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 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 confounding? 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 confusion. The first attempt to put the theory into practice will demonstrate even to its parents the absurdity of the child of their old age.

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.

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 instrument of control the most narrow-minded Labour leaders can grasp, elsewhere the forces of Capitalism are being arrayed for a grand assault upon Labour
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.

Infinite more momentous events are now in progress than the decision of who shall have the opening and closing of windows 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 think of industry as the walking spirit, the redemptor, the source of all strength; but it is not romantic to do what is good for oneself if one can, and it is not a mistake to wish to work in one's own way if one can. People who are not used to being dismissed, but are used to doing what is good for themselves, will not be swamped. To fiddle about with the decision of who shall have the opening and closing of windows and the question whether Labour is finally and irretrievably to be placed under the heel of Capitalism is as if the English General Staff were to devote themselves to designing fresh uniforms while the enemy was massing for a general attack.

The most momentous of all is the question whether Labour is finally and irretrievably to be placed under the heel of Capitalism.

We may say at once, however, that in the opinion of the labour leaders, 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 proflits by treachery does not at the same time loathe the traitor? Unparalleled for advantage in 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 no reference to the rank and file? Well, how did he set about it, and what explanation did this self-styled "leader" of Labour design 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 no interest in the matter, and, as for his claim to 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 spokes- man 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 railwaymen had in their hands 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 meet it with proposals? 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 despots. They are, on the contrary, ambassadors and representatives of their Unions whose bond must always

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—this whatever one may say of the character of the leaders, the what 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 proflits by treachery does not at the same time loathe the traitor? Unparalleled for advantage in 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 no reference to the rank and file? Well, how did he set about it, and what explanation did this self-styled "leader" of Labour design 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 no interest in the matter, and, as for his claim to 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 spokes- man 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 railwaymen had in their hands 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 meet it with proposals? 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 despots. They are, on the contrary, ambassadors and representatives of their Unions whose bond must always
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 without limit, 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 any 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 leader is working. The two principles which 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 argued 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 absolute affirmation must be made and maintained by Labour that while a penny of "profit" continues to be earned by Capital, no offer can be entertained to accept 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. Immensely powerful, we happen to know, is being prepared by the Employers to bear upon Labour to induce them to abandon or force them to yield it 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 workshopship, profit-sharing, co-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.

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 and the end of the 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 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 400 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.

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 do away 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 here to reply to us; and it is silent.
Foreign Affairs.
By S. Verdaz.

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 were told Berlin was ready to make any kind of offer to negotiate peace terms on the basis of the “war map.” On June 3 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 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 direct or by implication, the necessity for annexations, however trilling. 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 necessary 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 Heyderbland, Oldenburg, Reventlow, and Admiral von Tirpitz. These men laid continual stress on their cut-and-dried programmes of annexations 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 open 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 every 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 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’s 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 position, and that they are beginning now to feel the effects of the rush 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 egotistic, 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 “Korinische Zeitung,” and “Vorwarts” 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 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 “Vorwarts” were 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 German divisions are fighting. The Chancellor’s tone is pessimistic, the tone of the war correspondents’ dispatches may almost be described as tending to scar 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. Kellogg, in a note of October 23, hurried visit, and led to the publication of Mr. Lloyd George’s warning to neutrals coincidently with the Chancellor’s speech. The German Chancellor, I am aware, has made some attempt to blunt his previous attack, 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 are entitled 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 towards 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 Vermeilles, 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 is coal-mines there is industry. 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 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 political-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 part of the line than anywhere else. And from that time the British front 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 the château, 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, when walked upon, creak. The 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. They were, however, as usual, using every means 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 in the stones on the cellars 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 clench. The Londoner vaguely remembered that he had put his knife in his boot. He could lift his right hand without ceasing to grip; 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; there is no longer 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...
tion. The will of the Allies comes to this point; the will of the Germans cannot. 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," 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 pacific ideal comes 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.

