NOTES OF THE WEEK.

We are surprised to find the "New Witness" writing of the recent Trade Union Congress that "it deserves to live in history for its spirit of independence and patriotism." What was there among the proceedings of the Congress we had missed? For, as our readers know, we came ourselves to a very different conclusion. It appears, however, that the "New Witness" was not counting among the achievements of the Congress any resolution or action concerning Labour in particular. But upon resolutions referring to matters in which the "New Witness" is itself more interested: the holding of a Peace Conference and the subject of Protection. Upon these, we now remember, the Trade Union Congress did, it is true, pass resolutions of one sort or another, repudiating, we are told, the proposal to hold an international Labour Conference during the peace negotiations, and welcoming a particular kind of Protection. But what of it? Even if the resolutions taken were as wise as they were foolish; or carried with them one half of the meaning read into them by the "New Witness," their significance would be small, since the Trade Union Congress is not yet an executive body even of its own. And what value attaches to the criticism or what importance to the praise of a journal that would not be, it goes without saying, what we of the wonderful Committee whether, in fact, anything remarkable can come out of it—Mr. Sidney Webb, we believe, is a member of it! And, secondly, we deprecate every attempt to set up a rival authority to that of the Trade Union Congress itself. The Trade Union Congress is the designate and predestined head of the Labour movement; and every lesser organ is, in a sense, a usurper of its functions. And it is no excuse, we submit, that these lesser bodies may plead the negligence of the Congress and its rule of rote faintness; for the truth is that it is their business to compel the Congress to rule.

In contrast with the opinion of the "New Witness" was the judgment formed by Mr. Wardle, who attended the Congress as a friendly spectator—friendly, we mean, to Labour, and not to some hobby of his own. For him the Congress was "in the main tame and uninteresting; it seldom gripped a question, and most of the speeches were remarkable neither for insight nor guidance." Mr. Wardle is not, it goes without saying, what we of THE NEW AGE are, incompetent to form a just opinion of what is or is not an independent spirit, what is or is not relevant to Labour's interests; but the President of the strongest Trade Union in the world, the National Union of Railwaymen, and a man, in consequence, whose practical judgment of the Congress may be regarded as beyond appeal. It is all the more gratifying, therefore, that he should agree with us and not with the "New Witness" that the recent Congress deserves to live in history for anything but independence or intelligence. Nor does his agreement with us stop at this point. For he likewise agrees that the Labour movement—even the professedly organised Labour movement—is without any kind of organ of government, and is, in fact, a creature of vast body and many tails, but without a head. He adds, it is true, a consolatory postscript in the form of a note upon the wonderful things some other organisation than that of the Trade Union Congress is doing. The report, he tells us, of the War Emergency Workers' National Committee will prove "that Labour leaders are not so blind as THE New Age suggests, or so insensitive to suggestions as some of our middle-class critics try to make out." But as to this we can only offer an opinion in the absence of the promised revelation. First we confess to some doubt from our knowledge of the composition of the wonderful Committee whether, in fact, anything remarkable can come out of it—Mr. Sidney Webb, we believe, is a member of it! And, secondly, we deprecate every attempt to set up a rival authority to that of the Trade Union Congress itself. The Trade Union Congress is the designate and predestined head of the Labour movement; and every lesser organ is, in a sense, a usurper of its functions. And it is no excuse, we submit, that these lesser bodies may plead the negligence of the Congress and its rule of rote faintness; for the truth is that it is their business to compel the Congress to rule.

Having, however, been driven to agree with us, Mr. Wardle then proceeds to attack THE NEW AGE. This, we must say, is paradoxical, to say the least of it. We, it is well known, attack those with whom we happen to disagree; but Mr. Wardle, who disapproves of our manners in this respect, attacks us with whom he agrees! And the reasons he offers are no less strange. Though right in his opinion upon many matters in
which he is concerned, we are, it appears, offensively "superior" in manner and, above all, members of the "middle class." And these things it is, he insinuates, that explain and excuse the hostility of men like himself towards us, even when they are compelled to agree with us. "The claim of the superior person," he says, "is, I believe, because of this constant assertion of superiority. All the wisdom of the world does not reside in the editorial sanctum of The New Age, nor all the knowledge in the brain of the middle classes. If the Trade Union movement has been built up by the patient, plodding efforts of numberless workers who did not possess the advantages of education which the middle classes have enjoyed. It has been built up without their help, and often against their bitter opposition and scorn." How unfortunate we are to have incurred this criticism can be estimated when it is recalled that precisely the opposite reasons we have likewise incurred the criticism of the governing classes.

What are we to be refused a hearing by the "superior" classes because our manners are "inferior," and by the other classes because our manners are "superior"? The truth, however, is that we despise these old distinctions, and set up the claim to be neither superior nor inferior, but equal citizens with anybody; neither middle nor any other social class, but merely economists. How much longer, we wonder, will the old social distinctions (all based upon snobbery) rankle in the minds of intelligent workmen like Mr. Wardle? Middleness, if it is to be, has no longer any meaning for us, either as a criticism or as a tribute. There are only economic classes. And as for assuming a "superiority"—is it to be superior to care more about the proletariat than they seem to care about themselves? We put it to Mr. Wardle that we should not trouble ourselves as much as we do with Labour affairs if our only purpose were to feel superior. That we might acquire by more comfortable means. However, let us get on with the business.

It is obvious, we think, that in one form or another the dominant problem of Labour is Control. Everybody now is discussing it, and sooner or later we may expect practical proposals to be put forward. The question now is discussing it, and sooner or later we may expect questions of immediate practical importance, is evident, neither middle nor any other social class, but merely economists. How much longer, we wonder, will the old social distinctions (all based upon snobbery) rankle in the minds of intelligent workmen like Mr. Wardle? Middleness, if it is to be, has no longer any meaning for us, either as a criticism or as a tribute. There are only economic classes. And as for assuming a "superiority"—is it to be superior to care more about the proletariat than they seem to care about themselves? We put it to Mr. Wardle that we should not trouble ourselves as much as we do with Labour affairs if our only purpose were to feel superior. That we might acquire by more comfortable means. However, let us get on with the business.

most fruitful employment. Next, we affirm that the condition of a successful democracy is the responsibility (which includes control) of every one of its citizens. And, finally, we assert that our nation is doomed to decay, relatively competing nations, unless we can call into existence a new principle, namely, the desire for co-operation with the State of the hitherto irresponsible proletarian Trade Unions. But that, for the present, is our view as well; or, rather, for the present, we share it only with our readers and writers. In the meanwhile, as much reformists as the more conservative capitalists show towards sharing control with Labour, the more conservative leaders of Labour show towards accepting, still more towards demanding, a share of control. And it is with the latter class that we shall have the most trouble. But what is their difficulty? Is it that they are too modest to claim a share in the control of their own industry? That hypothesis, however, cannot be accepted; for it is noteworthy that precisely the Labour leaders who disclaim the ability to control their industry claim the right and the ability to control the political and diplomatic destinies of this country. There's a paradox for you! The same Mr. Gosling who shrinks from sitting on a Board of Directors concerned with a score or so of boats himself eminently qualified to sit in a Parliament, but most shrinks from being a member of a good part of the whole world! Are not the Labour leaders who disclaim industrial control while claiming political control as foolish and as inconsistent as capitalists who disclaim are a part of the State but deny the State's competence in Trade? As if the management or control of industry were more difficult than that of the activities of the whole of which industry is only a part! Or is it that these Labour leaders do not see their way to control, conceive of control as a Utopian notion, and are unable to visualize the practical steps to be taken to bring it about? But as to this, it is the first step that counts; or, rather, the demand that it shall be taken. We, for our part, undertake to say that if Labour asks for control, meaning to have it, the cry is not for the moon, but for an object within easy grasp. For less organisation would be necessary to establish the whole scheme of National Guilds than has been (and still is) necessary to defeat Germany. A nation that can defeat Germany can do anything it has a mind to.

With our readers' patience we will briefly rehearse what has been our policy since the war began. And we intend to draw a moral from it. Reviewing the situation that was for a couple of years ago, we see that two main facts concerning Labour emerged: first, that the nation would certainly not be able to pull through the gigantic war without the fullest support of Labour; and, second, that Labour had the means to bargain with the State for its support. What was then the best policy to be pursued? On the one hand, there were counsellors who maintained that Labour should leave the State to get out of the mess as best it could and in the meanwhile cling to all the privileges it possessed before the war, and even add to them. On the other hand, there were counsellors who, with another kind of zeal, maintained that Labour should fly to the help of the State and strip itself of all its privileges without thought and without reserve. We, however, agreed with neither of them. For as unpatrician as it appeared to us it would be to leave the State undefended while gathering fresh privileges for Labour out of the State's troubles, so unwise and unpatrician did it appear to us it would be if Labour consented to sacrifice all its privileges without requiring sacrifice of Capital, without regard in the interests, not of Labour, but of the State and the nation. The policy, in fact, that we decided after long reflection to adopt was to urge Labour to offer up its privileges to the State, but on the condition that as one by one its privileges should be offered up the corresponding privileges of Capital should be offered up to the State in addition. Now what, we challenge anybody...
to point out, was selfish in that? To have refused the State any support would have been short-sighted and selfish. But we were requiring that the concession of Labour's privileges to the support of the State should be a lever for the extraction of Capital's privileges as well. As well, therefore, as obtaining the support of Labour, the State, had our policy been adopted, would have obtained, by Labour's help, the support of Capital.

And what a field for bargaining then existed! It is not too much to say that we could have had the nation completely organised by this time, and not for war alone, but for peace; not temporarily and for the duration of the war, but permanently and for the life of the nation. What were the privileges that Labour had to bring to market and to exchange against the offerings brought by Capital? There were, in the first place, all the plans and preparations Labour had made for strikes during the next autumn in which war broke out. If in the mere field of politics parties were to be compensated for forgoing their party aims during the war, what ought not to have been offered Labour for forgoing its industrial prospects? Next, there were the privileges acquired by Trade Unions in defence of their standards and methods of Labour. Then there were the opportunities offered by the shortage of Labour for the exploitation of Labour and Democracy in the interests of higher wages. Finally, there was the power to withhold military service. Examine each of these, individually and collectively, realising what they imply, and you must come to the conclusion that, with these powers in its hand, Labour might indeed be said to be master of the national situation. But we have already said in general terms how in our opinion these powers should have been employed. Let us now examine the question in particular. It was obvious enough, was it not, that as well as requiring the services of Labour the State required the services of Capital; and in these specific directions.

First, the State required Money to carry on State services, during the whole of the war. Then there is no doubt that, in the main, the prices of goods of general consumption might have been kept down by the State and Capital might have secured the doubling of production. Now what selfishness, we once more ask, or what "chess-view" (for we are charged with a mere apologia for ourselves, being, as we are, ready at any minute to become extinct without uttering a sound) do these views imply? We are asked why we failed to attempt to restore these, as if they were mere matters of rules, will result in chaos and disaster. In the second place, it is from every national point of view undesirable in the highest degree. What the nation will need most after the war is the greatest production of which Labour is capable. Greater even than our need during the war will be our need after it both to recuperate and to attain once more our old position in the world. Will it, therefore, be good national policy to restore to the Trade Unions their privileges retarding production and at a moment when restriction is more than ever dangerous? Neither, we reply, will it be good national policy nor, in our opinion, will it be even good Trade Unions policy. And what is more, we will add, in the third place, that the Trade Unions themselves will be unable to resist the pressure of public opinion, but will assuredly surrender their claim to restoration, if not for something, then for nothing.

