NOTES OF THE WEEK.

We hope that the six hundred Trade Union delegates who met in Congress at Birmingham last week will read between the lines of the Press comments upon their proceedings. For with a few exceptions the Press has publicly praised where privately nobody has found anything but matter for disappointment and censure. It is not, therefore, we alone upon this occasion who deplore the want of sense, courage and public spirit of the Trade Union leaders, but practically the whole world. We doubt, indeed, whether in a truthful examination the Trade Union leaders could find an inhabitant of these islands to approve of their conduct. How different it was from the conduct of a certain other Six Hundred who, upon another and a more perilous field, risked their lives in the cause of glory, we do not need to remind a Trade Union Congress, many of whose delegates "appeared in khaki." What, however, we may observe is the insufferability of their cant in drawing two successive breaths, one to praise Belgium and the Allies for resisting the threatened hegemony of Prussia, and the other to acquiesce with the air of flunkeys in more than the hegemony, in the absolute despotism, of Capital over Labour. Loudly enough they bellowed hymns to "brave little Belgium," and expanded their lungs with Te Deums to the Allies (of whom, we were to understand, themselves were one); but it remains for somebody to say—and we may as well say it—that if either Belgium or the Allies had had no more spirit or insight than the Trade Union Congress that praised them, Germany would not have been deluded for an instant if only they were of the delusion. But it is simply not true. Without in the least professing any unusual power of mind, but only certain knowledge the general industrial situation, far from being obscure or dubious, it is one of the simplest and one of the clearest that has ever been presented. Setting aside the thousand and one minor issues that people incapable of a general view will boggle at, the single large issue that is revealed in the present situation is as follows: which of the two parties, Capital or Labour, shall, by partnership with the State, become the master of the other? Surely if we were to be reading of this issue in a history-book as having been presented to our forefathers, our Labour leaders would not doubt upon which side their stand would have been taken. You can imagine them, indeed, sighing like the old British chief when he heard of the abomination of the Crucifixion; if only we had been there! For we are all heroes when merely reading history. But the simple fact that darkens their present understanding is the fact that the issue is not yet historic, but is actual, and that it concerns not their fancy, but their reality of mind. To this cause must be attributed their engagement with sophistries that would not delude them for an instant if only they were of the past; above all, with the sophistry that the interests of Capital and Labour can somehow be reconciled. What a piece of irony it is, after fifty years of economic instruction, that our Labour leaders should still entertain the notion that if only they are clever enough or "public-spirited" enough or "practical" enough, the rooted antagonisms of arithmetic can be reconciled,

bitter but sympathetic shame. Who does not know that the rank and file of the proletariat of England are the salt of the earth? Or that they are worth the best representatives and leaders the whole nation can provide? But the six hundred who met to speak in their name last week were little better than the flotsam and jetsam of Labour, undeserving to speak on behalf of Labour as on behalf of England.

It is not, either, that the wire-pullers of the proceedings can plead that the general situation is too obscure for mortal men to pronounce upon. No doubt it suits the book of capitalists to pretend that nobody can possibly discern the trend of things in the confusion that prevails. But it is simply not true. Without in the least professing any unusual power of mind, but only the certain knowledge the general industrial situation, so far from being obscure or dubious, it is one of the simplest and one of the clearest that has ever been presented. Setting aside the thousand and one minor issues that people incapable of a general view will boggle at, the single large issue that is revealed in the present situation is as follows: which of the two parties, Capital or Labour, shall, by partnership with the State, become the master of the other? Surely if we were to be reading of this issue in a history-book as having been presented to our forefathers, our Labour leaders would not doubt upon which side their stand would have been taken. You can imagine them, indeed, sighing like the old British chief when he heard of the abomination of the Crucifixion; if only we had been there! For we are all heroes when merely reading history. But the simple fact that darkens their present understanding is the fact that the issue is not yet historic, but is actual, and that it concerns not their fancy, but their reality of mind. To this cause must be attributed their engagement with sophistries that would not delude them for an instant if only they were of the past; above all, with the sophistry that the interests of Capital and Labour can somehow be reconciled. What a piece of irony it is, after fifty years of economic instruction, that our Labour leaders should still entertain the notion that if only they are clever enough or "public-spirited" enough or "practical" enough, the rooted antagonisms of arithmetic can be reconciled,
that the interests of tool-owners can be made to square with the interests of tool-users. That the unctuous curates of Capitalism should pretend that the reconcilia-
tion of these interests is possible; that the tool-owners themselves should pretend it—we can very well understand. The former make a profes-
sion of reconciling heaven and hell; and the latter have time to gain as well as their present rent of tools to consider. But that Labour, whose life of industry is the leavings of Rent, Interest, and Profit, should dream that Capital can lie in harmony with Capital is past all understanding. Is it that radically 
fanatically have urged that the present war should be 
organized public works" with a view to "preventing 
throughout the workers' wages."

But the reply to this is that we are precisely in 
the midst of a war the whole issue of which is the survival of one of two absolutely incompatible contraries. Who more than our Labour leaders have declared 
that Capital and Labour; but sooner or later one of these questions will become 
absolute. Who claim that the world is large enough for both 
people? Pacifists who preach that, after all, German militarism is not so black as it is painted, or who claim that the world is large enough for both 
Capital and Labour, who, indeed, appear ready enough to believe that every other war must 
be fought, but that their own will not be fought by them?

But the weight of praise; but, in our opinion, it was the speech 
that the Congress was meeting in momentous circumstances. 
Why, so it was, and so is any meeting held 
to-day. But the moment of the occasion only serves to 
delay itself of a speech no better than Mr. Gosling's. 
Listen to these pearls of wisdom and contrast them with 
the crisis during which they were dropped. "Trade Unionists must do what they can to protect the purchasing power of their wages." This after two years and more during which the purchasing power of wages has fallen nearly a half without Trade Unionists even discussing what is necessary to be done. We are tired of war in the industrial field." Not, you will 
remark, in the military field, where so much is to be 
won that is of no value; but in the industrial field, where the freedom of the workers of the world is at stake; it is of this war that Mr. Gosling is weary. Make a note of it, scribes of Capitalism, Labour is tired and would fain sleep. The Government, Mr. Gosling trusted, were ready with plans for peace "properly to organise public works" with a view to "preventing un-
employment." The prevention of unemployment was, in fact, the first and the greatest duty of the Government. This, of course, is a notion borrowed from Mr. Webb, and there is no wonder that the "New States-
man" finds it admirable. But what is there admirable in it? Not only does it assume no other status than 
that of beggar on behalf of Labour, but it ignores even the responsibility of requiring that the employment shall be of any real value. Of employment of a kind Labour after the war must have as much and more than all that Labour is asking for, work can be had in plenty. But, in the first place, the question of wages is in-
cluded, we thought; and, in the second place, we are totally opposed to the nationalization of the provision 
of employment upon any excuse short of the question 
of the production itself. Merely to find work for the 
unemployed is no solution of any problem but keeping them out of mischief; and we confess that we would rather see them frankly in the workhouse than dig-
ging to fill up contrivances for the prevention of unemployment by any means appears to 
have been Mr. Gosling's panacea; and it marks his emptiness of mind as well as his servility to the explicated doctrines of Mr. Webb.

We are still, however, only in the outskirts of the 
Presidential address. There was worse to come. And 
of these worse, since it is hard to choose which is 
worst, we will examine briefly the two that stand out. 

For Mr. Gosling's support of the proposal, however 
more, to our disgust, the Congress voted for the 
permanent ostracism of its class from constitutional 
representation by a majority of four to one. But for his 
remarks upon the subject of the Control that Labour must exercise, we are none other must be held to account. What were they? The passage 
containing them is so remarkable that we will overcome 
our prejudice and quote it at length:

"We workmen do not ask that we should be admitted 
to any share in that which is essentially the 
employer's own business—that is, in those matters
which do not concern us directly in the industry or employment in which we may be engaged. We do not seek to direct directors, or to interfere with the buying of materials, or with the selling of the product. But in the daily management of the employment in which we spend our working lives, in the atmosphere under the conditions in which we have to work, in the hours of beginning and ending work, in the conditions of remuneration, and even in the manners and practices of the foremen with whom we have to be in contact, in all these matters we feel that we, as workmen, have a right to a voice—even to an equal voice—with the management itself.

It is difficult to find words in which to express our opinion of sentiments such as these, uttered, as they were, in the momentous circumstances to which the speaker had referred, and in the hearing of an expectant world. We can, however, say that no passage could be better framed to convey the opposite of every doctrine, sentiment, opinion or aspiration that Labour at this juncture ought to entertain. Lissipete of the most abject kind is written all over it; and the spirit it breathes is the very breath of willing servility. Mark what assumptions are made in it to flatter the vanity of the worst of capitalists, and depress the spirit of the best of workmen. That the management of industry is the "employer's own business"; that workmen are unfitted to share in the control of the purchase of raw material or in the sale of the product at their labour; that they are too stupid to sit on a board of directors; but that their sole ambition is to regulate their daily comfort within the four walls of a factory the larger management of which is a mystery beyond their intellect to grasp! Could anything more clearly indicate that one Labour leader, at any rate, is "tired of industrial war"? But also could anything more clearly indicate, if the spirit of Mr. Gosling became general, that industrial war is about to cease. We see that Mr. Robert Williams, in the "Herald," announces that Mr. Gosling, in the foregoing passage, came very near to endorsing Guild Socialism. As knowing, perhaps, something of the theory of National Guilds, we affirm, on the contrary, that nobody could get further away. For ourselves, we repudiate the association of Guild Socialism with the sycophantic and whining appeals of Mr. Gosling; and we sincerely hope that English employers will have the spirit to kick Trade Unionite dovecotes when they come back and be allowed to manage no more than their own affairs.

* * *

That, in fact, the very employers are themselves more "advanced" than Labour leaders like Mr. Gosling, that a move forward was attempted in the Balkans, and Doiran station was occupied. What has happened since is rather mysterious. We know that there has been heavy fighting between the Serbians and the Bulgarians, and that the French artillery has been engaged. If the result seems to be to leave everything as it was. If an offensive movement was contemplated from Salonika, not a single step towards beginning it should have been taken until its continuance and successful outcome were absolutely certain. To begin such a movement, in the Balkans of all places, and then to suspend it, is as foolish a proceeding as can be imagined. As the Greek situation varies from day to day, it is not easy to comment upon it. But it has been said with some truth that the Allied offensive from Salonika could not be begun before because King Constantine's attitude made it impossible for a start to be made; and there have been even graver whispers of a plot to attack the Salonika army on its flank if it ever tried to advance. The Allies' insistence upon the demobilisation of the Greek troops lends some support to this suggestion; but, in the circumstances, it was not enough to insist on the demobilisation of the troops. If the King really had invented such an ingenious plan of upsetting the Allies' campaign in the Balkans, then his designs were, by that very fact, adequately exposed, and he should have suffered accordingly. Germany in such an event would have declared war without an instant's hesitation, and we ourselves would have been fully empowered to do so under international law. Not, let me add, that war would have been necessary. The occupation of Athens and the seizure of the Government offices would have been sufficient. Even the Greek censor cannot conceal the fact that the nation as a whole would wish for nothing better than a declaration of war against the Bulgarians.

* * *

A word now with regard to the further developments of the Balkan situation. According to the dispatches, there should be a very strong force of Russians marching through, in that event the Salonika army, that Dobson on this force, acting in conjunction with the Salonika army, should be able, within a few weeks, to dispose of the reduced Bulgarian strength. In other words, it
should be possible for the Allied armies, despite the promising Bulgarian successes of the last few days, to capture or scatter the bulk of King Ferdinand's army. A Russian advance from the north and an advance from the south under General Sarrail should be able to accomplish this task; independently culling the Orient railway and thereby depriving Turkey of supplies. This, I believe, is part of the programme of the Allied commanders in the Balkan theatre, and the next item on it is a rapid march on Constantinople once Bulgaria has been disposed of. I can only add that if it is not in Allied hands within three weeks from now, and the Bulgarian army scattered or captured into the bargain, some drastic re-arrangement of the Balkan commands ought to be undertaken. There is no military or political reason why Bulgaria should not be out of the war by the end of the first week in October; and the irresistible pressure which could then be brought to bear on Turkey, coupled with loss of supplies, should enable Turkey to be settled by the end of November in other words, before campaigning in the Balkans becomes impossible.

