NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The "Spectator" that, as we know, looks for miracles of conversion in every post, is disinclined to believe in the ordinary of new ways of life if they do not happen to suit the account of its friends. The latest gust to find itself wedged in the throat down which caravans of carriages have gone is the public control of the primary food supply. Readers of the "Spectator" cannot, it is expected, 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 the "Spectator" presumes to speak. The "ungenialmanliness" 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 "Spectator" be the new way of thinking at least a few days ahead of events?

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 at 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 manufacture 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 necessary policy, what else should the Government 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.
Report of the Committee appointed to examine the
relations of Science to Industry is not an heroic document.
The whole of the powers of the State, 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 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 for high prices there is no need to rise
no need for excess profits. Whoever maintains the con
trary deserves to read nothing but the "Spectator" for
the rest of his life.

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 pitiful an issue as an Englishman can con
ceive. The concessions of these scientists to capitalists
are both a treachery to science and an offence to industry,
and their effort 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 supreme
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 the
goal of 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 indus
trials, their business was either to withdraw saying
nothing or to appeal to state authority to set the
power-house in order as a condition of taking science into
service. And the next thing to be expected was a recom
mendation 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 dis
charged by the Committee; but, on the other hand, both
were almost entirely neglected. To as 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 "situations of local business," with needs
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 accomplishing as purely as possible a prejudice
and ignorance. If the Committee was so
contemptuous of the supposed distinction between pure
and applied Science, and knew of a certainty that pure
Science is the first condition of sound applied Science,
itself, 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 con
sideration of the myopia of the "practical business world." And as to the second of the two
points it has had nothing to say or done, it has virtually
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
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 now the
owners of labour-power to employ upon fixed profits
the whole of his resources under direction of the State;
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It is not a matter of cold-shouldering Science that
concerns the nation in its dealing with private indus
try. It is true that we pay enough in actual for
fears of the progress Science might bring if industry
were nationally organised to give us the right to de
mand 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 or
ganisation whatever. You would have thought that the
"practical business men" of Lancashire above all
counties would by this time have provided for them
selves 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. As this 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 . . . impos
sible 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
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 pro
fiteering 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 re
turns" which are the only object of private industry.

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 Labour. But then what shall we be asked what this has to do with us? If the cotton-lords like to be fossils 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 knows, they raise their voices against us when 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.

But that we shall see it adopted we confess we have a few lingering doubts for all the admiration we profess of the sagacity of 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 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 deal with our military General Staff was for so long to the advice offered it by our Labour leaders, so deal 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 nothing but the dividends of the war. The moment come for our General Staff to act. Such is the policy we are entitled to expect. 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 retention that is going or enlarging the control of Labour over Capital is a regimental indiscretion; 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.
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 Roumanian and British troops 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 Outline, at least, of Peace Conditions appeared to be which the "Round Table" penetrates. The "New Statesman," I gather, is not averse to hearing of a new plan advocated by two different groups as the "New Witness" and the "Round Table," namely, that militarism in Germany has arisen in Prussia, and has been consistently maintained by Prussian militarism. It is 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 neighbours are defeated, 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 all the Balkan 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 conclusions of the "New Witness"—the idea 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 the majority of the articles in the English Press with regard to punitive terms of peace are concerned not only with our own tariffs, but with tariffs as they may affect the trade between Germany and our Allies individually.

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 these 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 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 Poland, 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 homogenous 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 Austrian 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-Romanian 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 Poles in Poland) shall complain 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 Magyars fight for freedom because they have been deprived of it. The Magyars fight for the 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.

Let us take yet another point. I think it will be impossible for the Slavonic questions affecting Central Europe to be settled on any constitution other than national. 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 Slovaks, the Slovenes, the Ruthenians, and other small peoples. It is impossible for these to remain at rest more frequently than not, unless their lives 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, born 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 Juring peoples, continually quarrelling with one another and Austria reduced to nothingness and absorbed in the German Empire, or what might be left of it.

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 the drags of the war. This must be argued, can be argued, will be argued 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 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, Austria will, in practice, be absorbed by Germany—that is, the German elements in Austria.