But it is just that something or nothing that we would have our readers consider. Are the Trade Unions again to sacrifice their bargaining power for an equivalent sacrifice on the part of Capital? Or are they on this occasion to make it a condition of benefiting the nation that Capital shall benefit the nation as well? Here, once more, the outlines of the parties of opinion can already be discerned. There are those who would surrender the last rights of Labour on demand of the State without a thought of return to itself or of still further advantage to the State. Such are servile sentimentalists, pets of the Capitalist Press, but of little use as sentimentalists, pets of the Capitalist Press, but of little use in our opinion to rehearse the past, and then only for the lesson that may be derived from it. For once again as the war comes to an end Labour, we believe, will find itself in a position to bargain its privileges for the good of the nation; and once again we offer our counsel in support of its bargaining to some real national purpose. What weapon, we ask, will Labour find in its hand at the close of the war? The things that we think as minor the other weapons above mentioned, it is clear that the great instrument that Labour will possess is the reiterated and solemn pledge of the State to restore the Toms. Unions all promises are to go for naught and our governing classes are to descend into history as faithless liars, the rights of Trade Unions, as they existed before the war, are to be restored intact and in full. Very well, that is the punishment; and, as everybody agrees, requiring to be performed. But—! In the first place, it is impossible. Trade Union regulations are not rules to be dropped and taken up again: they are customs and traditions; and to attempt to restore these, as if they were mere matters of rules, will result in chaos and disaster. In the second place, it is from every national point of view undesirable in the highest degree. What the nation will need most after the war is the greatest production of which Labour is capable. Greater even than our need during the war will be our need after it both to recuperate and to attain once more our old position in the world. Will it, therefore, be good national policy to restore to the Trade Unions their privileges retarding production and at a moment when restriction is more than ever dangerous? Neither, we reply, will it be good national policy nor, in our opinion, will it be even good Trade Unions policy. And what is more, we will add, in the third place, that the Trade Unions themselves will be unable to resist the pressure of public opinion, but will assuredly surrender their claim to restoration, if not for something, then for nothing.
When the conscription controversy was in progress last year it was dealt with in the columns of The New Age from an unbiased and reasoned point of view. Chieflly, we urged, was conscription undesir-able and unnecessary because the Derby scheme itself had gravely imperilled the industries of the country; and if every man who attempted under that scheme had been called up our manufactures would not have stood the shock. The only way, then, to see that long before the demand for conscription had arisen in an acute form there were influences at work which had determined to bring about this change in our national traditions; and Mr. Lloyd George was a particularly active inspirer of the conscription group. How many of us have forgotten that preface to his War Speeches, published in the middle of September, 1915, with its inept references to Russia? Let me quote one passage:

"Why, England, of course; and Mr. Lloyd George proceeded to argue throughout the volume for military and industrial conscription. He got both. Trade Union output petered down, overtime was worked on a gigantic scale, and soldiers and workers were interchanged with more than Russian facility. And the result? Please listen to this:

"If Russia has not been able to take the offensive successfully on the whole of her front this year, we must put the fact down to the same cause that has prevented us hitherto from attacking on a very wide front in the Westnamely, our want of heavy guns and shells. We did not possess the heavy guns, and Russia had lost many of hers, while Germany had not only an immense accumulation of guns which she had captured—for example, 1,200 at Novo Georgievsk and 872 at Kovno. We had great leeway to make up, and though, in a country like Russia, men are to be found easily enough, it is different with rifles and guns and shells, and an army of men is of small service without all three."

I said that myself in slightly different words several times last year. It is now being said by a highly important authority indeed; for the quotation just given is taken from an article by the Military Correspondent of the "Times," Colonel Repington, which appeared in the issue of September 14. Colonel Repington goes on to quote from the interview given by General Kuropatkin to "Le Temps" quite recently. Now, Kuropatkin resigned the command of the Northern Russian armies only a few weeks ago, to make way for their original commander General Russoff, who had really been suffering from ill-health. General Kuropatkin, who knows the position still had need of projectiles and heavy guns; and added that it was necessary for the Allies to combine the two elements—men and guns—better than they had hitherto done. Readers of The New Age will not be unfamiliar with this argument, for it has been emphasised time and again. Colonel Repington says on this point:

"His remark is a word in season, and deserves our careful consideration. If, on the completion of our own orders, we turn over to Russia our plant for the manufacture of heavy guns and shells, except such plant as we require for the current needs of our own armies, we can enable Russia now, after she has been compelled to deploy such considerable and efficient armies that they will dominate the whole situation. But we can only do so if we limit the expansion of our own armaments, and these alternatives suggest a number of considerations which must weigh with anyone who allows himself to dwell upon them."

Is that, or is it not, a justification of The New Age attitude towards conscription? We have pointed out over and over again that the undue expansion of the army here by means of conscription would necessarily affect industry; and at the present time, as has been the case since the spring of last year, the munition industry is the greatest we have. Our resources in men and endurance, let me say yet once more, are finite; and to treat them as if they were infinite is woefully to misuse one of our greatest advantages, namely, our ability to supply less advanced industrial nations with manufactured goods and with the credit which will enable them (if we wish) to supplement our efforts by purchases elsewhere. I am not inclined to say, as has been said, that the Kuropatkin interview was a "slip up" to put the enemy off the scent. The German General Staff know quite well what the military resources of Russia are in guns and shells; and they rejoice, naturally, to observe how our own share in the defence of Russia has been neglected for the chimera of numbers. Now we see the chief organ of the conscriptionists compelled to admit, through its chosen expert, that Russia must be supplied with guns and shells and small-arms. But that our own armies must be limited in numbers if this is to be done properly.

As every military expert realises, it is imperative that Russia should be supplied with all the equipment she needs; and it is a serious reflection on our Ministry of Munitions and the War Office that the munition industry should have to be laboured more than a year after industrial conscription has been in force and nine months after the introduction of compulsory military service. Mr. Lloyd George, through his grotesquely misunderstood the military situation, was convinced with at least this side of the problem so far back as September, 1915, when he was in charge of the Munition Department. What has he done to rectify errors of deficiency? Why did not he, instead of Colonel Repington, write a

Now let us go a little further. The Derby report showed an alleged total of 651,000 "shirkers" unaccounted for—men who were neither starred nor otherwise exempt. It was not taken into account that large numbers of these unattested men had been medically rejected before the Derby census was compiled; and it has already been stated in some of the Liberal daily and weekly papers that the number of actual fighting men obtained as a result of the single-men Act was not more than a hundred thousand. The Act for conscripting married men yielded proportionately even poorer results. The question is whether the War Office authorities here undertook certain commitments before testing the accuracy of the figures set forth in the Derby report. It seems hardly credible that the number of men the War Office—the most anarchistic, ruthless, and ill-managed of all Government Departments. I will return to this point at a later date. In the meantime, I welcome Colonel Repington's article, if only because it shows that the facts of the situation have become too strong even for the British Junkers.
I should be the last man in the world to lament the so-called "Decay of Faith" (a better name for it is "the Decay of Credulity"). What I do deplore is the reluctance of English society to face the situation frankly: there lies the mischief. And that reluctance is not limited to abstract religious problems—it extends to matters concerning which society has a vital interest in knowing the truth—as real an interest as a mining company has in knowing the truth about its mine, or a shipping company about its ships. Business men know that ignorance about such matters means bankruptcy, that the road to ruin is paved with illusions, and that he only prospers who, not blinded by personal feeling, looks facts boldly in the face.

To this category belong, pre-eminent, all questions regarding the health of a nation. No nation can afford to blink them on pain of death. A community guided by an enlightened sense of self-preservation would face these questions courageously and try to protect its children by letting them become acquainted with the realities of life in this land. England the realities of life are the very last subject a child is ever allowed to know anything about. What his or her body was made for, how the laws that govern it are to be observed, what arc the penalties with which Nature visits the violation of those laws—the most distant allusion to these horrible truths is banned as "shocking." Other Western countries labour under a similar ban; but, I believe, only in England is it possible for a young woman—nay, even, sometimes, for a young man—of over twenty to marry without the most distant allusion to the marriageable virtues of the opposite sex; and its in accordance with the eternal irony of things that this extreme instance of suicidal sentimentality is not limited to abstruse religious problems—it extends to the secrets of the trade the Press could warn both employers and employees of; wounds are covered up, instead of being probed; and, instead of being swept away, the rubbish is kept piling up at the feet of Mrs. Grundy as abjectly as any slave ever grovelled at the feet of a capricious tyrant. Thereupon, a member of the Athenaeum wrote to the papers to advise the bishops to take more pains to acquaint himself with the state of the rags than your English author with the tastes of Mrs Grundy. What she considers right, what true, what fit—to find out her prejudices on each of these points and to pander to them, this is all his care, and no consideration of intellectual independence, of artistic pride, or of ordinary human self-respect will ever induce him to say as a writer what he feels as a man.

The same national reluctance to face the truth must be held accountable for the appalling dimensions which the infamous trade of the procurer has attained in a community that affects to pity and scorn its Continental neighbours as immoral. The whole country, we are assured by those who know, is permeated with this pest. Month after month, and year after year, numbers of young girls are lured from their homes and sold to shame; and people who would have filled the world with shrieks of pious indignation if they heard that there was a revival of the black slave trade in Timbuctoo tolerate the white slave traffic in London without a word of protest. As neither the police nor the private associations for the prevention of vice have, in the actual state of the English law, the power to interfere, the only hope of coping with the evil lies in publicity. By exposing the secrets of the trade the Press could warn both parents and their daughters to be on their guard. But, with very few exceptions, the Press which is so garrulous on the miles of the ordinary swindler shrinks from laying bare the devices of the procurer, because its proprietors know that in England prudery is more mighty even than the love of sensation. If the world is horrid to fathers and mothers, we wonder how so much rather our innocent girls did not find it out as long as possible; not till—they are ruined. Incredible as it might sound to a foreigner who knew the Englishman only from his ship-building, boot-making, cotton-spinning, and such like capacities, where he communes with facts more or less frankly, the people of this country, taken as a whole, deliberately choose to know nothing of the brutal rage by connivance rather than suppress it by declaration. To such lengths is this practical nation prepared to carry its horror of the truth.

Atheism and experience cry aloud with one voice: "If way to the Better velociously than it, our Englishmen must be the Worst." But this is too bold a method for the Englishman's timid soul. His temperament and his training are alike against it. "Bad taste!" is his stock reply whenever any abuse is brought to light. This attitude is so closely related to the general psychology of our country that it stands first on the list of national traits which every intelligent visitor from across the sea draws up. Continental nations have a nasty habit of washing their dirty linen in public. We would sooner live in dirt than own that we have any linen that need washing. Hence, scandals are hushed up, instead of being dealt with; wounds are covered up, instead of being probed; and, instead of being swept away, the rubbish is carefully hidden under the carpet. This habit of mind has the effect of rendering England powerless against the problems which modern communities have to solve. Superficially, there is a great air of social activity; a tremendous amount of talk about "Reform," and, to use the phrase, just now in vogue; "Reconstruction." Leagues, committees, self-constituted boards of inquiry, even Royal Commissions, are at the present moment busy researching and muck-raking. But what has the country to show for all this bustle? A chaotic mass of half-truths, veiled hints, timid insinuations—false sentiment of propriety, would much rather have the penalties with which Nature visits the violation of those laws—the most distant allusion to these horrible truths is banned as "shocking." Other Western countries labour under a similar ban; but, I believe, only in England is it possible for a young woman—nay, even, sometimes, for a young man—of over twenty to marry without the most distant allusion to the marriageable virtues of the opposite sex; and it is in accordance with the eternal irony of things that this extreme instance of suicidal sentimentality is not limited to abstruse religious problems—it extends to the secrets of the trade the Press could warn both employers and employees of; wounds are covered up, instead of being probed; and, instead of being swept away, the rubbish is kept piling up at the feet of Mrs. Grundy as abjectly as any slave ever grovelled at the feet of a capricious tyrant. No pilot takes more pains to acquaint himself with the state of the rags than your English author with the tastes of Mrs Grundy. What she considers right, what true, what fit—to find out her prejudices on each of these points and to pander to them, this is all his care, and no consideration of intellectual independence, of artistic pride, or of ordinary human self-respect will ever induce him to say as a writer what he feels as a man. The fear of the old woman is too firmly enthroned in his trembling heart. If a statute were to be raised in some future English Academy to this venerable patroness of letters, I could grace it with hints, timed pain for the monument than the following lines with which a shrewd bookseller recently heaped an advertisement of his wares:

Oh, take away these books that tell The hideous so-called truth of things, These little documents of hell— Bring us the book that dreams and sings And whispers, "All is well!"

That nothing might be wanting to the completeness of this process of self-deception, extreme care is taken to paint our actions abroad with the same flattering
brush which is used to whitewash internal conditions. All foreign writers, irrespectively of nationality, agree in tracing England's magnificent success in that struggle for supremacy which goes on age after age between the States of the world chiefly to the unswerving cooperation of the British navy, and also to the extent that no Government is more distrusted even by its friends than the British. An unbiased examination of the events which make up the record of our international activity fully bears out that view. No historian worthy of the name would be so blundering as to admit of that truth of history. Unfortunately for him, John Bull has found among his own children more courtiers than historians. All that is ignoble in his career—all the ungenerous motives and unscrupulous methods, and the selfishness and the baselessness, all the trickery and the treachery that from time to time stained his conduct—have been obliterated from the popular record, or so palliated by specious representation as to appear mere accidental blemishes. A legend has been produced to supply the place of true history: a legend in which he is depicted as a knight-errant always, or nearly always, fighting for the protection of the weak from the violence of the strong—a disinterested champion of freedom and justice—a saintly paladin, sans peur et sans reproche, who, by a scientific apparatus, but is already made in our imagination. A born soldier ought to be like this one travelling in our carriage. Tall, but not too tall: thin but wiry; sharp but not contemplative; resolute but cautious. He has many practical and strong but not luxurious bags; he must eat enough, without stint or gluttony; he must Look as fit to receive a bullet as to cheer a school friend whom he has not seen for twenty years. England had no many brave men scattered over the seas. The war has brought them together. They it was who taught what they knew to the younger men, and learnt from the war itself what they did not know.

