

THE NEW AGE

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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

THERE is all too much evidence that the Trade Unionists have not yet begun seriously to think about control. It is true that they occasionally use the word, because they find it to their bewilderment somewhat in fashion, but it is usually with such a mean little significance that on examination it shrinks to about the size of a workshop recipe. Take the case of Mr. Gosling, for example, whom misfortune made the President of the recent Trade Union Congress. Flattered by the attention his speech received, and hoping, no doubt, to repeat his pleasant experience of popular applause, he must needs in "Reynolds's" say it all over again, with, however, exactly the banality of his original speech emphasised and doubly emphasised. The man might surely have been modest enough to realise that it was no idea of his own that had attracted the attention of the world to his speech. That attention, we venture to say, was drawn on account of one thing and one thing only, namely, Mr. Gosling's reference to Trade Unions sharing in control. But all unaware of this, and imagining that it was his gloss rather than the original that the world had paused to consider, Mr. Gosling in the article to which we have referred repeats his gloss with every sign of expecting to be applauded for it. "Workers really do not," he says, "suggest that they should be admitted to any share in what is essentially the business of the employer; they do not desire to participate in the actual management of concerns." No, but all the little fellows want is "some voice in matters which affect the workers themselves." Here's a misunderstanding, in the first place, of what is desirable; and, in the second place, of what is possible. Could, in fact, confusion itself be more confounded? We are to believe, on the authority of Mr. Gosling, that the workers do not desire any responsibility whatever for industry as a whole; and, moreover, that they are right in thus restricting their demands to the most servile and irresponsible offices. Next, we are to believe that they are anxious to have a voice in workshop management, but only upon the assumption that workshop management is in some mysterious way unconnected with the general management of

the industry. Who would believe that even a Trade Union leader could fall into such manifest self contradiction? To imagine that workshop-management can be separated from management as a whole is, perhaps, forgivable in Fabian theorists; but in men who profess to be practical industrialists it is deplorably ridiculous. Little, indeed, needs to be said of it even by way of confutation. The first attempt to put the theory into practice will demonstrate even to its parents the absurdity of the child of their old age.

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The eagerness, however, with which the stupidest of the Labour leaders have seized upon this smallest interpretation of the movement towards Labour control of Capital, is the measure of our regret that the most prominent members of the National Guilds League have seen fit to endorse it. And that they have, however unguardedly, endorsed it, is clear from their recent writings. Moreover, we are afraid we cannot believe that it is simply a momentary error on their part; for, as Mr. Mellor's letter in another part of this issue makes apparent, it is a matter of policy. We do not, says Mr. Mellor in effect, expect National Guilds to drop down from heaven complete. There are "steps" to be taken towards them; and of these steps the first little toddle may well be the step of workshop control. So it may be, and we do not deny it. What, however, we do deny, is that it is the business of a National Guilds League to advocate anything less than the object for which it was formed, until that object has become as clear to the Labour movement as presumably it is to the members of the League. We, too, do not expect that National Guilds will be established by a single coup. On the other hand, we shall not expect National Guilds ever to be established while it is possible for men like Mr. Gosling to quote Guildsmen in support of his trumpery notions.

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The situation is rendered the more serious by the fact that while the most revolutionary League in the whole Labour movement is coquetting with the smallest instalment of control the most narrow-minded Labour leaders can grasp, elsewhere the forces of Capitalism are being arrayed for a grand assault upon Labour in

the midst of which the question of workshop-management will be swamped. To fiddle about with so paltry a matter when the issues between the great economic parties are no less than the life or death of one or the other is precisely as if the English General Staff were to devote themselves to designing fresh uniforms while the enemy was massing for a general attack. Infinitely more momentous events are now in progress than the decision of who shall have the opening and closing of windows in a workshop. And the most momentous of all is the question whether Labour is finally and irretrievably to be placed under the heel of Capitalism. Romantic, no doubt, this will appear to people who have not yet, in spite of the war, broken themselves of the old habit of thinking that decisive events never occur, but that things move forward of themselves in a pre-ordained and leisurely evolution. Nevertheless, there are abundant signs for those who have eyes to see that the incredible is about to occur and that during the next few years the future of Labour will be once and for all determined. Only to mention a few of them, think of what must be the industrial situation of this country when peace returns, and of the needs that will then appear to justify the most drastic control of Labour by Capital. It is assumed, we gather, by our Labour leaders that the declaration of peace will be immediately followed by a relaxation of the demands and requirements of Capital during the war. They are looking forward, indeed, to being dismissed from their present semi-military service and towards resuming their old rights of doing as they please. Nothing, however, if we are any judges in the matter, is less likely to occur. To begin with, the nation's need of industry will be during the first years of peace not less but greater than its need during the war itself. At the same time its ability to pay (or, let us say, its disposition to pay) will be considerably less. And what an inducement there will be in the co-existence of those two facts to continue the present war-organisation of industry into the organisation of peace. Next, we are certain that very few of us have realised the power of public opinion (however manufactured) to control not merely the doings, but the very thoughts, of the Labour movement. Most men are of the opinion that whatever constraint public opinion may place upon the actions of the Trade Unions, Trade Unionists may at any rate think what they please. It is a tragic mistake. Not only cannot Unions do as they please, if public opinion is against them, but they cannot even be pleased to wish to do what is good for themselves if public opinion is hostile, and they themselves are not clear in their own minds. Look, for example, to only a single illustration of this—but how illuminating. In the article to which we have already referred, Mr. Gosling informs the employers that "workers are getting tired of war in the industrial field"—tired, that is, of struggling for their rights. And, as if that confession were not enough to assure Capital that the Trade Unions will not fight, Mr. Gosling adds that "if they are not tired, then they ought to be." Now where, we ask, did Mr. Gosling, a President of the Trade Union Congress, acquire the notion that the workmen are not only tired of industrial war, but *ought to be*? It was not from the Unions themselves, from the rank and file, or from Labour's most sincere and far-sighted advisers. No, it was from a public opinion largely created by the capitalist classes. This influence it is that we detect at work in Mr. Gosling's mind; and we say of it that if, as we fear, it proves symptomatic, the final defeat of Labour is already assured. But who, with this spirit of surrender upon principle abroad, will bother himself with niggling questions of workshop control? Goslingism, it is quite clear, is more dangerous a thousand times than any victory in such a matter can be an advantage.

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We may say at once, however, that in the opinion of Capitalists Goslingism has already won. Such

friends as we have among them assure us, with mingled feelings of triumph and disgust—triumph for their victory, disgust at the pusillanimity of Labour leaders—that whatever else may happen, the one thing that will not happen is the partnership of Labour either with the State or with Capital. The State, they say, may, as the price of its co-operation, enter into a limited partnership with Capital. Capital, again, may as an act of precaution take the State into partnership. But Labour, they say, it is very certain will never be admitted to partnership; and for the simple reason that Labour is too stupid to ask for it and too weak to demand it. What is harder to bear than their triumph is their pity. For it is true, we swear, that their pity for the Labour leaders is not a whit less than their satisfaction at having so easily bamboozled them. Who, in fact, would not despise opponents who so readily become victims? Who that profits by treachery does not at the same time loathe the traitor? Unparalleled for advantage in the history of the world is the situation in which Labour now finds itself. Its own self-interest, the interest of the whole class of the proletariat, the interest of industry, the interest of the nation, all of which demand the assumption by Labour of *responsibility*, are miraculously conjoined at this moment with the possession by Labour of its maximum power, both intrinsically and in the good-will of the nation towards it. Yet this unparalleled opportunity, it appears, is to be missed and Labour is to consent to a servility which even those who profit by it will despise. Such, at any rate, is the calculation of capitalists. And what is there for us to set against it? It is true that, in spite of everything, we cherish the warm embers of hope in our hearts; and we shall continue to cherish them while a single Union remains capable of the evidence of Labour life, which is the will to strike. Nevertheless, it is largely at this moment an act of faith. Turn only, if you will, in the direction of Mr. Thomas' speech to his railway constituents, in order to realise the darkness of our night. Mr. Thomas had, it is evident, to satisfy his Union upon three points: first, how he came to accept a five shilling bonus in place of a ten shilling wage; second, what right he had to suppress the strike of the South Wales railwaymen, the threat of which, on his own admission, was the sole cause of the "victory" on which he plumed himself; and third, why in a matter of these dimensions he had made no reference to the rank and file. Well, how did he set about it, and what explanation did this self-styled "leader" of Labour deign to offer the slaves who pay him? In reply to the first question he had no better answer to make than that he personally had never abated his claim to the whole of the ten shillings demanded. In reply to the second he declared that "he had no apologies to offer for that action." And in reply to the third, he said that if the rank and file were to be directly consulted before settlements were arrived at, they "would soon have chaos." Anything more inadequate to the democracy of the Trade Unions we confess that we have never heard of. Mr. Thomas might have been a German Chancellor addressing a powerless Reichstag instead of the spokesman of a Union of workmen whose agent he is. What was it to them that he personally had abated no jot of their claim? Allowing that it was ever right at all to advance the claim, the weapon of the threatened strike which the South Wales men had put into his hand was sufficient, and ought to have been employed to enforce it. Who was Mr. Thomas to undertake the "unpopular" mission of suppressing the strike, when clearly it was the business of the State and the companies to concede the claim or to put up with the consequences? Finally, we must remark again upon the extraordinary, but growing, notion of Labour leaders that they are exempt from the obligation of consulting their rank and file before committing them to agreements that may prejudice their status for years. Labour leaders are not entitled to be autocrats nor are they even plenipotentiaries; they are, on the contrary, ambassadors and representatives of their Unions whose bond must always

be regarded as conditional upon the approval of their constituents. And any claim or assumption of greater power should be followed by their repudiation and dismissal.

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It is all the more urgent to insist upon this now that there is every prospect that Labour will be called into negotiations with the State and the Employers upon the question of reconstruction after the war. Nothing, we can truthfully say, would better suit the book of the capitalist parties than that the rank and file of Labour should surrender plenary powers to their present leaders and trust them, without instructions and absolutely, to enter into far-reaching agreements upon their behalf. And in this wish, unfortunately, the majority of the Labour leaders themselves share. What, in fact, has begun to characterise our Labour leaders is their love of exercising autocratic authority over their own members at the same moment that they are ceasing to exercise any authority whatever over Capital. It is usually the way. Men who cannot exercise power abroad make up for it by exercising it at home. If they cannot meet the strong upon equal terms, they will rend the weak who are in their power. Thus, we have the singular spectacle at this moment of a complete harmony between the leaders of Capital and the leaders of Labour, and both in conspiracy against the rank and file of Labour. Far, however, from concluding from this friendliness that Labour leaders may be trusted to represent fairly the views of their constituents, we conclude the very reverse, namely, that the most strict of instructions should be given them, and that they should be held to strict account for the smallest deviation from them. The secret negotiations already begun between the leaders of the two economic parties are, in our opinion, dangerous enough already to require that a Trade Union Congress should be held to examine the principles upon which the Labour leaders are proceeding. The two principles that ought to be laid down for them explicitly and solemnly, and that, we fear, are already in danger of being abandoned, are the principle of right and the principle of power. Let it be never so plausibly expedient that the capitalist class should continue to exist, let it be never so plausibly argued that the maintenance of the profiteering system is necessary or advisable, the resolute affirmation must be made and maintained by Labour that while a penny of "profit" continues to be earned by Capital, Labour cannot enter into a final agreement with it. Compromises, temporary agreements, conditional settlements, these, it is true, cannot be avoided. What can be avoided is the admission that except by their force Capitalists as such have any right to exist. The principle that Labour is entitled to the whole of its product is just; and any dilution of the principle is a concession to injustice. But it is no less important, if Labour is ever to come by its own, that its only weapon should be retained and its use at discretion safeguarded. There are, we know, scores of arguments in favour of abandoning the right to strike. The right to strike is to Labour what the right to make war is to a nation; but there are far more people to deny the one than the other. Immense pressure, we happen to know, is being prepared to be brought to bear upon Labour to induce or force it to yield up its right to strike. An almost overwhelming case can, indeed, be made out against the right; and already, if we are rightly informed, a considerable number of Labour leaders have been convinced by it. Nevertheless, we must repeat that the right to strike is a sacred right of Labour, and that nothing short of the abolition of the profiteering system can possibly justify its abandonment, formally or practically. Nothing, you understand; not all the offers to be made of workshop-partnership, co-partnership, profit-sharing, partnership in management, partnership with Capital in any shape or form. Until, in short, Labourers control Capital, their right to strike against Capitalists must be preserved. But is this clear to the Labour leaders, as we believe it is to the rank and file? We fear it is

not. All the more reason then to require of these leaders before they enter further into negotiations with Capital that they pledge themselves on no occasion to surrender the principle that Labour has a right to all it produces and the principle that Labour's right to strike, while a single Capitalist remains, is indefeasible.

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Mr. Wilson-Fox's articles in the "Times" upon "Finance after the War" are worth attention if only for their illustration of the unconscious assumption of the wealthy that the State exists for them. Calculating the cost of the war to the end of the present financial year (March, 1917), Mr. Wilson-Fox arrives at the conclusion that 3,500 millions will by that time have been added to our national debt, involving an annual budget charge of 210 millions in interest and sinking-fund; and he asks how we are going to pay it. Well, that is the question; but before examining Mr. Wilson-Fox's answer, we may pause to inquire upon whom in particular the taxation he sees is necessary must fall. Is it upon the working classes of necessity? Consider the facts. At this moment the country is paying in taxation 500 millions annually—enough, that is, to cover our ordinary expenditure and to pay interest on the war-debt, and to leave 40 millions still to spare. Yet never, if we are to believe Mr. Wilson-Fox's friends, have the working-classes been better off; they are having the time of their lives! Strange, is it not, that a taxation that is so crippling should be compatible with the unexampled prosperity of nine-tenths of the nation? And why, we ask, should not the same prosperity continue when peace is restored and taxation falls by some forty millions a year? We will leave the conundrum to be answered by our readers. Mr. Wilson-Fox, however, is disturbed for the effect upon capital—and what is his proposal? It is that the State should undertake vast productive enterprises, such as tropical exploitation, and, having established them as going concerns, should then sell them to private capitalists to run for private profit. Nothing, we should say, would be more to Capital's taste. The State is to take the risk and the Capitalists the profit.

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What comes of setting a number of petty social reformers to overhaul the subject of our national food-supply is to be seen in the interim Report of the Food Prices Committee which has just appeared. Even the "Times," to the credit of its sense, is constrained to remark, that "it seems rather timid in its recommendations." So timid, in fact, are the proposals of the Committee that we venture to say, if they were all adopted forthwith, their effect upon retail prices would be imperceptible. The broad question of fact to be taken into account is the power of the State—a power exercised, as we know, in some instances—to control the whole of the supply of any commodity it pleases, whether imported from abroad or made at home. But the inference to be drawn from this economic fact by anybody with economic knowledge is that the Government, possessing, as it does, the absolute power of monopoly, can also, if it likes, determine the disposal of the monopoly down to the last operation of distribution. What, however, has occurred is this: the Government has taken pains to obtain a monopoly of a limited number of commodities—meat, for instance—and has then taken no pains to employ its power to regulate the price to the retail consumer. It buys meat, for example, at something like fourpence a pound, and then allows retailers to sell it at tenpence or a shilling—to their own profit. But do you think the precious Committee has detected this slip between the Government's cup and the public's lip? Or recommended, even by chance, the proper means of dealing with it, namely, the commandeering of the big Supply services for the distribution of Government-purchased goods at cost price? The interim Report is there to reply to us; and it is silent.

Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdad.

DESPITE its boastful tone, the German Chancellor's latest speech is as near an approach to a confession of failure as we could expect. Unlike previous speeches by the Chancellor, it was remarkable for what it left unsaid. In April we had from Berlin a notorious kind of offer to negotiate peace terms on the basis of the "war map." On June 5 the Chancellor reiterated this defiant and bellicose utterance, and gravely informed a cheering Reichstag that since his offer had been made the "war map" had been "modified in Germany's favour" by the battle of Jutland. This battle, added Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg in June, was an indication that Germany, in this war, "would win the freedom of the seas for herself and also for the smaller nations." The enemy, concluded the Chancellor on that occasion, had refused all his overtures; "consequently all further talk of peace initiated by us becomes futile and an evil."

In all his speeches up to June the Chancellor had emphasised, directly or by implication, the necessity for annexations, however trifling. Germany, the world was informed, wanted only "guarantees" for her existence, and the safeguarding of her trade interests; and it was made clear that the possession of Antwerp and Courland was as much a necessity for such "guarantees" as was an "independent" Poland organised by Prussia and directed from Berlin. Still, Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg's ideas of annexations were narrow indeed as compared with those held by influential Junkers and their Press and parliamentary representatives and spokesmen, such as Heydebrand, Oldenburg, Reventlow, and Admiral von Tirpitz. These men laid continual stress on their cut-and-dried programmes of annexations—the rich coal and iron mines of Northern and North-Eastern France, the port of Antwerp, the Province of Courland, and so on—and because the Chancellor did not appear to share their opinions he became suspect to the whole of the Conservative party, and was bitterly attacked in their organs for being "half-hearted." In order, apparently, to show how enthusiastic and yet reasonable he could be, Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg answered some of his critics in the columns of the official journal, the "Norddeutsche Zeitung," towards the middle of July. In the inspired article which the paper published, it was suggested that the Chancellor made three stipulations with regard to peace terms: (1) That "the doors of attack now opened on Germany's heart from the strategic positions of Belgium, France, and the East" should be closed; (2) that Poland should become "a buffer State," so as to shorten the Russo-German frontier; and (3) that assurances should be given that German trade with the world could develop unhindered.