A separate peace at this juncture with Turkey and Bulgaria need not mean the offer of special terms. From a military point of view the Allies should be strong enough to dictate their own terms; but there is really no need for an elaborate peace programme to be drawn up at present. It would be sufficient if Bulgaria and Turkey were simply directed to lay down their arms, the terms to be arranged at the end of the war, and normal civil occupations being resumed meantime as far as possible. There is no reason why either of these countries should be bribed with territory or money to stop fighting; for, I repeat, if the campaign in the Balkans is well handled, and is supported diplomatically so far as Greece is concerned, there should be no difficulty in defeating both Bulgaria and Turkey in the field by the time I have mentioned. It is immaterial to us at this juncture whether Greece declares war against Bulgaria or not. Greek aid is unnecessary. All that we want to make sure of is actual neutrality; and, in view of King Constantine's proved hostility, and his attempts to override the decisions of his Ministers, the Allies are justified in taking thorough precautions to prevent surprise attacks. The immediate acquiescence of the Greek Premier, M. Zaimis, in the demands of the French Minister after the shooting last Saturday seems to show that the Allies have won a victory in making him politically obedient. It only remains to see that the King is not permitted to disregard the acts and promises of his Ministers.

At a moderate estimate, the disappearance of Bulgaria and Turkey from the war would release half a million men for use in other fields. There need be no more campaigns in Mesopotamia and the Red Sea; the forces in Egypt could be reduced to little more than a garrison, and one-fourth of the army at present under the command of the Grand Duke in the Caucasus would suffice for the general operations there. With Bulgaria defeated the Russians could no doubt execute their latest plan of taking Constantinople by a march through Thrace; and the effect of the defeat of Turkey and Bulgaria, the isolation of Hungary, and the invasion of Austria, would make the German public to reconstruct the ultimate end of the campaign in a very different light before the end of the year. Let me again insist, however, that the pleasing prospect I have outlined is entirely dependent upon the success or otherwise of the operations that are to be undertaken in Bulgaria in the course of the next two weeks. There is no reason whatever, political or military, why those operations should fail; but if they do fail the censor will be hard put to it to disguise the incompetence of the General Staffs concerned.

Fiat Lux.

1.

The worst of all things is not to know the truth.

NAPOLeON.

La vérité ne fait pas tant de bien dans le monde, que les apparences y font de mal.-ROCHefOUCAIlD.

During the present war our Press has often criticised the Government for misleading the nation by the systematic suppression of unpleasant facts, for constantly doctoring news in an optimistic sense, for deliberately encouraging the English people to live in a fool's paradise. The Government has made no attempt to refute the charge, but has pleaded that by preventing the dissemination of news calculated to depress the public it acted in the public interest.

Upon the morality of such action opinions may differ. Persons sufficiently unacquainted with political conditions to judge public men by the standards of private life will, no doubt, apply to our Ministers the monosyllable which they see in the Bible applied to "a certain man named Ananias." Persons who have learnt from experience that politics and morals are seldom on speaking terms, will prefer to consider the standpoints of expediency; and thus considered the hide-the-truth policy might well appear foolish: it is foolish because the truth cannot be hidden for long—men coming back from the various theatres of the war are bound to talk; and if it is foolish because it is foolish people believe that all is well, the Government justifies its own exhortations to fresh sacrifices: even in politics, you cannot have it both ways. You cannot, from the nature of things, combine the advantages of reticence and those of outspokenness.

However, however, the merits of the Government's case what they may, the interesting thing to note is that its critics practise the very tactics they condemn. In the columns of the Press our own losses are invariably minimised and those of the enemy magnified. Petty local successes are heralded as brilliant victories. Failures are either ignored, or, if too flagrant to be ignored, are represented as successes in disguise. Thus the routes of our Russian allies last year were described as wonderful strategic retreats, our own retreat from Bagdad as a marvel of military skill, and our miserable escape out of the Gallipoli shambles as one of the great triumphs of the war. Times without number we have been cheered with the assurance that the Germans are starving, that the Turks are at the end of their tether, that the Hungarians are on the point of suing for peace, that the Bulgarians pray night and day to be delivered from the Russian "yoke." By the reiteration of such ineptitudes, by the persistent over-estimation of our own and under-estimation of the enemy's resources, by every artifice that ingenuity could suggest and fatuity sanction, English journalists have vied with the English politicians in diffusing darkness and in deluding poor John Bull into a mood of arrogant optimism.

All this seems to a man of ordinary honesty despicable enough. But it is not the worst Fleet Street has to answer for. On one memorable occasion the Government attempted to depart from the path of dissimulation: to publish the actual figures—and the snarling and the yapping that arose from every journalistic kennel was such as to make the wretched Minister flee incontinently back into the shelter of mendacity. What had been said could not be unsaid; but it could be glossed. Whitehall only knows how many times that Admiral's report was revised, amended, expurgated, and edulcorated! But the newspapers were not satisfied. Arithmetical is too stubborn to yield to rhetoric. There still were those accursed figures! Fleet Street rose to the occasion. Unable to abstract from the number of our losses, its mathematicians proceeded to add to those of the enemy. No more German ships were seen to perish in the open sea; but they knew—thanks to that gift of intuition with which God has so
generously dowered them—that many more sunk in Frenchmen have no illusions about this war. To hold harbour. Evidence? What need have we of evidence? gravely talking as if they had already won the war, and audacity to hint at such a course, he is soon made to be regarded as a traitor or a madman. He is shunned as “Vulgus ex veritate pauca, ex opinione multa aestimat."

Could be were merely troubled by the question as to what terms they should impose upon a vanquished Germany. Some are for dismembering her—destroying her military strength. Yet none has ever proved more successful. Such arguments which, while they doubtless reflect the state of feeling and stupidity. Englishmen are every day heard gravely talking as if they had already won the war, and were merely troubled by the question as to what terms they should impose upon a vanquished Germany. Some are for dismembering her—destroying her military strength. Others are less merciless: they plead for her absolutely. Man, as many a worthy prophet has introduced to them naked. In this Englishmen, of course, is agreeable to the multitude has always and as it is for his comfort to have entirely. I do not know is that it exists. Outspokenness has upon an Englishman the effect which light has upon an owl. It alarms, irritates, makes him profoundly unhappy; because it forces on his crepuscular vision glimpses of truths which it is for his comfort to have entirely obscured.

This national trait, though brought into exceptionally vivid relief by the war, is quite as deep in times of peace; and, might be expected, speakers, writers, and all those whose business in life is to avoid martyrdom, tell the public precisely what the public wants to hear and to take in the way in which it likes to hear it.

The official exponents of English Christianity—to begin at the top—make no serious attempt to face the new conditions which have been created in religious thought by scientific and historical criticism. They either ignore the critics entirely, content to restate the traditional terms and to reaffirm the most widely discredited dogmas as if they were universally accepted and unassailable axioms; or, if they deign to take notice of objections, they explain them away by arguments which, while they doubtless reflect the state of mind of those who utter them, show how unfitted those divines are to guide the minds of others. Scriptural statements which, if they are to be understood at all, must be understood literally, are represented as figures of speech, figures of speech as literal statements of fact, straightforward challenges are met with sophisms, and when the arrogance of sophistry fails, recourse is had to subterfuge. Thus intellectual sincerity is ruthlessly sacrificed on the altar of theological orthodoxy, issues are evaded, and rhetoric is invited to usurp the seat of reason. After listening to an English sermon on reading an English newspaper, one is tempted to suspect that the function of an English divine is not to serve the cause of Truth, but to safeguard, at all costs, the authority of a text.

An educated German or Frenchman would resent this sort of exegesis as an affront to his intelligence. The ordinary educated Englishman is not so fastidious. He maintains little or no relation with the intellectual movements around him. It is scarcely too much to say that not one Englishman in a thousand troubles to test his religious beliefs by reference to modern scientific standards. The standard to which most Englishmen do refer is the creed of their denomination; and if they happen to feel the need of a higher principle, they seek such not in the idea of utility, but in the idea of divinity. They regard utility as the final court of appeal on all ethical questions; and, for the rest, they have a much clearer view of what they wish to believe than of what is rationally believeable. All that those who speak with their wishes is probably false; all that is contrary to them is probably false; and what, anyhow, is the use of worrying about mere things of the spirit?

Like sheep, like shepherd: “To be convinced that our current theology is false is not necessarily a reason for publishing that conviction. The theology may be false, and yet one may do more harm in attacking it than by keeping silence and waiting. To judge rightly the time and its conditions is the great thing. This quotation is from a Jesuit manual. I have found the passage in Matthew Arnold’s preface to his work on "Literature and Dogma." Matthew Arnold knew his public. For the English theologian who fails to judge rightly the time and its conditions not only is there no pay, but there are many stripes.

The average Englishman flatters himself that in his country liberty of investigation and discussion is firmly established; that the time is gone by when men were persecuted for daring to think for themselves, or for encouraging others to do so. It is, as the saying goes, that legal persecution is at an end; but the spirit which once sanctioned the torture of heretics has not vanished. It has only assumed the less crude form of social condemnation; and so the truth is that, in those seminaries of learning which ostensibly exist for the enlightenment of the English mind,

Not long ago the head of a famous Cambridge college, after leading an obscure and innocuous existence for many years, was suddenly moved to advise the young men under his charge to be fearless in thought and speech, to express their doubts freely, and to esteem sincere scepticism more highly than insincere faith. For this moderate recognition of the claims of honesty as an element in education, the unhappy don was raised to the rank of a martyr. His brother-clerics denounced him as an atheist and a corrupter of youth; parents refused to expose their sons to his baneful influence; the college suffered in reputation and in pocket; and its famed head passed the remainder of his life under a cloud.

It was an indubitable case of religious persecution under modern conditions. As such, it deserves a brief analysis. Many of the poor fellow’s colleagues, it may be affirmed with absolute certainty, shared his ideas; but they deprecated his public expression of them. They were not intolerant of unbelief—some of them were greater unbelievers at heart. Nor were they eager for the mere pleasure of being so. But they had to think of the College finances; which means of the students'
parents. They judged rightly that those parents belonged to that large and respectable class of Englishmen, who, destitute of faith, but terrified at scepticism, give their homage to the celestial powers on Sundays, and their real allegiance during the rest of the week to the prejudices of their neighbours. “Let us pray,” they say on Sundays; during the rest of the week, “Let us pretend!” Such people, naturally enough, wish their sons to walk in their own prudent footsteps:—

Believe, while unbelieving;
Behold, without perceiving;
This is the English way.

(To be continued.)

Germany: Her Strength and Weakness.

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

By Professor Edward V. Arnold.

III.

THE COLLISION BETWEEN THE GERMAN STATE AND ITS NEIGHBOURS.

If in our discussion of the State we were forced to an unwilling admiration for the superiority of our foes, some compensation may be found in the subject which we take up to-day.

The German conception of the State is based upon wide moral considerations and long practical experience. But of the relation of States the average German seems to have no conception except as is destructive. Like all aggressive organisations, Germany is quite unable to see the point of view of her opponents; and she is quite genuinely outraged when others apply the same principles which she herself follows.

Thus Bismarck has a theory that the world should be composed of large States. Small States are an abomination: they foster decadence and all the vices of the weak. But what of Great Britain? This State is too large, an oppression to humanity and a monstrosity. It is quite unable to stand to gain from such a result of the war.

Before the war began, Germany stood unquestionably first amongst the peoples of the world, and was rising every year higher in their estimation; she was also becoming more prosperous at home. She needed no greater area of land for her people to cultivate: for her ever-increasing population found abundant occupation in her great industries, and emigration had entirely ceased. She had nothing to gain by war which she could not gain more easily and more securely by peace. And now what has the war brought her?

