business-like tone, do not expose the imagination of the assiduous copyist to the danger of going astray.

The author dictates:—

To the Editor of the "Coffee Mill."

Dear Sir,—In answer to your esteemed communication of the 2nd inst. I beg to state that I shall be most pleased to supply your esteemed paper with a Christmas story by December 17. In all probability it will contain about 800 lines—it is my custom always to produce Christmas stories on this scale—at the lowest rate, and only as an exception I can do you the line for 60 pfennig, making 480 marks in all, which please forward to my address immediately on receipt of goods. The quality is guaranteed by my firm, which always executes such orders to mutual satisfaction. As a special favour I will have the snow several feet deep, and make a particular point of children's joyful voices, penitent conversion, and emotional moments.

I remain,
Yours faithfully, ——.

The author picks up a second missive, on which he has the following answer bestowed:—

To Herr Felix Adolar.

Dear Sir,—On looking through my older stock I find that I am in a position to fulfil your recent order for two poems exemplifying magnanimity and renunciation, to appear in your new anthology, "Tears of the Heart." These are available at any time, fifty marks apiece. I could do you new "Tears of the Heart," wept specially for your anthology, at one hundred marks apiece. In anticipation of your decision,

I am,
Your obedient servant, ——.

The third letter runs:—

To Herr Firdusi, Editor of "Veracity."

My Dear Sir,—I am still waiting vainly for your criticism of my latest novel, "Love and Life," which you had undertaken to supply by a fixed date. Young Kalau, too, whom I recommended to you, and whose little book, "The Memoirs of a Nose," I reviewed with such kindness, has not yet written a line in reply. What are we coming to when young writers at the beginning of their career are so undutiful and lacking in gratitude?

I expect greater punctuality from you also in the future, otherwise I shall find myself compelled to sever my business connection with you.

Hoping to see an improvement,
I remain,
Yours very truly, ——.

P.S.—Could you not induce the elocutionist Maibaum to include some of my poems in his programme? Let him send me a notice, in which he can praise himself and me as much as he likes. I will do the log-rolling.

The letter which now follows is to the publisher of the celebrated novelist; its contents are to this effect:—

Dear Mr. ——,—Permit me to tell you that you are doing very little for our latest book. You are advertising too little, and in such skimpy, weedy type that it is impossible for it to engage attention. For the scanty puffs that you have kindly found time to dispatch you are employing words which in their paltriness and frigidity are nothing short of insulting to me. At this rate we shall never top our tenth thousand. You may be satisfied with that, but I am not. Must I attend to the whole business myself? My conscience is clear; I have worked like a nigger. There has been really no lack of enthusiastic and promptly issued notices. All the shops are stocking numerous copies of the book—I have visited the trade myself—and I have not stinted autograph copies. Within the next few days a notice will appear, announcing that "Love and Life," after having been translated into English, French, Italian, Hungarian, and Swedish immediately on its appearance, is now being rendered into Turkish. That kind of thing always works well. There are people who do not consider a book readable until it is translated into Turkish. But now please hustle along a bit yourself. Otherwise I should, to my regret, be obliged with my next book to accept one of the numerous offers which reach me daily. It need hardly be mentioned that I cannot let you have this next book on the same ridiculous conditions, which mean starvation for me.

With kind regards,
Yours sincerely, ——.

To answer the letters of appreciation from the public which have arrived that day, and which are now dealt with in their turn, is a matter of but slight difficulty. He merely gives instructions to answer the first letter, which is signed by some young man or other, according to stunt No. 3; the second, the writers of which are obviously two young girls, according to stunt No. 4; he is about to give orders to dispatch the third missive, which can originate only from an elderly female, according to stunt No. 1, when he is taken aback by the signature, which he has only just plainly deciphered. Christian and surnames agree. The writer must be identical with the elderly sister of the well-known rich merchant Z. It will never do to foist off a stunt on so

influential a lady; her letter must be accorded the dignity of a special reply. The author reads hastily through the communication once more, ponders for a few seconds, then he dictates:—