It was remarked that in consequence of the bitter Junker campaign against him the Chancellor was coming to rely more and more upon the "Left" elements in the Reichstag, including the Social-Democrats. This comment still holds good. The Chancellor, according even to German Press criticisms, is relying upon the Social-Democrats more than ever before, though that does not preclude hatred of England and an almost hysterical reference to us as Germany's most egoistic and obstinate enemy. That need cause us no anxiety. Let us remark, rather, the new note in the speech. In June last the Chancellor could refer to the war map with some superficial plausibility; but since then there have been tremendous advances by the British, French, Russians, and Italians. Two of the strongest keys to the German positions on the western front had fallen on the same day, hardly more than a few hours before the Reichstag met—Combes and Thiepval—and these successes came as the fitting crown to a series of short, sharp advances in which more than thirty Ger-

man divisions were put temporarily out of action. The war map, therefore, which was so important in April and June, and even in the early part of July, has disappeared by September 27. The Chancellor has become frankly apologetic—the war is no longer something virile and heroic, but "a bath of blood," and the "lust for conquest" displayed by the Allies is resulting in the daily "piling up of mountains of corpses." There is no need to refute Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg by pointing to the "lust for conquest" displayed by the Germans in 1914, when the war took all Europe by surprise. It is evident that the "inner" authorities in Berlin are keenly conscious of Germany's desperate position, and that they are beginning now to feel the effects of the rash promises of decisive victory which they have held out to the people for two years and more.

The internal situation accounts for certain other references in the speech. When Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg said: "Great Britain is amongst all the most egoistic, the fiercest, the most obstinate enemy; and a German statesman who should hesitate to use against this enemy every available instrument of battle that will really shorten the war—such a statesman should be hanged," he was simply quoting some of the phrases applied to himself by the "frightfulness" group under Reventlow and Tirpitz. This, the Reichstag correspondent of the "Koelnische Volkszeitung" tells us, was the only passage in the speech received with a storm of applause; but the fact that it was the only reference of its kind greatly disappointed the extremists; and the fact that it was made at all disappointed the moderate groups of the "Left" on which the Chancellor is now relying for support. Thus, the moderate "Berliner Tageblatt" complains that "an almost academic reserve was at times to be observed in the speech"; and organs like the "Frankfurter Zeitung" and "Vorwärts" are likewise disappointed. Above all, the extremists who desire annexations on a large scale are dissatisfied because the Chancellor emphasised the districts which, as he alleged, the enemy desired to annex and omitted all mention of what Germany desired to annex. This deliberate omission follows very grave telegrams from the Somme front which the Censor has allowed to be published—telegrams in which stress is laid on the superiority of the Allies' guns and numbers and the difficult conditions under which the Germans are fighting. If the Chancellor's tone is pessimistic, the tone of the war correspondents' dispatches may almost be described as tending to scare the public.

In view of these circumstances, it is not surprising that the Chancellor should have said: "The French Premier, in a recent speech, said that France was fighting for a firm and lasting peace in which international agreements would protect the freedom of nations from every attack. That, too, is what we want." I have ventured to outline the internal situation of Germany, and the Chancellor's difficulties, in order that the importance of this utterance, in its present connection, may be appreciated. A forecast of it sent the American Ambassador, Mr. Gerard, back to Washington on a hurried visit, and led to the publication of Mr. Lloyd George's warning to neutrals coincidentally with the Chancellor's speech. The German Chancellor, I am aware, has made somewhat similar declarations before; but always with the expressed or implied corollary that international agreements would have to be buttressed by additional territory for Germany. That demand is now given up, and the anger of the extremists in Prussia is the consequence. This is the first step towards preparing the ruling classes in Germany for a definite realisation of the fact that there are to be no conquests, no annexations, no indemnities; and that the German Empire will be lucky indeed if it emerges from the war intact. Bearing that in mind, we can afford to treat with good-humoured tolerance the Chancellor's references to this country.

A Visit to the Front.

By Ramiro de Maeztu.

III.—THE JOY OF WAR.

Two parts of the front were shown to us: that part of Flanders where, last year, the battle of Loos was fought, when the French were advancing through Champagne, and the part to the north of the River Somme, where the British are advancing at the present time. It takes the motor-car more than two hours to bring us from the château where we slept to the land of Flanders. About eleven in the morning we arrive at a headquarters, where an officer of the General Staff joins us, in addition to the captain who brings us to and fro. At half-past eleven we arrive at Vermeilles. The British front extends from north to south through the old provinces of Flanders, Artois, and Picardy. Vermeilles lies sixteen miles to the north of Arras, at the point where Artois ends and Flanders begins. It is a low-lying country of canals and villages. Houses follow houses and villages follow villages without interruption. The reason why the British front was so short at the beginning of the war lies in the fact that it was the most densely populated front in the whole line. It is the most populated because it is a country of coal-mines, and where there are coal-mines there is industry, and where there is industry the population gathers, and where there is population there must be houses.

But houses, in this war, are formidable redoubts. There is no better protection for a machine-gun than a demolished wall. And where there are houses there are basements and cellars. And where there are cellars it is easy to make dug-outs where troops can sleep sheltered from shells. A line of houses is much stronger than a line of fields. The British front is only one-fourth of the total western front; but even before the advance it held, more or less, one-third of the German army. Of its 122 divisions, 38 or 39 had to deal exclusively with the British. The number of villages explains why. Every village is a natural fortress. This military reason is accentuated by politico-economic considerations. France possesses in this part of Flanders some of her best coal-mines. The German Government did all it could to seize them. The German effort had to be met with even greater efforts on the part of the Allies. The very reason which urged on the Germans to try to seize the whole industrial region of Northern France forced the Allies to defend it. The result was that from the autumn of 1914 more troops had to be concentrated in this zone than in any other. And from that time the concentration has never stopped increasing on either side of the line.

We are at Vermeilles; but the landscape changed long before. It is a day of sun and heat. But we have scarcely begun to hear the guns when the very colour of things alters. The roads are whiter; the grass is less green; civil life is suspended. There are big holes in the walls of the houses. Vermeilles lies in ruins. This is the town where, two years ago, French and Germans fought from house to house, and where the combatants often found themselves in a cellar of the same building, separated only by heaps of demolished bricks, and laying siege to one another, night and day, for more than a week. Five miles to the south-east of Vermeilles we can just see, through our field-glasses, the tower of Lens, where the Germans are. Halfway on the road to Lens is Loos, which the British seized a year ago.

Of the Château of Vermeilles only a few ruined walls remain; but the fallen bricks have formed thick, solid heaps which protect the big cellars from shells. This Château of Vermeilles will go down to history; for in its gardens were exploded the first mines of the war. The French were exasperated by the resistance with which the Germans, who had occupied it, were defending it. Time and again they vainly tried to cover, in a rush, the thirty or forty paces separating their trench from the enemy's, but they were never quicker than the machine-guns that rose from the ground to turn them

into dust. Finally, it was a miner turned soldier (for most of the revolutionary ideas of this war have come from privates and not from generals) who first thought of making a sap and blowing up, with a couple of mines, the enemy's trench. That meant several days' work, but the desired result was obtained. In the Château gardens the craters of the two mines are still to be seen. They are about seventeen feet deep, and their border is some twenty yards in diameter.

Useless to recall that, since then, saps have been made ceaselessly in the front lines; and there are no more interesting fights than those which take place when a mine is exploded and the rival troops dispute possession of the crater. Then the struggle is no longer decided by guns, but by rifles, and above all the bayonet, and even more frequently with feet. The crater usually falls to the party arriving first; but when the two patrols arrive at the same time there is a hand-to-hand fight. I was told of a London soldier who found himself grappling with a huge Bavarian. Neither could use his rifle or shake off the other; for they were in a mutual clutch. The Londoner vaguely remembered that he had put his knife in his boot. He could lift his right hand without ceasing to grip his adversary. He slowly stretched his hand along his leg, maintaining his grip. But what he found in his boot was not a knife but a fork; and it was from the stroke of a fork in the neck that a Bavarian died that day.

Lunch time draws near, and at headquarters the commander of the army corps and his general staff are waiting for us. But this is the first time in my life for me to hear not only the shells thrown against the enemy, but also the explosion of the enemy shells thrown against us; and I find myself obliged to annotate my personal impression. It is an impression of joy, of exhilaration. In the boat I could not think of the prospect of a torpedo throwing us all into the water without a feeling of contraction; here, on the contrary, our only desire is to go forward. Of course, we are not allowed to do that. The British Government takes care of its guests. The nearest we were to danger was when the motor-car ran through a road leading straight to the enemy's trenches, and . . . This incident acts as a spur urging us forward to see what is happening.

Suddenly I have the intuition that war cannot be so unendurable as it has been depicted by humanitarian novelists—Tolstoi or Zola. If it were unendurable, men would not endure it. Horrible it must be. What makes it more so is its subterranean character; the fact that you cannot see the enemy except in the rare moments of an advance. To pass whole months alternately in the trenches and in the rearguard villages; to go to the trenches every five or six days with the conviction that the whole company will not return; to wait in the trenches for the explosion of a shell or an aerial torpedo around us; to fight in summer against the damp heat of the dug-outs, where fresh air never penetrates, and in winter against the implacable cold and wet: these are truly horrors. But, on the other hand, one must feel all the time that one's will is asserting itself.

At the cross-roads we saw this morning a post with the word "Lille," and beneath the word "kilomètres," and an arrow pointing. The number of kilometres had been blown off by a piece of shell. Little more than two years ago people came and went quietly from Lille to where we were. But shortly afterwards there fell between the two areas a veil so thick that only shells, messengers of death, can cross it. What life in Lille is like now cannot be known to people on this side; or life on this side to the people of Lille. From here we can see in the German lines the elevators of a metal company which the English shells do not allow to work. From the other side the Germans can see the elevators of metal works paralysed a long time ago by their own shells. Probably some factories on both sides were associated in time of peace; the accounts were kept in the same office; their profits lined the same purses. An act of will has cut the means of communica-

tion. The will of the Allies comes to this point; the will of the Germans to that. And between here and there lies the narrow band which the English call "No Man's Land," the land where it is death to show one's face.

Thus a new frontier has been formed before our eyes. When I was a child a relative took me to see the frontier between France and Spain. "This is Spain," he said to me, "and that is already France." "But it is the same!" I exclaimed in my innocence, for I thought the land of France ought to have looked different from that of Spain. Now I have understood the meaning of these divisions. They were not made by God, but by human will. The zone of some men reaches to this point; and from here the zone subjected to the will of others. The folly of the pacifist idea becomes evident to me. All demarcations, both those which lay down the frontiers of nations and those which determine the position of individuals and corporations, have their origin in acts of will. Here I am in command; of these things to which my finger points my will is master. There begins the will of another. And my own will tends fatally to go beyond its own zone to trespass in the other; and my neighbour's will tends with the same fatality to invade mine. We may enter into temporary arrangements. To avoid collisions we may mutually agree to respect one another's limits. But our will for expansion will not die so long as we maintain our vitality. If my own diminishes and I feel resigned to renunciation, the probability is that my neighbour's will feels its desires increasing, and says: "Now is the time." But it is also possible that my neighbour's appetite may revive my instinct of preservation, which had begun to sleep.

Of one thing I am certain, though with subjective certainty. The Allies will not accept the new frontier. I am certain of it because when I hear the explosion of the German shells I feel that there is not a single fibre within me which does not urge me on to oppose my will to the invader. I know that this is barbaric. I have just written a book which seeks to find a way of setting down a law and marking the position of every man and nation by means more moral than those of the arbitrariness and force of each one. Since a spark of God lights up the soul of every man, we must not despair of finding a means of overcoming brute force. But force will not be overcome by the mere pacifist negation, but by hooking it to law, and law to morals, and morals to religious faith. What must be done in any case is to recognise the fact of force. To assert the right one has to be strong.

And this defence of right by means of force necessarily implies a joy that pacifists cannot understand. There stand, I said to myself, as I looked at the first line of trenches, the best souls of England—the sons of Oxford and Cambridge, the Latinists, the Hellenists, those who were going to be clergymen or lawyers or physicians. They have given up everything. They have also found everything. They are now like moles in the holes of their trenches. It does not matter. There is work for all. Every man counts. The mere effort to keep healthy is worth the trouble of living. And there is the hope of taking part in an attack. Sooner or later the excitement of the advance comes to everyone. Up to this moment the will has stopped here. But in this moment the will overcomes itself. To-morrow these men will tread in a new land; they will sleep in a new trench. It is as if the human body expanded when it overcomes the will of the enemy. All things are again possible.

And then the landscape. War throws out a white mantle of ashes over the whole zone of fire. Amidst the desolation the light is whiter, as if from the land of France one had passed suddenly into that of Castile. The fields and the ruins are covered with dust. The shelling warms the blood. One lives amid a roll of drums. One recovers the sense of adventure. Histories cease to be histories. Oneself becomes history. And though nothing can be seen from our hole, one feels oneself to be at the centre of the earth.

The Failure at Gallipoli.

By Suvia Bay.

THERE are two kinds of person whose writings upon war are worth the publishing in book form. There is the man who has actually "been through it," and who places faithfully and straightforwardly upon paper what he did and saw within his limited area—an invaluable creature, and rarer than one would suppose, for it is a characteristic of the human beast that as soon as it takes up a pen it develops a tendency to use it for recording not what it saw, but what it thinks it ought to have seen—a very different business. Hence, all that tosh met with on all sides concerning the deathless heroism of everyone engaged—about which it need only be said that if all alike—English, French, German, Austrian, and Russian—were such Bayards-cum-Napoleons, it is an astonishing thing that any of them were ever beaten. The other valuable person is the armchair critic of the Belloc type, who, without any pretence to personal experience of the fighting, analyses the news systematically by the light of expert knowledge. For both these classes man can find some use. But the class for which we who are born of women can really find no use—and which, indeed, is but a useless cumberer of the bookshelves—is the hero who hangs around headquarters as a tame War Correspondent, witnessing tactics from afar, and, therefore, knowing nothing about tactics: witnessing strategy from too near, and, therefore, grasping nothing about strategy. General and other officers do not open their hearts to Fleet Street touts. And what they do hear they have seldom the knowledge to sift. Realising these facts the public should accordingly be on their guard against the too numerous works about Gallipoli. At best these books are gossip—at the worst scandal. They should never have been published.

Typical of the nonsense which they contain is the suggestion mooted by many and strongly supported by at least one correspondent that the Gallipoli peninsula should have been attacked not from Helles, Suvla, or Anzac, but from Bulair. The genius who first offered it would seem to have noticed that the peninsula of Gallipoli bore a superficial resemblance in shape and extent to that of Liao Tung, and to have argued that as the Japanese approached the fortress of Port Arthur from the isthmus above Dalny, thereby isolating the Russians, so we should have approached the Narrows from Bulair. The fact is, of course, that, even if the distance from our bases and the depth of the water had allowed a landing at the isthmus, we should have been no forrader. For all the Turks cared, we might have sat down at Bulair until we died there. Communications would still have been possible to them via the Asiatic shore, and the invaders, advancing from the North, would have found between them and the forts upon the Narrows a tangle of mountains far greater in extent than those which held up the invaders from Anzac and Suvla. The task of the Mediterranean Expeditionary Force was to reduce the batteries which prevented the Navy from passing the Narrows. To go to Bulair was about as useful for that purpose as to go to Buenos Ayres.

No; the more the question is considered, the more one realises that no better places for attack could have been chosen than Helles, Suvla, and Anzac—unless we consider that a portion of the Suvla Army might have been diverted with advantage to Ejelma Bay, thereby turning the lines which gave such trouble along the ridge of the Kiretch Tepe Sirt. But two great natural obstacles impeded the attack at Anzac-Suvla—the broken nature of the country and the lack of water.

With the exception of the flat land at the centre of Suvla Bay, and that also difficult for troops on account of its "close" character, the terrain in question was an inextricable jumble of ravines, unmapped, and, save on the largest scale, unmappable: covered with waist-high scrub, and broken on the surface by innumerable grey rocks, not infrequently as high as tents, and effectual in preventing anything in the nature of orderly and

concerted attack supported systematically by guns, such as is now the rule in Galicia or France. An enemy who knows this ground, who has had time to prepare it for defence, and who is well trained as a scout and shot, can hold it for an indefinite period against far larger numbers with small loss to himself: and the attacker, to have any hope of success, must be well trained in this peculiar fighting. He must be handy with the rifle, able to bear long stretches of hunger and thirst, and, above all, possessed of that initiative and self-confidence, that power of "carrying on" when one's leaders are dead or absent, which is the birthright of backwoodsmen and the accomplishment of old, skilled troops. Regiments trained in Indian frontier warfare would have met the case.

The lack of water was a yet more formidable obstacle. The wells were few and hard to discover: when discovered they were useless, having been poisoned of set purpose by the enemy, or rendered unapproachable by the fire of snipers carefully concealed. Water had, therefore, at any rate at first, to be fetched by sea and transported with immense labour from the shore to the firing line. It is true that the arrangements for this might have been more perfect: but, at the best, it is doubtful whether the supply could have been much increased. Whether it was realised beforehand, I cannot say, but experience certainly showed that owing to this same difficulty in the water supply not more than about five divisions could be simultaneously maintained in the Anzac-Suvla firing line. Though, therefore, things might be going badly in the hills, and though a general on the beach might have at his disposal reinforcements ample to restore the balance, he could not use them without exposing the whole force to the risk of death by thirst.

"At times," says Sir Ian Hamilton, in his able if somewhat flowery dispatch, "I had thought of throwing my reserves into this stubborn central battle, where probably they would have turned the scale. But each time the water troubles made me give up the idea; all ranks at Anzac being reduced to one pint a day." And, again: "The night march and projected attack were now abandoned owing to the Corps Commanders' representations as to the difficulty of keeping the division supplied with food, water, etc., even should they gain the height." In other words, we could only use our army in instalments of a few divisions at a time.

If, then, the nature of the obstacles necessitated good troops, the fact that only a few could be employed simultaneously doubled that need. Let us see how these demands of the situation were met.

The Anzac Corps consisted mainly of Australians and New Zealanders. Though not, of course, as good as disciplined regulars, these men were pre-eminently suited to the kind of the fighting which lay before them, and it is interesting to observe that the Anzac corps carried out its task. It was only the failure of the Suvla corps which enabled the enemy to wrest its conquests from it in the great counter-attack of August 10. Of the force employed at Suvla, viz., two New Army and two Territorial divisions, the same cannot be said. The New Army divisions were among the best of their class: it is no reproach to them to say that they were not yet equal to the demoralising conditions of heat, thirst, and scattered bush fighting—a fact proved by the cutting of the pipe line in the Anafarta Plain by stragglers eager to get at the water. No one would have expected these troops to score a success on the North-West frontier of India, and no one should have expected them to have done much better at Suvla Bay.