For the moment, perhaps, the most conspicuous place amongst the nations. But though she is relatively higher, she is in fact lower than before. Of her great population, one in eight of the male population have been killed or hopelessly mutilated. Her life have been killed or hopelessly mutilated. Her savings have been swallowed up by war loans. Food rations have lowered the physique of her population. The education of her children has been neglected, whilst her schoolmasters have been in the trenches and her mothers at the plough. Her men of genius and of laboriously acquired knowledge have suffered with the rest.

The lands that have been conquered have at the same time been ruined. They offer no market for German industries, for they have not the wherewithal to pay for German goods. If a tribute can be extracted from them, they are poorer still and will remain so. Germans cannot farm their lands or work their mines, for there are no spare Germans to do so.

This picture of mutual desolation is not drawn from the war alone: it had been realised previously in one German colony after another, where German officials sat gloomily in a depopulated country. As these colonies have always been the bond of a Germany which will Europe, even if conquered, be a drain upon them on a vastly greater scale. Nor will they be able even to enjoy the charm of stalking triumphantly amongst the conquered population and extorting by force military salutes. They must at least begin with reconquering their allies, Austria and Turkey: and their soldiers, numerous as they are, cannot be everywhere. But wherever they within an element of moral strength, without it it is purely natural and on the level of the animal world.

There is a certain grandeur in the conception of a World-State as it was conceived and partly realised by the Romans. The modern conceptions included the idea of law as regulating all State-relations, and had for its aim the happiness and progress of conquered nations. The Roman conception has been inherited and further developed by the British Empire. But the German does not seek to follow in the steps of Rome, the great civiliser: he looks back with pride to the deeds of his German ancestors, who destroyed the civilisation of Rome without replacing it. It would be an exaggeration to say that Germany will never rise to the conception of constructive statesmanship for the world as a whole, or for Europe more immediately: but for all that we can see it is the ideal of destruction which at present dominates and animates her people. Never perhaps in history has that destructive passion been more clearly expressed than in the overrunning of Belgium; and it is a force not merely non-moral, but actively anti-moral.

This international immorality is not due to the inherent wickedness of the German people, but it results, I conceive, from ignorance and unwillingness to learn. We cannot reproach this state of things, for we show exactly the same bad qualities in other matters. But here we have at any rate some ground for claiming superior wisdom, and we reap our reward in our higher standing amongst neutral nations.

Let us then, before imagining for a moment what the German ideal has been realised: that the world (or at least Europe) lies prostrate and bleeding at the mercy of the German victor: let us put out of consideration any question of the rights and interests of the conquered nations, and ask only what Germany will stand to gain from such a result of the war.

To be continued.
go, they will meet with that scowl of detestation to which the German is peculiarly sensitive, and which no fines or floggings can effectively suppress. For the memories of a conquered people are long. And in their own country they will meet first with disillusionment, and then with discontent. For the individual German will be expected to enjoy some profit as one of the victors, and he will find himself poorer and less regarded than before. Such feelings were very marked after the defeat of France in 1870-1, and almost led to a new war, which could only have intensified them.

But the German publicist will no doubt argue that these disappointments are only temporary, and will all endeavours to resume his half-forgotten trade? Will disillusionment, and then with discontent. For the conquest, has been engaged for three or four years. In this they precisely agree with the German nation and the steady economic revival of conquered Europe. For this hope we can recognise but little justification.

It is not our contention that the Germans of 1914 needed a moral renewal in their domestic life. The war they have conducted will certainly not provide it. Can we believe that the soldier who, in the lust of conquest, has been engaged for three or four years in the daily scenes of bloodshed and plunder, if no worse, will return to his home as a model industrious citizen? Will he not be restless and inefficient as he understands to expect half-a-dozen things? Will he not be disposed to practise on his neighbour the habits of violence and trickery that he has so long used against his enemies? Will he not be prone even to conspiracies and rebellions, and perhaps venture to rank himself as the equal and rival of even his august Emperor? Or if he settle in one of the conquered lands, will his method not be that of a word and a blow, and will he not suffer the degradation which always attends on the man who lives on the unwilling labour of others? Such results have always followed from wars of aggression.

The Germans living in a conquered world will not thereby have unlearnt the taste for war. But the only war possible for them will be a civil war, and such war can in a German Empire only take the form of a contest for the position of Supreme Lord. This was, in fact, the course of the Roman Empire when it ceased to fear foreign foes. Such civil wars in Europe might end in one or two ways. Either the combatants might seek the help of the conquered nations, in whose interest the national governments would be restored: or (and this is the more probable) they might go on to the destruction of all civilised life, and Europe would become once more the home of the wolf and the hyena.

The dream of a world-Empire is an evil dream for Germany itself, and a burden for the peoples of the world. Therefore, the wiser elements in Germany itself do not desire it. Their aim is the constant alternation of war and peace, each war bringing gain and each peace recuperation. In this they precisely agree with the leading spirits of our own social wars: they, too, hardly desire to destroy the capitalistic class, but rather by successive wars to improve their own position indefinitely.

But there must be two parties to a peace, and the German ideal is inattactive to the defeated nations. Of what value is a peace which is not intended to last? Why pay a huge war-indemnity when war may be renewed as soon as it is received? How dare to remove troops from foreign soil when it may be again pressed at twenty-four hours' notice? It will be better, they will say, to maintain a permanent war.

Thus even from the German point of view we reach the conclusion that a Balance of Power is desirable, and that such Balance cannot be achieved unless there is a genuine wish to maintain peace on both sides. Such a desire can only find expression in the restoration of International Law.

Let us turn to the British ideal. In this, International Law and the maintenance of Peace are the primary aims: and the ideal has the definite advantage that it has a compelling aim, namely, the prosperity and progress of humanity. But the British view has also grave defects.

International Law is nothing without a guardian and without a sanction. An appeal to arbitration is vain when one party announces beforehand that he will only accept the arbitration if it is in his favour. This has been the usual condition of our own arbitrations with the United States: and we have submitted to it, partly because the matters at issue were not really vital, partly because we have believed that the States are the stronger Power. But we have not escaped the consequences of this weakness. It is not justice to give way in everything to an opponent: and the pretence and forms of justice, applied to such a procedure, destroy the attractiveness of the ideal. Under such a system the nations do not apply themselves to carry out International Law, but to defeat it by stratagems and bluff.

Secondly, the British theory makes no provision for the case of the decadent nations. It leaves them, in a celebrated phrase, to stew in their own juice. Of this procedure we have a striking example at the present time in Mexico, over which the United States exercises at present a vague supremacy, sufficient to keep other nations from interfering, but of itself effecting nothing. Under this system Mexico, once a rich and prosperous country, has become the prey of unscrupulous adventurers, and is gradually sinking into savagery and starvation. Just the same conditions are constantly threatening in the Balkan States.

What is wrong in the English ideal is the conception that Peace comes of itself, if only it is let alone. That is not so: peace comes by thought and effort, by struggle and (if necessary) by war. By doing nothing comes only corruption and decay. The teachings of Christianity are constantly appealed to in defence of the doctrine of peace, and yet they are often quoted as being the only applicable to a society which seemed safe under the strong hand of Roman government. At no time did Jesus suggest that Roman governors and Roman soldiers should throw away their arms and leave the world to take care of itself. But the popular association of Christianity with meekness has served to mark all the more sharply the contrast between the British and the German theories. The British have shown the conclusion that their own government must be meek: the Germans that theirs will do well not to be Christian.

Ye have heard how in old times it was said, "Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth." But I say unto you, "Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth." Ye have heard men say, "Blessed are the peace-makers." But I say unto you, "Blessed are the war-makers, for they shall make the earth their throne.” And ye have heard men say, "Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth.”

—Nietzsche, quoted by Cram, p. 117.

The British people, however, in spite of these theories, are not at heart meek: all their dominant forces have the fighting instinct. Nationalists, Trade Unionsists, Socialists, Socialists, all fight hard for their respective aims: and it is only because they are in fact independent States at war with Britain that they have been so anxious to keep Britain weak. Now they are in temporary alliance with the British State, and (though in a hesitating way) they are strengthening themselves.

Can we conceive a reconciliation between the German and the British ideas of international relations?

Never, I believe, as a result of philosophy, argument, persuasion. Any appeal of these activities on the British side would simply incite the Germans to a greater determination to conquer. If they can become masters of the world, they will. Only if they are defeated in that object will there be an opportunity for better thoughts.
Germany has conquered Belgium and Poland. She may go on conquering; for she nowhere meets a Power which is individually her match. But these conquests are won at a price in blood and treasure. The time may come (though at present we can see no sign of it) when Germany may be exhausted in war, and then she, like many others, may become too weary to strike fresh blows, when she will begin to yearn once more for the blessings of peace, which her enemies, even though suffering far more than she does, still refuse her. And in that case, even though victorious in war, she will have to abandon her self-centred attitude and take account of the sensibilities of her neighbours.

Next in rank will stand Austria and Turkey, in memory of their alliance; below them, but still as members not subjects, the defeated members of the Quadruple Alliance. War in future will not be possible except at the command of Germany: but it will also not be possible even for Germany without some kind of assent from its dependent allies. The relation between the States will be that of the new International Law: and its sanction will be the Will to Power of the United nations, united by the political sagacity of the Hohenzollern family.

Is such a solution of the European problem conceivable or possible? Every Englishman in my audience will at once say that he would rather die than submit to such a system. And Englishmen are dying by the thousand every day to prevent it: they will continue to die: yet even the bravest of peoples may in the end be forced to yield to necessity.

But let us suppose what no German will admit, that the Allies have in the end the advantage in the war. Even so they cannot invade Germany, they certainly cannot take Berlin, or destroy the internal structure of Prussia. To them too the time must come when they yearn again for peace, and Germany (which we now suppose to be defeated and bleeding) will still have the power to refuse the terms unless they are endurable.

What then could the Allies propose? The free development of nationalities? But what are nationalities, and where are their limits? Is Ireland for this purpose a nationality, or again Finland? If these questions are difficult, those that arise in the South and East of Europe are impossible of solution. The Allies themselves must for practical purposes propose the alliance of free States, and must name those States. A nationality, for this purpose must be either a State, or a part of a State, and if the latter it will not be concerned with international arrangements.

But the Allies, having proposed the alliance of the States of Europe, must also provide against the renewal of war. Otherwise Germany, still the strongest separate State, would at once recommence the war against one member of the alliance. There must therefore still be a Council of Europe, and that Council to be effective must have a centre and a President. The Allies might propose to make the Hague the centre, and the President of the Swiss Republic the President; but a system depending on delicate adjustments would contain certain elements of weakness.

The State is Power: at any rate it cannot exist without power. The International State also must have power; and the Union of Europe is bound to come, and to see its most powerful State at the head. To that headship a system. And Englishmen are dying by the thousand every day to prevent it: they will continue to die: yet even the bravest of peoples may in the end be forced to yield to necessity.

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Industrial Notes.

It does not fall within my province to deal with the principles which speakers at the Labour Conference unfortunately overlooked in the course of their discussions for Ireland. For the purpose of Labour in the control of industry has by this time become an established axiom of New Aox policy; and if Mr. Gosling's reference to it in his presidential address were to be taken literally we should have to say that our writing had been in vain. Labour, according to Mr. Gosling, must be admitted "to some participation, not in profits, but in control." But control, as Mr. Gosling explained the word, shrank to a limited meaning. He explicitly said that it did not mean sitting on the board of directors; it did not mean having a voice in the purchase of raw materials; it did not mean having a voice in the selling of the produce. What then, does control mean in the eyes of the chairman of the Trade Union Congress? He passed over the items just mentioned as "essentially the employer's own business," and confined himself to saying that control meant, for him, matters appertaining to the hours and conditions of employment, the scale of wages, the daily management of the factory—including the manners and practices of the foremen. Truly, a sudden descent into bathos!