My dear Madam,—For the third time I am reading your letter which lies before me, and I am stimulated and delighted by its gracious words. From those words alone, which I have imprinted upon my memory—words which will give me fresh joy and fresh strength for labour—do I derive the courage which enables me, my dear madam, to stammer out to you my sincerest, heartiest thanks. It is beyond my power to say what an elevating and beneficent effect it has had upon me, to be fully and utterly understood at last—to be understood by a noble womanly nature, who alone possesses the faculty of fathoming the poet. It is the sweetest recompense—the only one which can console us for our griefs, torments, and disappointments.

Permit me, my dear madam, to give utterance to the bliss-inspiring hope that a kindly chance will one day be so favourable to me as to allow me to kiss the fair hand which has occasioned me such supreme happiness.

I remain,
Yours must respectfully, ——.

With a sigh of relief the author lays down the finished letter. He glances at the clock, and speedily dictates a few lines more:—

To Herr Moritz Karpeles, Stockbroker.

Dear Herr Karpeles,—I have been greatly disturbed by to-day's news. We look like having a slump. I therefore ask you to sell out at your earliest convenience the 25,000 gulden which you have invested for me in gilt-edged annuities. Now and then we must be satisfied with a moderate profit.

In expectation of your account,
I remain,
Yours faithfully, ——.

Has he finished work at last? Not yet. There are still three requests for photographs. The author is accustomed always to consider such requests as these. He is of the opinion that every picture bears him interest, gains him new friends. In order to get possession of these new friends at the cheapest possible rate, he has come to an agreement with a photographer, according to the terms of which he pays only a very trifling sum for the wholesale reproduction of his noble features.

Emmerich takes three portraits, which represent him pen in hand, writing, with his gaze turned soulfully upward, and he quickly adorns them with autographs which alone can give a value to these pieces of pasteboard. For all eventualities he has in stock three types of dedication, which he always employs in rotation.

On the back of the first portrait he writes:

"Strife is Life."

The current value of the second is enhanced by the quotation:

"Wilt thou in sooth discover what is seemly?
Only from noble women shalt thou learn."

The third is the most liberally provided. It is inscribed thus:

"Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal."

A marked uneasiness had seized the author in the last few minutes; the final words were written in nervous haste. His hour had come; inspiration was upon him; he felt the approaching of his Muse, who perhaps was already at the front door—was perhaps even awaiting him in his study.

Quickly he takes a fresh cigar, orders the secretary to place the completed letters before him for revision and signature, slips into his poetic robe, adorns his head with his poetic headgear, and with winged steps he hastens to his labours.

PROLETARIAN, 1916.

A factory hand, I dodged along,
A humble but unwilling gull;
I drew my pay; I did no wrong,
And found that life was deadly dull.
I joined; I had to; I was told
Now, in this trench we've got to hold,
That Glory called where Duty led;
I shortly shall be dully dead.

LINGDAR YOUNG.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

A FORECAST.

Sir,—Attempts have been made by some writers to form a definite word picture of the world after the war. In my opinion they all lack reality. In one sense the war will never finish. The military operations in the field may be suspended for a time, but it will only be for a time of preparation for further activities of a like nature.

Hostilities will re-commence just as soon as the so-called "peaceful" methods of attaining the desired economic control reach their natural limit, and brute force once more becomes, if not the only, at any rate the most effective instrument of "progress."

We shall see (when the sword is sheathed) all nations closing their frontiers to "foreigners," immigration and emigration prohibited, and steadily increasing tariffs imposed on imports, with the twofold object of hurting the foreign manufacturer and making the home country self-supporting, self-contained.

The natural result of this process will be the growth of secluded peoples in "water-tight" compartments, which may not to any great extent correspond with the present-day political division of the surface of the globe. The normal tendency of certain races to extend their influence will act and react on totally different lines from those possible at a time when the world's greatest commercial Power was a free trade country, controlling a vast free trade empire.