The Territorial divisions were less satisfactory still. They had been weakened by the abstraction of their best units, which had been sent to France, and of the rest many were largely composed of immature boys. They lacked the stiffening of Regular officers and N.C.Os. which lent a professional tone to the New Army. Their senior officers—relics of Volunteer days—were weak, and their Staffs were little better. In France,

after a little combing out and a gradual introduction to the firing-line, they might have become the equals of any others: plunged almost without warning into the muddle and terror of Gallipoli, they often degenerated into helplessness.

Again, operations were impeded by the lack of guns. Positions which these same second-rate troops could have carried with éclat had their advance been covered, as in France, by the all-obliterating fire of massed artillery, proved impregnable to the attack of infantry alone, or aided at best by a farcical preliminary bombardment. It is hard to see how this could have been bettered. At the time we were short of munitions, and such as we had were urgently required in France. The rest it was all but impossible to land. It had been hoped to supply the deficiency by the Naval guns. But, not only is the sailor unpractised in the delicate work of co-operating with troops, the trajectory also of his shells is too flat to allow of a proper searching of trenches, or of his fire being continued to cover the actual advance.

In these circumstances, it is not surprising that the attempt failed. One war correspondent, Mr. Moseley, deplors Sir Charles Monro's decision to withdraw. That experienced leader, he informs us, had too little confidence in the troops at his command. To remain on the peninsula was impossible; but, then, ever to have landed was impossible! Troops which had done the impossible once could have done it again. This is the sort of blarney which looks fetching in the ha'penny Press. The truth is less agreeable. If ever there was a beaten Army, it was the Army—or the remnants of an Army—which clung dispirited to its trenches after the repulse of August. Without confidence in their leaders, or in themselves, the men were incapable of advance, and there was truth in the Turks' repeated gibe that nothing stood between them and destruction but the warships' guns. It is pleasant to be able to say that this demoralisation was less to their discredit than might appear. Men suffering from dysentery, from jaundice, from the first stages of enteric, septic sores, trench foot of a type more incapacitating than any known in France, are apt to be demoralised. The daily hospital returns became appalling, averaging, in some divisions, a steady ten per cent. a week. Again, owing to the diminution in numbers, the ailing survivors were necessarily overworked in a manner to which France in its worst days affords no parallel. Billets for rest and recuperation there were none. The only relief was from one post of misery and danger to another. The line was held in a purely skeleton fashion, and there were no reserves. Then, suddenly, the heat of September and October changed to bitter cold. In early November a storm converted the gullies, upon which the troops depended for communications and for shelter, into raging torrents. In Anafarta Plain men fell from exhaustion in the trenches, and were drowned in three feet of water. Nor was this likely to prove the worst. January and February promised blizzards in which the peninsula was deep in snow. Even as early as November storms frequently rendered the landing of stores impossible for days. The Turks must have suffered equally, and the state of their morale is shown by the fact that the almost helpless invaders were not wiped out: but the Turks were near their base, and could land supplies and reinforcements uninterrupted by our shells. In addition, by the establishment of communications with the Central Powers through Bulgaria and conquered Serbia, they received a much-needed increase in munitions. Our communications, at all times dominated by the Turkish fire, became almost impossible. It is no exaggeration to say that the British could not have held out at Gallipoli for a month had the Turks possessed from the beginning an adequate supply of shells and guns. Now that these were increasing daily, and that the intervention of Bulgaria promised a practically unlimited supply of men, it only remained for the invaders to get clear whilst they had the chance. And

everyone who had the misfortune to be upon the peninsula at that date was very glad that General Munro took it.

Such are a few of the factors which determined the failure at Gallipoli—perhaps the most tragic in British military history. The report of the Commission, when issued, will reveal far more than I have been able to gather from the reports of Staff and Regimental officers in a position to know. These few remarks are merely intended to serve in the meantime as a refutation to some of the more obvious nonsense which is flying about, and which serves to prejudice the popular mind against some able, though unfortunate, officers.

Social Organisation for the War.

By Professor Edward V. Arnold.

V.—THE ORGANISATION OF LABOUR.

THE ancients classified State-organisations under the headings of monarchy, aristocracy, democracy, and the mixed governments resulting in the combination of these principles in varying proportions. They did not fully realise that States are organic growths, and that new forces are continually at work in every State, expelling before them the old. In the Roman State the old forces were local, and took shape in tribes, municipalities, and provinces. The new forces were trade societies extending over the whole empire.

In a State like Great Britain, which has had a long and varied history, there are many relics of obsolete powers which are generally recognised as such. Thus we are all aware that the Kingship, the House of Lords, the Church, the Privy Council, and the Grand Juries are interesting relics of the past, but that they do not count in the great issues of to-day. But there are other forces which we have been brought up to believe in as real, and which nevertheless are dead or dying, and therefore obstructions in the path of national growth. Such are public opinion, the party system, the House of Commons, and (most of all) the "economic law" of Supply and Demand. All of them have failed us in the war. The solid facts of to-day are the Patriot Army and the Trade Unions.

The essential character of the Trade Unions is that they are associations of skilled artisans organised by trades. Individually their members also constitute by far the largest element in the Parliamentary electorate; but in elections they are broken up into arbitrary local divisions, confused with other bodies of men, and incapable of giving effective expression to their desires. Although they are flattered and feared by politicians of every class, their direct representatives are few and their power is limited. But in their societies they are all-powerful, especially for destructive ends. A strike of coal-miners or transport-workers can in a few weeks paralyse the whole energies of the nation. On the other hand, they have been hitherto lacking in the sense of responsibility. Misled like other men by memories of the past, they picture themselves as "poor men" oppressed by a powerful class which has control of the machinery of Government. They do not realise that they include in their numbers over a million men whose annual income qualifies them to pay income-tax. They do not know that Government becomes every day feebler, and must soon collapse altogether unless it receives strength from some new source. But they have leaders of great ability and of open minds, and under the influence of such leaders the Trade Union Congress has become one of the great forces upon which England depends for its salvation. Early in the war it recognised the danger of under-production, and took steps to reduce this evil.

Under-production is due to many causes, of which the idleness and indiscipline of individuals is the most obvious, but not the most serious. The great majority of men are by nature industrious, and take a pleasure in seeing the results of their labour; but this pleasure needs to be reinforced by social approval. But in the

rank and file of Trade Unionism there are current ideas which tend to discourage work. There is one theory that the fruit of a workman's labour is filched from him by the capitalist exploiter, and another that the prompt performance of a job is the direct road to unemployment. There is the belief that in the higher classes of society there exists an unlimited store of wealth, upon which the working man can draw without limit if only he is sufficiently persistent in his demands. And from these beliefs there has grown up an ideal of the working class hero which in times and places approximates very closely to that of the rebel, and has more than once become identified with it. This ideal and the theories upon which it is based are continually being impressed upon the industrious working man by enthusiastic propagandists, and they do not fail of their effect. Meanwhile the evil is aggravated by the palliatives employed by politicians: persuasion, flattery, concessions and promises, all obviously expressions of fear and invitations to further demands.

Evils which are due to exaggerated or perverse reasoning may often be cured by well-devised experiments; and the time has come for the Trade Unions to be recognised as the most powerful elements in our industrial life, and trusted with the responsibility of carrying out their duties to the nation. The trades are, in fact, nations within a nation; in wealth, in numbers, in ability, in mutual loyalty such bodies as the transport-workers or coal-miners of England are fully on a par with "nations" such as Wales, Denmark, or Roumania. To give them control over their own industrial organisations is practically a proposal for Industrial Home-Rule. Such a scheme has for some time past been advocated in THE NEW AGE under the name of National Trade Guilds. The system has been tested in the history of Imperial Rome; it is already half-developed in the present Trade Unions; and if carried so much further as to inflame the imagination and call out the latent energies of the working classes it may be the salvation of the nation. But it is a bold proposal, and only those who see the need of bold measures will be found favourable to it. It is advocated here solely in the interests of a successful prosecution of the war; but should it be tried and found successful for that purpose it will also be in possession of the field when peace returns.

Under the system of Trade Guilds the whole industrial power of the nation would be organised according to occupations of national importance, somewhat as follows:—

1. Mining.
2. Shipbuilding.
3. Iron and Steel.
4. Agriculture.
5. Textiles.
6. Pottery.
7. Building, Housing, and Furniture.
8. Provisions.
9. Clothing.
10. Distribution.

In this organisation the present association of employers and workmen must be taken as the basis. The employers would find it wise to associate with them all persons engaged in the supervision and direction of work, so that their organisation would include all those whom we may call the officers of the industrial army; the workmen of various grades would be the rank and file. Thus, in each Guild there would be an Upper and Lower Chamber. To these jointly would be given legislative powers over the whole trade.

Each Guild would have its Exchequer, maintained partly by taxation of its members and partly by the profits of businesses conducted by the Guild. It would also have the responsibility of supporting its members in health and in sickness.

Every man in the country would need to enrol himself as a member of some Guild, and every self-supporting woman to do the same. To enable this to be carried out completely, it would be necessary to form some

supplementary Guilds, to include respectively members of the Army and Navy, the learned professions, the Imperial and Municipal Civil Services, and so forth; and a Guild of Dependents, for those not fortunate enough to find a place in any other Guild. But it is not necessary that all this should be done at the beginning.

Within the Guild no man would be in principle the servant of any employer. He would be a soldier in an industrial army, serving under the direction of his own elected representatives, and performing duties required for the national safety. He would be under discipline, but not under a discipline imposed on his class from without.

Neither in principle would any man within the Guild be an owner. All the capital of each trade, that is, the accumulated savings of the past, would be re-dedicated to the public service and placed under the control of the Guilds, and in particular of the Upper Chamber in each Guild. The customary return would be made for invested capital, as a recognition of the service rendered by the thrift of a past generation; and owners who are successfully managing a business would continue to direct it. Managers and professional advisers would not be debarred from increase of salary where their labours were increased; but "war-profits" would be transferred to the Exchequer of the Guild.

Each Guild would be responsible to the nation for the performance of its national service, and for its obligations to the national Treasury. The powers of the nation are at present exercised by Parliament, and the Guilds might justly claim in the future direct representation in both Houses. Meanwhile, they must loyally comply with Parliamentary laws, and the State must require and enforce this loyalty. In the event of a Guild becoming incompetent or rebellious, the State must reorganise it under martial law.

A special word must be devoted to the Guild of Distribution. This association, which includes all merchants and shopkeepers, is far too large for the needs of the nation. It has in consequence developed a huge system of competition and advertisement, of which the whole cost is ultimately met by the increased price of commodities. This expensive competition does not even bring the best goods to the front, but causes further waste by encouraging the sale of inferior and adulterated wares. It needs to be remodelled as a national service upon the principles of the Co-operative Societies, wholesale and retail, thus relieving its members of anxieties for their livelihood, and at the same time securing for the public the necessaries of life at the smallest cost.

Such is the general outline of the Trade Guild programme. It seems clear that it goes a long way to meet many of the demands which thinking men of the working-class feel to be just. Thus, every man will be compelled to belong to his Union; and he will give his allegiance in the first place to his fellows, and only secondarily to his employers. He will be provided for in sickness, old age, or unemployment, not out of charity, but as a soldier is, or should be, provided for, as a right which his fellows owe him. He will have the opportunity of putting increased energy into his work, and (so long as he wishes) of seeing the profits employed collectively for the good of his class. He will have rid himself for ever of the reproach of being a wage-slave, and will have won the position of a free citizen, with England's future in his hands.

It is the belief of those who advocate the Guild System that its members, once relieved from the obsession that their labour and their savings are being exploited by a capitalist class, will develop the capacity for thrift and become proud of their increasing balances in the Guild Banks. To that motive is now to be added the patriotic impulse to secure their country from the dangers of financial and commercial collapse. A flourishing Guild would have the means to contribute to the country a submarine or an airship, or to equip

for service a volunteer regiment. But most directly we should look to the Guilds to provide a new mercantile navy, and to the Shipbuilders to devote themselves with enthusiasm to its construction. The Guild programme is no untried or Utopian system. Its principles have been adopted, in all essentials, by the Ministry of Munitions, with the results with which we are all familiar. That experiment, an act of great faith, has shown that employers and men can work together on the large scale, not for increased profits or higher wages (though such considerations have not been entirely excluded), but in the same spirit which animates our national Army. The extension of that system to our whole national life is no fad of Socialist projectors, but the reasoned result, simultaneously reached by many investigators, of the study of our present conditions. It can only be carried out by a people penetrated by the spirit of patriotic self-devotion, but the seeds of that spirit were sown in the shambles of Ypres and the battlefields of L6os and Neuve Chapelle, and a rich crop is now growing up, ready to be gathered in by the statesman who has the courage to trust to the instincts of his fellow-citizens. There will be critics, marplots, and shirkers here as elsewhere; but the attractive power of a great idea, and the discipline which is bred by a great danger, will have power to overcome them all.

Conflicts will arise, as before, between the constituent parts of each Guild, but we may look forward to a steady diminution in their bitterness. The chief source of present disputes, the desire for increased profits and for higher wages, or, in other words, the greed for money, will in principle be dried up. In their place will be put the pride and security of collective wealth: not an untried force, but one which, under the guidance of the Church of the early Middle Ages, brought back civilisation to barbarised Europe. This change of outlook is so large that a separate article must be devoted to it. Meanwhile, attention may be called to two spheres of work which may be undertaken by National Trades Guilds without reopening any present disputes.

The first of these is Applied Science. Each Guild would at once absorb one or more technical colleges and combine them with its own organisation. The staffs of these colleges would consist of men who have never taken part in the disputes between Capital and Labour, and who therefore would form a natural link between the two chambers. They would provide inspectors for all the work of the Guild and ensure its sound quality; they would equally provide for wholesome conditions of work. In particular, they would render the latest scientific knowledge available for every producer, and be constantly engaged in the work of research and improvement.

The second sphere is Assistance. If the income-tax paying families of the kingdom number two millions, there remain six million families whose incomes are below that level; to at least half of these the struggle for existence is already severe and may soon become pitiable. We should look to the Guilds for help. Take coal as an example, for within six months it will be practically out of the reach of our poorer families. The Guild of Distribution will then report (say) one million families needing coal and unable to pay for it. The Guild of Coalminers will call for volunteers for an extra and unpaid day's work. It will be cheerfully undertaken by thousands of men. Perhaps ten thousand additional tons of coal will be produced; the owners can claim no profit on it; the Guild of Transport Workers will convey it gratis, and within a week or two each of the poor families will receive a free gift of two sacks of coal. We take a free gift as an example, because a bold enterprise of this kind has power to inflame the imagination of a crowd of men. But the same principle will have a much wider effect by keeping down the prices of commodities; for each Guild will have to answer to the nation for the claim it makes upon prices.

The Choice of Hellas.

By Allen Upward

(Hon. Corr. Member of the Parnassus Philological Society of Athens).

THE troubles of the Greek kingdom have nearly all been due to the pursuit of a false ideal.

The Greeks, like the Italians, have been over-weighted by their past, nor have they yet found a Mazzini or a Marinetti to inspire them with a vision of the future, clear from the dust of the dead.

Yet there are true and false voices even among the shades, and the mind of the modern Greek is confused by two visions. Two ghosts have risen beckoning from the ruins of former greatness: the spirit of Athens and the spirit of Byzantium. Between them the Greeks have stood distracted, their better angel calling on them in the name of Pericles, and their evil one in the name of Paleologos.

This is the surprise that awaits every Philhellenic pilgrim who comes to worship at the shrine of the Parthenon. He finds the modern Greeks alive to the glories of Athens; the city is filled with monuments erected by Hellenic patriots; the Government and the business community are keenly aware of the value of the classical tradition, and are pleased with the idea that Athens should be the international centre and school of Hellenic studies. Yet all the time their real thoughts are elsewhere.

In the eyes of most Greeks it is Constantinople that is their true capital, and not—

“Athens, the eye of Greece, mother of arts
And eloquence.”

The City of the Violet Crown is for them merely a halting-place on their way to the Bosphorus. The profound European sentiment of Philhellenism is, like the intense Slavonic devotion to the Orthodox Church, merely a lever to be used by the statesmen of Greece for the accomplishment of their Byzantine ambition.

This orientation of the Greek mind is evidently due to the pressure of historical causes. The Greek kingdom was founded by a rising against the Turks. Its duration has been, so to speak, a mere period of truce between Christian and Moslem. For the emancipated Greek patriotism meant hatred of the Turk, and the whole destiny of liberated Greece was summed up in the crusade against the Crescent.

It is the pursuit of that ideal which has lost Greece much of the sympathy of Europe and involved her in endless troubles. Because it is a false ideal. The true Hellas, the Hellas of which Athens was the spiritual capital, was genuinely Greek, springing like the olive self-sown upon the Hellenic soil. But the Byzantine State was not even Hellenic in name. It was Roum, the decadent province of an empire founded by other hands, and Greek only in so far as Mexico might become Aztec again by the dissolution of the Spanish element in the Indian population.

In aspiring to revive the Byzantine empire the Greeks are therefore seeking to regain what was never truly theirs. The Phanariots, like the Habsburgs, represent a government instead of a nation. With the first sign of this ambition, a hundred years ago, the other races of the Balkans deserted the Greek standard; and by persisting in it Greece has sunk to be one of a group of petty Balkan States, and by no means the foremost among them.

Had the Greeks offered their crown to Disraeli instead

of Stanley their history might have been very different. For it requires imagination to discern how much greater is the Hellenic ideal than the Byzantine one. And that imagination the sovereigns of Greece have not been gifted with. Her present king is a German in more than his political sympathies. He is a soldier, and a rather narrow-minded one, and it is his militarist bent of mind that has tempted him so strongly to take the German side. By his attitude he has destroyed all chance of the Greek kingdom being entrusted by Europe with the custody of Constantinople in our time.

For whatever may be the actual future of Constantinople after the war, it is clear to most international observers that the ideal solution of the problem would be to make this key of Europe an international city. And had the Greeks perceived where their true greatness lay, and set themselves to make their little State an international seat of culture, their claim to become the wardens of the Bosphorus would have been overwhelming. This is the true Hellenic ideal, which has been forsaken under the influence of racial and religious passions on the part of the people, and vulgar political ambition on the part of the rulers.