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 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 remarks 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 us to 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 patriots 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 feet. 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 in the waters under the earth—on everything that comes from abroad, or is grown at home. This 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 drugs that restore 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 spire—on the brass nails of the coffin, and the riband of the bride—at bed or board, conchiant or levant, we must pay. The schoolboy whips his taxed top—the heartless youth manages his taxed horse with a taxed bridle, on a taxed road—and the dying Englishman puring his medicine, which has paid seven per cent. into a spoon that has paid fifteen per cent., flings back upon his shilling 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 probable large fees are demanded for burying him in the chancel; his virtues are handed down to posterity on the rope which hangs the criminal; and be 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, decrease of expenditure on public improvements, 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 in calculable 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 desire for peace is not confined to bodies; and the very term "pacifist" is a term of abuse. Nor can it command an audience when every prophet of war in the heavens which the disciples of the Carpenter's Son have been playing with human souls for in calculable ages: that it is high time for sane people to combine against a superstition pregnant with cursedness for all the sons of men?

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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 is supported by the Englishman's interest in the State as 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 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 organisation. At the top of all stands the figure of the Kaiser, semi-divine not by its personal power, but because it embodies 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. 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 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 masses of the masses are insufficiently studied and developed 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 servile to the State. Every great commonwealth that loses the prudent and restraining influence of the property 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, but with human, justly. 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 not by its strength: 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 uninstructed 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 immediate interests, and to make the 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. Germany knew all this well a hundred years ago: she was 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 burns 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 dominating 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.

"Within the range of the German State there is infinite kindness and sympathy in public and private acts 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 some thatation 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 with the 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, it 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 contact were 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 demand of 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 Ministries 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.

"Here 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 living as a State quite as much from our internal disunions as from external aggression. We boast indeed that the present war has ratified 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, 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 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 should be weak rather than strong, that the opinions of the majority shall prevail; that the theory 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 ideas 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 or 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 better managed and better armed, than that of the Englishman. 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, 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 and a class war in England.

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

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 favoured would be forgotten, and the first signs of outbreaks would be put down with considerable loss of life. Certain extreme theories, according to which individual property is to cease to exist, and all workers, with equal weight given to the wise and 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.

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 those who, in theory, as we have already seen, believe with suspicion 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 the 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 frontier would be undermined by the simple 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 idea of race superiority 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.

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Notes:

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 principles of The New Age 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 socialism; and on these economic theories, so far as the workers are concerned, are by this 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 1907 and the crushing of the men's union by the simple application of a military law: and I observe with some 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 in essential respects in the Servile State. 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 heaviest of the State must be unquestioningly obeyed.

It is this subordination of normal life (including the sacrifice of the due 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 opinion of M. Brillat-Savarin, I observed in his work on food, would be the indispensable groundwork of the Servile State. In fact, it is this subordination which is due to a sheer lack of intelligence. To mention an instance, 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 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 revolution. 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.

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. The Servile State is upon us in the form of Industrial Acts. 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 principles of The New Age 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 socialism; and on these economic theories, so far as the workers are concerned, are by this 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 1907 and the crushing of the men's union by the simple application of a military law: and I observe with some 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 in essential respects in the Servile State. 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 heaviest of the State must be unquestioningly obeyed.

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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 sectionalism of their leaders in and out of Parliament. Unfortunately, this instance may be supported by other instances. There is the case of soldiers employed (their necessity being assumed) but only by bargaining. The Trade Unions must be his own little preserve. This is a fatal 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 delegation, 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 Labour has been overreached; or, to press 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. It is partly a matter of saving that appeals to national sentiment should not be made; it is all a question of degree and method. 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, 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 the whole-hoggers among the Labour Leaders had decided to stampede the entire Labour movement in favour of protection, military training, dilution, and abolition of Trade Union restrictions. This is a serious situation. The Industrial Notes 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, essentially correct. 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 obstruction; a hindrance. He will have none of the middle classes; the Trade Union must hire or to hire labour is to employ or to hire labourers. Our two conflicting Utopias.

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 proper. 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 desirable 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. The Study of the double entendre improper. The word "pressure" being brought to bear on Trade Unions not of the first rank, of the whole-hoggers among the Labour Leaders had decided to stampede the entire Labour movement in favour of protection, military training, dilution, and abolition of Trade Union restrictions. This is a serious situation. The Industrial Notes 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.

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Notes on Economic Terms.

EMPLOYMENT.—This is a fancy name for the good old English word hiring. Smitten with moral qualms on finding himself asked to hire men, the capitalist and, usually-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; therefore, and it might 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.

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 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, of his own, and of the judgement of his race. 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 obstruction; a hindrance. He will have none of the middle classes; the Trade Union must hire or to hire labour is to employ or to hire labourers. Our two conflicting Utopias.