Spies (not the crude melodramatic variety) will be organised as never before by the various Governments for the purpose of getting the industrial "secrets" of every other nation. These will be countered by a stringent system of passports and checks at present unheard of.

Boundary lines will of necessity be readjusted to suit the times. Canada will become part of the United States of America. The present alliances in Europe will be broken up; possibly we may eventually see all the Western European industrial communities uniting in a commercial and tariff combination, owing mainly to the extreme difficulty that will at first be experienced in endeavouring to maintain the tariff wall along unnatural boundaries.

One inevitable result of this will be the rapid shrinking of this country to its natural position as a third or fourth rate Power in the world, and the springing up of much larger and better-organised groups, such as those led respectively by the United States and Germany.

Both of these would control populations of 100,000,000 or over, and would be irresistible by any but, say, one or perhaps two other groups or possible combinations.

So would pass for ever the vision of world-power secretly cherished by so many Englishmen for generations; and also the opportunity, until recently within the grasp of the workers of three or four countries, of establishing free, democratic, and humane conditions in the industrial sphere.

JACQUES.

* * *

WAR AGAINST "GERMANY."

Sir,—It is much—very much—more than the proverbial "high time" (which, by the way, however "high," seems seldom or never to be high enough for statesmen and other directors of the national conscience, whose admiration par excellence is chiefly centred in ancestral wisdom and traditional phrases) that serious protest be entered against the irrational but inveterate practice of confounding the whole people of a country with its rulers in indiscriminating denunciation and in threats of vengeance for malfeasance and malpractices in war, as though the masses of the population were, or could be in the nature of the case, responsible for such criminal acts or, in point of fact, for the horrible carnage (glibly denominated "war") itself.

Not only is this reprehensible want of discrimination—common to the politicians, the Press, and the public—irrational. It is, in high degree, plainly unjust and unjustifiable. In the present instance of this world-carnage and conflict throughout European Christendom—as in the case of almost every inter-monarchical imbroglio—it is pretty certain, for every reasoning and thinking person, that the masses of the peoples of Central Europe, e.g., are not, nor could they be, consentient with the mad ambitions and mad crimes of the brutal military autocracies of Berlin and Wien, and of their subservient vassal potentates of München, Dresden, and the rest of the Teuton bureaucrats and autocrats. The Junkerdoms, the

capitalists, the trades which batten upon international carnage, the professoriat of Kultur under the orders and inspiration of Kaiserdom, and lastly the directors of the public Press (more or less also under the same sinister influence)—these classes clearly do not make up the whole of or the *real* Germany. The real Germany, I take it, consists in the "labouring" peoples, whether of the towns or of the country districts. Had they—the backbone of Central as of other parts of Europe—a genuinely free vote, it is highly probable that this frightful Welt-krieg would never have been possible—the millions of human lives, the millions of the wholly innocent and helpless tortured equine species daily murdered, and the thousands of millions of treasures expended in the most horrible, legalised, wholesale massacres of modern times, with the sheer waste (not the least scandalous of the accompaniments of it, abounding as it does in every feature of ferocity) of the productions of human labour and of food-stores sunk to the extent of hundreds of other millions in the ocean by submarines and floating mines, together with all the other countless deeds of human madness and savagery, would never have thus foully disgraced human history and yet further stigmatised Christianity. To suppose otherwise is to suppose the labouring populations of Deutschland—as intelligent, presumably, as any in the world—to be utterly ignorant of their own most obvious interests, diametrically opposite as they are to those of a brutalitarian militarism, Junkerdom, and capitalism. That considerable sections of the proletariat have been immoralised by the calculated teaching of Kaiser-worship and of the debased Kultur (so entitled) of the professoriat in the State schools is too probable and in fact too plain. But none the less, for my part, I am persuaded of the higher feeling and convictions of the large majority. It cannot be protested too often or too strongly, not only unjust and unreasonable, but into the bargain a grave political blunder. As for the masses (in all countries, more or less), they have little, if any, more initiative or influence than flocks of sheep—and, like those helpless victims of human callousness, they are driven to wholesale butchery, as they always have been in all ages, at the whim and caprice of entirely unconcerned, irresponsible rulers and dynasties. It is late in the day—but better late than never—to abandon and so far as possible now atone for this political and moral blunder. And it is to be pressed upon the serious attention of the conductors of our journals (as well as upon our representative officials) that the sooner it is recognised and renounced the better for the prospect of improved international relations in future and of destruction of brutalitarian regimes at the present moment.