Never has Europe been in greater need of an international sanctuary than now. The Hague Tribunal has always been a mere board of arbitration without political prestige or moral authority. And this has been the inevitable result of its constitution. It is in fact a congress rather than a court of justice, in which hostile Powers are represented by advocates, not judges. Were the Supreme Court of the United States to be composed of lawyers, each elected by a State of the Union to represent its interests, it would be equally without the confidence of the public. A true international tribunal must consist of judges who have put away their local patriotism, and forsworn their allegiance to any government but that which they themselves exercise.

Men's eyes are often turned back regretfully to the great days of the Papacy, when the Court of Rome had some pretensions to a European character. A house that is built upon the sands of a false theory of the universe cannot stand. Nevertheless, the ideal imperfectly and intermittently realised by the greatest of the Popes remains the supreme bequest of Christianity to Europe. And the history of the Catholic Church has a very pertinent lesson for our present need.

The Founder of the “Kingdom of Heaven” offered that kingdom to the Jews. He invited them to turn from their chimera of a military Maccabean empire in opposition to the Cæsars, and to acquire the spiritual empire of the earth by becoming Israelites indeed. The offer which they rejected was accepted by Gentile proselytes, and a thousand years afterwards the king who claimed to represent Cæsar stood in the snow before the gates of the priest who claimed to represent Christ.

The Hellenes who profess to be such by blood have been in somewhat the same position as the Jews. The voice of prophet after prophet has called upon them to assume the priesthood of culture, and to make the new Athens a European focus of art and science, a shrine of international peace, and a refuge for every prophet driven forth like Byron and Shelley from his native land. And they have rejected that high vocation in order to compete with murderous Bulgarian bands for the possession of petty villages, and to become the tools of vain dynastic ambitions.

This great refusal leaves the door open to the Hellenes of the spirit. There is a true international commonwealth of scholars and scientists, artists and thinkers in every land—except one which has gone mad—a commonwealth not yet organised. If from their ranks a handful of sane and sober idealists could draw together, to form some modest union like that of the old Knights of Rhodes, they might command the confidence of governments weary of mutual suspicion, and become an international gendarmerie in more ways than one.

Industrial Notes.

THE annual conference of the Labour Party is to be held in Manchester from January 24 to 26 next; and Mr. Arthur Henderson, M.P., Secretary of the Party and Labour Adviser to the Government, has sent out a circular relating to this conference in which the following passage occurs:—

In view of the importance of labour problems after the war receiving the closest attention of our movement, it is suggested that societies, in forwarding resolutions for the agenda, should give prominence to proposals dealing with the situation after the war. Societies are urged to adopt this suggestion, as it will be readily realised that the greatest benefit will accrue to all sections of the movement just in so far as endeavours are made to secure a well-considered policy on the industrial and social changes that lie ahead. The labour movement has counted for much in the national life during the war, and all will agree that its power and influence, if properly inspired and directed, will be of the utmost value in the reconstruction that will follow the cessation of hostilities. (Cf. "Times," September 23.)

To say that the "power and influence" of the Labour movement (why not simply Labour?) will "be of the utmost value" is hardly the way we should put it. In so far as there is to be any industrial reconstruction after the war the parties primarily interested in it are Labour and Capital, and one of them must come out on top of the other. If Labour enters into the reconstruction humbly, abashed, half-heartedly, as if it had no right to make its voice heard at all—and Mr. Henderson's circular is far too much on those lines—then it is all up with Labour for evermore. The comments of the delegates at the recent Trade Union Congress do not give one to hope that any notice is likely to be taken of "inspired" suggestions, no matter where they may come from. I will make one which, it seems to me, is of some little importance. The railwaymen have just got an addition, not to their wages, but to their war bonus. Incidentally, it is only half of what they wanted. Surely it occurs to the most dense Labour leader that it was not for nothing that a few shillings a week were added to the war bonus and not to wages? It appears to be taken for granted in some quarters that the war bonuses will automatically continue even after the signing of peace. The capitalists, however, certainly do not look on the matter in that light. War bonuses, so far as they are concerned, are coming to an end with the war. The assumption appears to be that the Trade Union leaders will be content with demanding the "restoration of former conditions." The employers, in turn, will counter this demand by insisting on the restoration of former wages; and any subsequent negotiations will take place on the basis of an overfed Capitalism and a starved community of Labour.

Pending reconstruction, it is most important that Labour should not allow itself to be placed at a disadvantage in financial matters. You cannot negotiate on an empty stomach. But to what extent are essential economic facts appreciated by the Labour leaders who will, presumably at least in the beginning, have to undertake to expound the case for Labour? Consider a comment on the after-war position of Capital and Labour which appears in the "Economist" (September 23). Mr. Knut Wicksell writes suggesting that it is inaccurate to talk of Capital after the war "in terms of money instead of in those of real Capital." Labour and the natural forces available to-day, continues Mr. Wicksell, are not actually used for the consumption of to-day, but rather "serve to prepare the finishing production and the consumption of several years hence . . . whereas the consumption of the present day is fed in the main by labour and natural forces lying far back in the years past." In other words, the emergency (in the matter of goods consumed) which arose in August, 1914, and has lasted ever since, was really prepared for, say, in 1910. Assuming that the war ended in 1917:—

Up to that date, and for the next seven months to come,

there would, according to our assumption, be no necessary diminution in the consumptive power of the belligerents, the fruits of the labour, etc., of the seven pre-war months of 1914 being still at hand to be consumed. But for the following three years and five months there would—on the same assumption—be practically no preparations made, and as it clearly is an impossibility so to change the modern way of production that a normal amount of consumable goods could be supplied from the labour, etc., of the current year, people would simply have to die from want and starvation.

Mr. Wicksell realises that this is an abstract statement, subject to modifications. Some preparations for the future have been made even during the war; there will even be some material resources saved from the war; industrial plants and machinery will be available. But other writers on the subject, Mr. Wicksell points out, have not sufficiently considered the important item of stocks of commodities and raw materials depleted by the war. "It stands to reason," he concludes, "that if just before the war the productive power of the world was just sufficient to keep the great mass of the populations inside the borders of sheer want—both in England and in Germany real wages had demonstrably been sinking in the decade before the war—the devastating and premature eating up on an immense scale of the fruits of those productive forces must leave anyhow a formidable gap in the supply of the years to come." This point, which has never occurred to Labour leaders, has been clearly seen and provided for by manufacturers and capitalists. Lord Rhondda's twenty-million-pound coal amalgamation is frankly an attempt to increase production. An expert coal authority, writing in the "Sunday Times" (September 24), estimates that by the abolition of certain restrictions (i.e., the suspension of the Eight Hours Act, the removal of all Trade Union restraints, and the employment of women on a large scale at the pit mouth) our coal output could be increased by at least thirty million tons. But it is not only coal that is awake. The engineers have met at the Mansion House; capitalists are keeping the sharpest of eyes on neutral banking institutions, and manufacturers generally are organising themselves.

Do you doubt it? Look at the papers of the 25th, and read the announcement of the Federation of British Industries—an association of industrialists which it costs a minimum subscription of a hundred a year to join. This is a wealthy concern, formed frankly to increase trade, to push exports, and to increase production. It is not the only body of its kind; for we have also the British Manufacturers' Association, the British Empire Producers' Association, and many more federations confined to single industries, but now working, or preparing to work, in harmony with others. It is childish to suppose that all these preparations can be made to safeguard industry, export trade, and capital without their having an immense effect on the position of Labour. The thing simply cannot be done.

In the face of these organisations and their work it is imperative that the question of wages and war bonuses should be considered immediately by the Labour world. It is a small item in what we may hope will be the ultimate reconstruction; but it is an essential preliminary for the skilled working classes to take into account. In matters of this kind the community of labour is without guidance of any kind. Mr. Harry Gosling, for example, writes in "Reynolds's Newspaper" (September 24) evidently in answer to criticisms on him which appeared in this journal. Here he repeats that "workers really do not suggest that they should be admitted to any share in what is essentially the business of the employer; they do not desire to participate in the actual management of concerns; it is not co-partnerships that they actually want. No, what they do want is some voice in matters which affect the workers themselves, with the object of bringing about a lasting peace in the Industrial movement." What do you make of that? The man thinks that everything can be settled by conciliation and arbitration. That is what Labour has come to.

HENRY J. NORTHBROOK.

Letters from Ireland,

By C. E. Bechhofer.

I SHALL not offer my first impressions of Ireland, because I doubt the existence of first impressions. There are no such things, as a rule; what go by the name of first impressions are simply last prejudices.

The correspondent is always supposed to cast a glance around him as he descends the gangway to the shore, and say, "My first impression was that Jamaica's future lies in a more extended system of irrigation," or, more romantically, "I realised at once that the fat policeman and the dog on the quay represent the inner soul of Kamchatka." The justification of this form of falsehood is that Hercules may be known from his foot—*ex pede Herculem*. But it is remarkable that these professedly instinctive conclusions never at all differ from the conventional conceptions of the subject in question. There is no wisdom like wisdom after the event. I call it *ex Hercule pedem*. The classic instance is Miss Jane Harrison. This good lady quite seriously claimed to have a fundamental comprehension of the Russian character from a few days' study of certain elementary aspects of the verb. She announced, if my memory is not at fault, that the Russians "hunger for *durée*" and "live sub specie *æternitatis*," which being interpreted means that the Russians are a good, kind, pleasant, sentimental, mystical, and generally weak-headed people. Miss Harrison's estimate is not confirmed by truth, but it exactly reproduces the superficial H. G. Wellsy, Stephenish Grahamish, Hamilton Fyfe idea. I claim that Miss Harrison, like all other first impressionists, found and exposed what she had already in her head when she began her verb-trot.

When I landed in Ireland, I did not try to trick myself with sham clairvoyance, but began to summon and parade my prejudices. I recalled under what circumstances I had come into contact with Ireland prior to this, my first visit to the country.

Bound once upon a time for Canada, I came on deck and found land in sight, rising out of the waters, mountainous, moist, mossy-green. They told me it was Ireland, and I gazed at it with awe. I felt a mysterious, indefinable appeal. Ireland!

Not long ago I met a well-known Anglo-Irish poet in a London restaurant. I had barely been introduced to him when he uttered the first half of an epigram. Smiling in anticipation, I awaited the consummating words, the sting of the epigram. Alas! for two long hours, regardless of the windings of the general conversation, he meditated upon his half-formed joke; he even began to make alterations in the portion already uttered, changing the order of the words and substituting synonyms. At last I felt inclined to sacrifice public demeanour to intellectual curiosity and to take him by the throat and cry, "For God's sake, disclose the point of your confounded over-incubated epigram!" But the poet looked at his watch and departed, still chewing the cud of his incomplete witticism. For all my irritation, the thought came to me that he was not an ordinary human being like myself, but Irish. Again, I felt that strange, indefinable sensation of mystery. Ireland!

I remembered another Irishman I had met in London. He was of a very different type from the last. This was a vigorous and unillusioned Socialist, encyclopædic with details of persons, politics, and Irish and anti-Irish intrigues. He came some time ago on a rare visit to London, and I had occasion to meet him. He was a man of charming unconventionality, and he quite won my heart by stopping dead in the middle of Oxford Street and repeatedly shaking my hand, with the words, "Was it not you, Sir, who wrote that wonderful description of So-and-So? Thank you, Sir, thank you." His enthusiasm soon got us both into trouble. At a pseudo-Bohemian night club he mistook a respectable musical critic for the president, burst in upon him, and disturbed a promising tête-à-tête. Clapping the poor

fellow heavily on the back, he thanked him for a fine, lively entertainment. As the musical critic was a little ashamed of being in the place at all, and resented also the interruption of a conversation which seemed likely to reward several years' study of French, he expressed annoyance at the behaviour of my Irish guest, and cast angry glances at me. The Irishman, thinking the critic's anger merely modesty, offered by way of gratitude to sing a few Irish songs. He stepped upon the platform and commenced a long ballad, monotonous in sound, meaning and delivery. When it was finished, he said he would sing another, as a sign that he appreciated his audience. At the end of the third ballad the room was empty, and I was being impeached before the committee. In spite of these annoyances, I could not forget that the singer was Irish. I was conscious again of that mysterious, inexplicable glamour. Ireland!

Reviewing, then, my sensations about Ireland, I found the three events I have related fixed most firmly in my memory. I examined them boldly, but I could not discover any underlying idea common to them all. And, yet, in each case I had certainly experienced a similar mental sensation. Ireland! Ireland! Suddenly, a light came to me. The common basis lay in the mere word "Ireland" itself! This was a real discovery.

It will be remembered that Edgar Allen Poe claimed to have constructed his poem "The Raven" not by inspiration but by deliberate skill. As the main chord of his refrain he wished to employ the most sonorous sound in phonetics. After long consideration, he chose the syllable "ore":

Tell this soul, with sorrow laden, if, within the distant
Aidenn,
It shall clasp a sainted maiden whom the angels name
Lenore—
Clasp a rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name
Lenore!

Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore!"

Second only in intrinsic sonorousness to "ore" is the sound "ire," as in "dire," "aspire," "Ireland," "Irish." Also it brings a sensation of pathos. This phonetic combination of the sonorous and the tragic explains to me all the glamour I used to feel when Ireland was spoken of. To read in Synge's plays the words "O, the poor suffering people of Ireland!" always brought a lump to my throat, whereas "O, the poor starving peasants of Scotland!" would have been merely an exposure of social horrors.

Of course, this pathos cuts both ways, since one observes the incongruity of the sad concluding wail in "O, the rich, fat moneylenders of Ireland!" When, as usually happens, the word is pronounced "Oireland," the sound becomes maudlin, and quite consistent with Ireland's frequent role as England's anti-climax.

This discovery blew the cobwebs of prejudice one and all from my head, and I entered Ireland with an open mind.

And with an open mouth! From a few words I had occasion to exchange with some of the Irish passengers and crew of the boat between Holyhead and Dublin, I discovered to my horror that I was imperfectly understood. The particular middle-class dialect of English I employ is quite good in its way and can safely be employed anywhere in England or abroad. But the Irishmen on the boat showed an inability to appreciate my syncopated drawl, and I soon realised that something had to be done. With great care I lubricated my vowels with about a dessert-spoonful of brogue; a tablespoonful would have been too much; a teaspoonful too little. At the same time, I established close communication between my "t's" and "th's," trusting that in course of time I should be able to *thranspose t'em*. The result was instantaneous; I began to be both understandable and understanding. An ancient mariner in a blue jersey gave me the correct Irish time, and a plain-clothes policeman invited me to call upon him if I should happen to find myself in County Cork.

Readers and Writers.

THE excellent selection of "Pictures and other Passages from Henry James" (Chatto and Windus. 3s. 6d. net) will save the reader who wishes to revive an old estimate of Henry James a good deal of time. Here are spread out as it were samples of all James' qualities, and in such a variety and in such numbers that nobody ought to fail to come to a final judgment. One does not need to read very long, for instance, to discover that Henry James never got entirely rid of his American accent: or, perhaps, I should call it taste. On page 1 we read of "the touch of the air" as "gloved." On page 2 there occurs this piece of bathos: "Our friends bent their backs in their gardens and their noses over its symptoms" [Spring's]. What pure Englishman could commit these errors in serious writing? I know no more than a hundred and thirteen, and they do not count. And Henry James is full of them. They are, in fact, a feature of his style. But of his astonishing subtlety this book is no less well filled with examples; and it is, after all, this that we read him for. What matter that his style bumps every now and then as if his mind were driving over a colonial road—for the most part his meaning is translucent (at least, I find it so), and exquisitely subtle to boot. What I have said before of James I can repeat now with an even clearer conscience after having read him in petto. He stands midway between matter and mind, and on the very tip-top of social culture. There is no mistake about it; James is the best schoolmaster of psychological manners of any novelist that has ever written. This follows, as a matter of course, from both his equipment and his method. Acutely awake to impressions, he kept himself attentive by never sparing himself any consciousness when in the presence of a personality. He never, as he says, "economised consciousness." And what he looked for was only for a moment or two the physical character of his object; the rest of his concern was with its mode of expressing itself. Impressions of expressions—there, I think, you have Henry James; and I leave it to be judged whether our manners one to another would not be improved if we were all as sensitive in both as he was.

* * *

Behind Henry James' novels is an attitude towards life—I should not mind saying a moral attitude, for I certainly believe he had a desire to improve his readers. Behind the novels of Mr. D. H. Lawrence, perhaps the most considerable of the younger school, there is, I have always suspected, not an attitude simply, but a philosophy. And here in his new volume of essays "Twilight in Italy" (Duckworth. 6s.) it begins to appear. It is rather crudely expressed as yet, and in some passages he is unintelligible to me. But there can be no doubt of his sincerity and little less of his competence. On the whole, in fact, Mr. Lawrence is one of the few new writers with whom we shall have to reckon. We shall have to beware lest he found a school. But why, you may ask, beware? Well, the reply is to be found in the character of the philosophy he is creating for himself, the outlines of which are here laid down. For it amounts, if I am not mistaken, to a reaction against intellectualism which is not simply corrective of intellectualism but subversive. Read, if you will, this volume of essays—the most notable published during the last five or ten years to my certain knowledge—and you will perhaps gather some idea of the damage done by pseudo-intellectuals and of the positive reaction towards sensualism for which they may be said to be responsible. Here, with only an obscurely expressed apology, is a return to paganism of the frankest character; and to paganism not as a naïvete but as a deliberately chosen cult. Interesting enough it all is, too, for Mr. Lawrence, I make bold to agree with the conventional reviewers, is something of a genius. His writing is extremely good, his vocabulary

is excellent, his style is powerful, and, in time, when he has soaked himself fully in his philosophy, and has come to be able to cover its present nakedness completely, he will prove to be extremely seductive. And what ideas he throws out by the way! Read his first chapter on the Crucifix in Bavaria. It both gives the key to his essays and reviews one of the oldest and most sinister interpretations of the Sign of the Cross. Look, again, at his remarkable appropriation to his own use of Blake's symbology in the mysterious poem addressed to the burning Tiger. You will be convinced, unless you are careful, that Mr. Lawrence has almost proved his case—and his philosophy. It is, however, I am convinced, all an error and a reaction. The ecstasy of the senses—let us call it phallic-worship and done with it—is not, as he thinks, of equal worth with the spiritual ecstasy. It is, perhaps, of more than equal worth with the pseudo-ecstasies of the pseudo-intellectuals and pseudo-mystics who, indeed, well merit to be plunged back into Sheol; but as an alternative to the real ecstasy that awaits the sincere intellectual and mystic it is, I repeat, a lamentable reaction. Nevertheless, Mr. Lawrence is preparing to lead people back into it, and I can already see signs of a following for him. We cannot, at any rate, afford to economise consciousness when reading him. I shall not myself, as these Notes in the future may bear witness.