To-morrow these men will tread in a new land; they feel themselves to be at the centre of the earth. France one had passed suddenly into that of Castile. The fields and the ruins are covered with dust. The tentacles of the desolation the light is whiter, as if from the land where it is death to show one's face. Amidst the ruins there are still men. The narrow band is their new frontier.

"Now is the time." The will of the Allies comes to this point; the will of the Allies is to be the master, to hold the line. To-morrow the Allies come to this point; to-morrow they will plant the flag. And the Allies are masters. The Allies will not be moved.

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 the 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 force. But force will not be overcome by the mere fact of force. If a mere fact of force is the basis for victory, we may moreover 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 glories increasing, and says: "Now is the time." But it is also possible that my neighbour's appetite may revive my instinct of preservation, which may be modified.

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 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 the 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 fact of force. If a mere fact of force is the basis for victory, we may moreover 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 glories increasing, and says: "Now is the time." But it is also possible that my neighbour's appetite may revive my instinct of preservation, which may be modified.

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 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 the 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 fact of force. If a mere fact of force is the basis for victory, we may moreover 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 glories increasing, and says: "Now is the time." But it is also possible that my neighbour's appetite may revive my instinct of preservation, which may be modified.
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 who are small help to himself; and the attackers, if they 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 when under fire, of "carrying on" when one's leaders are dead or absent, which is the birthright of backwoods-men 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 it is evident that owing to the 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 or in his disposal reinforcements were 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 reserve into this stubborn central battle, where I 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."

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 simultaneous divisions a few divisions.

It, 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 well disciplined as regulars, these men were pre-eminently suited to the kind of 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 they were 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 hold 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 stiffness of Regular officers and N.C.O.s, which lent a professional tone to the New Army. Their senior officers—reliefs 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-deteriorating 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, deplores 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 with 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 allies 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 home to another—by the increasing number of the line. 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 hopeless was written 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 Servia, they received a much-needed increase in munitions. Our communications, threatened in the extreme north and south 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 they were deprived of it, 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 leadership.

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 making their way to expel 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 which obscure 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 powerclass which has demonstrated 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 have not known 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 which depend 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 worker'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 who in times and places approximately 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 organisation in every State, and as having 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 trade of the nation, it might 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.
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 the-e jointly would be given legislative power 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 of the 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 must be exercised by Guilds; and the Guilds would 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 Cooperative Societies, wholesale and retail, thus relieving its members of their labours, and at the same time securing for the public the necessary 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 remedies, free 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 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 extinguished) 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 marvellous minds which may not all be equal to their 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 shambling of Ypres and the battlefields of Loos and Neuve Chapelle, and its effects 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 great ideas, 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 the pride and security of collective wealth: not an undirected 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 schemes on 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 of production. 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; 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 full 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 Parthenon 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 overweighted 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 Paleologus.

This is the surprise that awaits every Philhellenic pilgrim who comes to worship at the shrine of the Parthenon. He find 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 signs 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. But already is it 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 forsaken 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 Caesars, and to acquire the spiritual empire of the earth by the help of the Holy Ghost. And he has shown that offer which they rejected was accepted by Gentile proselytes, and a thousand years afterwards the king who claimed to represent Caesar stood in the snow before the gates of the priest who claimed to represent Christ. The Hellenes of the spirit 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 privileges, 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.
There would, according to our assumption, be no necessary diminution in the consumption 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 first three years and a half of the war, consumption would — on the same assumption — be practically no preparations made, and as it clearly is an impossibility so to change the modern war — of 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 fail to 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 sheet 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 most tactically, shrewdly, 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 26), 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 per cent, not only coal that is awake. The engineers have met at the Mansion House; capitalists are keeping the sharpest 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. They are 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 Newsletters" (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 putting an end to 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. Northbroox.
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 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 aternitatis," 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 his, ex pede Herculeum. But it is remarkable that these profoundly instinctive conclusions never at all differ from the conventional concepts 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 aternitatis," 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 Frye 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 he awaited the consummating words, the stig 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-embussed epigram!" But the poet looked at his watch and departed, still chewing the cud of his incomplete witicism. 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, encyclopaedic 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 uncountability, 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 entourage had got us both into trouble. At a pseudo-Rohemian night club he mistook a respectable musical critic for the president, burst in upon him, and disturbed a promising tete-a-tete. 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 interference of a convert hardly 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 a pound to the musical critic for the president, burst in upon him, 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 crowded 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 the discovery.