Before I seek abroad examples of industrial administration which prove the absurdity of this limited meaning attaching to control, let me point out how particularly ill-suited such "control" would be to our own export conditions. The men are to know nothing of the intimate concerns of the business; the competition it has to face, the normal profits earned (for Mr. Gosling assumes the continuance of the profit-making system), the price of the raw materials, the variations in the selling price of the finished products. The foreign nations, one firm and others in the industrial "ring" (if there be one), the rightness and wrongness of "rings," and so on. These things they cannot know; for Mr. Gosling expressly rules them out, and they are details which can be known only to the directors. It is impossible to control the hours and conditions of employment, however, unless these things are known, and not merely known but most thoroughly appreciated from every point of view. There may be times, for instance, when it might be highly desirable to work overtime, or to work short time; when it might be desirable to decrease profits for the sake of purchasing a large quantity of raw material at bargain prices. On all these matters Mr. Gosling explained the word, shrank to a limited meaning. He explicitly said that it did not mean sitting on the board of directors; it did not mean having a voice in the purchase of raw materials; it did not mean having a voice in the selling of the produce. What then, does control mean in the eyes of the chairman of the Trade Union Congress? He passed over the items just mentioned as "essentially the employer's own business," and confined himself to saying that control meant, for him, matters appertaining to the hours and conditions of employment, the scale of wages, the daily management of the factory—including the manners and practices of the foremen. Truly, a sudden descent into bathos!

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Labour in Germany and England after the War.

By Bruno Lasker.

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The outbreak of the war found the German Labour movement still engaged in a fight for the most elementary rights of organisation and effective action. Only a few months before they rallied to the aid of their Government the unions had to defend themselves tooth and nail against new endeavours to minimise their right of collective bargaining and picketing, and to give them the legal status of political associations for the purpose of robbing them of the juvenile part of their membership.

It is now known that many of the Labour leaders, immediately after the declaration of war, firmly believed that their organisations would be dissolved altogether. Instead of this the Imperial Government, with a sublime disregard of political theories held for a generation, with a shrewdness of historical significance, turned a complete somersault and drew the Trade Union organisations into the general scheme of industrial mobilisation, so far as that was possible. The outstanding leaders were appointed to positions of honourable responsibility; the Trade Unions were consulted on measures of interference with industry and with distribution; their demand for the maintenance of industrial production with a view to the avoidance of unemployment was met more than half way by the distribution of contracts, the abolition of competitive convict labour, the discouragement of competitive voluntary labour, and other measures of a similar nature.

The result, as all the world knows, has been an almost complete submersion of class interests on the part of the organised workers and their enthusiastic cooperation with Imperial, State, and Municipal departments, and with employers’ organisations in the adaptation of the industrial machinery to war conditions and needs.

Not for a moment did the Trade Unions hesitate to accept the hand stretched out to them. With a mental alertness which is truly Teutonic, they built up a new philosophy of the Labour movement in less time than it takes to convene a Trade Union Congress, threw overboard a quantity of old stock arguments and built up a new theory of historical continuity which made appear natural and necessary a change from extreme class consciousness to national patriotism which really was entirely unexpected, and, in some of its phases, a feat of sophistry.

Without in the least trying to belittle the sincere patriotism which compelled such a complete change in the attitude toward State and Society, a little reflection will show that this change was a vital necessity for the continued existence of Trade Unionism in Germany. Probably about one-half of the members of Trade Unions are in the Army to-day; with any indecision on their part, or that of their leaders, and keeping in mind the trend of anti-Labour sentiment in the Legislatures during the last decade, there can be little doubt that a return to ante-war conditions of citizenship and of Trade Union organisation would have been effectively prevented. With the withdrawal of hundreds of officials and responsible heads of national and local unions, it would have been easy for its opponents to break the Labour movement altogether. That the Unions were kept together, that administrative and legislative hostility was converted into tolerance, have been the direct outcome of Labour’s change of front.
Imagine the situation: In some cases, emergency measures, often unconstitutional, had to be resorted to to keep things going at all; the wives of Trade Union officials were allowed, in their absence, to carry on their duties and manage the internal works of the organisation with the consent of their fellow-members. Local officials were obliged to assume powers normally vested in national executive bodies; political programmes and industrial policies had to be revised by minorities able to participate in the business of the organisation. This would not have been possible, at least it would have led to bitter internal strife and could only be bought by a voluntary abandonment of every aggressive feature of organised activity and a deliberate emphasis on patriotic and peaceful cooperation with the one-time enemy.

The effect of this change on the employing interests has been most marked. The old accusation that the Labour organisations were nothing but the work of professional agitators could no longer be sustained and cannot easily be revived. The workers to know too much of the inner workings of industrial operations has been suddenly allied. Throughout Germany we find to-day Labour leaders as respected members of committees and boards, discussing questions and formulating plans with employers and managing the prospects and needs of the industry in which they are interested. For a time it even seemed as though State and Municipal functionaries were competing with each other for their services on advisory bodies. The so-called Germany to-day is entirely a new phenomenon in the history of the world, and its significance can hardly be rated too highly.

The question arises, Will it last? As soon as peace is declared, will Trade Unions be forced again into a position of hostility to the State and to Society by finding themselves deprived for the future, as in the past, of elementary rights of citizenship and of effective means of participation in the shaping of social and industrial policy? Will the reward for their undoubted services to the nation take the form of empty praise and emptier promises? Will the return of a vast army of workers from the trenches be allowed to take place under conditions which, unless energetically guarded against, must lead to unemployment and misery on a scale hitherto unknown? Will employers be permitted to oppose blank negation to every justifiable demand of their fellow-members. Local officials were obliged, in their absence, to carry on their services to the nation take the form of empty praise and emptier promises? Will employers be permitted to oppose blank negation to every justifiable demand of their fellow-members. Local officials were obliged, in their absence, to carry on their services to the nation take the form of empty praise and emptier promises? Will employers be permitted to oppose blank negation to every justifiable demand of their fellow-members. Local officials were obliged, in their absence, to carry on their services to the nation take the form of empty praise and emptier promises?

The coming of peace, in the first place, therefore, will bring a far-reaching interference of the State with the economic life for reasons of future military preparedness. But, in the second place, it will also give us an extension of State activity in this field for purely financial reasons. After surveying the various possibilities of raising the Imperial revenue by great increases in indirect taxation, and showing that it is practically impossible by their means to secure the vast sums which will be needed, even assuming large war indemnities to be received from countries now at war with Germany, this author comes to the conclusion that nothing but the creation of huge State monopolies can save the financial situation. He says:

All this means that for the future of our public and semi-public political economy, private industry will play a part important in an entirely different way from that they took previously. With this the question of regulating labour conditions in such enterprises is becoming one of the most weighty problems of Labour policy for the future. The question will have to be decided whether the future growth of a great public organisation of enterprises shall represent a colossal machine or a living organism. That technically it will bring about what will have to be demanded of it is hardly to be doubted; but the question must be answered how to give it elasticity and adaptability to the requirements of consumers, and how to secure for the workers a position corresponding to their justified demands—how to safeguard such enterprises from the danger of petrification in pure bureaucracy. Ways must be found to open to the workers the means of effecting direct influence on the formation of the labour programme; and since the whole of the previous tactics of the trade union movement are devised with a view to private enterprise and not to public, a right to strike could not be conceded to men holding the status of public officials new forms must be found. This task is all the more important upon the position of workers in the remaining private enterprises is unavoidable, and the conditions in the monopoly workshops must of necessity become the model for the nationalisation of the whole of the economic life in accordance with the changed conditions of existence.
 Syndicalist movement was rapidly growing up within organisations incapable of adapting themselves to the newer ideas of direct action, and that, in several of the most important trades of the country, the next Labour war was going to be a struggle on different and more sinister lines than those of any that had gone before.

Then the war came, and with it a new lease of vitality for the fermenting elements within the Labour movement. The strikes which have occurred since the outbreak of war and the disputes settled without cessation of work seem, on the whole, to have been conducted on the old principles and with the old methods. It is only natural that at a time of national crisis the advice of the older leaders should receive a more patient hearing than would have been the case ordinarily. Yet the note of distrust is discernible also in the Labour happenings of the last eighteen months. It will be remembered that when Llloyd George addressed a meeting of Durham miners a few months ago, and thought of strengthening his argument by reference to the support received by the Government from the Trade Union members of the House of Commons. Subsequently, he was told from the Union benches that a threatening silence is due to the fact that, whereas Canada's greatest undeveloped asset is her natural resources, England's greatest undeveloped asset is man himself. How to get each man to do his best is the problem before England to-day. It is impossible, owing to these conflicting tendencies, to force on the workers to what the position and dominating motive of Trade Union action will be in the case of the older leaders should receive a more patient hearing than would have been the case ordinarily.

After the events of this war it will be impossible to refuse to the workers as a whole the right of active participation in determining the conditions of work. Labour conditions in the future cannot remain the result of a mechanical balance between supply and demand; but they will in any case have to fulfill certain minimum demands with regard to wages, hours of labour, and conditions of work.

From this consideration naturally arise important speculations as to the changes in Trade Union tactics and organisation involved in a transference of the chief field of action from politics to direct participation in industrial management. We need not follow Professor Jaffe into the details of this discussion. Suffice it to say that what he has in mind is not a sham system of advisory committees, with no real executive power, but one which on matters affecting Labour, including the determination of what constitutes a day's work and the power over itself, gives to the workers equal powers to those of the management, and much more power than that of the ordinary shareholders in the case of capitalist enterprise.

The importance of such a change for the whole future of Trade Unionism can hardly be exaggerated. While it does not do away with the necessity for the traditional militant, political, and mutualistic purposes of organisation, it will lay the emphasis on forms of activity from which German Trade Unionists, even more, perhaps, than those of other industrial countries, have been debarred in the past. Incidentally, it will mean also a transformation of political life; many questions which in the past formed the subject of Parliamentary debate and electoral conflict will have been out of the public arena altogether, so far as State and Empire are concerned, and settled in joint industrial boards or industrial parliaments.

When we hear of prominent German Socialists extolling over the enormous progress in the socialisation of economic functions since the beginning of the war, we may be sure that the more intelligent among them are not gratified so much by the extension of social control in the aggregate as by the fact that since 1914 the German Labour movement has been fully justified in excelling over the effect of the war on its prospects.

Consider now the situation in England. Earl Grey, Governor-General of Canada from 1904 to 1911, said in an address delivered in 1912:-

When I compare Canada with England I am struck by the fact that, whereas Canada's greatest undeveloped asset is her natural resources, England's greatest undeveloped asset is man himself. How to get each man to do his best is the problem before England to-day. It is because cooperation harnesses to industry not only the muscle but the heart and the intelligence of the worker that we are justified in regarding it with reverence and enthusiasm as the principle of the future.

"We are at the present moment faced with doleful prophecies of what may happen in the world of industry in the ensuing autumn," says a pamphlet of influential British Conservatives, published in the summer of 1914. The catastrophe of a general strike, then foreseen by many experienced observers over the country over, was averted only by the even greater one of the war. In spite of several years of good trade, of the recent enactment of large measures of social legislation, and of the existence both of a Government and a party in opposition pledged to great programmes of further reform legislation, the Labour situation then looked very black indeed.

Recent trade disputes had shown that in the great union was brought up in the old school of economic thought, no longer enjoyed the full confidence of the rank and file of the members, that a threatening
occupations in the United Kingdom prior to the war were working for wages of less than $5 a week, and probably much more than another eighth at wages between $5 and $6 a week.

But it is probable that in many industries which are in competition with those of other countries, which for long will suffer from high freight charges on account of disorganised shipping, or which will be burdened with new and unprecedentedly high tax charges, the margin of profit will not be sufficient to allow the payment of higher wages, or even the maintenance of wages at the present level. No scheme short of confiscation is known under which it would be possible for the State to harness private capital to home industries when the opportunities for its investment are so infinitely more profitable abroad as they are likely to be after the war.

The question is: Will British capitalists, in spite of such heavy odds, follow the demand of patriotism, and invest in home industries? Unfortunately, the history of finance shows no precedent which would encourage such hope. We are, therefore, driven to the conclusion that, in the most elementary interests of national existence the British Government—whatever the composition of the party in power may be at the time—will be forced into a series of great socialistic measures, if only for the purpose of keeping the wheels of industry going.