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The cure, as I have often said, for false philosophy is true philosophy. Rather, perhaps, I ought to say that the best cure is that: but there is another—it is experience, the school of philosophical dunces. How often have we had cause to regret, on reading some recent criticism of German philosophy, that such works were not written while the war might still have been one of writers' benches, instead of soldiers' trenches. Here, for example, is a most admirable essay by Professor Santayana, late of Harvard, on "Egotism in German Philosophy" (Dent. 5s. net). Quite clearly, with a great deal of brilliance, and, nevertheless, quite fairly, he examines, expounds, and finally demolishes the whole subjective system which underlies German philosophy. Nothing could be more damaging, and I cannot conceive, had it been published before the war, that some German thinkers, at any rate, would not have had their eyes opened by it. We know, however, that such critical works were actually not produced before the war. Our philosophical critics were either too fatalistic or needed more encouragement than our public would give them to undertake the task they now so ably perform—too late, too late. The criticism comes now, therefore, as a post-mortem, almost as a work of super-erogation, a tail-piece of artillery. Not wholly without use, however, if it warns us that ideas must either be met by ideas or by guns. It is brains or blood—and the sincerity of one or the sincerity of the other.

* * *

Professor Santayana is not himself, however, as good at construction as at destruction. Perhaps, after all, and in spite of his brilliance—which is extreme—he would have affected, even before the war, only a negative criticism in Germany. But the German mind must think something; and if you destroy its error without replacing the error by a truth, you leave it open to seven errors worse than the first. Professor Santayana is at bottom a good, easy man with an inclination towards the attitude of Montaigne, that wisest of humane animals. He does not take the passion for truth more seriously than he would take any other passion. He belongs to an aristocratic race that has seen all the errors go by and no longer really believes that truth is attainable. But your Germans, as I have said, are not like that. They want to find truth, and if, as Professor Santayana says, they are "profound in the direction of inwardness" (that is, in subjectivism), it is because their passion for truth has led them as deeply into error as it might have led them towards truth. R. H. C.

Germanism and the Human Mind.

By Pierre Lasserre.

(Authorised Translation by FRED ROTHWELL.)

II.

SOME GERMANS ACCESSIBLE TO THE EUROPEAN MIND.

BEFORE coming to the true definition of the German mind, we must leave out of account those Germans who have not been possessed of this mind, or in whom, at all events, it has been very perceptibly dominated by a universal thought, the Germans whose work stands opposed, one might say, to the common enlightenment of the human mind and not to the special horizons of Germanism. These Germans are agreed in manifesting towards what Germany glories in as culture—or Kultur—and its so-called constitutive genius, such a measure of scorn as no Frenchman would dare express, for fear he might be suspected of passion. Moreover, there is no doubt whatsoever but that, of all the western nations, Germany is the one that is least fertile in those universally accessible works which a Frenchman of culture and education finds in continuity with his own hereditary domain where he enters and moves about freely, plucking such fruit as he pleases. In order to assign strict limits to the question and prevent all misunderstanding, I will make mention, from this point of view, of the most famous Germans and their works.

In the very front rank we find Goethe, the only German who can be compared with Voltaire in European importance, and who is a sort of Voltaire without his spareness, a Voltaire of a substantial nature. His famous epic and dramatic compositions, though assuredly unequal in power, ardour and life, but still all so learned and free from affectation, so bold and luminous in style: the "tragedy of Margaret" in the first Faust, the episode of Helen in the second, Hermann and Dorothea, Prometheus, Tasso, Iphigenia; all these belong to the posterity of Greece, and it is this that assures them a place in the common literary heritage of Europe, where also we find the successful creations of his lyrical fancy: Werther, Wilhelm Meister, and Mignon. True, their subject-matter is modern, but, then, it was the rule of Goethe's art to unite Hellenic simplicity with the entire wealth of modern life. And we may affirm that this has also been the ideal programme of his thought: the rule and ideal of a fertility that is inexhaustible and a youth that is immortal. Goethe's two Fausts, his correspondence and conversations contain a treasure store of thought that takes in the whole experience of the human race. The didactic instinct which he everywhere applies—an honourable German trait, though in his case neither paralysed nor impeded by dullness of intellect, nor lost in the clouds—continually brings him back to the great commonplaces of natural philosophy which are the cross-roads, as it were, where modern intellects meet: he introduces an element of novelty into their discovery, a freshness that is both rich and fruitful. He is a master, though, after all, a master to be accepted with considerable reserve before regarding him as an authority in the education of the heart. Along with a kind of greatness with which we must credit him, we also find lapses or lacunæ of feeling almost imperceptible to his fellow-countrymen. A certain ardent generosity, heroic activity of soul which, in geniuses belonging to the races of Sophocles, of Virgil, of Shakespeare, of Cervantes, of Dante, of Corneille, Racine and Molière, form one with the genius himself, as Voltaire himself well understood and admired in these great men, even though he himself did not possess these qualities to the degree we should have liked, for the sake of his own glory; this, I say, was lacking in Goethe.

Between Goethe and Heine I make every distinction that may be advisable. Heine, however, possessed of the soul of a modern Jew far more than of the soul of a German, besides being half French by education, has

examined with incomparable insight the evils and disorders of sensibility which were connected with the upheavals of the civilisation of his period; he has been, at the same time, their anatomist and poet, one might even say their mimic and parodist; he has felt them keenly, and lived them to the extent of neurosis. From these evils and disorders he has drawn the charm he possesses and his own vitality of inspiration, but his testimony of them is just as keen and clear-sighted as it is thrilling. What we appreciate most about Heine is the fact that, when read calmly, he is one of those who throw most light on what might be called the intimacy of the revolutionary nineteenth century, and especially on the most secret springs and tendencies of Germanism.

And Schopenhauer? I leave aside his metaphysics, which is the least obscure of all German metaphysics, and which even, divested of a certain terminology, appears clear and expeditious enough. I am thinking of the moralist who extends or widens the province of our own French literature, the least attractive, and, if you will, the most thorny of all, though one in which it is very good for both mind and heart to sojourn from time to time, to undertake a cure: the province of men like La Rochefoucauld and Chamfort, pessimists by profession. Schopenhauer's bitterness and cynicism, his brutal Teutonic causticity, exploit this field with a degree of powerful imagination and a raging madness which spares nothing, but yet with the utmost ability. It is good to listen to him. Had Pascal known him, he would have considered him sufficiently important, as he did Montaigne, not to refrain from combating and overwhelming him.

As regards Nietzsche, I am not altogether displeased at the attempts now made by certain of my confrères to crush and annihilate the poor "Superman." A portion of his thought is calculated to provoke and exasperate any normal mind: I refer to his dreams of super-humanity and his frenzied opposition to Christianity. Still, without insisting on the real inspiration of this madness which comes from exasperated weakness and a religious fanaticism turned against itself, and on the extent to which, after this, it would be fitting that we should speak of them (a little accuracy is always to be recommended), we hasten to say that Nietzsche does not sum himself up in them. He is a moralist not one whit behind Schopenhauer, a marvellous critic of literature and music who has understood French writings with a degree of intuition shown by no other German since Goethe, and from which we can all obtain considerable enlightenment. His greatest virtue, in our eyes, is that his explanations are specially fitted to degermanise French minds whose sanity has been more or less profoundly disturbed, and their culture disorganised by an impregnation of German thought. Patriotism is not interested—rather the contrary!—in our heaping insults on the head of a man who had a passionate liking for the civilisation of France, who burst into tears on hearing of the burning of the Tuileries in 1871, and whose monstrosities of conception and formulary are not so much those of a real monster as of an old bogey which is afraid of itself.

From these Germans a cultured Frenchman, brought up firstly and principally on his own masters, and fashioned after a classic discipline, can and must demand an increment of intellectual development. All the same, as I suggested just now when speaking of Goethe himself, let him cultivate them only on the intellectual side; let him be on his guard against the influence of that which, in them, is related to the heart or the character; in this respect, the most eminent in purely intellectual knowledge retain a residuum of moral inelegancy, which is of amazing coarseness when attentively scrutinised, and also—this second trait, it must be confessed, does not apply to Goethe—a lack of moral moderation, contagion with which, when favoured by the power of genius, is well calculated to unsettle and unhinge our young people.

I do not claim to have named all those who, with the reserve mentioned, can afford us substantial benefit. I would not have it to be thought that my enumeration is complete, if for no other reason than not to burden the discussion; I advance it simply as typical. Once more, it is my purpose only to trace on the chart of Germanic literature the lines of two categories: the category of those works, a study of which enriches and completes our culture, because they are of a nature to come within the world-wide range of human thought; and the category of those works in which Germany can recognise the unfolding of that form of thinking which she claims, along with Fichte, as being peculiarly her own. Evidently the measure of the influence gained by the works of this second class over French thought will supply the measure of what must really be called the germanisation of this thought. I will endeavour to characterise these works.

Psycho-Analysis and Conduct.

I.

It is familiar that Freud's theories were developed on the basis of a great mass of clinical material derived from the study of loss of abnormal mentality. But though his interests are those of a physician rather than of a systematic psychologist, the basis of his doctrine is a theory of the nature of forgetting. Forgetting is not an inexplicable process which simply happens without rhyme or reason. To say that you forget because you have other things to think about, or because your attention was distracted, may be a first attempt at a description, but it scarcely contains even the rudiments of an explanation. It is obvious that a great part of the context of our past experience must, at any moment, be forgotten, at least in the sense that it is not fully present in consciousness. What Freud tries to show is why it is that a particular individual forgets certain things and not others. It is not a question of the latter being more important than the former, in the more usual sense, for we often forget just those things that we say we most want to remember. Freud's explanations amount practically to a denial of the possibility of this as a genuine state of mind. Forgetting, he argues, pre-supposes a wish or desire to forget. And in the case of our forgetting something "we really want to remember," what happens is that while we have no doubt a wish to remember, we have also, whether we know it or not, a wish to forget the same thing, and the latter proves the stronger. It has succeeded in repressing the opposing context, and considerable effort, including possibly the recognition and satisfaction of the wish in question, may be required before recollection comes about.

What is the rationale of this repression which forgetting involves? It follows from a definite view of the self. Human nature is a system compact of wishes or purposes, and these are at all levels of consciousness. Some of them are completely present to us; they are generally in the focus of attention, we pursue them earnestly and identify ourselves with them: they define the sort of person we should like others to take us for. Another group (the co-conscious) are less prominent to us but exercise an influence of a sort we admit at once if our attention is directed to them. And there is also the multitude of wishes and desires of which we are not directly conscious at all, and the existence of which we would very probably deny. This is the strange land of the subconscious, and Freud's claim is to have been the first explorer to describe it clearly and set forth in order

its manners and customs and the curious ways of its inhabitants.

The differences among these groups are correlated by Freud with the degrees in which they minister to the maintenance of our satisfaction with ourselves. Subconscious wishes are those of which we are in some way ashamed, or which we regard as deserving concealment. We keep before us in general only those wishes or purposes (with their objects) by which we should like to be known. As an organised group they form what Freud calls the Censor, who must lodge no objection before a wish is allowed to come before the public gaze and be acknowledged as ours in the face of the people. The wishes that are deleted by the Censor, however, though repressed, do not vanish. Not merely are they by far the greater part of our experience taken as a whole, but they manifest themselves in the upper level of consciousness in all sorts of indirect ways. It is characteristic of an authority like the Censor that it should assume that a dangerous wish which has been put down should have therefore vanished from men's knowledge. In point of fact, it has only vanished from the knowledge of the authority. Freud figures the subconscious as a most Artful Dodger, whose days and whose nights are passed in the devising of ingenious schemes to circumvent the Censor, taking advantage of all its weaknesses and weariness. When the latter has retired to rest, worn out with unceasing vigilance, the subconscious, which slumbers not nor sleeps, comes into its own and is King of the world of dreams. Dreams are the direct manifestation of repressed desires and wishes. But even here the activity of the Censor is not altogether absent. It shows itself in at least two ways. (a) The repressed wish seldom expresses itself directly, but comes to the surface only through a great multitude of symbols. In the interpretation of these so as to exhibit their representation of repressed wishes Freud manifests an incredible ingenuity. (b) If the wish is very deeply repressed, the system of opposed wishes which is the Censor may be aroused, wholly or partly. The result is traumatic terror or strong emotional disturbance of some sort.

Wit, again—he does not discuss humour—is for Freud a means of evading the watchfulness of the Censor. A joke is the breaking forth of a suppression. It is the activity of an otherwise subordinate complex under a less profound disguise than is discoverable in dreams. Similarly, derangements in the functioning of the ordinary psychical mechanism, such as slips of the tongue, absentmindedness, "accidental" confusion of thought, and so on, are all to be traced to the artfulness of the subconscious. There is no mere chance in these apparently trivial things. When we try to get hold of the subconscious wish, it conceals itself (or the Censor conceals it). Freud's favourite pastime is to pursue it from pillar to post. It is generally a disagreeable beast when finally run to earth.

This is the general representation of the self which forms the basis of Freud's psycho-therapy. Curiously enough, it is more articulate and within its limits less open to question than its applications, though it was from material in connection with these that the theory was originally derived. This is partly due to the difficulty of ascertaining exactly what Freud's own view is: though there is no difficulty in understanding the extremely simple representation of it put forward by some of his followers, particularly in America. It is certain at least that Freud regards *functional* nervous disorder and certain other mental disturbances as very generally, perhaps always, traceable to the activity of repressed wishes. The steps of the argument are: Mental ill-health is always a consequence of some degree of dissociation. Dissociation is a sub-form of forgetting, and forgetting involves the repression of a wish. Dissociations may appear of all degrees of completeness, from extreme cases of multiple personality (like that of Miss Beauchamp) to absent-mindedness or a vague feeling of discomfort. Their general character is the

separation of an element which naturally belongs to one complex and its relative disappearance or conjunction with another. Though the process is perfectly intelligible when we have it all before us as it came about, the absence (by hypothesis) of some intermediate links makes the final result appear quite fortuitous and inexplicable. Clearly this will involve a "failure of knowledge (and of will, for the two are very closely related for Freud, if not identical) in one respect, and a confusion of it in another. These express themselves in obsessions and morbid fears, in indecision and inability to concentrate, with accompanying symptoms of an apparently physical sort. The therapeutic methods Freud has developed to deal with this condition have for their aim the re-discovery of the suppressed intermediate links, the restoration of the unity of the original complex, with the resulting abolition of the confusion. The patient now knows what he wants or fears, and his outlook regains the balance it had lost. The application of this is excessively difficult and complicated, and the particular methods employed need not be discussed. I will summarise the difficulties in this part of the theory: (a) It is by no means certain that all cases even of psychoasthenia can be traced to the operation of such factors as these, though no doubt it accounts for some. (b) Even where this explains their origin, it does not follow that psycho-analysis is the most suitable method of treatment; and (c) where psycho-analysis is employed, it must always be supplemented by other methods. I will leave the discussion of these points to another article.

I have not so far referred to what has become in the minds of most people the characteristic feature of Freud's teaching—the suggestion that the repressed wishes, particularly those that work mischief, are fundamentally of a sexual sort. I will say here all I have to say directly upon this matter. The general representation of the life of the self is clearly independent of the nature of the desire which is suppressed. Similar phenomena might occur in asexual beings, provided that any degree of conation remained to them. Hence the assertion that all suppressions are at bottom of a sexual sort must be established by special arguments. It is not inherent in the general structure of the theory. In any case wishes which are so universal and strong and at the same time so closely restricted in their manifestations, at least in modern Western communities, by powerful sanctions must inevitably give rise (if there is anything at all in the general position) to a considerable number of pathological phenomena on the psychical side. Further, those writers who take an extreme view on this question have a certain dialectical advantage which is worth pointing out. Their view is incapable of rigid disproof even by those who agree with the general psychological basis. By hypothesis, they may be right. If they persist in suggesting that at the basis of some neurosis of an apparently neutral sort, or lying behind a dream as its condition, there are repressed or dissociated sexual elements, it is always open to them to argue that the analysis has not been carried far enough, or alternatively—it comes to the same thing—that the subject is still concealing, unknown to himself, some sordid wish. If you begin by assuming that it must be there, inability to discover it does not show that you are wrong, but only that your subject is not sufficiently candid. I do not myself think that Freud himself takes up this extreme position, though he does come some way towards it. In "Der Witz" the sexual side is almost absent; though this may be partly accounted for by the subject. In the "Psycho-pathology of Everyday Life" there is a good deal, especially in the German edition; and it is very prominent in the "Traumdeutung." But it is in his American followers that the tendency reaches its full development. It is, perhaps, sufficient to say that, in cases of nervous disorder and mental derangement, Freud himself starts with a presumption that sexual conditions will be found at the root of it.

M. W. ROBIESON.

Letters from France.

IX.—THE BREAKDOWN OF THE GARDEN CITY.