In brief, it is necessary constantly to insist that so long as the writers for the public persist in talking of "Germany" in place of the "German Empire or Government" as the enemy, so long will the grand desideratum—the establishment of internationalism and the abolition of monarchical systems, with all their manifold evils and corruptions—be indefinitely postponed. H. W.

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FIVE RUSSIAN PLAYS.

Sir,—Mr. C. E. Bechhofer writes: "I did not publish the translation of Chéhov's two sketches in order to show that I can write better English than Mr. Julius West; I knew that long ago." Will you allow me a word or two of expostulation? First as to the manner of this "obiter dictum." For sheer blatant, bumptious vulgarity—well, "Callisthenes" isn't in it! Where's "Current Cant"? The cheeky cocksureness of the pseudo-Shavian was irritating enough in all conscience; this cheeky cocksureness of a pseudo-New-Ageian is infinitely worse! The essence of both phenomena is the cool assumption that, for persons of the type in question, it is simply impossible to touch a thing—be the subject politics, literature, religion, or some purely technical question—without not merely adorning it, but excelling at it. Mr. Bechhofer, I imagine, quite honestly considers his translations of the very mixed assortment of plays comprised in his volume perfect. He positively resents the mere comparison of their merits with those of the works of a non-contributor to THE NEW AGE. In point of fact—and I now pass on to a consideration of the *matter* of his assertion an impartial reader of both Mr. Bechhofer's and Mr. West's translations must arrive at very different conclusions. In point of fact, Mr. West's translation happens to be notoriously superior in every way to Mr. Bechhofer's. Primarily, Mr. Bechhofer's dialogue has no vitality—he evidently set out to produce the "good English" he brags about—the last thing to be aimed at in writing dialogue. The first care of a dramatist (and the ideal translator of plays must be a dramatist) must be the breathing of life—"literary life"—into his characters. Mr. West admirably succeeds in re-creating the living people that walk and talk through the great plays of Chéhov. In the hands of Mr. Bechhofer, who is pleased to patronise the author of "The Cherry Orchard"—dismissing him, in a preface, with supreme fatuity, as a "great journalist"—these adopted characters become mere automata, with lines "turned out" in elaborate "good (intentioned) English"—that defeats its own end—as by the working of a handle. (I don't propose to menace your columns with uninteresting quotations—almost any single sentence would bear me out.) Mr. West, moreover, has polished his dialogue to produce the rhythm, essential to a literary as distinct from a "stagey" play. Mr. Bechhofer's speeches never hang together, do not "read well," might have been made in America. In short, Mr. Bechhofer, whatever his literary abilities, has not the faintest instinct for the drama, while Mr. West, for all that he may never have written a play in his life, is a born dramatist. It is too much to expect that Mr. Bechhofer will ever bring himself to admit the existence of such a humiliating state of affairs. I would caution him, however, for future guidance, if he cannot so far check his ebullience as to succeed in "sticking to his last," at least to have the gumption to assume a certain modesty towards people whose domain in his ignorance and conceit, he may be led to invade.

H. F. RUBINSTEIN.

* * *

REGIONALISM.

Sir,—May I, as one whose sole desire in life is the conclusion of the present war and yet fears the effect of it upon our social relations and ideals, thank Mr. Huntly Carter for his extremely interesting and thoughtful article entitled "The Little Kingdom"? To me, in the region of the function of a State it holds out the same gleam of hope as National Guilds in economics.