A few obviously suitable subjects of nationalisation are immediately at hand: First among them, probably that of the railroads, a development which for long has been advocated by a large body of people, by no means all of them Labourites. Second, the question of nationalising the mines, especially the coal mines, which, under the old regime, are being rapidly exhausted without regard to the future dependence of industry and the national welfare on a continued supply of coal at a reasonable price. From this there arises the prospect of a huge State monopoly of electric power, generated in a few centres, the principal coal fields, and distributed for local retail use either by the State itself or by the municipal authorities.

In view of the enormous borrowings which will be necessary immediately to cover the war debt, it may be asked whether it would be practicable to raise the additional huge sums involved in the projects here outlined. Even adding considerable extensions of Post Office services, State-owned gas, State-owned shipping, and other forms of enterprise which require a comparatively less substantial capitalisation while still having exceedingly remunerative possibilities, there is reason to believe that concentration of management in itself does not offer opportunities sufficient to pay both the interests of the State, which, under the old regime, are being rapidly exhausted without regard to the future dependence of industry and the national welfare on a continued supply of coal at a reasonable price. From this there arises the prospect of a huge State monopoly of electric power, generated in a few centres, the principal coal fields, and distributed for local retail use either by the State itself or by the municipal authorities.

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

But will the great employing departments of State and municipalities, not only confronted, as we have seen, by vastly larger and more complex Labour problems than those they have had to deal with in the past, but also the pace-setters in Labour management for private capitalist enterprise—will these departments let go all the old prejudices and false theories which they have taken over from private industry and substitute for them a new, more rational, and more democratic theory of Labour management?

It is difficult to be optimistic in this respect, basing judgment on the happenings of the last few years. There has not been even a beginning in any of the great employing departments of labour other than as a commodity that could be hired, utilised, and returned—as horses and automobile trucks are hired. We are forced to the belief that the workers of the future will learn from bitter experience. That means there will be an honest endeavour to enforce certain minimum conditions of work and wages, so as to avoid the worst spirit of resentment among the workers; there will be more consultation of Trade Unions, perhaps, than heretofore, to avoid causes of possible disputes; but, beyond this, it is not likely that there will be a real recognition of the fact that in modern democratic industry the labour factor should have at least as much "say" in the conduct of operations as the capital factor, that is, in the case of public employment, the elected representatives of taxpayers.
Readers and Writers.

The article on France to which I referred last week as having appeared in the current "Round Table" ought, perhaps, to be entitled In Praise of France. It is, however, judicious and truthful praise; and I do not know that we cannot learn even more from praise than from criticism. The article, at any rate, has corrected some false impressions of mine which criticism alone had failed to dislodge. For instance, it came with a surprise to me that the first Renaissance was French and Italian; and occurred during the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. I knew it, of course, as a bone of history, but never before had it come to life in my mind. Now it is a living fact, and I see at last that the chivalrisation of Europe which France attempted in the twelfth century was actually a great movement of ideas, by no means second in magnitude to that of the later Renaissance. Another discovery the writer in the "Round Table" has made possible for me is the origin of French criticism. The article, at any rate, has corrected some false impressions of mine which criticism alone had failed to dislodge. For instance, it came with a surprise to me that the gracefulness of the French language is, I imagine, are where I myself was a week or two ago: under the impression that French owes its civility to the discipline of the social life chiefly of the salons. It was a surprise to me, and who could have said that there was a good deal to be said for it. But I have now realised—had it, as we say, brought home to me—that the character of French existed long before the salons and was, in fact, the character of "la langue d'oïl" of the ancient Gauls. It is now evident to me that the characteristics of French style are not modern developments, but are as old as the hills—well, let us say, as old as Abelard, of whose style our author says that it "combines extreme boldness and originality of thought with the peculiar moderation, timidity with sanguineness, and shot with a vein of satire, that is characteristic of modern French writers." The best moderns, in short, are a continuation of the best ancients in the matter of style, and it is a new idea to me that the failure in France of the Reformation—that movement of gravity and low seriousness—was really due to the influence of Rabelais and Montaigne. How, indeed, could a nation soaked in their spirit take the Reformation as tragedy as did Germany and, to a lesser extent, England? I have said, however, that the article should be called a cloying. Perhaps from some passages it would be truer to call it an apologia, if not a piece of special pleading. I dissent, for instance, from the writer's endorsement of the "good sense" of modern French literature. * * *

Quite as good an essay, though upon a different subject, is M. Pierre Lasserre's review of the intellectual influence of Germany during the nineteenth century. (Le Germanisme et l'Esprit Humain. Librairie Ancienne Edouard Champion, Paris, fr. 25.) M. Lasserre attempts to distinguish between the German writers who have had "will to truth," and who therefore belong to the world, and the writers whose interest was in a particular point and who therefore were excelled by Germany and dangerous to the rest of the world. The dominance of the latter class in modern Germany he attributes to the fact that owing to its primitive character Germany was denied the privileges of sharing in the classic tradition of Greco-Latin culture. Hence all sorts of wild notions flourish in Germany that in other countries with a classic criticism would simply perish at birth. Nietzsche, he claims, was one of the first German writers to become aware of this historic defect of German thought, and to warn Europe against it. He largely, says our author, "de-Germanised French thought." What Nietzsche did in England it is, however, less easy to say. I am afraid our pundits took him for the worst of the Germans.

Armenia is scarcely a country in which we should expect to find a national literature; but from an article in the current "Contemporary Review" I gather that literature has not left Armenia without witnesses. The following passage taken from one of Raffi's "Dayan Beg," is, moreover, indicative of considerable sophistication, implying the existence of a tradition of writing by no means newly established. He is writing of Armenia:

God knows (he says) that this nation deserves to have its throat cut, and I would do it myself if I could. I hate her, and yet I love her. She has been a wanton for nearly four thousand years. She was a slave to the passions of Assyria for centuries; for hundreds of years she has thrown herself alternately into the arms of Greece, Rome, and Persia; even the black Arab of the desert has touched her cheek with his thick lips. Which nation has she not been in love with? To whom has she not been subjected? She gave herself to all, and was unhappy to her own husband alone. And, in spite of everything, I love this wanton who has wasted herself through the ages, until there is nothing of her former beauty left. I love this skeleton—this emaciated body, contaminated as it is with a thousand diseases and breathing death—diseases that she has contracted from the lovers she has exchanged as one changes a shirt. I love her, but why I do not know myself. I detest and loathe her, but still I love her.

That might be Heine writing of the Jewish nation. A footnote. Turn, if you will, to The New Age of August 3. There you will find an article on Armenia by an Armenian, Mr. Koyoumdjian. Is it not in the tradition of Raffi?

* * *

Having been outlandish so far, I may as well stay afloat for the remainder of these Notes. Pass them by, little Englishmen (whose prejudices I nevertheless share), for the present subject is for the curious only. The bilini of Russia. "Well, what of them? The bilini are epic songs orally transmitted and sung by professional wandering bards. During the eighteenth century, when their tradition was a-dying, as many as four hundred of them were for the first time written down—and now they constitute a part of the material for the history of the Russian language and character. Yes, that is interesting, but is it all? No, for we now find that far from the purely Slavonic origin being predominant, the sources of the bilini are mainly Aryan. (See Kropotkin's "Russian Literature," of which a new and revised cheap edition has just appeared with Messrs. Duckworth at half-a-crown.) And still that is not all. The crowning discovery—and the raison d'être for this note—is the identity of the Russian epic hero Dobrynya, the Dragon-slayer, with—whom do you think?—Krishna, the hero of the "Mahabharata" wherever men dig deep enough into the past; and it is naturally a pleasure to me when they find it. But then I also expect to find it again in the remotest future.

* * *

I was turning over the other day my wretched copy of the Upanishads, shockingly translated and published at Bombay ten years ago, and I came across the following passage illustrative of the doctrine that everything is for the sake of soul. It is, you will see, comprehensive and dogmatic:

Behold, not for the husband's sake is the husband dear, but for the sake of the self. Not for the wife's sake the wife is dear, but for the sake of the self. Not for the sons' sake are sons dear, but for the sake of the self. And so the catalogue goes on, through property, class, the world, the gods, the elements, to the universe itself. And it concludes:

Behold, the self is verily to be seen, heard, in mind, and meditated upon. By seeing, hearing, minding, and knowing the soul, all this universe is comprehended.

We are a long way from comprehending even the doctrine, but I cannot help feeling that it is not nonsense.

R. H. C.
VI.—THE PAVING OF PARADISE.

So far I have been concerned with regionalism in its natural aspect, as a nature and natural expression of life and labour. In my historical sketch I showed that this regionalism had been confirmed and placed in the cemeteries by a false political ideal of world-expansion, that the ideal had bred the present world-war, that a truth was cutting its way through the horrors of the war at the sight of which the ideal will deliver up the cemetery keys and promptly proceed to entomb itself. The truth is we have all that we need for our subsistence within ourselves. This is a very old truth indeed.

As old as Adam the first gardener. Few of us, however, know it. Few of us, therefore, have ever sought to realise this treasure. Most have looked out and beyond themselves, seen their neighbour's hives, believed them to be essentials of life, coveted them, tried forcibly to take them, slain those who stood in their way. As Cain the hunter slew Abel the shepherd. Hence theft, carnage, murder, universal war. This is what comes of always striving after our neighbour's hives. This is what comes of following the expansion ideal; simply the destruction of what is and the establishment of what can never be.

There is little occasion to point out that a general perception of the sapling truth is the earth and its root, and a general acceptance is the blossom on its branches. Without the earth, of course, there can be no blossom. And till the earth is there, any attempt to look into and investigate the ideas such as I propose to make in the following letters, would be as futile as a Fabian inquiry into the morals of Eve's grandmother.

Well, I have come to earth, so to speak. It may not be the finest quality—not exactly fuller's earth, which, when placed on an actor's face, is known to unveil marvellous powers of acting like the strength concealed in Samson's hair. In my last letter I indicated that France was preparing the earth. At least, I formed this opinion upon the Exposition de la Cité Reconstruite, though it did not offer me a great deal of material for the purpose. Honestly and truly, it was just such a rambling and profiteering affair as might have been blown together, and, indeed, was to some extent, by a number of tradesmen uniting and pufing their wares into the same spot. Still, this conspiracy did not entirely defeat the deeper objects of the exhibition. One could see that it was meant partly to reveal France absorbed with one idea, and partly to uncover the regional vision. The idea was that of regaining and repopulating lost and devastated departments; and, besides this, of providing temporary accommodation for its soldiers and for refugees. It seems that 755 communes, mostly agricultural, have been affected by the war, and 46,263 houses partly or wholly destroyed. Out of the idea had come a scheme for building structures of a detached and simple character, to contain small families, and admitting of removal when the time comes for them to be taken to Belgium or elsewhere and put to permanent use. They were to be houses having the same adaptability, and apparently the same portability, as cemetery keys and promptly proceed to entomb itself.

The system explained the appearance and effect of a loose and withered branch from some far-off irritating city; while placed amid a scene of natural beauty they would certainly set Nature praying to love to make their architectural features as invisible as they are conspicuous.

I found that the regional vision was better looked after by Conferences and Professor Geddes. In particular there were some where I paid my Monday morning calls. Among these were "Journées," which served to bring out the rich regional growths, including architectural, of some of the fairest districts invaded. Such interesting confabs were sufficient to exalt regionalism to an ideal on its own merits.
Provincial Art.
By Bernard Gilbert.

Why—William—I am very pleased to see you again.

And you, too, Henry, for old times sake.

I long meant to write you, William, but lacked your address, and then when you became famous I hardly cared to do it, but you must take the will for the deed.

I have done that so often, Henry, that it has become second nature.

You say that with severity. Has life, then, treated you ill? You were always joyous and confident.

Life brings changes, Henry, and we are not to-day what we were yesterday, but different men in a different world.

You are changed.

And you!

I feel no change.