JUST before the War the fashion was to work in the city or town and to sleep in the suburbs or country. The new habit was not confined to the comfortable classes but extended itself to the lower-middle and working classes. In due course it called forth organisations specially designed to develop and control it. Hence the growth of a Garden City movement. This movement had several origins. One is said to be the attempt to escape the evils of overcrowded cities. Another, far deeper than this, and, no doubt, forming the true fount of the movement, is the three-fold motive of (1) physical economics designed to release human energy for certain forms of labour control; (2) the conception of human energy in terms of vital wealth instead of money wealth, producing new forms of occupation; and (3) the perception of the advantages of a renewed contact with Nature revealing the evil characteristics of mass-city life and labour. I have mentioned how the change of economic vision was effected, and I dare say it is well known how the new physical economists managed to exalt their investigations, theories and criticisms into a system of education embodying a warning against "paleotechnic" parasitism and a guide to a "neotechnic" Utopia. Perhaps it was the fault of this economic education that it continued to place too much emphasis on external values, as Ruskin did in his form of æsthetic education, and tried to teach that real wealth resides in energy-outcomes instead of in human energy itself. The latter is, indeed, the wealth each one of us possesses, the Rhine-gold washed down from Olympian heights, so to say, which we are led either by false education to dissipate as galley-slaves, or by a true one to conserve for the sake of our own spiritual uplift. Some day, nearer the millennium, we shall be offered a proper economy-clue to the origin and nature of the energy-gold within us, together with a guide to its efficient use. With such an aid the conservation of Self would be a more consistent creed.

I indicated, at least, one result of the application of the new economic principles in the initiation and organisation of a certain environment, namely, the electric-fed fjord towns of Norway, and in the directing of surplus energy towards Nature, and, doubtless, natural and spiritual outlets, and, therefore, the maintenance of the highest ideals of life and labour. I dare say such ideals have the old Athenian god-foundation, though, as yet, remaining impersonified under the general names of Nature-place and Nature-occupation. But there is nothing to prevent Prometheus and Mercury assuming joint control of the "white-coal" industry. Of course, the proper and natural effect, and in the absence of the servile mind the certain and sensible accompaniment of scientific and economic invention and improvement, which can reveal true wealth in "natural resources," can save energy, minimise friction, diminish waste, physical and mental, must be an appreciable release of human energy together with a calm temper of mind essential for its conversion to work of lasting value. There must arise a consciousness of peace pursuits, and where there is a consciousness of desiring after the latter, the inclination to assure such pursuits may be considered to be not far distant. So one may, I think, say that streaming through all these tendencies is a prophecy of the steadfast growth of the spirit of peace and desire of lofty achievement condemning the warlike character of the mass-city and the purposeless one of the present Garden City.

Nobody in his senses would deny that the mass-city is the incarnation of the war-spirit. Look at Paris. It is as warlike as the proposed Carnegie Peace Palace, or the notorious German War Memorial at Leipzig, as the author of "The Great Illusion." All the war symbols on earth seem to have crowded into it, as all

the illustrious souls have swarmed into the many sepulchred cemetery of Père-Lachaise. There are the vast triumphal arches of Port Saint-Martin, Port Saint-Denis, L'Etoile, and Carrousel stretching across avenues of grand armies, surely designed for the everlasting rhythmic march of blue-grey soldiers, like waves touched by February wind and sky. They are majestic war columns, Vendôme, Colonne de Juillet, and the rest. There are colossal war monuments like the Leon de Belfort, which crouches athwart the Place Denfert Rocherea with a lordly air of defiance. There are museums packed with war trophies. There are squares, gardens and promenades inlaid with war statuary and fountains leaping through figures all bearing high testimony to the presence of a war-like spirit in men. But above all these are signs of the big city's peculiar power to absorb and expand on both the material and spiritual resources of the whole country. In this way Paris has really conquered France. And unless a miracle happens, France will continue to flow into the heart of Paris and out again across the wide fortifications like the shallow and spreading border of a great sea withering on an expanse of red-hot arid sands. A mass-city is actually the product of a process of crystallisation whereby a living substance passes from the fluid to the solid state. This is one truth to be brought forward as a ground for the non-continuance of this basilisk form of city. It also operates against the City Beautiful, seeing that the more attractive a city is the more it is likely to compete for the favour of the surrounding country. Make Paris sufficiently attractive and it would soon be all France. It is doubtful whether the promoters of this kind of city are aware precisely of the difficulty they are opposing to advance by thus proposing to replace one evil by another—and worse one.

I think this very oversight is responsible for the comparative failure of the Garden City. To most sensible human beings surrounded by the depressing conditions of big industrial towns the opportunity to escape to happier surroundings must strongly appeal. But directly these surroundings are imitated by the towns themselves, much as a comic opera scene imitates Nature, men would cease to leave them, and the Garden City would gradually perish of neglect. To make the Garden City more powerfully attractive it must be founded on a commanding ideal. Hitherto, this ideal has been lacking. Anyone can see that Garden Cities are for the most part merely overflows from big towns, serving to relieve population congestion, and having a fair regard to health and efficiency, but not offering to stir the creative potentialities of the Garden citizen. To hold this citizen lastingly the Garden City must have a creative purpose, thus bringing it as near as possible to the individual and creative thought and activities of those who dwell in it. We shall find, as I said, the new economic impulse underlying the Garden City movement; but, unfortunately, not the psychic vision needed to give it utmost potency. Never was such a competition among wealthy and benevolent tradesmen and others to rehouse the rustic and urban labourers, and to provide them with allotments and gardens wherein they can grow vegetables and stretch themselves full-length. Never was there so much money wasted on laborious England likely to produce poorer results. Never was there such a conspiracy to change the conditions of living while ignoring the conditions of Life. Look how labour is being taken out of its rotten cottages and tenements and replanted in misfits where it is expected to practise simplicity and economy without the least incentive to correlate those new values to Life itself. Life, not living, is the main thing. What is wanted in each new region is a big plan to be filled in with a complete set of Life values as experienced by an emancipated community of town-workers. The plan should be so composed as to yield a culminating achievement as its blossom. Say, a Garden colony crowned with an Athenian Acropolis or Festival House.

HUNTLY CARTER.

Views and Reviews.

EDWARD CARPENTER.

MR. GEORGE MOORE, in his novel "The Brook Kerith," has with most ironic effect confronted the apostle Paul with an elderly and apostate Jesus. To have before us at one time Mr. Carpenter's own view of himself, and a disciple's view of him, is to reproduce in fact a situation that is most suitably treated in fiction. Mr. Edward Carpenter is so modest in his autobiographical notes that he has left his critics little to say. He had the misfortune, as a poet, to be forestalled and inspired by Walt Whitman; as a reformer of methods of living, he admits that Thoreau's experiment "took the bottom out of the commercial and rather materialistic life in the way of Trade in which I was embarking." It is our misfortune that none of his old friends has reviewed this book as Lowell reviewed the works of Thoreau; Mr. A. H. Moncur Sime has come to praise Carpenter, not to bury him. He has taken this fugitive and rather futile figure as "a man of great force of character, a man of far vision and extraordinary audacity of thought." There is not an epithet that will bear examination, and when one compares him with some of his contemporaries the description seems utterly meaningless. Compare him with Huxley, with William Morris, with Kropotkin, and he seems just a dapper little democrat. What was Carpenter doing while the battle raged over the "Origin of Species"? He was doing the work of an "amiable curate," writing verse, and as Junior Tutor of Trinity, Cambridge, astonishing Augustine Birrell with "the marvellous neatness of your now discarded white tie." He was discovering Whitman, and Greek sculpture, and developing a conscience that forbade him to remain in Holy Orders.

It is characteristic that when he did resign from the ministry he did not devote himself to original scientific work, but to lecturing on science in connection with the University Extension Lecturing Scheme. "It had come upon me with great force," he says, "that I would go and throw in my lot with the mass-people and the manual workers. I took up the University Extension work perhaps chiefly because it seemed to promise this result. As a matter of fact it merely brought me into the life of the commercial classes." But when, after seven years, he did "throw in his lot with the mass-people and the manual workers," he did so under the most disqualifying conditions. Thoreau, we know, borrowed an axe, made a clearing and built a hut; and boasted that he returned the axe with a sharper edge than it had when he borrowed it. But Carpenter's father left him about £6,000; he bought a freehold of seven acres, and had a house built. With the assistance of a working-class family, he tried to make market-gardening pay; and he seems to have done enough manual work himself to restore him to health. But the awkwardness of being a lodger in his own house made the arrangement unsuitable; he was not so determined to "throw in his lot with the mass-people and the manual workers" as he was to find the most suitable conditions for himself. Not until he was fifty-four years of age did he discover these conditions; he obtained a good manservant (or "comrade," as he calls him), ceased to grow vegetables for market, and settled down to lighting his

"My Days and Dreams." By Edward Carpenter. (Allen & Unwin. 7s. 6d. net.)

"Edward Carpenter: His Ideas and Ideals." By A. H. Moncur Sime. (Kegan Paul. 2s. 6d. net.)

own fire, sweeping his own room, doing a little digging and much writing. His own judgment is worth quoting: "The leaden skies of England, and something (if I may say so) rather grey and leaden about the people, have since early days had the effect of making me feel not quite at home in my own country. I longed for more sunshine, and for something corresponding to sunshine in human nature—more gaiety, vivacity of heart and openness to ideas. But everything has its compensation, and the result of being pinned down so much to a limited and local life on the land has been that every three or four years I have been able to 'stick it' no longer, and have been compelled in the intervals of my work to make a dash for some warmer and brighter climate." The mass-people and manual workers will recognise how much of his lot Mr. Carpenter threw in with their lot.

The contrast between his "days" and his "dreams" is manifest to himself; but Mr. Moncur Sime makes no comparisons. To him Edward Carpenter (who refers to himself as E.C., as though he were a postal district) is not a rather prose poet identifying himself with Democracy, but is the writer whom the world is awaiting. "Someone has said that while we have had many able writers who were thoroughgoing Socialists, and many great Socialists who have been able writers, we still await the great Socialist writer. It is suggested that the writer we are awaiting must have prophetic vision and great literary power. In Carpenter such an one has indeed come." The quotations from "Towards Democracy" ("T.D.," as "E.C." calls it) do not bear out the text.

The fact is that Edward Carpenter has contributed very little to modern life and thought; like Mrs. Besant, he has only made publicly accessible trends of thought rather than ideas. We do not go to Carpenter either for good poetry or exact science; but for a blend of mysticism and science that indicates a union of Western knowledge of methods with the Eastern interpretation of meaning. "The Drama of Love and Death," for example, is an incomparably better book than the ranting rignarole of "Towards Democracy," and it is much more dramatic than his drama, "The Promised Land." Indeed, if we try to understand what this writer really has done and may mean for posterity, it is precisely to that blend of mysticism and science that our attention should be directed. He says himself: "The Eastern teaching has or has had a tendency to err on one side, the Western on the other. The Indian methods and attitude cause an ingathering and quiescence of the mind, accompanied often by great illumination; but if carried to excess, they result in over-quiescence and even torpor. The Western habits tend towards an over-activity and external distraction of the mind which may result in disintegration. The true line (as in other cases) is not in mediocrity, but in a bold and sane acceptance of both sides, so as to make them offset and balance each other, and indeed so that each shall make the extension of the other more and more possible. Growth is the method and the solution."

It is not a very original conclusion; indeed, it is a characteristically English one, and Edward Carpenter, in spite of his attempts to put himself beyond the pale of English civilisation, is well within it. He may talk of his Phœnician ancestry, but he has the quiet English chuckle at all fanaticism; and the most interesting portion of his autobiography is that devoted to the judgment of the people he has met. He may talk of his own experiences of the "Cosmic Consciousness," but he is as critical of other people's experiences as the Catholic Church is of new saints and miracle-workers. It is not as a poet or a prophet that we shall remember him; but as a critic of some of the absurdities, and cruelties, of modern society, and as an adapter of ancient wisdom to modern needs. But he remains obstinately middle-class even in his preaching of moderation in contemplation and action; his ideal is neither revolution nor reformation, but a balance of power.

A. E. R.

REVIEWS

General Botha: The Career and the Man. By Harold Spender. (Constable. 7s. 6d. net.)

General Botha, in his own country, has not yet passed beyond controversy to that blessed state wherein a man is simply accepted for being what he is; but his biographer has wisely treated him as though he were a non-controversial figure who needed only a sympathetic interpretation. The partisanship that would make melodrama of history is absent from this record; indeed, if Mr. Spender's study has a defect, it is that it makes General Botha seem so very measurable a man, as Carlyle would have called him, that it is a little difficult to understand his success. The reference to and comparison with Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, for example, gives General Botha only the diminished stature of a party politician, and is misleading if for no other reason than that Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman was not an Imperialist in the same sense that General Botha is. Certainly, General Botha's reliance on General Smuts's learning and legal ability offered a tempting resemblance to Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's reliance on Mr. Asquith; but loyalty to his party chiefs ought not to have led Mr. Spender to this dubious comparison. He is on safer ground when he likens General Botha to Washington or to William III; the rebel farmer soldier becoming President of a federated Republic offers an exact analogy to Washington, and the racial difficulties were the same in the case of William III as they are in the case of General Botha. But the chief merit of Mr. Spender's study, apart from its emphasis of the genial simplicity of General Botha's character, is its insistence on the fact that General Botha's way of compromise was the only possible way for South Africa. So long as fighting would serve his country and his race, General Botha fought; from the constitutional point of view, as Dicey says, "the war in South Africa was in reality a war waged not only by England but also by the Dominions to prevent secession," and General Botha was wise enough to learn that lesson. The fact that he learned it makes him, as Mr. Spender says, "a great piece of astounding good fortune for the British Empire." He has turned his back on his past, with what success may be imagined from the fact that the Boers have always previously accepted defeat by "a great trek"; and he devotes his efforts to establishing and maintaining unity and peace among the confusion of races and colours that inhabit South Africa. Mr. Spender says: "Governing a mixed population of English and Dutch, he is always being blamed by both parties; and that is perhaps the best proof that he is working on the right lines. Standing between the races, he cannot expect to have the hearty enthusiastic support of either; for the entire support of one would mean the entire enmity of the other. But it takes no ordinary man to stand the fret of constant blame. There have been times in Botha's life when even his strong spirit has seemed to bend beneath the burden. There was a moment after his defeat at East Pretoria in 1910 when a great fatigue seemed to seize him; and for a long time after that misfortune Botha's health was bad. For beneath it all he is a sensitive man; and his endurance must not be mistaken for callousness. But he has found, as so many men find in such a position, that enduring victory is to be sought only through the power of accepting defeat without being defeated." When we remember our own difficulties with Ireland, we may better be able to judge the difficulties with which General Botha has had to cope; the union of South Africa alone, of States so jealous for their capitals that the only way out was to please all of them, giving to Cape Town the Parliament, to Pretoria the administration, and to Bloemfontein the Courts of Justice, that alone would have been a triumph for any statesman. But he handled, in more disputable fashion, the labour crisis in Johannesburg (Mr. Spender states a good case from the Imperial point of view), and the rebellion that broke out at the beginning of the war;

while his acceptance of the task of the subjugation of German South-West Africa has placed the whole Empire in his debt. Perhaps, like Carlyle's Mirabeau, he is a man not great, but large; but he is large enough to represent South Africa, no geographical or racial trifle, and to bear on his own shoulders the burden of its destiny. Mr. Spender's study will make the man and his difficulties intelligible to Englishmen, and should enable them to follow with sympathetic understanding the course of South African politics so far as the Imperial question affects them.

The Deeper Causes of the War. By Emile Hovelague. (Allen and Unwin. 2s. 6d. net.)

To those who have read Professor Cramb's "Germany and England," this book will offer nothing new. It is a statement of that German religion that Cramb expounded with such fervour for our instruction before the war, but it lacks the dramatic rhetoric and the prevailing sense of Destiny in politics which made Cramb's lectures so powerful. M. Hovelague deals justly with the German creed, because his purpose is the instruction of the French people in the nature of the forces that oppose them; but although the word "spiritual" is always on his lips, he does not really appreciate its meaning, and as the chief of the deeper causes of the war, he points to the propagation of the new German religion. But the spirit lies deeper than any of its forms, and if the religion of Germany were only an academic creation indoctrinated into a docile people, it would not be the power that it is. For the spirit is power, and a religion of power can only effectively appeal to a people who are powerful. That the form in which this spirit expresses itself happens, at the moment, to be military matters nothing, from the spiritual point of view; German success, even more than failure, would compel the Germans to find more various expression of the power that animates them. It is not the German religion of power that has caused the war; it is the German sense of power that has expressed itself in its religion and in the war, and the fact that we have to ponder is precisely that spiritual fact that Germany is, and feels, powerful. That she miscalculated the resistances, that she under-estimated, for example, the unity of the British Empire, does not alter the fact that she is, and knows she is, a centre of power; and that power flows naturally from centres of high potential to centres of lower potential has been proved by this war. The British Empire is stronger now than it was before the war, because, as M. Hovelague explains, we also are inspired, at times, by the spirit; and if Germany is the chosen people, so also are we. Lord Fisher used to say: "I am convinced that we are the lost tribes, for see how Providence has taken care of us. Do you know that there are five keys to the world? The Straits of Dover, the Straits of Gibraltar, the Suez Canal, the Straits of Malacca, the Cape of Good Hope. And every one of those keys we hold. Aren't we the lost tribes?" M. Hovelague magnanimously rebuts certain of the German charges against us, notably that of hypocrisy; but his defence is unconvincing, for the best of our writers have also made the charge, and every Anglo-Saxon knows that it is true. "The English and the American," said Emerson, "cant above all the nations of the earth." If we have done any good to the world, it has not been by deliberate effort; probably no Empire ever had worse intentions (when it had any intentions) or better results, and the only satisfactory conclusion is that we are wiser than we know. "Half their strength they put not forth," said Emerson of the English; and that Germany has made us put forth more than half our strength is her spiritual triumph. But if we forget that power ceases in the instant of repose, we shall be challenged at any odd moment by any nation that feels itself more powerful than we seem to be. After all—the spirit, like the wind, "bloweth whither it listeth"; and its vagaries are unaccountable. Certainly, it is useless to

suppose that our aptitude for constitutional government exhausts the possibilities of spiritual expression; and although, at the moment, it is "Germany whose fate lies quivering in the scales," as M. Hovelague says, the spirit is never defeated. If History tells us anything at all, it is that no civilisation is immortal; and although M. Hovelague is kind enough to show our "Virtue its own feature," we doubt whether it really constitutes a claim to immortality.

The Nation of the Future: A Survey of Hygienic Conditions and Possibilities in School and Home Life. By L. Haden Guest. (Bell. 2s. net.)