I suppose in our blind and stupid English way we have with our schemes of self-government and Home Rule been blundering towards the truth which "Regionalism" enshrines, but the conception has been marred and spoiled by political fanatics, jingoes, and missionaries. If I may apply your economic phrase in a new way—we want in a State *quality* not quantity.

At any rate, Mr. Carter has given us something to think about, and I hope that he will develop the idea in further articles. EVERARD G. GILBERT-COOPER.

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THE NEW TABOO.

Sir,—I pick up "Le Messager de São Paulo" and read: Avis. Le mot "allemand" est prohibité dans ce journal. Jusqu' à nouvel ordre, il sera substitué par *boche* et ses dérivés.

Another six months knocked off the war?

T. B. S.

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"THE JEWISH WORLD."

Sir,—"R. H. C." may be interested in the following specimen of English writing, and perhaps other readers may find some strange logic when they have unravelled the meaning. The editorial writer of the "Jewish World" is dealing with the question of the enlistment of Russians in the British Army. The omission, he says, of all reference to deportation back to Russia, in the Home Office regulations, "will leave this recruiting on a purely voluntary basis—for the time being." Then follows the quotation below. E. W.

"We say for the time being, because we do not suppose that, if there is no adequate response of recruits, the Government will not take it for granted that those who do not join the British colours prefer to serve in the Russian army, and will act accordingly."—"Jewish World," August 23, 1916.

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Press Cuttings.

To the Editor of the "Times."

Sir,—In January last you published a letter of mine in which I expressed the opinion that the only way to arrest the continuous rise in the price of bread is to requisition the services of our chief grain importers and centralise the purchase of all oversea foodstuffs, the Admiralty providing transportation at a reasonable rate of freight. The chief objection advanced against any attempt to check freights, or to control prices, is that we have not enough ships of our own nor sufficient adjacent supplies in the Empire for our necessities, and are therefore dependent on the services of neutral shipowners over whom we have no kind of control. I have never taken that view, which in any event is only arguable on the assumption that this war has not fundamentally altered all previous business principles, which it obviously has. The most marvellous fact in history is that France, Italy, Russia, Japan, Britain, etc., have for all practical commercial purposes become one nation, while Germany and Austria are completely shut out of the world's trade. Assuming the central bureau for the purchase of our commodities is created, it would have all British ships at its disposal and all the supplies of Canada, India, and the Antipodes, a splendid business capital with which to start negotiations. What quantity of American and Argentine grain could neutral countries purchase, having in mind that our Fleet supervises the quantities that go to most neutrals? I submit it would be so small as to make no real impression as a barter against us, and were the Allies to add a little commercial machinery to the present solid understanding that exists between them we could employ neutral tonnage and purchase all our supplies, if not on our own terms, certainly at figures far below those of to-day. How is neutral tonnage to find employment outside trades which the Allies control, either from neutral spheres to Allied countries or to the Colonies of the Allies? It is beyond their competence. The mere fact that we may be indebted to neutrals for much of our supplies does not mean that we may be without countervailing bargaining power that even then puts such neutrals more in our hands than we in theirs, and I believe that is the position to-day.—I am, sir, your obedient servant,

John Latta,
Chairman, Nitrate Producers' Steamship Company (Limited).

The State should acquire the land for farming, and manage it, either directly or through the municipalities. The country could be divided into divisions, each division producing for the requirements of its locality. By farming on a large scale all improvements in agricultural implements could be employed, while the cultivation of smaller plots for such crops as required intensive culture, or for experimental purposes, would not be precluded. Removed from the influence of a semi-feudal environment, a greater opportunity would be opened for the organisation of the agricultural workers, and a living wage, and, as far as possible in agriculture, regular hours of labour could be assured. The country labourer would be brought more into line with the town worker, to the advantage of the general labour movement. The institution of State agriculture at this juncture would provide the opportunity for taking over such industries as engineering and the manufacture of chemicals, which produce agricultural requisites.—J. F. in the "Call."