But be assured that you are changed.

Maybe... But tell me, how goes the music? You are really famous!

Yes.

Your name, William, is blazed abroad, it goes upon wings, it reaches into every corner and nook of your native county and all your fellow-countrymen are proud indeed.

Proud—you say?

They are indeed proud.

And my name is known to all?

It is.

Whereas when I lived amongst them it was unknown.

That was so.

My music now stands high with them?

It does.

When my various works are produced in London or New York and my portrait and short biography fill the illustrated papers, they enjoy my fame?

That is so.

They are produced in London or New York, and my portrait and short biography fill the illustrated papers, they enjoy my fame?

That is so.

The Press, William, resounds with your praises, illustrated papers, they enjoy my fame?

That is so.

My music now stands high with them?

It does.

When my various works are produced in London or New York and my portrait and short biography fill the illustrated papers, they enjoy my fame?

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When my various works are produced in London or New York and my portrait and short biography fill the illustrated papers, they enjoy my fame?
You mean, I suppose, that Hardy has stayed at home writing for the people that he knew well and truly, whilst Tennyson, without any roots in the soil, wrote vaguely about world-nothings.

You improve, Henry. Tennyson sold himself for a peerage and £5,000 a year, together with the smiles of Victoria the good and the satisfaction of having his poems in vellum upon every parsonage dinner-room table in the country. At the same time the real poets, like Meredith or James Thomson, were almost unread and unheard-of, and Tennyson—who is almost certainly the greatest poet of our nation—had to publish his verses at his own expense all his life. But why should I heap reasons? The mere fact that Tennyson was the Victorian favourite says more about their taste than anything else could. Time, however, brings its own revenges, and Tennyson sinks into the oblivion of greatness illuminate his pages of sugary no-sense. "tinkling musery," and never peerage and revenges, and Tennyson sinks into the oblivion of because he wrote through a Rectory window, looking down—but still—truly observed the whole, and so—good enough. He might have been as great, perhaps, as Hardy, but Lincolnshire cast him out.

Why—William—they worship him! They worship his vellum covers and his Peereage. But does Lincolnshire cast its artists out? Can you prove that? Name me any painter, musician, sculptor, poet, novelist, dramatist—anything you will—who was born and rose to greatness in that county. I couldn't offhand, of course, because he wrote through a Rectory window, looking down—but still—truly observed the whole, and so—good enough. He might have been as great, perhaps, as Tennyson, but Lincolnshire cast him out.

You, Henry. My music, your poems, Wray's wonderful intellect and leadership, prevents many from beginning an artistic career, and so there be who faint and perish for want of appreciation. The class in Lincolnshire is why she needs the artist, Henry—to crystallise and express each other's ideas, to keep alive for ever that soul which is vanishing so rapidly. Why—Henry—did you cease to write the little dialect poems and stories that you so readily practised in your time?

I ceased—I suppose—for the same reason that you ceased your native music. Art only lives where it is true art—where there are people who know it to be true—but if the only ones who can know it to be true are kept in ignorance, then it may as well be not done at all. Lincolnshire can have no music to make her great, just as she can never be immortalised by poets or other artists. Her utter lack of appreciation prevents many from beginning an artistic career, and it stays those who do begin from continuing, and so she is deservedly doomed to extinction.

Extinction?

Yes, more's the pity, because no corner of England has been stronger in character and adventure. We have the Fens, we had a share in Hereward, and a share in the Ironsides, and a share in Wesley and Franklin—to mention no more—but what avail great men without chronicles, without artists?

True, William. Nobody read anything that I wrote; at least, nobody would ever spend sixpence on it, and so I soon failed to obtain public publication. They would borrow my books from me or from a library, or from anybody who happened to have begged a copy, but spend one penny on their own native art they would not.

Just so, Henry. In the same way, after I had laid out more than I could afford on publishing my own music, and seeing it shudder on the back shelves of side shops, I threw up the sponge, for although one man with money can publish, none can make people play or perform that which has no attraction for them.

Too true.

It is burnt in my memory. I might have been a real musician, whereas now I blush to hear my own work. The artist who sells himself dies a thousand deaths.

And yet, William, there is an enormous amount of music sung, played, and performed in Lincolnshire every day and week, to say nothing of Sundays, in choirs, chapels, churches, musical and orchestral societies and the rest.

Henry, Henry. Know that there is only one touchstone for art, only one way to tell if it is alive or dead: if it lives, then it is being produced on the spot. If there is no production of native art continuously going on, then know of a surety that it is dead art, and all its followers are dead, too. These societies and choirs that you speak of—what do they produce? Great Masters.

But, as I told you, we cannot live for ever upon our grandparents. If art is alive it must grow. All you find in Lincolnshire are either dead masters or living trash—like mine. In some parts of England they are more fortunate. Yorkshire is not only really musical, but it has a Dialect Society to keep its soul alive. Lancashire, Cumberland, and Wessex cherish their native dramatists, and Kent—and many more places—only Lincolnshire has—what?

Many learned Societies, William, I am sure. Societies for digging up ruins or publishing 500-year-old wills—anything that is long buried. Then, of course, our distinguished men who have left home must, at set seccessions in London and Edinburgh, and, I dare say, all over the globe—for what purpose?—to feed themselves and praise each other?

But why not, William?

When they represent the upper classes, when they arrogate to themselves the fame of Lincolnshire, the intellect and leadership, and when there is no sign whatever of intellectual life, who can help pointing a finger of scorn?

What, then, would you have them do?

They ought to encourage rising young artists. I can speak freely, because I have passed the stage of needing encouragement, and have definitely left her, but few there are who can pass that unaided, and many there be who faint and perish for want of appreciation or help. The class in Lincolnshire who should keep alive its art life fail miserably to do so. I refer mainly to the clergy, of course. We are all in the same boat, Henry. My music, your poems, Wray's wonderful pictures, and Jarrot's plays, and all the rest, all fall still into the iron sides, and a share in Wesley and Franklin—to mention no more—but what avail great men without chronicles, without artists?

ON A GREAT MAN SURROUNDED BY TOADIES.

ON A VENAL CRITIC.

After the many presents he has lifted, you cannot say the fellow is not gifted. P. Silver.
A Modern Document.

Edited by Herbert Lawrence.

XI—(CONTINUED).—From Acton Reed.

Tomorrow we land—and welcome will be the hour that frees us from the tyranny of hot oil and the jerking throb of the works it amears. It has been a very jolly voyage, however, and I am disappointed with myself that on this last night of it I should feel as depressed as I do—and not because the end of it has come. It is all about the usual nothing in particular, of course. Just a return of the old feeling (see my last letters—and the rest) You will understand the reason when I say that I am already justified of my prophecy that I should be useless on such an expedition. I neither sized up nor turned to intelligent account. I was going along like a tin of mixed biscuits (the image is before me now!), my mind choked with an image and it was just this need that these letters supplied. I have almost my complete autobiography. However, the fact is that you have acted as my playing the scales of my follies. That little thought my first letter to you would be the beginning of a series you will believe. You will at any rate acquit me of malice, and even credit my avowal that I had no hope of the sort in mind—or even, at that time, any wish. The blame is really all yours I was to wish drew me to take the second step and then led me on and encouraged me until—I tremble to think of it!—you have almost my complete autobiography. However, the relief and help to me have been of no less importance, as well as the intellectual as from the confessional aspect. I hope you won't mind, but the fact is that you have acted as a kind of mirror for me in which for the first time in my life I have caught a reflection of myself. I have never seen myself as I should if I were not myself. I had been going along like a tin of mixed biscuits (the image is before me now!), my mind choked with an assortment of feelings I had never got to the truth or purpose in view. But

And it was just this need that these letters supplied. I express myself badly I know; and I must leave you to fill in the gaps, which are many. Since however it is for all this and more that I have to thank you, you should not wonder that my fear is lest I appear to do it economically! But God knows how really grateful I am to you, and He must interpret my words. I can only hope if the scales on other men's eyes fall from them, they will find a friend to be to them what you have been to me, for I can wish them no better fortune. They will, however, need Fate to lead them, since it is not in mortals to command a confidant, nor yet perhaps in many mortals to inspire confidence. I, for example, know that I could not have talked thus to anyone else no matter how willing they had been to listen. This is my praise of you; and it is the best I know. I must now recommit for a spot to pitch my blanket. The deck is the ship's bedroom. It is beautiful. Do I say? Oh well, I suppose so, though I would exchange a life of them for just one in English country.

Good-bye. Do not, please, think it excessive of me if on this occasion I sign myself, as I am indeed, Yours most gratefully,

A. C. E. Bechhofer.

Tales of To-Day.

By C. E. Beechhofer.

XX.—IN THE STYLE OF O. HENRY.

JOHNSON was a born discoverer. Roll Christopher Columbus, Marco Polo, Vasco da Gama, and Teddy Roosevelt into one, and he'd have them whipped to nowhere every time. They had to go and search out the boodle they wanted, but the things Johnson wanted to find always came to him kind of natural, of their own accord. For example: the case of Consul, the educated ape.

When Consul disappeared suddenly from the Parthenon Theatre, where he had been playing the star role in a revue, all the 'ee agencies in London were put on the scent. There wasn't a sleuth in the metropolis who didn't tag up in character and go fishing at all the electric light meters in the town, hoping to find Consul kidnapped into a dark cupboard by a crook or a rival vaudevillist. And every cop went about the streets flashing his electric torch under dark doorways on the offchance of flinging clues. At the end of a week, what with one and the other, half the servant-girls of London were in bed with nerve-shock, but no traces had been found of Consul.

When the proprietor of the Parthenon saw that Consul was lost for good, he packed a valise, kissed his wife and daughters good-bye, and began to turn over Bradshaw for the quickest train to America. He reckoned that, if he must go bankrupt, zero in the double-barred L was the best place to settle at. Then it was that Johnson turned up from Paris, where he'd been doing a little Special Corresponding, or whatever you call it, for the "Daily Argus." You know the style of thing: saucy anecdotes about the comedy stars, with the "wau" in full. He got the yarns, all right, from his laundress, and her husband, who had been a waiter, used to write up the grub-tallies for him.

As I say, Johnson turned up one morning from Paris, and the first question he put to us chaps at the "Argus" office was, "Say, boys, what's all this jaw-flap about the co-ordination of Consul's atoms with the non-est?" We told him what we knew of the mystery, and he went home to lunch. About two o'clock he came back to the office in a cab and called us down to see Consul sitting in the box-office to see Consul play Hamlet.

We asked Johnson afterwards how he'd found Consul. "Simple as pemmican," says he, "I never did find him; he found me. I was walking home to lunch through Parliament Square when a peer of the realm, in his glad robes and coronet, came up to me and made a sort of gesture he wanted a match to light his gold-tipped. I hadn't got one, so I offered him the Prometheus touch from my own yellow peril. As he lit up, I looked close at him and saw it was the prehistoric anthropoid from the top of the Parthenon hill. I tipped him the wink that he was found, and he came along like a man, kind of chortling at me to give me a notion what a
peach Melba of a life he'd been leading. They tell me he sat and voted in the House of Lords every day since he escaped—he'd profiteered the robes from the theatre wardrobe. Once he tried to make a speech on some motion or other, and he spoke so like several other noble orators that the boss came down to know him from the real thing. What's stranger still, he's been living in one noble lord's mansion all the while, and there wasn't a soul in it, not even her Ladyship, who didn't think he was master come back unexpected from the Continent."

This ought to show you what I mean when I say that Johnson was a born discoverer. He's the sort of man who—well, he'd take in his letters of introduction and read mine, and I'll empty out my self-filler and read yours. Have you got me? It's on the straight, mind. Now if you'll pass the butter, I'll lead off with the soup.

Johnson was a born discoverer. Roll Christopher—oh, I've said all that; besides, I guess I can tip the two-column beam (and more) now without further ballast. Well, then, one evening, Johnson was having dinner with me and some of the staff. As most of the boys had to get away in time to write up-morrow's free lunch for the pill and eczema-cure purchasers, I called on Johnson to give us a last toast. "I'll give you a toast," said Johnson, "that'd bring tears to the eyes of a small contractor. Here's to a gre-r-rent city I know of, which is as big as London, but a hundred and a thousand times as pleasant and a thousand times as beautiful!"