Dr. Haden Guest here demonstrates the necessity of the school clinic, the nature of the work that is done, and the possibility of so extending its operations that it will really become the distributing centre of medical advice and treatment for the poor of the neighbourhood. It is a fascinating treatise; like all schemes of co-ordination and extension of powers, it seems to hold the future in fee, and its motive is so obviously beyond reproach that it would be easy to pass the proposals *nem. con.* But such an organisation, or co-ordination of organisations, as Dr. Guest suggests raises questions of politics and economics that he does not attempt to answer. We may remind him that care for health may become as much a tyranny as taxation, that the vision he conjures up of a school doctor being able to set in motion a legion of inspectors of the home is not an inspiring one. Think of it! After the doctor is done with the child, the Care Committee begins its ministrations; "the doctor will certify what social factors are likely to cause or allow a relapse of the illness or defect, and it must be the business of the Care Committee to take precautions accordingly." We know those "social factors" and "precautions"; if father has a half-pint of beer for his supper, the Care Committee will report that he "drinks," and will make suggestions that his wages should be paid to them and administered by them. All the other agencies which deal with "feeding, clothing, 'holidaying,' and convalescence," which Dr. Guest suggests "may be naturally grouped and co-ordinated with the clinic's medical work," would thus be able to pursue their activities without pauperising the parents. The simple device of spending the working man's wages on his children, at the same time subjecting him to the ministrations of hordes of lecturers and inspectors, is one that will appeal to all those social workers whose zeal for the public health is perhaps not so disinterested as is that of Dr. Guest. It would not be long before scientists would discover the "minimum necessary to efficiency," and employers would not object to paying that if they knew that it would be expended on the men's behalf by persons qualified to take the direction of their affairs. A woman's place is in somebody else's home, telling the poor people what to do; and if ever Dr. Guest's dream seems likely to be realised, the working man will be well advised to hang a millstone about his neck and quietly drop into the nearest pond. Luckily, Dr. Guest has not a monopoly of the idea of co-ordination; and the impending changes of the economic structure will, we hope, enable the working man to keep the social worker from the door.

Modern Physical Culture for Women and Girls.

By Eileen Edwards. (Agents: Simpkin, Marshall. 3s. 6d. net.)

Exactly why a book on this subject published in Australia by the Lothian Book Publishing Company should be offered for sale here we do not know. We have many books, and many systems; and the author really has nothing new to teach. Most of the book consists of a simple statement of exercises; but when she attempts either advocacy or rhapsody the author's muscles do not innervate her prose. The exercises are certainly comprehensive, and the book is copiously illustrated with photographs, not all of them examples of athletic slimness.

Pastiche.

THE PEACE-DAZZLER.

Turning sharply to the left, you cross a wide expanse of shining asphalt, and pass six white posts, each surmounted by black iron spheres linked together by spiked chains. The weather is fine; the sun is bright; the sky is blue; the war is over. . . . Suddenly your eye is caught by a vivid golden flash. You stop and look downwards; the flash is repeated—you seem for a moment to have been mesmerised; the mind wanders vaguely over a thousand incidents which have now become subconscious. A psychologist of repute has attempted to analyse this peculiar flash. "I first saw the flash," he writes, "on the west side of Aldwych, a week after peace was declared. It was a small oblong illumination which seemed to pass very rapidly across what might conceivably have been a painter's palette thickly coated with freshly ground pigments. The effect was very beautiful." This psychologist hinted at a slightly deranged complex, resultant upon the effect of excessive street decorations. It reminded many people of the old-fashioned kaleidoscope, a machine which revolved slowly, causing pieces of glass to fall into a continual variety of colour and design. But the golden flash!—the "small oblong illumination" which invariably accompanied the flash! That remained to be accounted for. What was it?

I, myself, must admit that I did not imagine that there was anything human about this golden flash. I did not associate it with flesh and blood. Yet eventually I did discover what the psychologist failed to discover—the human origin of this bewildering phenomena. I discovered a sort of hand—a curiously twisted hand, minus a finger. This hand was always in the same position, closed, and gripping a small object very tightly. Further, the hand moved backwards and forwards with great rapidity, simultaneously with the golden gleam. In time I traced a sleeve and then an arm; but now I have very little more to tell. Mr. Bert Porter, whose twisted hand it was, whose golden gleam it was, whose riot of colour it was—this Mr. Bert Porter, late rifleman of the Royal Albert Rifles, who distinguished himself at Mons—this same gentleman now causes certain pieces of City pavement to become alive with colour. His golden sleeve stripe, awarded for a terrible thigh wound, passes rapidly over the coloured pavement when he is "finishing off," causing the mysterious dazzling effect which perplexed so many newspaper editors and journalists. The novel rainbow effect with the scintillating gleam attained by Mr. Porter may be seen on any sunny day when he is well enough to be at work. . . . I may add that Mr. Porter draws his pictures entirely unaided and without previous instruction. ARTHUR F. THORN.

WAR POETS.

Ah, how I hate you, you young cheerful men
Whose pious poetry blossoms on your graves
As soon as you are in them, matured up
By the salt of your corruption, and the tears
Of mothers, local vicars, college deans,
And flanked by prefaces and photographs
From all your lesser poetastic friends
Who print their sentimental elegies
Where, sure, no angel mourns, and, living, share
The dead's brief immortality.

Oh God!

To think that one could spread the ductile wax
Of his fluid youth to Oxford's glowing fires
And take her seal so ill! Hark how one chants:
"Oh happy to have lived these epic days!"
A happy epic! And he'd been to France
And seen the trenches, glimpsed the huddled dead
In the periscope, hung in the rusting wire;
And smelt their sickly foetor, day and night
Blown down his throat, stumbled through ruined hearths,
Proved all that muddy brown monotony
Where blood's the only coloured thing. Perhaps
Had seen a man killed, a sentry shot at night,
Hunched as he fell, his feet on the firing-step
His neck against the back slope of the trench
And the rest doubled up between; his head
Smashed like an egg-shell, and the warm grey brain
Spattered all bloody on the paradocs;
Had flashed a torch in his face, and know his friend
Shot, breathing hardly, in ten minutes, gone.

Yet still God's in his heaven, all is right
In the best possible of worlds. The woe

Even his sealed eyes must see, is partial, only
A seeming woe, we cannot understand.
God loves us, God looks down on this our strife
And smiles in pity, blows a pipe at times
And calls some warriors home.

How rare life is!

On earth and love the fellowship of men
Banded to maim and kill, in heaven above.

TEA IN THE GARDEN.

You see this tea, no milk or sugar in it,
Like peat-born water's brown translucency
Where deep and still it lingers through the shade
Of hazel curtains: well! this liquid jewel
This quiet, self contained, smooth, rounded pool,
This glowing, agaric, gold threaded dusk,
Tranquilly gleaming, yet shot every way
By rays of china-filtered sunlight, steam
Gliding in banks, whirling in eddied dances
Over the polished floor, now leaping off it
In restless clouds that win a kiss of the sun
Ere a death, like Semele's from the levin brand,
Whisk them to dissolution; this brimmed cup,
Let us pretend that it's a human mind,
That we've created, for we poured it out,
Ay! and will spill it, if we like;—this mind
A young man's mind, clean, unadulterate,
And noble too, as China-tea minds are—
None of your vulgar one-and-fourpennies—
We'll govern as the gods do govern us.
He's happy now, the man, wits clear, blood warm,
And dim delightful clouds of sunlit visions,
Like steam, are born and die in loveliness
Continuously.

But, he's not fit to drink,
Needs milk and sugar; and we poured him out
The best of Tea in a biscuit china cup,
Because we meant to drink him; milk and sugar
Will rather stultify his Attic salts
And cloud the clearness of his intellects—
But we are Gods, he's ours and not his own,
So pass the milk-jug and the sugar-bowl!

Ah, how he lies and sweetly meditates,
Fond fool, those fair reflections in his mind;
Slow clouds and passing wings and leaves a-flicker,
Like little yellow flames, on the poplar tree;
And weaves an intricate theology
From the silver tea-pot spout that gave him birth,
Your hand and wrist, jewelled and braceleted,
Behind the pot, well-wishing deities
That made him out of love, will care for him
And bring him home at last. . . .

Pour in some milk!

His light is dimmed, for quite impermeable
Is this dull muddy fluid to the sun:
Where are his glinting sparkles, amber glows,
The glazed clearness of his mirrorlike soul,
As sharp-reflecting as Narcissus' well?

His blood runs colder, no more leaping clouds
Of vaporous fancy spring to gaze on the sun
And perish gazing; he's turned "practical,"
(His own word that), must keep his energies
For the lukewarm days when life is on the lees.

Pour in more milk: the cold white heaviness
Drops clean through all his being, re-ascends
Like monstrous births from wind-impregnate wombs
In cloudy tumours: like a witch's cauldron
His brain boils up in vaporous melancholy
And pallid phantoms hold in it high revel
Of tireless whirling orgy.

Sugar him!

And a few bubbles of air like noisome gas,
Come popping up and dully burst, a sweet
Faint opiate apathy distils about
His goblin haunted soul. Thick fatty blobs
Of yellow cream o'erlay his seething brain
And spread a general obscuration;
Drawing a veil betwixt him and the world
Of mirrorable beauty—a wrinkled rind
Like skin on a hag's cheek, that shows you still,
Crinkling and creasing in fantastic flickers,
The weary ebb and flow of his sick mind.
Come, let us end it!

Take that silver spoon

And stab him to the soul; the agony
Of its entrance may confound his fond beliefs
Concerning us, who made him, and a flame
Of purifying hatred cauterise
His poisoned being, such a flame as we
Might wince at, if between our separate worlds
Were any commerce found.

Well struck! He's dead;
 And only posthumous nervous energy
 Still sends the cream and bubbles floating round.
 Here is no form, nor vestige of a mind.
 Drink him! You take no sugar? Nor, nor I;
 Of course!

Well! pour him on the grass; we two
 Are not gods yet, to torture what we make
 And then find joy in the mangled body. Tea!
 Pour out more Tea, and let's "pretend" no more.

A. G. WEST.

PRISON.

From morn to night, from morn to night,
 Four smooth grey walls that rack my sight!
 Earth's boundaries!—perhaps to me
 Who nothing more than four walls see.
 Nor e'en to me: for I've unfurled
 This dull grey sheet and seen a world
 Without, beyond the skies; till came
 The guard, rolled up my dream, replaced the same
 Four walls. Then woe! A thought—dare I impart?
 Four walls—the boundaries of man's heart!

J. POLISHUK.

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.]

(12) Letter from Rifleman Hinrich, describing the Battle of Lagarde ("Der Tag," August 24).

On Saturday and Sunday we of the frontier rangers were at Lagarde. Lagarde is like all Lorraine villages, only bigger. It lies on the Rhine-Marne Canal, and is a Customs station. . . . None of the Lorraine villages are nearly as pretty as the villages in Germany. They have very plain houses, whitewashed, with few windows, and a dung-heap right in front of the house. On Sunday evening we left Lagarde again. Only one company stayed there. And when we got away, the inhabitants made a sign with the bell in the church tower, and Frenchmen came at full tilt from all the many forests across the frontier and occupied Lagarde. But we only found that out later on, when we had captured it again. On the next morning we got the order: "The battalion will take Lagarde!" So off we were again, and marched first along the street, then through oatfields that the sun was blazing down on in terrific style. Then we went along by the wood, and the wood was full of Frenchmen.

Then the battalion went into the wood, and at every clearing we thought: Are they there? Are they coming? But we got through safely, and none who were in the wood saw any of them. When we got out of the wood, the first shots were fired by the Frenchmen. Now our business was to advance across meadows that were dotted with hurdles. Sometimes we went under them, the major and all the officers with us; sometimes we got over. So we came nearer and nearer to the enemy. And now we began to shoot and to throw ourselves down, and then we jumped forward a bit again, just as in the manoeuvres. . . . The bullets were whistling away over our heads. Once one of them went past the tip of my nose into the earth, and there was a smack as if somebody had given me a box on the ears. Then we jumped forward again, the officers always in front. And whenever we didn't go fast enough for the major, he came up himself and fetched the company and shouted: "Left wing, forward!"

We could see the Frenchmen from far off, the red trousers and blue jackets. Before long it was noon and scorching hot. The sky all blue. An airman quite high up threw bombs, but they didn't touch us. But in front of us on the church tower the Frenchmen were firing like mad from a machine-gun that they had dragged up there, and they were firing from . . . the windows and from the gardens.

Everyone who was under cover till then now came out. The drum was beating, and up we went with fixed side-arms to make an assault on the bridge. The officers always in front. The one who was my good captain, when he came out from the hedge, a bullet got him, and he was dead before he could speak a word. And he had just driven back a section of enemy cyclists and captured

22 folding cycles that the Frenchmen carry on their backs. What a horrible pity we lost him! He looked so fine in the barn where they carried him, as if to say: "I have done my duty."

But we were not yet in the village. Oh, of course, I quite forgot! We went through a stream, our commander always the first. The stream was so deep that we were up to our shoulders in it, and it was a good thing that we weren't a tiny lot. And when the Frenchmen saw us storming up, they began firing for all they were worth. For the Frenchmen all shoot together and murderously, and then they are quiet again. Our major got hit in the right arm, and someone who came up to hold him got hit and fell down dead. The artillery helped us from two sides, and our machine-guns did some good shooting too. And the other troops came from the other side and fired on the village and encircled it entirely. At one o'clock it was ours. Then with a cheer we entered it, and all the Frenchmen had to surrender. They were afraid. They very quickly threw down their rifles and side-arms and jumped into the corners, holding up their hands. They were weedy fellows: from the South of France, they said. I caught three of the beggars behind a wine-barrel. They ran like hares. In front of the house where we stayed on Sunday there were three dead horses lying, and by the wall they shot the men dead at sight who fired at us from the houses. We had red wine to drink from a barrel. It had been too hot, and, if we had not had our field-flasks filled in time in the morning, we should have been parched with thirst. When the troops entered Lagarde, they sang the "Wacht am Rhein."

We took 1,300 prisoners. They soon held their hands out to beg, because they were hungry. One who knew some German said: "We never saw you in your grey jackets, only when you jumped we knew where you were." They all had red trousers and black puttees and large coats like dress-suits, and in the front of their collars red shoulder-straps, and the number of their regiments on their caps. . . . We took a corset off one of them! And then their boots! We were told that the French soldiers have to supply their own boots, and I suppose that is why they are so rotten. . . . Two of the 150 that I helped to escort had nothing on their feet. Others had their soles hanging down. Often they only had their cartridges wrapped up in paper. They showed us how the bullets can be made extra dangerous with a bit of tin, so that the wounds are much worse.

Afterwards I helped to carry wounded. The peasants had to provide carts, and our colonel saw to that himself. The badly wounded were taken the same evening in motors and carts to the field hospitals; the slightly wounded were taken farther away. On our barrack-yard there are now nine guns that we took from the Frenchmen. . . .

(13) Narrative of an eye-witness who took part in the fighting between Metz and the Vosges, under the command of the Crown Prince of Bavaria ("Frankfurter Zeitung," September 28).

On August 14 we reached the little town of Marsal, nearly four miles from the frontier. Here for four days our brigade with some artillery did frontier guard work against a greatly superior opponent. On the next day the French cannons thundered for the first time. . . . Soon the first shrapnel was bursting, and we greeted it with cheers. But soon it came deuced close above our heads, and we started to fall back on the company. On this day we had our first losses. For two nights our company lay on outpost duty between the German and French guns, in the open air, with the rain pouring down in torrents. Then our brigade began to march back, and we fixed on a position north of Dieuze, where for three days we dug trenches and waited for reinforcements. The French followed slowly . . . and fell into the trap. On this day the Germans attacked on the whole line from Metz to the Vosges. Of course, we noticed nothing of this gigantic extension. . . . Our brave troops advanced dashing and with contempt for death. It was like being on the parade-ground. Under the raging fire of artillery, machine-guns, and infantry, we started from the edge of a wood. In a trice, dead and wounded were lying around us. Our captain and lieutenant of the first platoon fell at once. To begin with, I kept lying by the edge of the wood and fired from behind a tree-trunk at isolated Frenchmen 400 yards away. Then it got too dull for me there, and with three other N.C.Os. I crept into the firing-line. Then with quick dashes we soon put a damper on our opponents' high spirits. In three or four hours a splendid victory was gained. The French

did not hold out against our assault, but made off at a distance of 800 to 1,000 yards. I saw some appalling things then. By the wood immediately in front of me was a poor fellow with two shots in the upper part of his thighs. He was moaning fearfully, and was calling for a stretcher-bearer. But I durst not carry him off, because no rifleman is allowed to leave the line. The most I could do was to give him some water. But I also saw some amusing things on that first day. In a solitary mill we drove the first Frenchmen as prisoners out of the cellar. At the same time we captured some bottles of beer, which we enjoyed immensely, after having had no alcohol for weeks at a time. Our fighting had resulted in a splendid victory—1,500 unwounded prisoners were in our hands. For our brilliant achievement, our commanding officer, speaking with deep emotion, expressed his thanks to us in the evening. But we had paid dearly for our victory. On the following day, the 21st, we continued our march. It was a stirring moment when we crossed the frontier and I was for the first time in France, where, by the way, I had wanted to spend the holidays. Cheering and waving our helmets, we crossed the frontier. In a village near by we halted for the night. With the aid of my knowledge of French I managed to get two eggs and some bacon, which I shared fair and square with our two officers.

On the following day, the 22nd, a very arduous march and an unanticipated hot fight fell to our lot. The French had withdrawn as far as the Rhine-Marne Canal near Lunéville. Here our weak advance-troops came into contact with the enemy. Our company was to move to the right, advanced victoriously, but got into a very severe artillery flank-fire, from which we attempted to extricate ourselves by as speedy a flank movement as we could. Thus we reached a street with a high slope which afforded us some shelter for two hours. About this time the battle looked very unfavourable for us. It was not until reinforcements turned up that a fresh advance was possible. Now there was no stopping the French. They took to their heels like flocks of sheep. This victory gained for us the town of Lunéville, where the Zeppelin once had to land. We spent the night in a rich man's drawing-room, where we slept sitting in the cushioned chairs.