Those two handsome boys who sit smiling, proud of their glittering uniforms, are probably two Bond Street eccentrics. They are perhaps rich. Probably not. You do not want much money to be elegant. All you have to do is to set your mind to it. Many do not even have to set their minds to it. It is enough if their mothers wish it to be elegant. If your right is seated a good old, middle-aged man in a military cut. There is in front of him a man—perhaps the greatest of the war. Just imagine the love and care that the parents have put into the upbringing and education of the only son! In many cases the son is the only son because God has willed it so; in other, through well-meant generosity. The parents believe that they fulfil their duties towards the child. The parents do not enable them to educate more than a small boy to be an infantry officer. When the order to charge is given, the only son is the first man to leap over the trench parapet. The figure is exaggerated, of course; but there is no doubt that the casualties among the infantry officers are much greater than among aviators. The infantry officers are more skilled than the engineers, and these, again, are higher than those of the artillery. But the casualties of the aviators themselves are, in proportion, not more than one-third of those of the infantry. The "Times" of that morning published, as usual, short biographies of the officers killed in action. On this day there were twenty. Out of them six were only sons. I believe that this tragedy of the only son is the greatest of the war. God is good; but, even if the parents had not put into the upbringing and education of the only son, in many cases the son is an only son because God has willed it so; in other, through well-meant generosity. The parents believe that they fulfill their duties better if they leave their son in a better position than theirs than if their fortune is distributed among a numerous progeny. In other cases the limited resources of the parents do not enable them to educate more than one son. These reasons are usually false. The more good fortune of having lived our infancy amid the tur-

**A Visit to the Front.**

By **Ramiro de Maeztu.**

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**I. TRAIN AND STEAMER.**

These last few weeks of silence I have spent in visiting the British, and part of the military naval and base factories in Great Britain, accompanied by various South American journalists. The expedition was in charge of a Foreign Office official, Sir Horace Rumbold. Without his permission, I should not have been free. To get the innumerable passports, stamps, signatures required by the traveller in war time. There are men—and I am one of them—who suffer from the phobia of everything official. The great public buildings have been constructed expressly to fall down on their heads. Every one of the doorkeepers of a Ministry is for them a particularly keen-eyed inquisitor, who discovers in their minds all the secret crimes they have committed, night and morning in the crises of their nightmares. English doorkeepers, like English policemen, are, as a rule, big men, with kind eyes and of completely harmless appearance. It does not matter. I am quite certain beforehand that they will not let me go anywhere; and if by any chance they open the door for me I feel a desire to how low before them. On the other hand, there are journalists from Honduras who go into the Government offices in London as if they were those of Tegucigalpa, and into those of Tegucigalpa as if they were entering their own houses. Sir Horace Rumbold, in a department of the War Office, made us sign several series of papers in which we pledged ourselves, among other things, not to visit, during this war, the German Western front. And, thanks to his help, it does not take more than ten minutes to get the passports in the French Bureau in London.

Up at six in the morning, we find ourselves in Charing Cross Station. A Pullman car. The breakfast is strong, as is usual in England. Apart from ourselves, there are only officers and soldiers in the train. The officers belong to all the types of the English upper and middle classes. As to the soldiers, a quiet gentleman, to whom the khaki does not give a military cut. There is in front of him a man who, even in civilian dress, would appear to be wearing a uniform. Strictly speaking, I do not know whether one can talk of born soldier who has been written about the slain soldier is of more value than that all has been written about the world criminal, and that is worth nothing. As for psychologies of professions, I rather prefer La Bruyère to Lombroso. What I mean is that the born soldier is not a type that can be brought about by a scientific apparatus, but is already made in our imagination. A born soldier ought to be like this one travelling in our carriage.

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(The to be concluded.)
mold of a crowd of brothers sufficiently compensates for the disadvantages inherent in an extensive family. It is better to be alive in the race of life poor but with brothers than alone and with money.

But even in a case where the only son is the result of selfish calculation there always comes a day in which the parents cease to live for themselves and live only in the hope of the honours and happiness which their son shall enjoy.

To widows who lose their husbands in the war there still remains the hope that time will soften their anguish and bring them. In the New low is a new world of hope, with a new rainbow over the horizon. To the woman who loses her only son no pretext to go on living will be left. It is too late for love; too late for maternity. If she does go on living and devotes herself, for instance, to looking after the wounded, she will do so from a sense of duty merely, and above all from piety; for it is only to God, and not to the world, that she can look for consolation.

When the train stops at a station we hear from a distance the singing of the soldiers in one of the third-class carriages. All the soldiers of all armies are in the habit of singing when they are going to battle; but they do not sing always—only, as a rule, when they have eaten and drunk well, and generally in the evening. But it is only half-past eight in the morning, and these soldiers have had nothing but tea or coffee at breakfast. That is characteristic. English soldiers always sing when they are together.

We come to the port.

There were ports from which, in peace time, people of the leisure and middle classes travelled from England to France. Poorer people went from the ports more to the south, and the four hours' passage between Newhaven and Dieppe was by no means pleasant, while in the journey of an hour and a quarter or an hour and three-quarters from Folkstone or Dover to Calais and Boulogne the probabilities were against sea-sickness. Things have changed with the war. It is now the soldiers, the poor people, who take the shortest route, while millionaires, men able to face the searching investigations of baggage, clothes, and papers ordered by the authorities, must content themselves with setting out from ports which, two years ago, were used only by the needy. C'est la guerre. This, too, is war: the big hotels at fashionable resorts like Monte Carlo, Nice, Biarritz, Trouville and Deauville, Brighton and Eastbourne, have been turned into hospitals for soldiers. The ships and palaces of the rich have been turned into the water, the cold waters of the North Sea, to the soldiers, the professional soldier with the professional soldier; the aristocrat with the aristocrat; and the elegant with the elegant. The thing, the war, is common to them all, and this distinction is maintained on board the steamer like some od family. It is the "thing" which has been altered in England. The "thing" in England at one time was peace; now it is war, and you must 'play the game' in war and peace. But the merchant who is now an officer talks with other merchants who are now officers, too; the professional soldier with the professional soldier; the aristocrat with the aristocrat; and the elegant with the elegant. The thing, the war, is common to them all. But, in war as in peace, each one of them is in his place, and nowhere else. The subdivision of social classes, so frequently found in England, has not disappeared with the war. In addition to being a captain, an officer goes on being a member of the upper middle classes or of the middle middle classes or of the lower middle classes or of the middle upper classes, etc., etc., or he belongs to a sporting club. The soldiers say "sir" to the officers, as do the junior officers to their seniors, but they do not address them by the style of rank. But the thing, the war, is common to them all, and this community in the thing has reduced all other differences to mere accidental caprices. It happens that this lieutenant may come from the middle middle classes, and that captain from the lower middle classes, but this distinction is maintained on board the steamer like some odd phenomenon. Be sure that it will be obliterated in trenches to-morrow.

But it will never be blotted out entirely. And why should it be blotted out? For years I have dreamt of the ideal of equality. But that is an absurd dream. It is not just that unequal men should be treated as equal men. His own to each and respect to all: that is just. Here, in the army, the soldier is a soldier and the general is a general. But it must not be forgotten that the soldier of to-day will be the writer of to-morrow, and that the general will be one of his public.
Social Organisation for the War.
By Professor Edward V. Arnold.

I.—INTRODUCTION.

All British journals are at the present time full of schemes for social reconstruction after the war. But if these schemes are good, why should they be postponed so long? They all aim at more efficient production, more equitable distribution, and a reconciliation of classes. But these are the very things that we most need in order to be able to endure the strain of war, and it is just this strain which goes some way to balance the natural inertia which makes all reconstruction difficult. In short, the present is the time for new social organisation; facts have to some extent produced it, men’s minds are open to listen to it, the needs of war demand it. The organisation which will best carry us through the war will also be best suited to carry us through any peace that may succeed it. That new organisation is being daily developed by sudden demands and by pressure from unexpected directions; but it would be better for us if it were more largely due to careful calculation and the study of history. It is true that the best-laid plans “of men and mice” often carry but one portion taken without plan miscarries still more often. The purpose of the present series of papers is to consider what changes in the order of our social life are needed to give us the best chance of winning the present war. It is our business first to understand our position, and at once on to conflict with the dominant public opinion which does not regard our success as a matter of doubt; which, after two years’ experience of war, still hugs the notion of “muddling through”, which prefers making plans for the enjoyment of victory rather than for winning it. The student of history cannot watch this buoyant public temper without some uneasy misgivings. Just so on the eve of the Battle of Pharsalia Pompey and his officers debated how they would distribute amongst themselves the magistracies and possessions of their opponents; and in the same spirit before the Battle of Hastings the Saxons held wassail and allotted amongst themselves the lands of the Norman invader. It is at least the more prudent course not to count on victory before it is won.

And, indeed, the course of the present war has brought the prophets no honour. Two years ago forecasts of every kind were made—by the General Staffs of every country, by publicists like Mr. Norman Angell, by newspaper experts, and by politicians—and (so far as is known) no one forecast has proved even approximately correct. It was generally believed that Europe could not bear the strain of a year and a half; that after that time famine and plague would incapacitate most (if not all) of the belligerents: but only in Servia, and there only to a limited extent, has this forecast been fulfilled. It was thought that in our own country business would be disorganised, and unemployment rife, but the exact contrary has come about. It was reckoned that new armies could not be formed under the strain of war successfully engaged within six months. There was confidence that our side of stone-walls and steam-rollers; there have been such operations of war, but not altogether to our liking. Then a happy phrase was invented, and we put our trust in “economic pressure,” whatever that might be. The forecasts of our enemies were perhaps not less wide of the mark.

Is there then a science of history, and can it claim to be “the herald of the future”? We must admit that this claim is not to say the least, one which deals with measurable facts: and in human society there are many facts that are unappreciated until after the event, and still more that are inaccurately measured. New forests in which no man could have foreseen the blunders made which no calculating mind could have reckoned upon. No one knows even to-day the limits of human endurance, or the possible extent of patriotic self-devotion. No one can say whether far-seeing statesmen are guiding the destinies of each of the warring nations, or whether they are being swept along by the torrents of popular passion. We are encircled by the unknown and the immeasurable. But from this very fact we may draw certain sure conclusions, and of these the first is the folly of prophecy. To be sure of victory and to despise it are equally contrary to reason. When the sun shines most brightly on us there is still something to fear; in the darkest days there is room for hope. Secondly, amongst the forces which will determine the final result knowledge is always one. We therefore propose to recount the history of the present war, first from the standpoint of Germany, then from that of England. The facts that we record will be familiar, and we shall endeavour to recall them without passion or disproportion. This attempt is in itself something new, and should be a corrective to that fever of the mind which is bred by the daily rush to the newspaper Press, always begun in the hope that some miracle has been worked for our salvation, always ending in disappointment as we learn that our greatest efforts have met with less than the expected success. We shall endeavour to replace this attitude of mind with a calm survey of our situation as a whole. From that survey there will result an appreciation of certain dangers which, if neglected, will show their trodden. To face these dangers we shall see the need in various directions of strengthening our social organisation; and at the same time we shall take stock of the resources of which that organisation can be more strongly built up.

The task we propose is modest, but we trust that it is useful. At the outset we desire to lay stress upon its limitations, because we are well aware that we ourselves, no less than our readers, are constantly tempted to transgress them. Let us say, then, definitely, that we will not attempt to forecast the issue of the present war, nor of any of its phases. We will pass no judgment either on statesmen or on generals for what they have done in the past: only we will note their actions as a possible guide to what they will attempt in the future. We will propose no plans either for securing victory or for negotiating peace; but we will endeavour to mark out the limits within which it is reasonable to hope for the one or the other.

Our direct aim will be to contribute towards the strengthening of the nation to maintain its corporate life, under whatever conditions the future may have in store for us. We shall, therefore, seek out the elements of its strength, and endeavour to encourage their growth and to perfect their organisation. Above all, we write for no class and for no party. Wherever there is a manufactured war for money or of muscular strength, we see an element that may make for success, and we confidently reckon that it will be devoted to the country’s service.