It will be remembered that Edgar Allen Poe claimed to have constructed his poem "The Raven" 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 syllabic "ore":

Tell this soul, with sorrow laden, if, within the distant light

It shall clasp a sainted 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 starved 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 "Oreland," the sound becomes maudlin, and quite consistent with Ireland's frequent role as England's anti-climat.

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 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 them. The result was instantaneous; I began to be understood. As an American 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 need 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 style. On page 1 we read of "the touch of the air" as "glowed." 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 bums every now and then as if his mind were driven over a colony 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. Always, he kept himself attentive by never sparing himself any consciousness in the presence of a personality. He never, as he says, "conceamed 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 considered school of our time, there 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 results they have wrought for the mind. It 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 satire but as a deliberately chosen cliche. Interesting enough it all is, too, for Mr. Lawrence, I make bold to agree with the reader who says that his book 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 is both good and key point of his thought and essay. He revision 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 symbolism in the mysterious poem addressed to the burning 'gloved." On page 2 he examines, expounds, and finally demolishes the whole subject of intellectualism 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 economize consciousness when reading him. I shall treat myself, as these Notes in the future may bear witness.

* * *

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 have still 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, exposes, and finally demolishes the whole subject of German philosophy which underlies German philosophy. Nothing could be more damanging, 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 eagerly perform—too late, too late. The criticism comes now, therefore, as a post-mortem, almost as a work of supererogation, a tail-piece, a bit of empty rhetoric. And, 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, subjectivism), it is because the passion for truth led them deeply into error as it might have led them towards truth.

R. H. C.
Germanism and the Human Mind.

By Pierre Lassere.

(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 restrict myself, 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 nervousness with the substantia of a substantial nature. His famous epic and dramatic compositions, though assuredly unequal in power, arduous and life, but still all so learned and free from astringency, 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 the Romantic; it is, in the rule of a mind 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 and the romantic grace everywhere appear, a most German trait, though in his case neither paralysed nor impeded by dulness of intellect, or 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 which is afraid of itself.

A certain ardent generosity, heroic activity of soul which, in geniuses belonging to the races of Sophocles, of Virgil, of Shakespeare, of Goethe himself, is the same, as of Dante, of Corneille, Racine and Moléire, form one with the genius itself, as Voltaire himself well understood and admired in these great men, even though he himself did not possess those 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 his dream of time, 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 and sentimental currents, 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 powerfulness and from a standpoint 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 combatting 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 a normal mind: I refer to his dreams of superhumanity and his frenzied opposition to Christianity. Still, without insisting on the real inspiration of his 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 degenerate 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 the greatness of the 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 alone on his character; in this respect, the most eminent in partly intellectual knowledge retain a residuum of moral ineligancy, which is of amazing coarseness when attentively scrutinised, and which, if not 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.
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 tried 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, presupposes 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 our purposes, and these are at all levels of consciousness. Another group (the co-conscious) are less prominent to generally in the focus of attention, we pursue them directly conscious at all, and the existence of which we characterise these works.

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. The 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 of 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, absent-mindedness, "accidental" confusion of thought, and so on, are all to be traced to the artfulness of the subconscious. There is no doubt of its influence 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 psychotherapy. Curiously enough, it is more articulate and within its limits less open to question than its applications, though it is 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 unmasking 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, intelligible to the analysis 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 Beechamp) 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 of some intermediate link 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) 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 against which 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 sort must be established by special arguments. The conception 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 against which psycho-analysis is employed, it must always be supplemented by other methods. I will leave the discussion of these points to another article.