The work that we had on the following day was unusual, hard, and gruesome in its effects. We were grave-diggers. At the spot allotted to us we collected 24 Germans and 29 French. I was glad when we were able to leave the mournful place in the evening. The next day was to be a day of honour for our brigade; we were to enter Lunéville to the sound of music. This had been reserved for us—"the Iron Brigade," as we were called—"as a mark of gratitude and reward for their bravery." But the affair fell flat. Scarcely had we formed up, than an order came calling upon us to march off immediately. A severe battle was already in progress again. We marched and marched and kept on marching, and late in the evening we reached the small town of Gerbévillers, that was entirely in flames as a punishment for its inhabitants who had fired on German soldiers and cruelly mutilated them. Here in bivouac we received the first barrel of beer. The artillery had wine and champagne. On the following days, from August 25 to September 1, and for an indefinite period beyond, there was a whole string of incessant battles.

The most dangerous day so far was August 29. Our company had occupied a village near the enemy to make sure of the bridges. The enemy began counter operations, and a fearful shell-fire devastated the walls and hedges, behind which we lay under cover, and smashed in the roofs and walls of the protecting houses. A shell hit our house with a deafening crash, burst, and curiously enough, wounded only a sergeant-major who was just looking for his rifle. The rest of us, 30 in number, together with 5 wounded, remained unscathed. A thick smoke made breathing almost impossible for some minutes. Our boys, reservists and militiamen, were defenceless against the uncanny enemy. Not till evening did the hellish bombardment, which had lasted for ten hours, come to an end. On this day the company sustained the loss of 11 dead and 20 wounded. In the evening we were relieved, and in the wood we took up positions that were sheltered by coverings. For two days we have had a peaceful time. Across the treetops our artillery thunders its iron greetings to the enemy. Now and then an enemy shell strays in our direction. Gradually we are recovering our peace of mind, which we had lost amid the fearful excitement and exertions of the last few days.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

THE WAR.

Sir,—As war continues, the influences that caused it become clearer.

It is not a war of ideas, nor is it a political war; it is a commercial war, and began and will end in the Near East, where each of the two rival commercial groups demands access and egress forbidden by the other.

These groups could not wait and settle this business matter in a reasonable way, but leapt at each other's throats.

And it is evident that, while the causes of the war are material, the effects must result in a development of idea. It seems likely that the nature of such a development will be ethical.

Assuming a moral evolution in this direction, it is equally likely that the first nation to discover and assimilate the new ethical system will be that one which obtains the first practical proof of the futility of materialism as a creed.

It is as certain as anything can be in this world that, if the war continues another year or so, Austria-Germany will be, materially speaking, completely crushed. Eventually, if not immediately, this outcome must involve political reconstruction. When this happens, it seems probable that this political reorganisation will be based on a recognition of ethical principles of government. From this it seems to be a reasonable hypothesis that, if the victors in the struggle will have gained the world, the vanquished will have rediscovered their own souls.

S. S.

THE NATIONAL GUILDS LEAGUE.

Sir,—Might I ask on what authority you state that "the chairman and secretary of the National Guilds' League both endorse" the proposal "to admit the Unions to a share in workshop management"?

In the first place, just as you made a mistake about the position Mr. G. J. Wardle, M.P., occupies in the National Union of Railwaymen, so you have made another mistake about the organisation of which I am secretary. There is no "chairman" of the N.G.L., and obviously a non-existent official cannot endorse any policy.

Secondly, as secretary, I am entirely unaware of having endorsed any such proposal in the manner suggested by you. Like many other National Guildsmen, I believe that there are "steps to control," and I have said that one obvious step towards such complete control is for the unions to obtain, without any hampering conditions, the right to manage the internal life of factories and workshops. National Guilds will not suddenly appear out of the void, but will come gradually, as the result of union pressure in the sphere of management. But to admit this is quite different from endorsing, as a final or adequate policy, the proposal to admit the workers to a share in workshop management.

In conclusion I would point out that the objects of the N.G.L. are "the abolition of the wage-system and the establishment of self-government in industry through a system of National Guilds working in conjunction with the State." To these objects the League adheres.

W. MELLOR, Secretary, N.G.L.

16, Grosvenor Road, S.W.

[Our authority for stating that Messrs. Cole and Mellor endorse the proposal "to admit the unions to a share in workshop management" is the highest—namely, their own. In the "Herald" of August 19, writing jointly over their own names, they say: "If we are to have reconstruction, let it be reconstruction which recognises the humanity of the worker, and devolves upon him a share in workshop control."—ED. N.A.]

"A MODERN DOCUMENT."

Sir,—Readers of THE NEW AGE who have been following with interest "A Modern Document" might like to recall what Jowett says of Platonic love. The extract given is a quotation from a letter published in his collected correspondence:

"To—

"Balliol College,
"July 27, 1884"

"You ask me in your letter where in Plato's writings the idea of Platonic love is to be found. In the 'Symposium ad Phædrus,' two of the most wonderful of human creations. But I should explain that Platonic love in the modern sense does not exist in Plato. Women, as you rightly conjecture, were too little accounted of among the Greeks. The love of which he speaks is the mystical

love of men for one another, the union of two human souls in a single perfect friendship. Whether such a thing is possible, I do not say—or right. But it appears to have been a much stronger feeling than the regard of men for women. Whether there can be Platonic love in the modern sense between men and women, or rather whether it is a good thing, is a curious question. I believe that it is, but I should not call such a friendship Platonic love. It should be true and faithful and the reverse of sentimental, and should never bring upon itself the remark of the world. I think, also, that some kind of mutual help or desire for the good of another is naturally implied in it. There is a great deal of happiness and consolation to be gained from such friendships. They draw us out and make us to know what is in us. They may change the whole character for the better. Yet I admit they are very likely to become foolish, and only by great care is it possible to avoid this. So, you see, I have done more than answer your question about Platonic love." GLASGOW READER.

DRAMA.

Sir,—Surely Mr. John Francis Hope falls into contradiction of himself. Like everyone else, he has noticed that comedy is ousting tragedy, and holds the stage. This, again like everyone else, he says he first thought to be due to the reaction of war. Now, however, Mr. Hope has revised his opinion, and on second thoughts has decided that "there is no trace of reaction in the programme of the autumn season; there is manifest an instinctive preference for the things that amuse. It is as though there were no war. . . ." The dilemma in which he leaves himself is obvious. If there were not an abnormal amount of comedy on the stage at the present time, there would be no case for him to comment upon. If, on the other hand, it is not due to the war, but merely to natural causes, why did not the natural causes produce the phenomenon before the war? In my opinion Mr. Hope's first thought was best—namely, that the increase of comedy is due to the reaction of the war. But this would be to admit that, after all, it is not as though there were no war. Altogether, Mr. Hope is bewildering.

R. G.

REGIONALISM AND DRAMA.

Sir,—Mr. Margrie, jun., leaps into many excesses of confusion and fallacy concerning what he carelessly terms "The New Drama." Who with any sense speaks of "new" drama after all these years of anointing Drama with absolute value; or appears leaning on the neck of Sir Bernard Shaw's super-obsession that philosophy is necessary to Drama; or attired in Professor William Archer's principal aberration that Drama resides in conflict? But there are minor points which Mr. Margrie, jun., may be left to reflect upon when he becomes Mr. Margrie, sen.

A major point for consideration here is this. Implicit in Mr. Margrie's letter is the question: What sort of theatrical expression is Regionalism going to give us? How will regionalists interpret the new social formation in the growth and development of complete economic groups? Will they do something new by evolving a dramatic form, or will they continue the old tradition of expressing current tendencies in the form of plays? By a play I mean an adjustment of expression in the theatre to current literary, moral, educational, and recreational requirements. The Comte-Darwin-Spencer determinist playwrights of the late nineteenth, early twentieth centuries adjusted their expression to requirements of the kind. Likewise, playwrights and revue writers are adjusting their expression to the purely theatrical or recreational requirements of this wartime. The Theatre, both in Paris and London, is, in fact, passing through a stage of theatricalism which promises to restore the essential foundations for a fresh start at dramatic expression after the war. Some day someone will arise to tell us all about this. As to the future, it has the following to offer. The war is certainly clearing the decks of the theatre for dramatic action. It is also giving rise to a new body of Le Play geographical determinists equipped with a conception of energy and geography economics. What are they going to give us by way of theatrical fare? Are they really going to dig geographical determinism out of themselves, and offer us nothing better than Hampstead and Highgate fighting for the crown, as Mr. Margrie, jun., pathetically suggests, or are they going to dig somewhat deeper? Are they going to show us the process of sensible unfolding which human beings undergo at the moment when they are most accessible to

eternal realities? Enlighten us in a sensible way on the transmuting and peace-producing power of Regionalism? HUNTLY CARTER.

* * *

Sir,—Mr. Huntly Carter is in need of correction. I beg him to reflect that, in accordance with the best authorities, Hell was staked out about the same time as the Garden of Eden, and ever since then the flames thereof have continually scorched the blossoms of the Tree of Life. It is some years since St. Martin of Tours, a conscientious objector, resigned his commission in the Roman army, in order to commence building up the City of God on the ruins of the old order of things. This Regionalism is simply a rearrangement of the old substance under a new form. Man, in the midst of his wants, his weakness, and his passions, may poke, and push, and dab, and jab at it with his puny tools; but there is no human institution that does not bear within itself the seeds of its own inevitable decay. "God only is eternal, my friends." HAROLD B. HARRISON.

* * *

THE DECLINE OF HUMOUR.

Sir,—Mr. Dikran Kouyoumdjian is to be congratulated on having chosen a neglected theme which deserves attention. The sense of humour is a great subject, and a decline of humour is correlative to the decline of those qualities which distinguish man from the beast. After Mr. Dikran Kouyoumdjian's article in THE NEW AGE we may hope to see the sense of humour become a branch of sociology, but before this advance I would like to make a few remarks on the insufficiencies of this introductory article. If being able to laugh at a person who has slipped on a banana skin does not qualify one for humour, then there is something wrong with Mr. Dikran Kouyoumdjian's definition, that the sense of humour is to have the ability to make one's own fun and the capacity to be content with the enjoyment of it. His definition, however, is right, and his statement about the banana skin is wrong. The sense of humour, like the belief in the existence of God, is universal, and, as there is a relationship between the reverential awe of a suppliant savage and the ridiculous musings of Plato, there is a relationship between the joke of the banana skin and the joke of the many debasements of the immortal Quixote. Humour is so completely human that we cannot separate the most ill-tempered souls from it. To keep to my religious comparison, the author of "Hudibras" said of the Presbyterians that "they worship God for spite," so the most bitter, mocking satirist must be humorous for spite.

George Robey is part of the great scheme. You cannot destroy him. But the trouble of our age is that the people like Robey and cannot appreciate Cervantes and Sterne. The Robeys were cheap enough in any age. What is the remedy for the low state of humour? Some time ago Dr. Wrench wrote in THE NEW AGE on Wit and Humour, and he divided these two gifts of God as if they were chalk and cheese. Wit, as he proved, was a judgment, and humour a feeling, and then he built a Roman wall between Heine and Twain. Yet, what man would venture to extract the humour from the wit of Shakespeare, Rabelais, Cervantes, Swift, and Sterne? In all great laughter-makers, wit and humour are inseparable, and it is in the proper marriage of these qualities that their excellence exists. Our age, for instance, does not profess wit. It is not thought, as it was at one time, that wit is a necessary element of society, a thing of value for every day in the week, and at its best an attainment worthy of the finest intellects. For this reason, our humour is low. Humour, like love, hunger, ambition, etc., is below reason, yet greater than reason; so humour, the universal, is below wit, the particular; but wit is the refiner by means of which humour becomes more pure, clearer, and worth the combined laughter of head and heart. JOHN DUNCAN.

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Press Cuttings.

An officer has learnt that he must think of something else than his own pleasure or safety, because the standards of a society colour his life. The trade unionist has learnt the same lesson in a fiercer school. His loyalty to his trade union demands from him privation and material sacrifice, and these not only for himself but for his family. The South Wales miner seems to the upper classes an unqualified nuisance when he comes out on strike from sympathy, and no punishment seems too harsh for him. But when the same spirit makes him accept the most terrible death on the battlefield abroad or in the mine at home he is seen to be a hero. Everybody remembers the furious impatience of the public when the North-Eastern Railwaymen came out on strike because an engine-driver had been condemned unjustly, but the moral strength of the Army in France is precisely this temper. It may be argued, indeed, that this is not discipline, and that discipline is obedience to authority. But it is what is vital in discipline, for if you have that spirit in men, the task of directing it is the business of leadership. If an Army or a unit composed of such men is lacking in outward discipline, the explanation is that there is something lacking in the leadership of the army or the unit. And with that spirit there ought to be no occasion for the brutal forms of punishment that still survive, or the conventional habit of incessant abuse.—"The Nation."

Section 6 of the Clayton Anti-Trust Act contains the most advanced concept of freedom. The labour of a human being is not a commodity or article of commerce.

According to old-time philosophy, political economy, and legal thought, labour power was a commodity and article of commerce in no way different from coal, potatoes, and iron. Under this concept the most recent attempts have been made to hold workers in oppression and under the domination of employers, but the power to produce commodities is something different from the commodities themselves. It is personal, human, a part of life itself. Under the concept that labour was a commodity, and therefore property, employers have tried to repress efforts of workers for progress and for larger liberty by punishing these efforts under anti-trust legislation, and by attempting to restrain them through the injunctive process. It was to protect the workers against these abuses and to establish recognition of the concept that the workers and all of their attributes were human, that the labour sections of the Clayton Act were enacted.—SAMUEL GOMPERS.

Mr. Arthur Henderson has given some wise advice to the affiliated societies of the Labour Party which will assemble in conference four months hence at Manchester. He suggests that "societies, in forwarding resolutions for the agenda, should give prominence to proposals dealing with the situation after the war." That may seem at first sight a sufficiently obvious and commonplace suggestion, but experience, and notably the proceedings of the recent Trade Union Congress, have shown that it is needed. After a hopeful beginning, marked by some highly interesting speeches from Mr. Neville Chamberlain and Mr. Gosling, whose different points of view might have formed the basis of a really profitable discussion, the time of that Congress was very largely occupied with stereotyped and academic resolutions bearing little or no relation to the problems of the hour. The best champions and friends of organised Labour were manifestly disappointed. There is so much to be done, and the whole course of industrial life has been so profoundly changed, that it seemed sheer waste of force to reiterate the well-worn pre-war formulas. No doubt the fault lay largely in the preparations for the Congress, and for this reason Mr. Henderson is to be congratulated on taking time by the forelock. If once the Labour Party's agenda takes a practical shape, we may look forward to a better sense of proportion and a higher order of leadership when its Conference assembles.—"Times."

If the Parliamentary Committee of the Trade Union Congress knew their business, they would at once counter these sinister proposals by a vigorous propaganda, and demand that organised Labour shall share in the control of industry on equal terms with organised Capital. To-

day, as every intelligent workman can perceive, the right to control conditions is the only thing worth fighting for in the industrial field. Unless the worker secures that right—the right to share in industrial management—it is certain that his interests as a wage-earner will be sacrificed in the name of business efficiency and scientific management, and that his position will steadily grow worse and worse. The history of the working classes during the last thirty years proves that all the benefits won by trade union action are illusory so long as the capitalistic and employing classes direct and control large-scale industry. Every advance in money wages has been nullified by a corresponding rise in prices, and every reduction in the hours of labour has been accompanied by an extension of the process known as "speeding-up," whilst as a result of the amalgamation of capital and the centralisation of control the worker has been entirely deprived of the power to determine the conditions of his daily life and labour. Fortunately, a new school of trade unionists is arising, composed of men and women who read the signs of the times aright, and if the "orthodox" trade union leaders of to-day do not give expression to their full demand they will share the fate of their invertebrate predecessors who were ignominiously ejected from office twenty-odd years ago.—"T. W. M." in the "Plymouth Co-operative Record."

If industrial reconstruction proceeded along the lines of giving almost uncontrolled authority and responsibility to a very few people, we were heading for serious disaster. The other line was a line which few people were prepared to take; they were afraid. The principle underlying our national life was that of democratic government, of individual responsibility, and it was curious that practically the only aspect of national activity where there was nothing of that kind was the industrial system—a huge erection in the State which was every day violating the principles upon which the whole of the remainder of our organised life was built. It seemed clear that, sooner or later, the industrial system must be governed by the same kind of principles as governed the other sides of our organised activities. Life could not be cut up into departments. The growth of educational responsibility and the sense of self-respect would sooner or later overthrow the industrial system, which was really a huge oligarchy. How the idea was going to be worked out was not for him to say. There would be many blunders, and it would take a long time. He did not think it would pay in the first instance. We must be prepared, if necessary, to face the loss which would come from broadening the basis of responsibility, and putting it upon people who had been trained in such a way that they were unable to accept it. It was not possible to evolve a fully fledged industrial system that was going to satisfy everybody. It would be a question of trial and experiment for some time, but the main principle could, in a general way, be put into operation almost immediately. A general scheme could not be laid down to apply to everybody. Who knew about industry? The Government did not know anything about the industrial system. We never had a Government that had done anything but bungle with industrial questions, because they had not had the necessary experience. In the engineering industry the problems of reconstruction were more complicated than in other industries. What he would suggest as the first step was the establishment in that industry (and in every other industry) of a national joint committee, on which half the people would be employers, and those responsible for organisation; and the other half workpeople or their official representatives, but including some who actually worked at the occupation. In a conference of that kind in each industry, the people would understand the problems which had to be faced. It would be terrible if the question of industrial reconstruction were left to solicitors or clergy! The only people who knew what things were were the people engaged in the industry concerned. A conference such as suggested would be able to come to an agreement as to the lines which reconstruction of that particular industry should take at the end of the war. The various industries ought to be co-ordinated in a great central body. There would come an agreed-upon policy of reconstruction far superior than anything which could be evolved in the minds of outsiders and officials. It adopted the principle of self-government. The findings of the Industrial Conference should be ratified by Parliament to cover the whole of the industry.—PROFESSOR ARTHUR GREENWOOD.