PRODUCTION.—The one is 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, producers are people who engage 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 prices. 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 the case. What really matters is how much we produce as possible 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, however, as producers, though the second is really a parasite upon the first. The landowning classes have the solidarity of their economic interest; the wage-earning 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 barks. Both the landowners and the capitalist classes are consciously solidary, 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; among them exist consciousness 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?

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 barks. Both the landowners and the capitalist classes are consciously solidary, 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; among them exist consciousness 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 it is in 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 Labour 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 Malthusian.

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 write anything; today 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, but unable to ask you about it. 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 desire to make the question, What does, however, is its company. The association of person involves the association of body as well as of soul. And what abuse there is, my love, relates to things and works and objects of beauty. I do so after all the collection of both. Plato, I know, related love not to persons, but to beautiful things and beautiful ideas. He constructed a ladder upon which love should climb from beauty to beauty. And modern 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 every day and everywhere. Well, I don't so; and I call the few to which I have been exposed myself, and am able, and now to my mind devotion to anything that is imperious, 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. Hence, any desire 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 always itself and admires, of a 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 common thing to be said against love of body is that love is 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 its existence, 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-feeling is extinguished; 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 persons, quite proper; but if it 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 identical with the former sort, it is still different, for as that even a solely sexual association may have some of 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 that 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 put the human ones put 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 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 if we were to consider it more seriously supposed, 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 English people are quite capable of being interested in looking 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 discovered it, never doubted whether it existed in their in the soul. I am certain that we recognise our proper companion at sight. The experience when it occurs is unmistakable: for the instant the soul recog-
the effect of suppression is innuendo, allusion, what is now called "suggestiveness,"

We are told 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 for 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 moralist is the first to have found 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 to the mind's accommodation than the hunter's capacity for following the scent is to the game. 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 with 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 moralist is the first to have found 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 that the moralists regard as the most immoral, the most licentious, period of English drama, the Restoration period. But if Elia too fantastic an apostle, 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 moralist is the first to have found 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 indifferent, and perhaps a little more healthy for it. I wear my shackles more contentedly for having

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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 makes 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 whiskie 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 historised 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—at least, that it is better for a soldier to acknowledge his

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

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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." Admireable, exclectical, to say the least. 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 a philosopher he must be who commands the "reverence" of oddity and apparent effort on the part of a historian who contributes an article on France to the current "Round Table" (an article I shall refer to later). These are only a few of the occasions of my recent meetings with 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. Thenceforward, 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 simple, 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 excellent "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 venerable 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 meetings with him; yet, until a few months ago, I had never observed his name.

The aesthetic, 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 aesthete wish that it were so, and that the labour discontent could be shown to be an aesthetic revolt? But it is all a misconception and a misunderstanding to suppose it. The discontent, on the other hand, has its origins in regions both above and below the aesthetic 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 aesthetic, 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 so as if it must needs refer to the work itself—aesthetic 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 aesthetic.

R. H. C.
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!"

I did not know what to do. I grabbed my hat and gaiety I knew I should meet. At the top of the staircase to the Norfolk Lounge. The door was open now, and, as I climbed the stairs, I pulled myself together mentally, in order not to be abashed by the splendid 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. Downstairs half a dozen shabbily dressed women sat about the room. I glanced round in surprise. Where were the lamps, the crystals, the symbols of the place. How significant became the dirt and the shabbiness! Did not they symbolise the squarish of the bourgeois social shibboleths, against which the Norfolk Lounge was in vigorous rebellion? I came out of this expanse of deep thought and found a woman in the chair beside me.

"Good evening, my dear," she said.

"Listen," said I, "you misjudge 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 crushing 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 dastardly 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 its architectural sins. The little towns, far from having a better world, were nourished to their own sins by the libel belief that all men are equal. I watched them, I saw them grow rather if he were fit for the knowledge. My glass was empty and I went out into the street, happy to have found 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 her face lit up like mine with a scornful smile. A mighty fishwife who was Pink when Tory and Liberal took the reins of power until every child was 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 scanty that the year of the Blue Famine became a mockery. The Blue Teas were held before bribery and corruption became the privilege of Ministers, and where once the food was scanty that the year of the Blue Famine became a mockery. I walked arm-in-arm with the Tory candidate on election day; they have rebuilt the stumps that dispensed yards of ribbon at the Party's expense until every child in the town was a whirling 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 scanty that the year of the Blue Famine became a mockery. Gone, too, the singing-master who visited our homes and beat time to our warbling with a fat white hand; gone his four handsome daughters and his silken-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 whirlers and the little steamships rot by the hundred-side, and the eager crowds who cheered the launching rot in the shadow of the sea-worn church.
Men and women were vitally 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 encroachment. 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 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.