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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’Ostelo, 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 Rochereau 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 composed as to yield a culminating achievement as its most 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 oriris and the wide forlorn countries 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 his 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 powerful it must be founded on a commanding idea. Hitherto, this idea has been lacking. Anyone can see that Garden Cities are for the most part merely overflows from big towns, having served to relieve population congestion, and having a fair regard to health and efficiency, but not offering 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 mediocrity 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 make this culminating achievement as its blossom. Say, a Garden colony crowned with an Athenian Acropolis or Festival House.

HUNTY 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 Lecture Scheme. “It had just 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 commerce 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 £5,000; 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 lodging 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 man-servant (or “comrade,” as he calls him), ceased to grow vegetables for market, and settled down to lighting his pipe.

“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.)
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 and his writings as a past life) is not a rather prosy 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 many more 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 been met. The quotations from "Towards Democracy," ("T.D.," as "F.C." calls it) do not bear out the text.

The fact is that Edward Carpenter has contributed very little to modern thought and life; like Mrs. Besant, he has only made publicly accessible trends of thought rather than to add a personal thought, 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 incomparably better book than the running rígmarole 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 act arbitrarily; the inquisitive and quiescent react on the mind, accompanied often by great illumination; but if carried to excess, they result in over-quisescence 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 philosophy as a heresy, but he is a true believer 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 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 reformulation, 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, and has offered 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 much a man as Carlyle would have called him, that it is 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 not 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 Smut's learning and legal ability offered a tempting reality, and 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 of Pretoria who won a revolution 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 on the personal character 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 proved defeated by English, and he has devoted 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 1900 when a great fatigue seemed to seize him; and 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, any quiet man in his 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, and, as 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. Germany, like Carlyle's Mirabeau
he is a man 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 under-
standing the course of South African politics so far as
the Imperial question affects them.

The Deeper Causes of the War. By Emile
Hovelaque. (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 ex-
ploded 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. Hovelaque deals justly with the Ger-
man creed, but not with force. The religion 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 propagating of the new religious force in the
spirit of Germany, deeper than any of its forms, and if
the religion of Germany were only an academic creation
indocininated into a docile people, it would not be the
power that it is. For the spirit is power, and a religion
of power factors are likely to be
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
spirit 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 its war, and the fact that we have to
ponder is precisely that spiritual fact that Germany is,
and feels, powerful. That she miscalculated the resis-
tances, 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. Hovelaque explains,
we also wakened, as by the spirit of the time.
"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. Hovelaque magnanim-
ously rebuts certain of the German charges against us,
notably that of hypocrisy; but his defence is unsatis-
fying, 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,
"can't above all the rest of men. Half of their strength
laid 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, it is at the German's command, that his faith
"quivering in the scales," as M. Hovelaque says, the
spirit is never defeated. If History tells us anything at
all, it is that no civilisation is immortal; and although
M. Hovelaque 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 Problems at Home and Abroad.
By L. Haden Guest. (Bell. 2s. 6d.)

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 neighbour-
hood. 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 ques-
tions 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 has of a school doctor in action, in the first
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 and "precautions"; if father has a half-pint of beer for his supper, the Care
Committee will report that he "drinks," and will make
the home, from the spirit of the
poor people what to do; and if ever Dr. Guest's dream
were to become a reality, 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.
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 authoress
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 interpose her prose. The exercises
are certainly comprehensive, and the book is copiously
illustrated with photographs, not all of them examples
of athletic slinness.

OCTOBER 5, 1916 THE NEW AGE 547
PARISIAN.

Turned 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—your seem for a moment to have caused pieces of glass to fall into the peacocks. It was a small oblong illumination which seemed to pass very rapidly across what might be a large 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 instinctively 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 kept 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 man, no one mind it was. We'll govern as the gods do govern us.