We drank; then, "Which ville would that be, child of John?" we asked him. "Paris, maybe," I suggested. "It is not," said Johnson; "did I not say it was as big as London, and a hundred times as pleasant and a thousand times as beautiful?"

The boys put on their hats. "Come, Johnny," we cried, "which city is it?" Johnson winked at us solemnly. "Open the exits," he said; "that city's my discovery!"

Next evening, Johnson was having a midnight supper with me at my rooms. When we had finished the sweetbreads and shown the red light to the cheese, I handed him a cigar. "Light up, Johnny," says I, "and spout me all about this wonderful city you've discovered."

Johnny pinched at the cigar, and then he began: "I had occasion last night to tell you and the other boys that the town I've discovered was as gre-r-rent and as proud as London, and a hundred times as pleasant and a thousand times as beautiful. Well, it occurred to me afterwards that I might have exaggerated, so, after I left you, I thought I'd go have a look at it. It took me—let's see, what time did I leave you?"

"About eleven, Johnny."

"Sure thing; well, it took me just on five hours to reach it—"

"It's Manchester," says I, "with the rest left at the starting-post!" Johnson raised a depreciating hand. "It took me five hours to go there, but only five minutes to consider all the discoveries I've made!"

"Johnny," I cried, "you haven't been sampling opium with the childlike and bland, have you?"

"Not a Confucian!" said he. "Let me tell you all about the town I've discovered. You've travelled some; maybe you'll know it. But then, it's as gr-r-rent and proud as London—"

"Is it a song in dreamland, Johnny?" I asked, anxiously.

"No. Wind up your ears; the streets are like London streets, but they're narrower and twistier, and you can see the sky up above them, the way you've never learned to see it in London. London streets are straight, and broad, and dull, without hills and without curves. Why, you'd think London was fixed hard down on cast-iron and concrete piers to Hades' ironworks! But in the city I've discovered, you can see at once that it's built on the surface of God's brown old earth! It's got hills in it and valleys, and you can see the streets going up and down 'em. There's a fine, swift river running through it, with bully bridges across; don't talk to me of your poor, cramped, smoky Thames! And, what's most wonderful of all, though there's thousands on thousands of fine houses and tall and old houses in the city I've discovered, yet you never see crowds of people defiling them with their presence. But my city ain't a ruin, nohow."

"Johnny," I said, "I've nothing to do to-day, and I'm one itch of curiosity. Will you show me your city?"

"I will so," says he, "what's the time?"

I looked at my watch. "Half-past three. By Gosh, ain't these summer nights just short! It's dawn already."

"We'll leave here," said Johnson, "in half an hour. No, you needn't pack a thing. But you might switch on the electric fan, and put another bit of ice in my whiskey. These July nights'll go to Hell when the new year comes in."

At four we put on our hats and walked downstairs. We opened the door and walked up into Holborn. "By Gosh, Johnson," I remarked, "I never realised before what a queer little street Holborn is. It always seemed to me a great, big, featureless thoroughfare; but look how narrow it really is, and gee! look at the bends in it! And look at the hill down into Cheapside! By heavens, Johnny, get me quick a tea-tray to toboggan on, or I'll slide right down it on my trousers!"

Johnson did his short grin. He said, "Now you're wise to my discovery. You've discovered London as an hour after sunrise!"

And I had.
Views and Reviews.

REVENGE! TIMOTHEUS CRIES.

Patriotic essays, like patriotic plays, are very disappointing. The authors seem to mean much, and mean intensely, but they lack either the imagination or the vocabulary to express their meaning perfectly. I have been told that when an Englishman first learns either a Scandinavian or a Teutonic language, he complains of the anemic quality of their oaths; "Der Teufel," or "I am mad" is inadequately to express the fervor of a real rage. A similar sense of deficiency affects me when I read the proposals for the destruction of Prussia; I feel sure that Mr. Cecil Chesterton, for example, has no idea of the possibilities of destruction, that, like Lear, he can only explode: "I will do such things—what they are, yet I know not—but they shall be the terror of the earth." Yet the destruction of a country ought to exercise all that elaborate ingenuity of imagination that distinguished the Hebrew prophets, all that inventiveness of subtle tortures that marked the Inquisition as a great power for good, all those reprials that are included in the description, "poetic justice." I had hoped that Mr. Cecil Chesterton's Catholicism would have prompted him to invent some most terrible means of revenge against the irredeemable enemy of his Church, but he has none of that free play of the mind that Matthew Arnold regarded as the very essence of criticism. The fervor of his denunciation lapses into the most commonplace proposals; and after scaring his readers with the most fearsome bogey of Prussia, he does nothing to ensure that the bogey will be effectively destroyed.

He writes his first chapter to prove that nothing short of the destruction of Prussia will ever make it possible for us to sleep in our beds at night. We shall have to sleep under hedges, I suppose, or in fowl-houses or dog-kennels; anywhere but in bed. For the essence of the case against Prussia is that Prussian iniquity "does not depend upon a particular man, or even upon a particular dynasty, but it depends upon a creed." That creed is Roman Catholicism, to which Prussia is attached, as a man is to his antagonist. If Roman Catholicism had never existed, the Prussians would have invented it, if for no other reason than to show that they were superior to it. For that Prussian power is like the case against Germany has always been made: The Greeks have appalled us in this war is at once the reflection and the outcome of the deepest wound that Europe has ever seen. [The Greeks have appalled us in this war is at once the reflection and the outcome of the deepest wound that Europe has ever seen.]

The sheer devilry which appalled us in this war is at once the reflection and the outcome of a deeper devilry which has ever lain at the root of her policy, at least ever since her real founder, Frederick the Great, set out to prove that a State founded upon speculative and practical atheism—that is upon the denial of the whole conception of right, divine or human—could be made stronger than Christendom, and could maintain and aggrandize itself in defiance of the moral traditions of all Europe. And that devilry inspires every Prussian, although it does not seem to be of a spiritual but of a serious nature; for Mr. Chesterton says that with it "every true Prussian has been inoculated from childhood, and it has bitten deep into the soul of the people." Inoculation has made Prussia what it is, and, in the Devonshire phrase, "thee canst not make it no 'tis'er." Prussia will always be Prussia, and her devilry will always be directed against us.

By this time, the gentle reader, like myself, has exhibited all the classic symptoms of fear. Mr. Chesterton has raised the devil, and has apparently adopted the Lutheran method of exorcism by throwing an inkpot at him. But this is by no means satisfactory, it is not even so satisfactory as that famous saying: "We will never sheathe the sword—er, um—we will never sheathe the sword—er, um—in short, we will never sheathe the sword." Exercising the devil is quite proper if we are practising magic, but in practical politics we want to extirpate the devil. But it is precisely from extirpation that Mr. Chesterton shrinks; just when we are expecting him to say what horrible things he would do to the Prussians, he lapses into what is no more than the political equivalent of drinking their beer and eating their sausage. The boundary of France should be extended to the Rhine; the old kingdom of Hanover should be resurrected under Franco-British protection, and Westphalia added to it; Poland should be reconstituted to include Posen and Silesia—the alternative being the reduction of Prussia to the equivalent of an Indian reserve, closely watched, forbidden to arm, and isolated. Similar things should happen to the South German States and to Austria, but I have not space to detail them. But this simply will not do. My desire to sleep in my bed demands something more than this re-arrangement of territorial boundaries and of governmental institutions. I want to sleep, but not to dream of Prussian devils tunnelling under the ocean, and inoculating free Englishmen with the virus of their terrible creed. Besides, what of vengeance? "And it will be found that those whom sorrow has most deeply wounded will be the most ready to make up the fallen soldiers: 'It shall not be said that they died for nothing'; and of the murdered victims: 'It shall not be said they died unavenged.'" So says Mr. Chesterton, but what is the use of vengeance? What is the use of this territory? We want to skin them alive, to pluck out their hairs one by one, to do really fearful things to them; we want "to larn them to be devils." I can only take my suggestions of torture from science, and it is quite possible that those with a theological education will be able to think of more effective means of extirpating the devil. Summed up in one word, my proposal is "Vivisection." Let us remember: that every true Prussian is an enemy to European civilisation, that it is impossible to convert a Prussian, and that so long as one of the accursed devils lives, Christendom, and particularly the English section of it, is menaced with the most unspeakable disasters. We may lose our fleet, we may lose our Parliament, we may lose our home, our wives, our children, we may even lose our religious, and we shall certainly lose our sleep. Of these Prussians, then, not one must be left alive; but, on the other hand, the indiscriminate slaughter of them would serve only the criminal purpose; it would not make the best use of all this human material. The vivisectors are always complaining of lack of material; in candid moods, they are willing to admit that experiments on animals do not always afford the clearest evidence of the reactions of the human body. It has been suggested before that the bodies of criminals should be given to the vivisectors for experimental purposes; here is a whole nation which Mr. Chesterton describes as an "unpunished criminal." What more fitting punishment could be devised than that they should be handed over to the vivisectors? It is admitted on all hands that the Prussians have done nothing for science, that they have made no notable discoveries, and have perverted to base uses the discoveries of other people; let us offer them as a sacrifice to the Goddess against whom they have blasphemed, and let us give the devil his due by converting him into clinical material for the experimentalists. What is that, I think, the only logical conclusion to Mr. Chesterton's argument. It is a suggestion in support of which all bodies could unite; the Vatican, for example, might organise the experiments, and hand them over to the secular arm. For it means the political menace of Prussia will be destroyed, the triumph of Christianity will be assured, the progress of Science will be assisted, the peace of Europe will be secured, and we shall all have our revenge. All that we now have to do is to catch the Prussians.

A. E. R.
Home Letters from German Soldiers.
Translated by P. Selver.

NOTE.—The following letters were originally published in various German papers. They are arranged here according to the particular aspect of the war with which they deal, and the correspondence is given in each case to the source from which they are derived.

(1) From a Berlin millitaryman to his wife ("Berliner Lokal-Anzeiger," August 17).

My dear Betty,—By the time you receive these lines I expect that a comrade who has been declared unfit for field service will have let you know by telephone how I am getting on. Since yesterday we have been lying, five deep, in an orderly room. Who knows when we shall be summoned by our Kaiser?

In the barrack-yard it looks like war day by day. What stirring and penetrating was seen from the windows, when the pioneers' reserve company had to go! Then, yesterday, the rousing speech of our commanding officer. He said something of this sort: "You people who are off to fight in the great cause, that he also is a link in the tremendously difficult task you have to fulfil. You can conquer. We want to conquer. We shall conquer. Field service will have let you know by telephone how I am getting on. Since yesterday we have been lying, five deep, in an orderly room. Who knows when we shall be summoned by our Kaiser?"

The enemy's artillery is heard, and the rousing speech of the commanding officer." You people who are on the way to war. We want to conquer. We shall conquer. Field service will have let you know by telephone how I am getting on. Since yesterday we have been lying, five deep, in an orderly room. Who knows when we shall be summoned by our Kaiser?"

Woe to the enemy that opposes people of such deadly courage, and led by officers such as ours! Even though many a one says good-bye with a heavy heart, when the enemy's bullets are whistling around, a true German knows what his duty is.

Thanks for your card. . . Heartiest greetings from your own GEORG.

(2) From a young man of Cologne to his mother ("Kölische Zeitung," October 15).

Darling Mother,—When you receive this letter I shall be far away from lovely Thüringen. I shall be on the journey into the untarnished, for nobody knows where we are bound for. Battle was ordered to-morrow evening at 6 o'clock, in full marching kit—such was the sudden and quite unexpected order we had this morning. When the news was announced, there went a shouting and cheering through the village, so that all the people came to the windows to see what the matter, and we marched by with sparkling eyes and beating hearts, and did not know what to do with ourselves for joy . . . When I heard the news of our departure, I at once thought of you. I thought of how you, as a dear, brave German mother, would go to everybody enviously, and want to lay an intolerable burden upon us. Think of your wives, think of your children. Have confidence in your officers, who want to lead you to victory, and will. We must conquer. We want to conquer. We shall conquer. Good-bye, people!"