That day the little towns are nothing but a copy of the cities’ dullest follies, their folk mere apes of the cit. Run from the bed of the corner of the hotel, Pass the lonely ones who work for the eye of the gods. They follow a hundred paths, burrow a semblance of main. Through the crowding ghosts strides the huge boisterous figure of my great-uncle. 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 follows the spectacle of her error, which he 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.
Nature's gifts those few who were acknowledged to have a real spirit for humour—some were "wit," 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 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," but he will, if he be otherwise a normal person, darkly hint at my way of living, and taint my name at parting.

Inasmuch 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 weariness, mora-lising, laughing at others, since it is a natural instinct and probably part of that very same instinct which eyes twinkle in novels—must be self-avowed to escape neglect. "At least," will say the person whose eyes twinkle must be self-avowed to escape neglect. "At least," will say deprecatingly the lugubrious bore, "I have a sense of humour," but he will, if he be otherwise a normal person, darkly hint at my way of living, and taint my name at parting.

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 and universal only among the very few who have and may express are lost among the many who have and may not express, and there is a decline of humour.

From Aristophanes to the man leering at the barmaid, mediocrity has been robbing 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.
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 the Palace 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 Orangerie of the Tuileries garden. These formed the advance guard, as it were, of a similar structure resembling dissipated field barracks which have been cast headlong out of heaven like Lucifer in the Milton-Dore Calcutta, etc., etc. In fact, it was a wandering tains, including 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 walls were the Hellenic gods and masks. 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 £25 up; (2) furniture and general decorations; (3) heating, cooking, lighting and hydropathic appliances; (4) hygiene 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 the Immortals how to 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 have thought to make the best of the company by inviting them, or 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 can be done with the remains 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 "truthfulness 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 prodomum," 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 science 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 Merovingian virtue and Roman virtue and every virtue that a brave man has been set free by science to interpret theology liberally, and to call everything with which he happens to agree Christian.

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 must 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...
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 process 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. Mr. Washburn has ever been employed 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 old dogmas; for the new ideas are lost, and every country will have turned its back on them. 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 has caught 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
HUMANITY v. UNHUMANITY: A Criticism of the German Idea in its Political and Philosophical Development. By A. S. Ewell 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 warps of Odin onward, 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 with the Ideal in the State has ignored the human element, has subordinated the man to his functions, and 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 suppress it; and their mistaken reconciliation of the Real with the Ideal in the State has ignored the human element, has subordinated the man to his functions, and 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. 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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, his position was through his first novel, "The Wand of Love," which, as is well known, deals with the stone Age, and through its over-whelmig, imaginative, and enthralling expressiveness of its hero, also through the masterly realistic description of scenery, implements and costumes, has with justice aroused general admiration. In order to cope with the increased demand, the printing offices were compelled to keep several dozen copies of the novel in stock; the author became the fashion, was glorified and admired, reviled and denied, and, in recognition of this highly promising popularity, was bombarded with commissions and invitations from publishers and various editors. Hence, it was easy to produce novel remarkable changes, made Emmerich neither proud nor inexorable; he let himself be mollified, he yielded to the temptations of gain, with liberal hands he distributed the products of his mind, he flung pearl upon pearl before the indolent, excusing 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 pause, with the ähr is now 50 marks, as much as before, as if his mind, he flung pearl upon pearl before the damned, also maintained the same altitude of success, were greeted with the same warmth and heartiness with which it is usual to receive such and cherished acquaintances, who unavoidably have not undergone the slightest change.

After the success of "Love and Life" the inquiries, orders, invitations, and letters demanding autographs and photographs increased so much that the author was compelled to entrust the matter to a secretary.

As a practical person he cherished 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 dictation of his new novel; in this way he best employs that period of time after breakfast in which his spirit has not yet acquired the necessary strength, although he is already alive with his beloved vocation, and to create those ideal characters which occasion his fresh emotional problems, is working, for the moment, at a nest book on the same ridiculous conditions, which he best employs that period of time after breakfast in which his spirit has not yet acquired the necessary strength, although he is already alive with his beloved vocation, and to create those ideal characters which occasion his fresh emotional problems, is working, for the moment, at a nest book on the same ridiculous conditions, which occasion his fresh emotional problems, is working, for the moment, at a nest book on the same ridiculous conditions, which occasion his fresh emotional problems, is working, for the moment, at a nest book on the same 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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 writing you. As may be imagined, my recollections of our last interview are connected with a series of exciting events which befell me 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 woman—whom I always possessed 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 most respectfully,--

To Herr Karpeles, Stockbroker.