He's happy now, the man, in the sun, blood warm, and dim delightful clouds of sunlit visions, like steam, are born and die in loneliness Continuously.

But, he's not fit to drink, needs milk and sugar; and we poured him out the best. As he's a butler, he has a habit of tea:

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 fond of those fair reflections in his mind;

Drops clean through all his being, re-ascends

In restless clouds that win a kiss of the sun

Over the polished floor, now leaping

And weaves an intricate theology

Slow clouds and passing wings and leaves a-flicker,

Where are his glinting sparkles, amber glows,

Is this dull muddy fluid to the sun:

And his brain boils

And even his sealed eyes must see, is partial, only

When one could spread the ductile wax

And take her seal

Now leaping off

And 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 man, no one mind it was. We'll govern as the gods do govern us.

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Slow clouds and passing wings and leaves a-flicker,
Well struck! He's dead;
And only posthumous nervous energy
Still sends the cream and bubbles floating round.
Here is no use of a vestigial spy.
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
Pour out more Tea, and let’s “pretend” no more.
And only posthumous nervous energy
Four walls—the boundaries of man's heart!

PRISON.
From morn to night, from morn to night,
Four smooth-grey walls that rack my sight!
Earth’s borders, and perhaps the Marches.
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 was! A thought—dare I impart?
Four walls, the boundaries of man’s heart!

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

(12) Letter to Kienem Himrich, 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. There is the Khiemman river; and is a Customs station. None of the Lorraine villages are nearly as pretty as the villages in Germany. They have lovely square whitewashed houses with few wind-skins, and a dung-heaps 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 battle will take Lagarde!” So off we were again, and marched first along the wood, then through fields that the sun was blazing down on in terrific style. Then we were along by the wood, and the wood was full of Frenchmen.
Then the battle burst into the wood, and at every clearing we thought: And there they are! But we get through safely, and none who were in the wood saw any of them. When we got out of the wood, the First and Second companies were on either side of our line. 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 past the tip of my nose into the earth, and there was a smack as if somebody had given me a box on the ear. 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 shouted the company and shouted: “Left wing, forward!”
We could see the Frenchmen from far off, the red trousers and blue jackets. But 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 behind the church into the wood, and they were firing from . . . the windows and from the gardens.
Everybody 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 where we had been, 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 waists in it, and it was all a mad thing that we weren’t a tiny lot. And when the Frenchmen saw us stirring up, they began firing for all they were worth. For the Frenchmen all shot together and murderously, and then they are quiet again. Our major got hit in the right arm, and someone who came up to him got hit and fell down dead. The artillery helped us from two sides and our machine-guns helped us 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 swords and ran for the corners, holding up their hands. They were woody fellows: from the South of France, they said. I caught them in the beggars behind a wine-barrel. They ran like hares. In front of the house where we stayed 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 the 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 paroled with a little. We could hear from 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: “He won’t offer 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 dresses of some of the French collar red shoulder-straps, and the number of their regiments on their caps. . . . We took a corset off one of them! And the others too were told that the French soldiers have to supply their own boots, and I suppose that is why they are so rotten. . . . Two or three 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 this, 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 motor- and carts to the field hospitals; the slightly wounded were taken farther away. On our barricade there were nine guns that we took from the Frenchmen.