If we attack or criticise, we shall endeavour to direct our attack on the social inertia which resists all wholesome measures until they come too late: on the parrot-like repetition of party formulae when they have lost all meaning; and on the self-regarding caution of the man who leaves it to others to win the victory and looks only to securing his own share in the profits. Let us say it boldly: there are intellectual and moral sinners in this England of ours. There are hearts that have not been touched by the infinite self-sacrifice of our heroes: minds that have not realised the gravity of our situation to-day. There is ingenuity that has never been exercised to unravel our present perplexities. There are savings which are not offered unreservedly to the congregations. Science may have in hand the infinite self-sacrifice of our defence. There is selfishness and there is waste.

But we are engaged in a struggle for life and death, and in such a struggle there can be no limited standards. Everything must be risked in order that something may be rescued. The majority of the nation, we fully believe, have learnt this lesson; but their efforts will be vain until they secure, by whatever means, the full co-
operation of the minority also. Our own appeal is addressed by many of the most eminent men in Europe, and in addition give it the control of the British Navy. This programme, in short, would be strong enough to satisfy the British Empire. What the German finds wrong in the proposed terms of peace is that they leave the British Empire still standing, though powerless; and the German does not want it to stand at all. There are certainly Germans who are not only peace-loving, but prepared for a peace much more generous to our Allies than the official terms allow. At some future time these Germans may again count for something as a political force; at the present they count for nothing.

It is in the fight of these proved facts that we should look back to the origins of the great war. The parties of to-day have not come into existence all at once: they must have existed, at least in embryo, before the outbreak of the war. Various incidents, to which it is not necessary here to refer in detail, confirm the reconstruction of events which took place before the outbreak of the war.

Before the war there existed in Germany a military party resolved upon the destruction of England. The discovery and development of the Zeppelin seemed to be the thing that could carry England to the sea. The diplomats of all countries had grown to power in a generation in which the very idea of a European war was detestable. The militarists therefore had to await or to plan their opportunity.

The party then dominant in Germany and in the councils of the Kaiser was a peace party; but it inherited from bygone generations the fear of a Russian invasion, in which the three barons of Italy, France, and England were to come into play. These fears were no longer able to control the nation over which they exercised a nominal authority.

In the German politics of to-day we find two parties in sharp rivalry. They have taken respectively for their mottoes "material guarantees" and "honourable peace." We may call them the "militarist" and the "peace" parties, but we must be careful to note that these terms are used only as they are understood in Germany itself.

The kernel of the militarist party is found in the military profession. According to the theory of the Prussian State the soldier is called upon to fight his country's battles, and will rest with his civil government, if the soldiers are only concerned with diplomacy. The question is asked of him whether or not he is ready. But the facts have been otherwise. The German soldier has become possessed of a definite ideal, namely, the defeat and humiliation of England, and he is to fight to that result is to be attained by waging war "without mercy," that is to say, without any of those restrictions which international conventions and a regard for humanity have hitherto imposed upon combatants. From the soldier this ideal has spread to large sections of the civilian population, more particularly amongst the commercial classes. At the present moment this party is so strong that all public demonstrations are in its favour, and it is able easily to shout down its opponents on every part of the country.

There is, however, another party which cherishes an ideal of peace, and which has the strong patronage not only of the Kaiser himself, but of his favourite duchine, Professor von Harnack, and his Chancellor von Bethmann-Hollweg. This peace party is what is called a "German peace," and is by no means agreeable to the enemies of Germany. According to the official programme Belgium is to recover its independence, and the programme is to be: "the peace of Belgium which with Germany can work," and to give "material guarantees" that it will work with her. This appears to mean that the chief fortunes of Belgium are to pass into German hands, and that the country is at all times to keep the road open to that attack either upon France or upon England. Next Poland is to become a subject-ally of Germany; and other parts of Russia, such as Livonia and Courland, are "not to be given up." Lastly, Germany’s "free- dom up to a point" is to continue, but to be secured, presumably by the destruction or surrender of the British Navy. This programme, in short, would roughly double the area of the German Empire in Europe, and in addition give it the control of the Atlantic Ocean, thereby to be able to be used for a generation the ambitions of an Alexander. All the more notable is the fact that it does not satisfy modern Germany; that its promoters are held up to contempt as men who would betray their country, and that public meetings held in its favour, although addressed by many of the most eminent men in Germany, have completely failed to secure support for it.

From these facts something may be gathered of the state of exaltation in which the German public is and of the danger which it forebodes to the British Empire. What the German finds wrong in the proposed terms of peace is that they leave the British Empire still standing, though powerless; and the German does not want it to stand at all. There are certainly Germans who are not only peace-loving, but prepared for a peace much more generous to our Allies than the official terms allow. At some future time these Germans may again count for something as a political force; at the present they count for nothing.

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The Emancipation of the Jews and the Conquest of Palestine.

By Dr. Angelo S. Rappoport.

I.

The present world contest, it is universally admitted, is a war of liberation, a war of emancipation, a war that is destined, with the victory of the Allies, to bring about an era of liberty to downtrodden and oppressed nationalities. No one will deny that as a race the Jews occupy a prominent place among these nationalities waiting for the day of liberty which is soon to dawn for humanity! The hearts of Jewry are beating faster with hope—and promises made in influential quarters seem to tend in the direction of this hope—the not only the Jews of Russia and Roumania be granted equal rights, but that the establishment of a Jewish State in Palestine will be seriously entertained in diplomatic circles, and even by Cabinet Ministers. Now for one am anxious to see these expectations realised, to see the day when the hopes of those “who wept on Babel’s stream” no longer “are a dream.” And yet, without being a pessimist, I fail to see how both hopes, i.e., emancipation for all and the establishment of a Jewish autonomous State in Palestine, can be realised at the same time; without contradicting and clashing with each other! A racial unity the Jews have an undoubted right to claim either equal rights as a Jewish autonomous State in Palestine. In a lengthy article in the “Fortnightly Review” (March, 1911), I have proved the historic and legal right of the Jews in Russia to absolute emancipation. Their emancipation in the Empire of the Tsar would not be crumbs thrown to a beggar, but mere desherites: “the Jews of Russia and Roumania. As soon, therefore, as Russia grants equal rights to her Jews this argument falls to the ground eo ipso. The Jewish national movement will thus be deprived of its strongest argument of all: they are a people, a race, a world’s great races! If the Jews, just as their co-religionists in the West, will no longer have the reason of persecution to support their Zionism and Jewish nationalism. As a matter of fact, the few emancipated Russian Jews will be ready to follow the call to Zion. The majority will continue to await the Messiah, whilst the non-religious will be glad to remain where they are. No doubt, there will still remain all over the world many enthusiastic—Jewish nationalists, but these mostly belong to the small coteries of leaders who are working not for themselves, but always altruistically for others. The bulk of Jewry in Russia will no longer trouble about Jewish nationalism, although they will continue to pray three times a day for the return to Zion. I believe Russian Jewry pretty well. “Nourri dans le serail, j’en connais ses débours.”

We cannot, however, build a State with a natural-born Briton—I cannot also remain a citizen of a war of liberation, a war of emancipation, a war whose object is to choose between the two alternatives.

Now—why is it impossible? I shall be asked. Let me explain and argue the points at issue, and throw some light upon a rather complicated question.

As long as movement is political and social, one must have the Union of the new State. As a matter of fact, the few emancipated Russian Jews will be ready to follow the call to Zion. The majority will continue to await the Messiah, whilst the non-religious will be glad to remain where they are. No doubt, there will still remain all over the world many enthusiastic—Jewish nationalists, but these mostly belong to the small coteries of leaders who are working not for themselves, but always altruistically for others. The bulk of Jewry in Russia will no longer trouble about Jewish nationalism, although they will continue to pray three times a day for the return to Zion. I believe Russian Jewry pretty well. “Nourri dans le serail, j’en connais ses débours.”

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of Jews—would be a trap from which I should do my best to dissuade my fellow-Jews! Nay, more! No bait of Palestine will lessen the insistence of our demand, that is, in any case, for Jews, or for wherever anti-Semitism drags down civilisation. "A trap and a bait! that is exactly what I am afraid of. I can well imagine some members of the Council of Nations holding the following language: You Jews are going to have an autonomous State of your own, say, under British suzerainty, but whilst this new house of yours is being built and fitted up, you are still here, not as foreigners but enjoying all the rights of citizens in Italy, France, America, Great Britain, Russia, etc., you have still a right to be Cabinet Ministers, members of the Duma, Judges in High Courts, etc. But where is the guarantee that the interests of the Jewish State will not one day, in some dim and distant future, clash with the interests of one State at least to which you actually belong and where you are citizens?

To my humble mind it is clear that those who accept for themselves the boon of a Jewish State have eo ipso divested themselves of their present respective nationalities. Now, who are they? The answer can no longer be left in a vague and hazy state. We may be sure that although diplomatists are only human, and their judgment is sometimes warped and hazy, they are very clear-headed and clear-sighted. When it is a question of giving an important, far-reaching concession, a concession which they will look upon as an extremely generous one.

But let us again admit that in a moment of extreme generosity the Council of Nations, without asking any questions, will heap gifts upon the Jews and give with both hands. It will endow the Jews at once with two costly gifts, and leave it to them to partake of whichever they choose. They will be offered equal rights all over the world and a State in Palestine: then I am afraid that the position of the Jews all over the world will become somewhat shaky, unless their attitude is clearly defined a quo. We are told—and, indeed, hope so—that Poland will be granted an autonomy. Now—what will be the position of the Polish members in the Duma? They cannot be both citizens of the Polish autonomous State and members of the Duma, or of the Council of the Empire. They will, I presume, have to choose between Russian or Polish nationality. And surely the Jews cannot expect to be treated more generously than the Poles or other oppressed nationalities. Consequently, if the Jews are granted both gifts, i.e., the granting of the rights of the Polish or Russian, or even of the State in Palestine, every individual Jew out of the 13 millions will have to choose clearly and distinctly, if he is not to be constantly twitted with the accusation that he is only a bird of passage in the country of which he is a citizen, and which is only a night-asylum for him.

I say that every individual Jew will sooner or later have to choose. He is either a citizen of the new Jewish State, or a subject of the country in which he is dwelling. The days when Zionists or Jewish Nationalists in the West could say—"It is not for ourselves that we want Zion but for the others" can no longer be admitted, once the movement has emerged from the Iideal and is entering the domain of the Real. But lest I should be misunderstood by my fellow-Jews—let me hasten to add that, personally, I do not see that the granting of equal rights to the Jews all over the world really excludes the establishment of a Jewish autonomous State on the historic soil of Palestine. For on the Jewish National Movement, the return to Zion, has never been a political but an intellectual, or, better, a cultural, question. Let me refer the reader to my articles on "The Jewish Renaissance," published in the "Jewish World." One of the chief ideas is the ideal of the Prophets and of the early Christians, who were Jews walking in the footsteps of the Prophets, is an international ideal, the ideal of justice, mercy and loving kindness. Palestine for me is not to be a political, mighty State, waging wars of conquests and anxious to extend its boundaries, but a centre of Jewish life and culture. This spiritual genius of Israel could only be stimulated afresh if it is concentrated on a soil of its own, and in preference on the historic soil of Palestine, where once the cradle of its existence stood. I am glad to notice—and I hope that I understand him rightly—that Mr. Zangwill expresses a similar view in his "War for the World." (See pp. 337, 338 and 339.)

For myself, I am for the Jewish ideal and the goal which Christian humanity should strive to attain are not being considered in this article. I am only dealing with things as they are, and am envisaging the future settlement of the Jewish question from the angle of the views of others who do not share my views, and who look upon the political independence of smaller landed nationalities as the final goal of humanity. In order, therefore, to define the Jewish position at once, I give no loophole to wary politicians and diplomatists—and it would be idle to imagine that in the Council of Nations there will be no opponents to a generous settlement of the Jewish question—the choosing must be made at once. I think that Lloyd George who said that "the claims of small nationalities cannot be considered unless they are unanimous." If unanimity is a sine qua non, clearness, logic and coherence are much more so. Before approaching the Council of Nations the representatives of the Jews must be able to produce their mandates, prove that they are speaking in the name of so many of their co-religionists.

Why not take the vote of every individual Jew? There would be a few million voters. Committees in all countries where Jews dwell could easily be instituted, and the votes of the Jews would be recorded. The representatives would then be able to come before the Council of Nations and submit their request in the name of so many voters. Some will have votes for the Jewish State and others for citizenship and equal rights with the nations among whom they dwell. I am fully aware of the fact that many Zionist leaders will flrown at such a suggestion, for them they will no longer be able to say vaguely: We claim it for the unknown others; the others will have, declared themselves. It will be a plebiscit, a vox populi, which could no longer be disregarded. It is high time to know clearly the claims of the Jewish people. It is high time to consider as the vox populi the utterances of a few individuals, some of them would-be savours of Jewry, not always in agreement with each other, and sometimes, I am sorry to say, rivaling them in the race for a national movement as a stepping-stone for their own ambitions, rising by it to fame or notoriety. It is no longer permissible, in our democratic age, to play with the fate of a national unit without consulting all the individuals constituting this national unit.