Dear Herr Karpeles,—I have been greatly disturbed by to-day's news. We like looking at a slump. I therefore ask you to sell out at your, or perhaps two other groups or possible combinations.

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 on sooth discover what is seen? Only from noble women shalt thou learn."

The third is the most liberally provided. It is

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 signatures, and into his poetic robe, adorns his head with his poetic headgear, and with winged steps he hastens to his labours.

**PROLETARIAT, 1916.**

A factory hand, I dodged along,
A humble but unwilling gull;
I drew my pay; I did no wrong,
I joined; I had to; I was told
Now, in this trench we've got to hold,
Here Duty called where Duty led
I shortly shall be duly dead.

**LINGDAR YOUNG.**
capitalists, the trades which batten upon international carnage, the profiteers of Kultur under the orders and inspiration of Kaiserdom, and lastly the directors of the public Press (more or less under the 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 the country districts. And they—the backbone of Central as of other parts of Europe—generally, free vote, if it is good (intentional) English that defeats its own end—by the working of a hand (I don’t pretend to menace your columns with uninteresting quotations—almost any single sentence would bear me out.) Mr. Bechhofer, however, has polished his dialogue to produce the "good (intentioned) English"—that defeats its own end—by the working of a hand (I don’t pretend to menace your columns with uninteresting quotations—almost any single sentence would bear me out.) Mr. Bechhofer, however, has polished his dialogue to produce the "good (intentioned) English"—that defeats its own end—by the working of a hand (I don’t pretend to menace your columns with uninteresting quotations—almost any single sentence would bear me out.) Mr. Bechhofer, however, has polished his dialogue to produce the "good (intentioned) English"—that defeats its own end—by the working of a hand (I don’t pretend to menace your columns with uninteresting quotations—almost any single sentence would bear me out.)

Sir, May I, as one whose sole desire in life is the conclusion of the present war and yet fears the effect of it on a generation and social order, thank Mr. Huntly Carter for his extremely interesting and thoughtful article entitled "The Little Kingdom?" To me, in the context of a Higher Feeling in relation to the whole conception of mankind, our schemes of social order and Home Rule have been blurred towards the truth which "Regionalism" enshrines, but the conception has been marred and spoilt by political jingoism, and I hope that my application of 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.

Sir, I pick up "Le Messager de Sao Paulo" and read: Avis. Le mot "allemand" est prohibite dans ce journal. Jusqu'a nouvel ordre, il sera substitue par boche et ses derives.

Another six months knocked off the war?

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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 overseas 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 shipowners, Composite owners, over whom we have no kind of control. I have never taken that view, which in any event is only arguable on the supposition 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 will have to protect the Allied neutral? 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, then 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 should be divided into divisions, each division producing for the requirements of its locality. By farming on a large scale all improvements in agricultural science could be employed; the evolution of smaller plots for such crops as required intensive culture, or for experimental purposes, would not be necessary. Removed from the 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. The genius of the age had been replaced by making organisations, which have not yet either been humanised or related to public service. Trade Unions and Employers' Associations exist, as a form of organisation of a modern State, and collective bargaining between large-scale organisations of employers and workmen involves a piling up of armaments on both sides not unlike that of the two preceding wars. 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 interests which is permanent estrangement. Neutral countries have been all too visible to the rest of the community during the recurring industrial crises of the last ten years.

In this view of matters, industrial 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 requirement, and more effective, if men would adopt it, than Compulsory Arbitration or the Munitions Act! And Professor Smart goes on, with the quantity of goods that go from one country to another, to make a special appeal to employers. "Personally," he says, "I am 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—let us have no more—that the tradition of the professions be transferred to it—the noblest of all, and to the nation. It is a great and glorious thing that we have provided have been sometimes clumsy or unwise; but they are his safeguards—the best which he has ever 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 undermine or destroy them is likely to be of unmitigated good. His task to-day, in fact, is 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 refers to the workman as a machine, a man with a will, and desires of his own, powerful for good or evil, according to the direction given to it. But another and more complete theory of efficiency is that 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 with it the word and into one another. 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 science could be employed; the evolution of smaller plots for such crops as required intensive culture, or for experimental purposes, would not be necessary. Removed from the 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. It is a very simple remedy—but how to put it into practice? 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.

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