Thereupon from a thousand throats burst the song, "A cry like thunder-pearl resounds," and it really sounded like the roaring of a storm. The leave-taking was most impressive. Woe to the enemy that opposes people of such deadly courage, and led by officers such as ours! Even though many a one says good-bye with a heavy heart, when the enemy's bullets are whistling around, a true German knows what his duty is.

Meantime a fellow and a chap and looked into his face. It was our senior in command, von Emmich. Then our regimental commander came along. The senior officer asked him his opinion. He answered, "Punish without mercy." Now the burning of such buildings from which shooting had taken place was no joke. The enemy was in sight of the trench! And you must achieve much. We are surrounded by enemies who want to smash us up, who want to destroy what our fathers have raised up and perfected in 43 years of peaceful labour. They look at us enviously, and want to lay an intolerable burden upon us. Think of your wives, think of your children. Have confidence in your officers, who want to lead you to victory, and will. We must conquer. We want to conquer. We shall conquer. Good-bye, people!"

(3) From an officer, wounded at the bombardment of Liège, to his mother ("Berliner Lokal-Anzeiger," August 26).

. . . About 3:30 in the morning, Thursday, August 6, the companies were awakened for the storming of Liège. Our battalion was to act as a reserve, and after the forts had been stormed, was to act as guard. In the east, the citadel of Liège. Sorely had the long column reached Micheroux, the next village, than suddenly from all the houses we were furiously assailed by a dripping fire. But we have no losses, not even one. Too high we can hear them whistling above us quite plainly. We had unloaded, and consequently did not reply to the firing. Then single divisions were detailed to take separate houses, set them on fire, and give the inmates a taste of the bayonet. But this did not mend matters. Suddenly an officer with red tabs gave the order to shoot into the houses. I bent down to the little chap and looked into his face. It was our senior in command, von Emmich. Then our regimental commander came along. The senior officer asked him his opinion. He answered, "Punish without mercy." Now the burning of such buildings from which shooting had taken place was no joke. The enemy was in sight of the trench! And you must achieve much. We are surrounded by enemies who want to smash us up, who want to destroy what our fathers have raised up and perfected in 43 years of peaceful labour. They look at us enviously, and want to lay an intolerable burden upon us. Think of your wives, think of your children. Have confidence in your officers, who want to lead you to victory, and will. We must conquer. We want to conquer. We shall conquer. Good-bye, people!"

(4) The capture of Namur. No particulars of the narrator are given ("Kölische Zeitung," December 19).

. . . The heights of Fort d'Hiribert lay there, wrapped in the glow of evening. We took a large tree, which stood out clearly from the horizon, to mark the direction of our reconnoitring. The way led us under cover, along the edge of a wood, to a trench which had been completely deserted by Belgian and French soldiers. The whole appearance of the trench made it clear that the troops had fled from it helter-skelter . . . We have no time to examine these structures, as our mission must be fulfilled. Keeping well bent, we follow the trench for about another 500 yards; then we creep on through a wide entanglement of Long strong branches and uprooted turf, draw our attention to an extensive minefield. Some fifteen mines are put out of action. Everywhere the shears are rustling. The noise is divided between a dog that yelped continually (he had come to everybody as a help), and a shrill scream of a woman. Meantime a fellow leaves a trace of the way we have come, by means of paper strips—these had been specially prepared for the purpose from telegraph forms requisitioned on the previous day—so as to have a safe retreat at any time in the night.

Meanwhile it has become completely dark. The tree we had taken to mark our direction now stood out faintly from the horizon. On we went, over a field of stubble, through hedges, gardens, through furee-bushes and raspberry-thickets to a village which had obviously been demolished by the enemy's pioneers for the sake of a better field for shooting. From this place of ruins a wretched little light in a journal which had obviously been networked by the enemy's pioneers for the sake of a better field for shooting. From this place of ruins a wretched little light in a journal which had obviously been networked by the enemy's pioneers for the sake of a better field for shooting. From this place of ruins a wretched little light in a journal which had obviously been networked by the enemy's pioneers for the sake of a better field for shooting. From this place of ruins a wretched little light in a journal which had obviously been networked by the enemy's pioneers for the sake of a better field for shooting. From this place of ruins a wretched little light in a journal which had obviously been networked by the enemy's pioneers for the sake of a better field for shooting. From this place of ruins a wretched little light in a journal which had obviously been networked by the enemy's pioneers for the sake of a better field for shooting. From this place of ruins a wretched little light in a journal which had obviously been networked by the enemy's pioneers for the sake of a better field for shooting.
long been in use. On the left the loophole was marked by a yellow, the one on the right by a red tassel, which here and there shone up from the yellow earth. Our interest centred naturally on the tin pipe. A blowlamp which we had taken from the engine-room, the pipe enclosed telephone wires which led not only from the fort to the neighbouring fort, but also to the trenches which lay extended in front. Quickly the tooth of the ripping tool chipped the varnish away, and we saw a two-...
As we discovered later, it came from a church-spire some distance away. I kept on for some hours, until the town was burning in one single flame.

In this dangerous situation I had to unload my ammunition wagons; that seemed impossible, but it had to be done, for the divisional order said it could not get worse. Explosions ensued in the burning houses with a dreadful detonation. Benzine bottles, hidden ammunition, barrels of petroleum, gas—everything was blown up. The burning rafters burst with a fearful crash, and a whole wall of houses fell with a thunder of piles of ruin towards 9 in the morning, the crack of rifles ceased. I looked to see what damage I had sustained. It was remarkably trifling. Only a few dead and wounded had been shot in the legs and crumpled—that was all.

The infantry had many hundreds dead and wounded; in my column, I dashed in to the batteries. They lay far apart, for we got out of the town in an orderly manner. At a walking pace, then at full trot, and trot, trot, we passed by lay in ruins and ashes. Long rows of column of the divisional order, the column ought to have left Louvain at 12 midnight. The divisional headquarters did not know what had been happening to us at that hour. I therefore urged the infantry battalion to make haste, but it was too late to proceed at full trot, and we were no further in search for the requisite infantry escort. A whole hour had passed by before we could reach the battery. They lay far apart, for we got out of the town in a calm, cool-headed, and orderly manner, although shot upon shot was flying in from the batteries. As soon as we had disposed of the ammunition, brisk firing began from all the batteries. The enemy became more and more silent, and after an hour ceased entirely. Soon after came the news that the Belgians were in full retreat upon Antwerp.


. . . We had put our ships in action; and our course was set for the English coast. Each ship which took part in the expedition had its own particular orders. Early on Wednesday the fire to bomb the three great English seaports of Hartlepool, Scarborough, and Whitby simultaneously, in order to destroy the signal stations, the harbour works, and the military buildings, as also to silence the coast and shore batteries in these places. It is easy to describe this now; but with what circumstances we had to reckon, and what was expected of each single one on board, can only be appreciated by those who are familiar with the conditions. For, after all, we had to consider that we were dealing with a superior opponent. Such a task demands nerves of steel and iron.

Full of joyful hopes, we cast anchor; our heavy engines began moving, and soon we were getting along at a rate before. Carelessly we were not to be thought of, and in the natural excitement under which we were labouring nobody felt any need of it. At 4 in the morning our ships' engines were steered to the coast near by. They also hoisted their flags in a calm, cool-headed, and orderly manner, although shot upon shot was flying in from the batteries. As soon as we had disposed of the ammunition, brisk firing began from all the batteries. The enemy became more and more silent, and after an hour ceased entirely. Soon after came the news that the Belgians were in full retreat upon Antwerp.
that we did to the English, on the other hand, must have been quite enormous. But the moral effect which our dashing arrival at the English coast produced is probably to be estimated higher still.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

MR. THORNE ON LABOUR.

Sir,—The “Evening News” of the 7th inst. reports that Mr. Will Thorn, M.P., said he believed in a National Citizen Army for home-defence. He had always believed that every man should be trained to defend his home, and also to defend his labour, when it was attacked, possibly by another nation.

He believed there would be a general election within six months of the end of the war, and if wage-earners were as foolish as they had been in the past, and returned their employments to their employers, then they would deserve all they got.

Might not one also add that if wage-earners were as foolish as they had been in the past, and returned their employments to their employers, then they would deserve all they got? One would have thought that Mr. Thorn, with all his opportunities for study, would have realized by now that labour does not belong to the material world of things which need to be defended by violent measures. The defence of labour lies primarily in control of the supply of labour; and labour's answer to military attack is to withhold its services upon which the military depend for their very existence. That, however, it will never be able to do, so long as Labour Exchanges and such like institutions are run by the capitalist-military parties to which Mr. Thorn belongs, in theory, as well as in practice.

THE NEW AGE.

Sir,—Rev. W. Marwick's letter makes one wonder whether he has understood THE NEW AGE, although he has read it so long. THE NEW AGE is essentially a journal of ideas. On the economic side you have expounded these ideas with a consistency and patience that must have been admired by all your regular readers. On these ideas, one might say, you stake the fundamental difference between the wage-earners and the employers, between the capitalist and the working class. For in “The Larger Ignorance” he lets out that he has shown himself both, and I hasten to gather his idea of the economic side. The answer he has given to the question of the economic side of the world is to be defended by violent measures. The defence of labour lies primarily in control of the supply of labour; and labour's answer to military attack is to withhold its services upon which the military depend for their very existence. That, however, it will never be able to do, so long as Labour Exchanges and such like institutions are run by the capitalist-military parties to which Mr. Thorn belongs, in theory, as well as in practice.

JONATHAN’S LETTERS.

Sir,—With interest I have read the denunciations of his English host by your enlightened Yank, wondering the while whether the man was fool or rogue. And now he has shown himself both, and I hasten to gather his ideas. For in “The Larger Ignorance” he lets out that England has done better than any other nation on earth (a fool slain by his own folly), and very indecently inters this supreme fact in the theory of Providence. “Oyez,” saith he, “ye see a knave,” for this theory of a capricious Providence is not required to explain their own conduct, but is indispensably only to his bable of fools.

The scalp is mine. Justice is appeased. Let me now warn my friend to control his apostolic gift of the gab, for in other countries less important to impede the natives justly incensed will cut out his tongue and prove him more foolish than ever.

Multan, Punjab.

J. JUNIOR.

REGIONALISM.

Sir,—The idea of Regionalism appears to have been thought of at the close of the Thirty Years War, as a panacea for the woes of humanity—Uri regio, ibi religio—was the formula adopted. With what results history has informed us.

HAROLD B. HARRISON.

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Press Cuttings.

The way to workers' salvation is through the initiation of workers' control, and that Mr. Naylor's proposal provides for, and gives the main question of workers' control of the whole course of industry. The capitalists themselves are expressing all too freely these fears, after the war. The Syndicalists, with organisations comprising the workers strictly subordinate to their own. We, as industrialists expressing the needs of our fellow-workers, must formulate and agitate for the adoption of a polity which runs counter to all necessary or right to the massed intelligence of the Trade Unions, which, in its practical systematisation, will be superior to the other in economic fruition, as well as in its quantum of true happiness. If in the course of achieving such a change in our industrial organisation it seems necessary or right to the massed intelligence of the Trade Unions that all the workers should be compelled to affiliate, then by all means let them exercise their certain power to that end. In doing so they will be adopting an attitude unmistakably democratic, and, in the true sense of the word, democratic, because it will be compelling all workers to claim and exercise their right of joint control of the conditions of their work, and economic because the full possession of the control of industry by the workers themselves made specific to all the men through their own democratic organisations, it will be seen that under such control the capitalist charges of rent, interest, and profit can be abolished, together with the multiform waste of commercial competition, and the quality of production enhanced as well as its quantity. The result because of the new control which is to be exercised over the conditions under which craftsmanship and invention may thrive.-ROBERT WILLIAMS, Letter to "The Federationist."