No doubt, allowing for the bargaining spirit prevalent even in diplomacy, especially when the interests of nations are at stake, some Jewish leaders think that if they ask for two gifts they will at least be granted one, whilst if they only submit one request they may be granted none. This I admit. The Jews have a right to ask both for equal rights all over the world, and for a separate autonomous Jewish State—but it must be made clear that the claims emanate from the individuals constituting this national group. It must also be made clear that no Jew intends to be at once a member of the new Jewish Commonwealth and enjoy all citizen rights in the country to which he now belongs. I say that the Jewish people all over the world must be consulted as to its wishes, if anything is to be obtained from the Council of Nations which will soon fortgater to decide the fate of small nationalities. This idea of consulting the millions of the Jews for recording the desire of the individuals constituting this national group. It must also be made clear that no Jew intends to be at once a member of the new Jewish Commonwealth and enjoy all citizen rights in the country to which he now belongs. I say that the Jewish people all over the world must be consulted as to its wishes, if anything is to be obtained from the Council of Nations which will soon fortgater to decide the fate of small nationalities. This idea of consulting the millions of the Jews for recording the desire of the individuals constituting this national group.
Industrial Notes.

As I was by no means satisfied with the result of the Congress—not, at any rate, as an expression of Labour opinion—I have been casting round for other utterances of Labour leaders in the hope of finding something of greater value. If I have not, unfortunately, found anything of value, I have at least found something of interest. It is useless, by the way, looking for the opinion of Labour leaders in the Labour Press. The working-class organs, apparently, cannot afford to pay. In the Harmsworth "Weekly Dispatch" of Sunday, September 10, I find, on the front page, several Labour pronouncements—Mr. G. H. Roberts, M.P., Mr. Alexander Wilkie, M.P., Mr. Will Thorne, M.P., Mr. G. J. Wardle, M.P., Mr. Stephen Walsh, M.P., and Mr. J. E. Sutton, M.P. All the talents, surely! They had been asked to give their opinion on the question of Labour after the war. Mr. G. H. Roberts is optimistic, and scorns "the gloomy predictions of the Social Democratic Party." There is no political group of this name here, unless it has been born within the last fortnight: but the purpose of the remark is soon clear—Mr. Roberts simply wants to get a few Socialists into trouble by bracketing them with the German party. And what do you think his remedy is? It is certain, he believes, that there will be some dislocation after demobilisation; "but by carefully prepared arrangements and palliative measures such as insurance and schemes of State work it is possible to get through this transitory period without serious privations to the people and congestion of unemployment." No very brilliant inspiration in that. But Mr. Roberts does not stop there. He is solicitous all round: "The great essential is for the employing classes, as the war might have taught anybody with eyes and ears; and in that trade he foresees no after-war difficulties. Other trades may be worse off; therefore: "If need for palliative measures does arise the Government have simply got to put into execution a number of Acts which were passed before the war, such as the Roads Act, under which immediate employment could be found for hundreds of thousands of men in the improvement of roads and dangerous corners, which, in the past, have been responsible for a large number of road mishaps." It is truly surprising to be told that when the Army is disbanded it is to be set to work in order to make smooth the path of the rich, in more senses than one. I gather from the experiences of friends of mine at the front that there have been many motoring fatalities in France. "Afforresi-
Readers and Writers.

Several recent references to Cobett sent me back the other day to the "Rough Riders," which can now be obtained in the "Everyman" series in two volumes. The book he is as good as I left him last, though perhaps he does not deserve what Green says of him, that he was "the English poor ever possessed." Cobett had no sufficient appreciation of the real enemy of the English poor, and it is safe to say of his projects of reform, as of so many others, that if they could all have been carried, the English poor would have been the English poor. A much more lasting effect and testimony to his tribuneship, however, is to be found in his style, which is as near an approach to good spoken English as any writer is ever likely to make. Not, you will understand, to English as spoken by the educated classes; still less to English as spoken by the uneducated. It has, in other words, neither class distinction nor distinction of dialect; but it is what we call plain English. Look at these sentences, for example:

"If sound of pain, or let us say, into obliviousness of the fact that his readers have any feelings at all. The instance will be found on pp. 19, 20; and I maintain, that the brilliantly bitter Swift would have narrated it."

On the subject of "Laughter in the Trenches," Mr. Lucas has one or two original ideas which are interesting. If not, perhaps, true. Like all of us, he has been puzzled to discover the cause of the amazing levity displayed by the British rank and file in "this most cruel and terrible of campaigns. But the reasons he adumbrates are not to my mind satisfying: I cannot believe that it is one of them. "There is," he says, "a fashion for facetiousness to-day that did not exist a few years ago," and its prevalence, he adds, is largely due to the music-hall and theatre. The cinema, I should say, is a more probable cause than the music-hall if the fashion, as Mr. Lucas thinks, is of recent growth. There are qualities in the cinema—notably the absence of any sound of pain and the cheerfulness under difficulties of the actors—that are more in keeping with the phenomenon of British recklessness than any qualities of the music-hall. But is it the fact that British "facetiousness" is of recent appearance? I rather think that it is one of the permanent qualities of the race, and never more certain to appear than when least expected. Another of the reasons Mr. Lucas offers us is "the foe himself." The German, qua German, remains, he says, a comic figure to the mind of the British soldier despite his menace; he is still in their opinion a sausage-eater. But again I doubt whether this is really the case. The music-halls, if not the soldiers themselves, bear witness to the fact that the German as a sausage-eater no longer exists; and that the Hun is by no means an object pour rire. Nor is it true, however it may be patriotic at this moment, to affirm that neither of our larger Allies could ever become an object of ridicule to the British soldier. The Frenchman remains a comic figure upon the music-hall and the cinema, even while elsewhere he is heroic. And as for the Roumians, they are below and not above the respect of comedy. Both reasons, in short, offered us by Mr. Lucas for the prevalent levity seem to me inadequate. To what, then, is the spirit due? I should.say myself to the coincidence of three things: the English character, the sense of the justice of the national cause, and the perif of it. The English are gay in a right tight place.

For depths and heights of personality unattainable by our charivarious essayist we must turn to the greater artists. From them, again, for a more immediate approach, we must turn to the mystics. Artists mediate between the soul and God; but the mystic endeavours to make the communion without means, that is, immediately. Not things are the ladder between earth and heaven for the mystic, but mind; and hence the discipline of contemplation and meditation in the mystic way. "By every good work, however small, it be," says Ruysbroek in "The Adornment of Spiritual Marriage," now admirable translated into English by C. A. Wynschick Dom (Dent, 4s. 6d. net), "by every good work which is directed to God's honor and with an upright and single intention, we earn a greater likeness and eternal life in God. A single intention draws together the scattered powers into the unity of the spirit. . . . We rise up out of the grounds of our single intentions and pass through ourselves and go out to meet God without means, and rest in Him in the abyss of simplicity." Very strange language, is it not, and somewhat silly to the modern mind? But Ruysbroek was not a "ignorant monk" in what he calls the essays "designed to increase the homesickness of Englishmen away from home," he comes perilously near falling under the charge of playing upon the melioration of the other side, in essays upon life in the lately enemy-occupied Marne villages, he topples in one instance into sheer brutality or, let us say, into obliviousness of the fact that his readers have any feelings at all. The instance will be found on pp. 19, 20; and I maintain, that the brilliantly bitter Swift would have narrated it.
A Modern Document.

Edited by Herbert Lawrence.

XII.—From Acton Reed.

Hotel—C.

DEAR MR. LAWRENCE,—It is only a few hours since we landed, but already I have received and read your letter, which, indeed, is the only pleasant thing I have yet seen in a land flowing with goats and natives. I answer it at once as we move on to-morrow.

I need not tell you that I am taken all aback by your suggestion. But since you say it would please you to seek for the thousand and one causes or appearance, provided it is merely landed, but already I have received and read your letter, otherwise. What I also say, however, is that over and above all this, there will be their chief reception. And I will tell you why. To begin with, readers will not like the general assumption (or, rather, fact) on which the letters are based. They will not be flattered to hear me say that I think myself different from the rest of them. Of course no one is like anyone else, they will say—and quite properly, too, for of course we are all individuals, and therefore different from each other. I never said otherwise. What I also say, however, is that over and above differing from people in this, I differ from them in other things as well. And this, I know, will appear in the light of a criticism of them, no matter how often I may assure them of the contrary. It is allowable, of course, for a person to be extraordinary in ability, say, or capacity, or appearance—men or women, as the case may be. But to be extraordinary in kind is to be a freak—for a woman at any rate. Thus at the outset I shall be disquieted in their eyes from passing judgment on ordinary people and things. Nothing I say will not be of general application, or affect any other person, and therefore different from each other. I have never said otherwise, and therefore different from each other. I have never said otherwise.

You will begin to accuse me of the sin of the novice who cannot imagine but that his writing will create a sensation of some sort or another, and whose wildest dream is to stand forth at once famous and infamous—a libel action in one hand, a laurel wreath in the other. But really you must stop your charge in the bud. For I do not wish to know that whenever I shall be relatively safe must suflic under Permian and the Printed 5th daily. But seriously—you know I attach no value either to the writing or to the matter in my letters. Believe me, the fewer comments the better. I am too lonely to read them. And the reason for displeasure! What, however, I have in fact been doing is, I confess, to forearm myself by a little forewarning. It is no use denying it. While, for all I care, people may say what they like of me from some points of view, I own I am ridiculously sensitive to that particular kind of criticism to which, if any, these letters will expose me. The recollection of the fire is too recent for me not to be sensible of its danger. Good-bye; I suppose. As everybody used to recommend boys a good thrashing, I think myself different from the rest of them. Of course no one is like anyone else, they will say—and quite properly, too, for of course we are all individuals, and therefore different from each other. I never said otherwise, and therefore different from each other. I have never said otherwise, and therefore different from each other. I have never said otherwise.

Yours sincerely,

Acton Reed.

Ancient History.

By M.B. Oxon.

PROBABLY Knossos will do more towards the liberation of History from the bondage of preconceived ideas than any archaeological discovery yet made, and the observations of Sir Arthur Evans on the ways and the houses of the ancient city with which he has been so closely associated and his deductions therefrom are of very great interest. The study of Egypt has steadily pushed back the limits of the "historic period," in order to make room for the recorded facts, to a date which would have staggered our fathers, but Egypt differs much in some
respects from Knossos. The life recorded in the Egyptian pictures is one which, partly by reason of the formal style of Egyptian drawings, and partly because of its "Eastern" type, which we know changes so slowly, does not carry on its face a label either of antiquity or of the time.

The changes produced by time are so minute that time hardly seems to exist. In the same way, too, Professor Petrie's discoveries, showing as they do the extraordinary grasp of detail with which any Egyptians were capable, and the number of superposed eras, do not force on us the sense of time. For the art of the potter was so long ago crystallised that it needs a keen eye and much knowledge to tell whence any given pot came, and, even then, it is only by knowing the conditions under which it was found.

But the accompaniments of life in Knossos are so similar to those among which we now live, and so much in advance of those which prevailed here 6,000 years ago, that they give food for thought. It is a very short time since the water supply of London was led through tree-trunk pipes, and drains did not exist, and now we have found that at least 6,000 years ago (for the tree trunks are always conservatively used by one generation and the next) glazed drainpipes were in use! In fact, this old civilisation gives us material evidence, at any rate, that chronologies are closely connected with their religion, and that our lack of appreciation for them may be due in part to our own fault, and due to our own lack of understanding the utility of which is not so obvious as is that of a drainpipe.

The President also referred at length to the early wall paintings which have figured so largely in the discoveries of more recent years, noting that here, too, the time limits had been pushed back and back, and that even 10,000 years before the most ancient monuments of Egypt and Chaldea art was far from its infancy.

As he said of the women in a rock painting, probably palaeolithic: "We are already a long way from five!" And so we probably shall always be while we are taking as measures of antiquity the traits which we note in savage races, without recognising that these are degenerate remnants of civilisation as yet unknown to us, which we may look to see developed into quite our own. Hence, if we find them showing evidence of very high acquirements in various directions, we should at least bear in mind, when criticising the matters on which they lavished their skill, that perhaps the objectives in what they did, or did not do, and how they did it, may have been different from those which we keep in view, and that our lack of appreciation for them may be in part our own fault, and due to our own lack of understanding the utility of which is not so obvious as is that of a drainpipe.