What was wrong with our pre-war organisation of industry can be stated in one word. It was inhuman. The coming of the joint-stock company and the growth of large-scale undertakings had destroyed the old personal tie between masters and men and the sense of common service to the community that was associated with it. It has been replaced by mechanical profit-making organisations, which have not yet either been humanised or related to public service. Trade Unions and Employers' Associations are necessary parts of the organisation of a modern State, and collective bargaining is clearly an advance on the old unequal system of individual wage-contracts. But collective bargaining between large-scale organisations of employers and workmen involves a piling up of armaments on both sides not unlike that of the rival European groups before the war. At its best it preserves the peace by establishing a precarious balance of power: at its worst it precipitates a disastrous conflict: and, in either case, whether it works well or ill for the moment, it is non-moral and inhuman, for it has no basis in a sense of common service or public duty. Hence it creates a feeling of divided interest and permanent estrangement which has been all too visible to the rest of the community during the recurring industrial crises of the last ten years.

In this vicious situation a great national responsibility rests upon the leaders of both groups of combatants. "The future of the community depends on them working with and into one another." "The issues are too tremendous to be left to tests of strength." These words are quoted from the last book written by one who was both an employer and a teacher of economics, the late Professor Smart, of Glasgow; and he goes on to give his own remedy for improving the relations between Capital and Labour. "If they are not to be regulated," he says, "by a kind of martial law from above" (and Professor Smart, who was no Socialist, had no love for State intervention), "*they must be regulated by conscience.*" It is a very simple remedy—but how much more effective, if men would adopt it, than Compulsory Arbitration or the Munitions Act! And Professor Smart goes on, out of his own experience, to make a special appeal to employers. "Personally," he says, "I count it (the employers' function) the noblest profession of all, though, as a rule, it is taken up from anything but the noblest motives; and what I ask is—just this and no more—that the tradition of the professions be transferred to it—the noblesse oblige of living for their work and, if necessary, dying for it. If an employer has any faith in the well-worn analogy of an 'army of industry' he must believe in the necessity of Captains of Industry, who think first of their country and their men, and only second of their pay. . . . He must take the sins of his order upon himself and win back the confidence that meanwhile has disappeared. His task to-day, in fact, is very much that of a philosopher-king who comes to his throne after many days of misrule by his predecessors. He has no right to his honourable position but that he governs divinely. And, if I am not mistaken, the first thing that will test his worthiness for high office is the attitude he takes up to Trade Unionism."—"The Round Table."

There are two rival gospels of efficiency. There is a theory of industrial management which refuses to consider the worker as a human being with a will and desires of his own, powerful for good or evil, according to the direction which they take. The machine-made efficiency of the industrial bureaucrats may look very well on paper; it may be garnished with many a graph and many a statistical table of output; it may carry complete conviction to those who know nothing either of men or of industrial conditions. But precisely what the "scientific managers" ignore is the humanity of the working class. They believe that working-class ideals begin and end with higher wages, with the securing of a slightly better standard of material comfort. They do not realise that the foundation of inefficiency in industry lies in the divorce of the mass of the workers from power and responsibility, and that the way to efficiency lies through the diffusing of these things among the workers. Trade unionism has been in the past the workman's sole means of self-expression, and he has expressed himself by means of these safeguards which the war has for the moment swept away. No doubt, the safeguards which he has provided have been sometimes clumsy or unwise; but they are *his* safeguards—the best which he has been able to secure in face of the constant opposition of vested interests. The way to get better organisation and greater efficiency is to strengthen these safeguards, and anything which tends to hamper trade unionism will make in the long run for useless friction and for inefficiency in production. The nation must see to it that trade union rules are restored, if it does so only in the interests of the national industry.—"The Nation."

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