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By so gaining men's civic confidence while at the same time forcing them to think on civic lines, and enabling those minds which are at the cross-roads of change to perceive new civic ideas and ideals, he hoped to communicate to the human mind a means of attaining a summit not less lofty or spiritual than that reached by the city builders of old. This was one way of preparing citizens to create desirable cities; and not an easy or logical way. One would have thought the gardener and keen observer in Professor Geddes would have shown him how hard and difficult it was. It is always difficult to quicken the soul-stuff in men by tradition, especially tradition obscured by caprice. Ten times more difficult to do so by setting men wandering disconsolately among models where there is little soul-stuff to be found, and this little only by the exercise of disciplined observation and judgment. As I may be said to have wandered through the Cities Exhibition forcibly held by the conviction that there had been a growing conspiracy from early times to leave the soul out of cities, was indeed conscious of a number of forms which merely served to caricature the finest ones of past ages, contracting under prolonged war and oppression, expanding narrowly under servile peace and their own mischievous force of attraction, and displaying merely their bestial degradation. And I was therefore naturally to inquire, what was the effect on the soul of the spectator (assuming he had a soul) of these soulless forms; and whether they could possibly transmit that quickening influence which they did not contain? So I could not avoid the conclusion that the proper way to prepare citizens to build soulful cities was to take them out of cities for a time and set them in surroundings where there was a great deal of soul—and soul of a self-communicating kind—to be found. Place them in the fields of Nature and then, after they are saturated by the purity, let them, if they desire, renew city-building. Squeeze out the world within them. If they desire? This question brings me to Professor Geddes' most illogical position and a book, and back to my opinion that men are breaking away from cities in a new and illuminating way. The professor has recently written a book, "Cities in Evolution," published by Williams and Norgate. It is a badly written and in some ways an incoherent book, but it serves its purpose of bringing the cities exhibition theory up-to-date. And as thus seen, the theory follows the Biblical story of the Fall and Redemption of Man. Cities begin (in the exhibition) in Eden, and after passing through Hell and Purgatory, end (in the book) where they began. Looking at the exhibition views of Athens, Greece itself, one suspects, was greatly indebted to the Garden of Eden. Eden is still for the noblest of its civic manifestations on the Eden-Parnassus-Olympian Heights. It contained an aristo-democratic race suited to these heights. Here, then, was the first of the series of significant human shell-growth over gardens which apparently, according to the Geddesian theory, must be for ever begun and re-begun, patched and cobbled while mankind continues to labour at the Sisyphean rack of false experience; a series which increases in dismalness as the monotonous rolling eats like a Promethean eagle into the vitals of the labourer.

At this point of the explanation the exhibition retires. Its place is taken by the book, which contains explanatory matter of sufficient importance to deserve a letter to itself. What it says with regard to the changing order of industrialism amounts, I feel certain, to a positive conception; and this is what is required by certain minds at this period of the world-growth upon which we are now entering. But this positive insight is not altogether new. It has belonged to the New Age for some time, and in what advance, the readers of that paper to decide for themselves. It is for them to demonstrate whether psychic truth can only psychically be discerned. But though the matter of the book is not altogether new, its references to the coming economics, and especially the "passage of money wages to Vital Budget," are sufficient to satisfy a sceptical inquirer that the game of dissipating energies on the lines of individual money gains is played out. It further excuses for this rather prolonged examination of Professor Geddes' civic theory is needed it may be found in the fact that the theory itself is occupying attention in France just now. So it becomes of importance to ascertain whether France is at the porch of a native idea likely to influence the rebuilding of Belgium and elsewhere, or on the threshold of an alien one. Whether the Gallic Cock is rising from the theo- theric ashes, or only a fully fledged Scotch professor.

HUNTY CARTER.

Tales of To-day.

By C. E. Bechhofer.

XXI.—The Education of Herbert.

LORD CROMER has told us that after the war we shall be too poor to afford any improvement in our elementary educational system. Nevertheless, there will have to be some change in it for the better, that is, for the more efficient, or we shall find ourselves outstripped by the Germans in the race for wealth. The three Rs must go on; where would we have without our assured supply of clerks and superintendents? Discipline, needless to say, must be instilled into the young mind as diligently as now, though, be it admitted, this is the easiest task of all. No class of sixty or more boys can be maintained at all except by a stern and unrelaxed regimentation. So far, however, as an improvement in kind is concerned, there seems one means only whereby this may come into being: not by ALTERATION in the existent and wellnigh perfect curriculum, but by widening a new educational instrument which has as yet received all too scant recognition—the cinema.

Who got the shells and the men? The "Times"!

Who exposed the Food Rings and the hutting contracts? The "Daily Mail"!

Who conscribed capital and placed a moratorium on rent? The "Evening News"!

Who was, of course, the first to recognise the importance of the cinema as an educational instrument? Naturally, Lord Northcliffe, director of the above-mentioned popular literature and himself a daring and conventional journalist. We may suppose him to be a sceptical inquirer that the game of dissipating energies on the lines of individual money gains is played out. What was it that led Herbert to throw up the career opening so resolutely before him, to betray the love and
trust of his benevolent employer, and to sacrifice a future of respectable striving to an overwhelming last for excitement and romance?

The cinemas had always exercised a remarkable influence upon Herbert. Judge, then, of his gratification and surprise when, in reading the "Times," the knowledge was communicated to him that the pictures, beside their functions of amusement and distraction, were henceforth to be valued as an educative force also. Herbert was much intrigued by this bold suggestion. The more he considered the idea, the more he liked it, and the more he determined to profit by it.

"By G-" cried Herbert at last, "I will; yes, I will! I will learn from the pictures. They appoint, so let my future be! Grant me but the strength to abide by my determination!" And, with his twopenny in his hand, off ran Herbert to the cinema.

Strangely enough, the very first film pictured the life of the theatre, his jaw was set firm; his eyes glistened, and he knew that his life in the office no longer opened up to him a boundless vista of delight; the thought of dying with senseless to the ground, be tossed by the angry steer away steer along the railroad, would be swept from his mind. Herbert determined never to return to his employer's office again.

The next picture showed the "Canals of Denmark." It was followed by "Cowboy Cuthbert, the Pride of the Prairies." Cuthbert, beside his own innate virtues and ability, was fortunate in the possession of extraordinary luck. When Red Joe, the wicked half-breed, gagged and bound fair Sally, and laid her senseless in the furnace of a momentarily idle locomotive, how on earth could he guess that Cowboy Cuthbert, chasing a run away steer along the railroad, would be swept from his saddle by the rope of a passing balloon and, falling senseless to the ground, be tossed by the angry steer straight over the heads of the arriving stokers into the furnace of a momentarily idle locomotive? Herbert burst into sobs and hid his face in his hands. The next picture showed the "Canals of Denmark." Herbert might perhaps have decided to become a cowboy, like Cuthbert, had he not an uncle in America whose habits of a comic burglar. Many and curious were the plots of this audacious villain, and plentiful his spoils. Herbert might perhaps have decided to become a cowboy, like Cuthbert, the West's future has no future.

The last film on the programme pictured the life and habits of a comic burglar. Many and curious were the plots of this audacious villain, and plentiful his spoils. Frequently he would be traced to his lair by a clever policeman, but he could always baffle this official by his twopenny in his hand, off ran Herbert to the cinema.

...
services, goes to the front and commits every conceivable atrocity (if we may believe the usual interpretation of his nature and the reports of his activities), and is rewarded with the Iron Cross. The fundamental injustice of the world-order remains, even in the trivial details of everyday life; and the problem of Job is the everlasting problem.

But we may doubt the literary propriety of a restatement of the problem in modern terms but in the original form of dialogue. The thing is so like, and yet so unlike, that the effect produced is that of parody. With the ancient rendering still reeling in our ears, we can only exclaim: "Did Job say that?" When we read: "But if God never intervenes, the problem is even more terrible. In that case, we are dealing not with relative but with absolute powerlessness, or else with an irreducible abstention from all action. The dilemma remains unchanged: either God is never able and is utterly powerless, or else He is never willing and his hardness of heart is most revolting." This language, even the meaningless "irreducible abstention," would be proper enough to any modern man, but not to a man named Job who is to supersede the poetic figure of the patriarch. A Job who talks of "relative and absolute," of "God and man," of "dynamis," is not Job; and may fairly be told to "Curse God, and die." Yet if the treatment is wrong, the idea is sound. We do really need at times re-statements of the old problems incapable of solution. It enables a writer to summarise the modern contributions to the "consolations of religion," and to discover that, now as then, they have no power to console. Eliphas, Bolland, and Zophar in this volume state most of the modern theological ideas. Immanence and transcendence, omnipotence and benevolence, being and becoming, backwards and forwards goes the argument: the nature of God is as variable as the mood of the interpreter of the sacred text; and all our efforts to find that the whole argument is irrelevant, that there really is no consolation in the abstract. To a man who is beggared and hencraved, the real nature of God, even if it could be defined, is of no value; for the source of his grief is not the loss of faith in the idea of God, but the loss of his money and his family. There is no compensation for loss, and it is only in the infinite that there is no less: and all that affliction can teach was said by Nietzsche: "What does not kill me, strengthens me." But the damage done is irreparable; the innocent trust in the goodness of the world-order can never be recovered, and the man usually learns to look more closely to his goods that it is only the fool whose "eyes are in the ends of the earth."

M. Giran does not bring his Job to this conclusion, although apparently he recognises that grief is insconolable by argument. But, as Emerson said, "I will take from you that which you cannot give me—yourself"; and the real value of his friends to Job is their presence. He purges himself of his grief at their expense; if they cannot console him, he can curse their God, and feel easier for it. But it is to Zophar, who preaches what he calls "Christian stoicism," and restly asserts that men must make what they desire, that Job says: "Come and see me to-morrow." I know not if it is an intended irony, but when Eliahu adds his appendix to their disputations, and quotes his reading of the riddle of the universe: "Beloved, a new commandment I give unto you. That ye love one another"; and then answers never a word. Certainly, the iron of M. Giran is in this: I am not sure if the original, Job, in this rendering, is not tried by Satan to prove that God really had his allegiance, or else he is rewarded with "twice as much as he had before." In this version, Job gets nothing but a sunset; and it is the sunset that makes Job wonder: "Was God, by opening his eyes to the beauty of His universe, already restoring to him the very treasures of life that blind circumstance had snatched from his grasp?" It is not likely; the God of this version is not the Lord who giveth and the Lord who taketh away, but "infinite substance," "intra-atomic energy," and so forth. But the beauty of the sunsets was not the less more potent than: all the consolations of religion; and although the enigma of the universe is still an enigma, its beauty may be enjoyed by all who have eyes to see.

A. E. R.

**REVIEWS**

**Hamlet and Macbeth Oppositely Interpretative.** By Henry Woodall. (St. Catherine Press. 6d. net.)

Mr. Henry Woodall has adopted the very dangerous method of antithesis for his interpretation, dangerous because it tends to over-emphasis and to a rather mechanical opposition of phrases. We get passages like this: "Hamlet is unimaginative. Macbeth is intensely imaginative. Hamlet degrades the loftiest sublimities. Macbeth spiritualises the meanest realities. Hamlet leaves undone the thing that he ought to have done. Macbeth does the thing that he ought not to have done. And there is no health in either." There really is no reason why an interpreter should put these two tragedies on a verbal see-saw of this kind, and his assumption that Shakespeare wrote "Hamlet" to show a Hamlet without restraint, and then wrote "Macbeth" to show a Hamlet without restraint. They may thus be interpreted, of course, but Mr. Woodall offers no evidence for his assertion that "Shakespeare designed them to be opposites, and through them to illustrate the dangers that beset a swerving from the true course, whether on the one hand or the other. Macbeth ditches himself against Scylla, Hamlet drifts into Charybdis." The sources of artistic inspiration are more remote than the conscious ethical intention that Mr. Woodall discovers in these plays; and we are not justified in assuming that Shakespeare had any conscious intention beyond describing human conduct and human character exactly as he saw it. We can distinguish a contest between his dramatic realism and his verbal dexterity; the dramatic poet was always tending to lapse into lyric poetry, even Hotspur and Othello try to burst into song; but on the whole, his plays are truer to life than to any intellectual interpretation of the world. Shakespeare has been claimed for almost every profession, from law to medicine, suffices to show that no substantial claim can be made by ethics for an exclusive right to him.

None the less, Mr. Woodall's analysis of Hamlet is more thorough than is usual among critics. Macbeth is more closely treated. He does not see Hamlet with a weak moment he had preferred to action, but Hamlet's disloyalty to duty and conscience. Directly the ghost has left him, the "word" of Shakespeare had any conscious intention beyond describing human conduct and human character exactly as he saw it. The theme of the play, he insists, is not the crimes of Claudius, but Hamlet's disloyalty to duty and conscience. Directly the ghost has left him, the "word" of Shakespeare had any conscious intention beyond describing human conduct and human character exactly as he saw it. The sublimity of the world-order remains, even in the trivial details of everyday life; and the problem of Job is the everlasting problem.

The fundamental injustice of the world-order remains, even in the trivial details of everyday life; and the problem of Job is the everlasting problem.
The problem really lies deeper than Mr. Woodall allows, and his demonstration of Hamlet's drifting "stage by stage, through self-deceit, delay, and doubt!" to denial of the reality of the spirit he has seen is, of course, only a description of the obvious process of degeneration of certain spirits. To the playwright, as Mr. Woodall does, that Hamlet is against all the world than to lapse into Schlegel's easy explanation that all the world was against Hamlet. He presses his judgment of Hamlet so hardly that, Act by Act, Hamlet is seen becoming less and less admirable, until at last even Horatio is represented as being "prepared to make a statement [concerning the deaths in the last Act] about as free from affectation bias as a constable's version of a row." He finds Macbeth a more sympathetic character than Hamlet, and concludes in his antithetical way: "Macbeth's sin was error. Hamlet's error was sin."

Germany v. Civilisation. By William Roscoe Thayer. (Constable. 4s. 6d. net.) This is the usual "case against Germany" adapted to American conditions. All the popular "atrocities" are here recounted, all the usual diatribes against "materialism," against "militarism," etc., receive here their four hundred millionth expression. Huns and Hohenzollerns, Treitsche- Nietzsche-Bernhardi-Wagner, Odor and despotism, Christianity and Democracy, all the old and tried arguments or terms of abuse find place here. The "hyphens" are actually taking every opportunity of stating the case for Germany (which is all lies, of course), as fast as America makes munitions the "hyphens" make seditions, and President Wilson stands by and does nothing! Whereas Mr. Thayer would do unspeakable things if only he were President; he would borrow the Germans' money and drink their beer, and do everything to convince them that they were a low-down set of bounders. That is the only way to treat a population that does not live up to the high and pure American ideals of civilisation.

The Policy of the International. Allen and Unwin. 6d. net.) Mr. Fred H. Gorle has here translated an address delivered to an Extraordinary Congress of the Social Democratic Party of Holland by Camille Huysman, the secretary of the International Socialist Bureau; and also the report of an interview with him that was published in the "Petit Parisien." M. Huysman denies that the International is dead, asserts that "the Centre has maintained its contact with all the groups." He admits that a meeting of the Bureau is impossible at present. Scratch an American and you find an Ally—if he is not a German. Mr. Thayer's chief argument is that America ought not to thank God for bountiful harvests, or booming trade, or for Safety bulging both her pockets, but ought to abase itself before God and its pockets, but ought to abase itself before God and Teddy Roosevelt because President Wilson did not quickly protest against Germany, and has not even now protested in a manner satisfactory to Mr. Thayer. Germany is America's "hyphens," Germany is America's "militarism," etc., receive here their four hundred millionth expression. Huns and Hohenzollerns, Treitsche-Nietzsche-Bernhardi-Wagner, Odor and despotism, Christianity and Democracy, all the old and tried arguments or terms of abuse find place here. The "hyphens" are actually taking every opportunity of stating the case for Germany (which is all lies, of course), as fast as America makes munitions the "hyphens" make seditions, and President Wilson stands by and does nothing! Whereas Mr. Thayer would do unspeakable things if only he were President; he would borrow the Germans' money and drink their beer, and do everything to convince them that they were a low-down set of bounders. That is the only way to treat a population that does not live up to the high and pure American ideals of civilisation.

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 reference is given in each case to the source from which they are derived.]

ANTWERP. (7) From an artillery officer to his relatives in Berlin ("Berliner Tageblatt," October 15). After we had had nearly a fortnight's rest from the last fighting, and were getting put out because the Belgians gave us a rest that was worth nothing, we received orders on September 9 to set fire by cannonade to a railway bridge and a church spire, from which the Belgians were supposed to be continually observing the movements of our troops. I rode forward, as I had orders to let my squad, on its own, give the church spire a good peppering. As I galloped out across the line of embankments, to find a suitable spot with a good range, I heard infantry firing at my flank. It was only weak, but, at any rate, it showed that the enemy seemed to be getting himself from his sleep. As you never know whether a bit of outpost skirmishing may develop into regular fighting, I rode speedily back to the battery. While still a good way off, I could see that the battery was firing by something I should recognize. I put the order to American and you find an Ally—if he is not a German. Mr. Thayer's chief argument is that America ought not to thank God for bountiful harvests, or booming trade, or for Safety bulging both her pockets, but ought to abase itself before God and its pockets, but ought to abase itself before God and Teddy Roosevelt because President Wilson did not quickly protest against Germany, and has not even now protested in a manner satisfactory to Mr. Thayer. Germany is America's "hyphens," Germany is America's "militarism," etc., receive here their four hundred millionth expression. Huns and Hohenzollerns, Treitsche-Nietzsche-Bernhardi-Wagner, Odor and despotism, Christianity and Democracy, all the old and tried arguments or terms of abuse find place here. The "hyphens" are actually taking every opportunity of stating the case for Germany (which is all lies, of course), as fast as America makes munitions the "hyphens" make seditions, and President Wilson stands by and does nothing! Whereas Mr. Thayer would do unspeakable things if only he were President; he would borrow the Germans' money and drink their beer, and do everything to convince them that they were a low-down set of bounders. That is the only way to treat a population that does not live up to the high and pure American ideals of civilisation.

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out. Our first lieutenant, looking pretty upset, came up to me and informed me it was based on an observation post. I had supposed him dead for certain.

... Through the weight of the bursting shell, the heavy gun-carriage of the fifth cannon had been turned-topsy-turvy, a wheel shattered to atoms, and the shield knocked flat in a straight line. Gradually things became quiet again, and after everybody had crawled out of the heap of sand we ascertained that although there were no further losses, the enemy had of course, seen that our battery was fairly and squarely hit, and now directed his whole artillery fire upon us. This was being absolutely impossible with howitzer and gun batteries. As soon as even one single man showed himself from behind the covering, the enemy's fire became intensified, and we therefore had to wait till darkness came on. Fortunately that did not take long. But our position was getting more critical, for suddenly an N.C.O. came running up breathless to tell us that through their severe losses the infantry were compelled to change their position in front of us. You can picture our state of mind! We could not doubt the accuracy of this message, as suddenly the infantry fire grew weaker and weaker, and finally ceased altogether. But the artillery went on potting us all the more attentively. We now had to reckon with the possibility that the enemy would attack us in another position, and in that case our guns would be in the greatest danger. We cannot carry these heavy things across our front all by hand, and if there is a critical point in the fighting, then there is only one thing for a German artilleryman to do—out with the revolver and suicide—honourably. For no German soldier will desert his gun! So with the tail of the gun carriage on our shoulders... out of cover we went. It was hard work, doubly hard under the artillery fire, the shrapnel from the empty shells of flame over our heads as it burst, but which, thank Heaven, did not hit. And then the guns were dragged without cover, one by one, to the limbers. Only my good fifth gun carriage had to stay where it was. It had been mortally hit, and was incapable of movement. Quickly I had the closing apparatus and the panorama telescope removed, so that the secrets of its construction should not fall into the hands of the enemy, and then with heavy hearts we had to leave it, silently hoping that we should be able to fetch it next day.

Meanwhile the infantry fire (artillery?) had also become weaker, and we therefore fetched our munition wagons buck with the limbers. We effected our change of position in pouring rain, and early the following morning we went back 500 yards to a fresh firing position. Before that, I parked away my battered gun carriage, which, with the help of the necessary wheel, was managed to make at least capable of transport. Of course, it is of no further use for fighting, and has long been replaced by other guns. But on the next afternoon all our guns were in fighting trim again... The battery was congratulated on its smart performance, and the regimental Commander. Recommendations for distinctions have, of course, also been made. My own name has been given in for the Iron Cross. I hope something will come of it.


Since yesterday, October 4, we have been in Malines, after we had left the Fort Calevo. We were again badly exposed to the enemy's artillery fire, but our artillery also blazed away vigorously, and when and where we could get a chance, we relieved them. But that was no good to me. The other gun carriage had been scraped up; they were simply indescribable. The only one that had remained intact was to report anything. So we crept forward again upon our stomachs along the level of the rising ground and through a wet belt, to within about 400 yards. On the way we destroyed seven range indicators, which consist of white discs with red stripes on them, by merely throwing them over. Through my glass I could observe the work our heavy artillery had done. Holes of huge size had been scraped up; they were simply indescribable. The whole fort, however, seemed as if deserted, but we did not like the look of the armoured domes. There was nothing for it—we had to keep on. So we crept farther on, till we reached a steep trench parapet. This trench in front of the fort was 750 yards from us. Now we perceive that there were no signs of movement in the fort. So they had shifted out of it! Of course, we now went round to the fort, and our parents, I have not yet received the word that any of it with well-aimed shots. The fort belongs to the first great belt of strongholds around Antwerp. The segment fireartillery stations and trenches, and whatever other means of fortification there are, such as mines, pillboxes, etc., our new job was to clear. Of course, we were heavily shelled from the forts, but our artillery blazed away into them thoroughly... On the 4th, in the evening, when we had stormed the first wire entanglements, the shell dropped about 15 metres in front of our group. We were just lying covered in a trench, and when we started off we cleared about the front, nothing happened to us. The whole night we lay outside and dug ourselves in as best we could, always under fire of the enemy. We broke through both wire entanglements and took possession of the village Wavres-St. Catherine on the railway line Malines-Antwerp. Then we went for the fort that lies 500 yards behind the village. With a rush we went on in front of the village to within 400 metres of the fort; there we took up a position, while on the right the second line was formed. Meanwhile our shells were continually roaring into the fort, often three or four at once, with a loud noise and a thunderous bang. The enemy's fire was not very high in the air. A gruesome, horrible spectacle, if you think as a human being while it lasts; but you don't. We have rather a feeling of joy and delight at having all that whistling, crashing, boiling and blazing going on around us. When the garrison of the fort had communicated our position to the Belgian artillery, the Belgian shells and shrapnel came up like lightning. The shells kept on dropping 50, 100, 200 yards before and behind us. None of us was hit, but of the infantry, lying behind us, only a few were wounded. Soon our artillery had picked out the enemy's, and then we heard the German shells whistling above us, on to the enemy's artillery station, and the firing stopped at once, for our artillery shoots magnificently... In the night we were to storm the fort, but it was postponed till the next morning. In this way we were saved the storming, for on the next morning the gang had cleared out. At 9.30 the German flag of war was flitting from the fort. Since then we have returned to Malines, and are to have a few days' rest; but probably we shall leave here again to-day. We shall certainly still remain in reserve, but closer behind the fighting troops.


Ever since the end of September, the latest Fort Koningshoyt, which was only completed in 1906, had been stubbornly attacked by us. But when, after a violent bombardment of the fort by the Austrian motor batteries (30.5 cm) it became too hot for the Belgians, they attempted a sortie on October 1, which, however, was splendidly repulsed by us. The fort was fired on by Krupp's latest 42-cm gun. Orders were given that the artillery fire was to cease from 5 to 7 in the evening. I was entrusted with the honourable task of taking a patrol during this period and finding out the state of things in the fort. From my squad I chose six volunteers, all good, brave, dare-devil fellows, and off we went. At 7.30 the Belgian flag was raised, but probably we shall leave here again to-day. We shall certainly still remain in reserve, but closer behind the fighting troops.

August 21, 1916

THE NEW AGE
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

THE CONTROL OF INDUSTRY.

Sir,—The writer of the "Notes of the Week" in your issue of July 23rd, most justly condemned the sort of control that Labour are seeking in industry, as set forth in the presidential address delivered at the Trade Union Congress, and it is difficult to understand how Mr. Robert Williams arrived at the conclusion that the "Gosling" came suspiciously near to the espousal of Guild Socialism. In view, however, of the statement of your contributor, Mr. Northbrook, that the Congress calmly containing this claim was passed by the Congress. Furthermore, the resolution regarding the claim of the Railway Clerks' Association passing against such limited control, and in advocating the claim of the workers to a share in the management of the railway system and a real voice in the control of the conditions of their life and work emphasised the fact that he did not know of anything right through the railway industry that did not affect the workers. Further, the resolution containing this claim was passed by the Congress.

The Railway Clerks' Association has not considered the full principles of National Guilds, although some of its members are ardent Guilders (a resolution in favour of National Guilds should have been moved at the last annual conference, but was not reached, owing to lack of time), but for several years it has insisted that no scheme of national registry unless adequate representation on the board of management is given to the workers.

It is, perhaps, only fitting that an association which, in the words of the secretary of one of the largest railway companies, is "a trade union of the managing and clerical staff..." which recruits its members alone from men whose duties are of a purely routine character and those who are engaged on higher-grade work or who occupy positions of high responsibility, should lay stress on the claim of the workers to a full share in the management of the railways. As a matter of fact, it is easier to convince railway clerks of the justice of this claim than of retaining a railway guild, and even linking up with the other railway trade unions. Certainly the idea of amalgamation with the National Union of Railwaymen is spreading, but there are still many lions in their path. The vote which the N.U.R. delegates at the Trade Union Congress gave in support of the Yorkshire miners to prevent the retreat of the trade union of the managing and clerical staff..." is not something for which there is any chance of success, even though it is the voice of the workers.

I do not presume to offer encouragement to the writers of "The New Age," but I may at least say that many railway clerks look at the mission of the class to which they belong as something greater than merely enabling amateur gardeners like Mr. Roberts to preserve their sanity.

* * *

THE WAR DEBT.

Sir,—I find amongst former Free Traders a rather general misapprehension as to the economic results of a generation of Free Trade and the political situation for which a development of materialism, due possibly to commercial monopoly and the Free Trade regime, may or may not be responsible. I think the question is capable of being defined clearly and conclusively, but I am not competent to do so in writing, and still less able to deal with the matter with the irrelevancies of conversational arguments. New formulae will have to be established.

What will the war cost? Ten thousand millions? How are the countries to stand the doubling, or more, of their ante-war expenses? I see the possibility of starvation and repudiation ahead; but there are so many factors to consider and so many that are uncertain, and then, also, the differences of the various countries, that it seems to me that we are bound to anticipate that the war will last longer than the majority of people believe.

* * *

THE NEW AGE.

Sir,—I do not know who Mr. Richards is, but I strongly deplore his self-imposed attitude, and the references "Notes" upon the odds against which would-be emancipators of Labour must fight. He says that Labour itself is the greatest obstacle, and thereby begs the whole question. It is precisely the "astonishing, permanent, and ineradicable stupidity of the workers themselves against everything that is not immediately present in the minds of most of us, that it seems that we are bound to anticipate that the war will last longer than the majority of people believe.

* * *

THE NEW AGE.

Sir,—In your issue of June 1st, S. Verdad writes: "This Germany is the Germany that has deliberately cut herself from the classical tradition on which the rest of Europe has been built up; and until she submits to the common European tradition she will never be a settled member of the European family. The Christianity of the European tradition must be placed below the traditional Christianity of Germany." What this traditional Christianity is, S. Verdad will never attempt to explain without involving himself in greater contradictions than I myself in the course of the following paragraphs.

I deny his statement, and substitute that the ruling and military caste of Germany has now cut itself off from Protestantism, which for the public benefit cut itself off from the leads of the leaders of Labour. One could only wish that this were as clearly shown by Mr. Richards as little knows how much the establishment of National Guilds hangs upon that realisation of the skilled salariat, to come forward boldly and assume its definite and natural responsibility in a practical manner.

T. C.
Catholicism. What lies before the modern democrat is a development on the line of German philosophy and German art which does not aid and abet any form of religion out of conformity with the still untested power of objective force.

Were I, however, to make one single attempt to justify a theory of Protestantism in detail, I should involve myself in having to smooth over individual vocal shortcomings, because the most scrupulous thinker still remains at the small mercy of experience, so long, that is to say, as the fundamental psychological cleavage is not made manifest, and for which all the Protestants own the idea that the population would risk an attack from the side of British intellectual weakness, not from the side of German thought which is antagonistic to all of this brutality, whose name is historically as much clericalism as military. The real fact,sanctified by no hypocrisy, is that our own legal and capitalist productions of the age. And it is strange that, our rulers, from the examples offered by the recent history may subsequently disallow of any moral or even logical claim to be associated with the original noun. A religion which started with its own antecedent history and tradition will require a most irrational force to bring it into ligneous creed and tradition.

Compare now Christianity's own antecedent tradition and the following European history which morally involves another one bit firm and strait German militarism. German philosophy and German art have so far developed the true Protestant Christianity, and any further development is dependent on the true intensification of consciousness devoid of religious hypocrisy.

There must be a consistent theory for Protestantism, and, if reason alone is identical with theory, clericalism is abandoned to dogma. In this same issue you write of "the damnable Press." Well, it is deliberately hushing up that side of German thought which is antagonistic to all of this brutality, whose name is historically as much clericalism as military. The real fact, sanctified by no hypocrisy, is that our own legal and capitalist productions of the age. And it is strange that, our rulers, from the examples offered by the recent history may subsequently disallow of any moral or even logical claim to be associated with the original noun. A religion which started with its own antecedent history and tradition will require a most irrational force to bring it into ligneous creed and tradition.

The letters are interesting to show how German public opinion is created, but as historical documents they are obviously at war with the story of the official Belgian report of the 210 civilians killed, 14 were under 18, 24 were of or over, 29 were 60 or over, and 11 were 70 or over. Other reports were given, and when they were exhume, the Dutch paper "De Tyd" reports that Colonel Lubbert said to the acting burgomaster, "Such a thing is incomprehensible, when one notes how our people are educated;", and another German officer remarked, "I am glad I was not in Louvain."

The deeper the investigation the worse is Germany's case.

The deeper the investigation the worse is Germany's case.

A NEW MOON.

Sir,—It has been proved, I think, that the moon is our supreme Zeppelin machine. Could not our scientists invent a perpetual moon by means of concentrating light on to a reflector? I am not an inventor, bowel-er, and do not pretend to have the answer to your question. Is it moonshine?

C. K.

THE PURPOSE OF EDUCATION.

Sir,—I have been reading "R. H. C." and "A. E. R." and Professor Emile Boutroux has written: "The Purpose of Education : An Examination of the historical and modern" (Hodder and Stoughton). The writer, who was through it all, says: "The Cinema is one of the greatest productions of the age. How we gather at the river! May "R. H. C." forgive me if, too, commend the latter to your readers' attention. I do not hope to trespass; only, in a letter as a preface to a little book on "The Purpose of Education Problem in the Light of Recent Psychological Research, by Dr. George Lane Fox Pitt, Professor of Psychology in the University of Cambridge, England."

"Let us not fear, then, to affirm that the essential object of education, particularly at the present time, is the reconciliation of the two great forces, which, through the action of the environment or of things on the human consciousness, with religion which gives to our inner dispositions their highest and most beautiful form. Instinct and science are capable of themselves of contributing greatly to this reconciliation. But the work is the supreme and the essential function of reason, in whose regard whatever is, has, as Aristotle has said, its principle in the intimate unity of what is supreme, both as intelligible and as desirable."

Men and women see the moon and the soul! The Professor in a paragraph! How we gather at the river!

G. O. KAYE.

THE ORGANISATION OF THE CINEMA.

Sir,—Undoubtedly the Cinema is one of the greatest Capitalist productions of the age. How we gather at the river! May "R. H. C." forgive me if, too, commend the latter to your readers' attention. I do not hope to trespass; only, in a letter as a preface to a little book on "The Purpose of Education Problem in the Light of Recent Psychological Research, by Dr. George Lane Fox Pitt, Professor of Psychology in the University of Cambridge, England."

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G. O. KAYE.
and which will appear more clearly from the following statement: The Happy Miners presents a picture of South Wales miners at work, exerting all their power to produce the maximum quantity of profits for their masters. The awful fruits of sedition, revolution, etc., shows the barbarous organization of the Cinema. The Happy Miners presents a picture of South Wales miners at work, exerting all their power to produce the maximum quantity of profits for their masters. Perspiration pouring from their brows, yet happy, contented smiles on their faces all the while. Here pathetic little palaces would, of course, be compulsory under servile rulers and Capitalists of that land, and bade them follow Capitalists' henchmen. Mr. Selver, in his Short Cuts of Protection) is in imminent danger. Miners' patriotic present state, but much more will suffice to show the further benefits accruing from the organisation of the Cinema.

Again, the Cinema will be found useful (even in its present state) in the Aesthetics of Capitalists' henchmen. Mr. Selver, in his "Short Cuts to Literary Success," has shown, conclusively I should think, how an aspirant to literary fame (or book, which is much the same thing) may, without the least learning or knowledge, become an author. There are, however, difficulties even in his ingenious suggestions cannot wholly overcome, which many men may be overcome far more easily, and which through this medium cannot fail to produce better results. Thus, when our reader wishes to describe the organisation of Central Capitalists' henchmen, he would, when he entered his profession, be provided, to note the number or locality of the picture palaces in which the film is interested in it being shown, and to visit that pietre palace (thereby combining business and pleasure) with pencil and notebook. Again, if our author be a baronial henchman, he finds the cause in his novel or "memories" to describe life among the aristocracy or the Lords of Creation (of which, being but a part of the country, he would have to do his remedy at hand. The drawing-room, the furniture, the lounge, the lackeys, and every other detail his description may comprise. There are, of course, many other uses, moral, social, religious, and political, to which an Organised Cinema can be put; but the present must serve to show the expected result, and (which cannot be done too much) to emphasise the value of organisation.

There are, of course, many other uses, moral, social, religious, and political, to which an Organised Cinema System could be put; but the present must serve to show the expected result, and (which cannot be done too much) to emphasise the value of organisation.

THE NEW DRAMA.

Sir,—When I wrote in an evening paper, the other day, that my last play had been rejected a hundred times, doubtless the majority of readers thought I was pulling the editor's leg. Unfortunately the statement was only too true. Getting the idea of ideas produced in England is a bigger job than winning a European war. Originality is still the greatest crime in England. Yet I believe the time is ripe for a new dramatic renaissance, though the managers are not.

I don't say that theatrical managers are much more idea-producers; but: they are more intellectual; they are not so quick-witted. It was before the war, and Armageddon has made no difference. The best thing that Mr. Bernard Shaw ever wrote was that there can be no new drama without a new philosophy. My dramatic philosophy is briefly this: I substitute the clash of groups for the clash of individuals. Instead of making two men quarrel over a woman, I make Hampstead and Islington fight for the supremacy of North London, Ramsgate and Margate for the supremacy of the coast, and Producers and Consumers for economic supremacy.

The multitudinous possibilities of dramatic sex combinations were exhausted long ago. But municipal and other group combinations are an entirely new field in England. In London you can count all the boroughs still pushing up together, and mostly with artificial boundaries. Some are progressing; others are not. In short, London is a Little Country, and the possibility of local patriotism is immense. A city provides the same sort of dramatic problem as a nation; but it is much safer to deal with cities than nations.

I believe that Mr. G. K. Chesterton wrote a farcical book about the battle of London boroughs. But my plays are not Chestertonian farces. I use my head to think with, not to stand on. I'm the greatest revolutionary of modern times, because I make a speciality of sanity, whereas all recent Continental geniuses have had a screw loose somewhere.

And we need not confine ourselves to London. I should like to see every town in Britain, from Inverness to Margate, fight for supremacy over their own little states. This movement, which I call Civiculture, is as much as good as a new religion. It gives all the advantages of war without the disadvantages.

Most socialistic Utopians ignore the elements of egoism and rivalry and conflict. Civiculture, in so far as it stands for all the forces that go to make urban life picturesque and exhilarating, One of the fundamental causes of war is the great monotony of town life. Civiculture would partly remedy this. It is really a form of Guild Socialism.

There is a philosophic justification for Guild Socialism which I have never yet seen explained. Every normal man is a bit of an egotist; he likes to have a finger in the pie of government.

The United States is not practically ruled by the Cabinet, there is not much chance for the average man. But Civiculture and Guild Socialism would allow practically every sane man and woman who desired it to help run their own trade, profession, science, hobby, or art. Group Socialism now holds the field in the world of ideas, and I have endeavoured to dramatise it.

And, of course, all my work is saturated with Darwinism. Evolution was the biggest idea of the nineteenth century, but there is no evidence on the contemporary British stage that Darwin ever lived. But my plays are not Chestertonian farces. I use my head to think with, not to stand on. I'm the greatest revolutionary of modern times, because I make a speciality of sanity, whereas all recent Continental geniuses have had a screw loose somewhere.

Civiculture would partly remedy this. It is really a form of Guild Socialism.

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So far, my reward has been snubs, ridicule and silent contempt. That is how England encourages men to do their best. That is how she is going to fight German scientific organisation.

Every West End theatre ought to have written over its main portal, "Abandon thought, all ye who enter here." It picks out all the morbid sexual stuff it can find, and censures it with great censure, and (which cannot be done too much) to emphasise the value of organisation.
THE CONTRACTOR.

"At least they cannot accuse me of making war attractive by making it cheap."