(13) Narrative of an eye-witness who took part in the fighting between Lagarde and Rambouillet under the command of the Crown Prince of Bavaria (“Frankfurter Zeitung,” September 28).
On August 4, our regiment 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 commenced their attack. On the second day the French cannon thundered for the first time. Soon the first shrapnel was bursting, and we greeted it with cheers. But soon it came close, 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 lines. Under the command of the Crown Prince of Bavaria (“Frankfurter Zeitung,” September 28).
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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 moonlight, immediately in front of us, there was a poor fellow with two shots in the upper part of his thighs. He was moaning fearfully, and was calling for help. But I did not carry him away 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 heavy artillery thunders its iron greetings to the enemy. Now and then an enemy shell strays in our direction. Gradually the smoke made breathing almost impossible for some minutes. Our boys, reservists and militiamen, were severely 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 Frenchmen looked very unpromising for us. It was not until reinforcements turned up that a fresh advance was possible. Now there was no stopping the Frenchmen. A thick smoke fell on their heads like fleeces 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 German and 20 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 establish of which I am secretary.

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 the old souls.

S. S.

THE NATIONAL GUILDS LEAGUE.

Sir,—I think I should be able to answer you at once that "the chairman and secretary of the National Guilds' League both endorse" the proposal "to admit the Unions to a share in workshop management." I have great confidence in the organisation of which I am secretary. There is no "chairman and secretary." As 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 harrassing conditions, the right to manage the internal life of factories and workshops. National Guilds will not suddenly appear out of the void, but they will be the result of the growth of 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. MILLOR, Secretary, M.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 recognizes 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 Platonick love is to be found. In the 'Symposium of Phaedrus,' two of the most wonderful of human creations. But I should explain 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 reverse of sentimental, and should never bring upon Platonic love. It should be true and faithful and the love of men for one another, the union of two human kind of mutual help or desire for the good of another is itself the remark of the world. 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 KRASER.**

**DRAMA.**

Sir,—Surely Mr. John Francis Hope falls into contradiction of himself. Like everyone else, he has noticed that comedy is outbreaking tragedy, and holds the stage. This, again like everyone else, he says he first thought to be a bad thing. Now, however, Hope has revised his opinion, and on second thoughts has decided that "there is no trace of reaction in the programming; there is manifest an instinctive preference for the things that amuse. It is as though there were no war . . ." The dilemma in which comedy itself is caught is obvious. If there were 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, comedy were due to natural causes, why did not the natural causes produce the phenomenon before the war? In my opinion Mr. Hope’s 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 conclusion 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 Naomi 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 implicit. In Mr. Margrie’s letter is the question: What sort of theatrical expression is Regionalism going to give us? How will regionalists interpret their group? How will this 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 have 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 the current time. 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 theatrical, action. It is also giving rise to a new body of Le Play geographical determinists equipped with a conception of energy and geography economies. What are 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 Dempster and Highgate productions 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 transmitting and peace-producing power of Regionalism? —HONOLULU CARTER.

Sir,—Mr. Huntly Carter is in need of correction. I beg him to reflect that, in accordance with the best authorities, Hell was stamped in the Garden of Eden, and ever since then the flames thereof have continually scorched the blossoms of the Tree of Life. It is some consolation to the sentimental, and especially to the conscious 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. 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 joke, and push, and jab at it with his many 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 for his first article. 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..."

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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 his life have been set by the trade union. He has learnt the same lesson in a fierce school. His loyalty to his trade union demands from him privation and material sacrifices, not only for himself but for his family. The South Wales miner seems to the upper classes as an unqualified nuisance when he comes out on strike on sympathy, and no punishment seems too harsh when the man accepts the most death than the battlefield abroad or in the mine at home is seen to be a hero. Everybody recognises 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 is not exerted justly, and it is not exerted in the Army, 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 it is time we recognised that commodities is something different from the commodities themselves. It is personal labor, a part of life itself. Under the law that labour power is a commodity, 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 Clayton Act was 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. For the agenda of the recent Trade Union Congress, has shown that it is needed. After a hopeful beginning, marked by some almost immediately. A general scheme could not be done, and the whole 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 disbelief on the efficiency of such a scheme as the one we are discussing, it is because an engine-driver had been condemned unjustly, 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 is not exerted justly, and it is not exerted in the Army, 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.

If industrial reconstruction proceeded along the lines of giving almost uncontrolled authority and responsibility to the few people, who have been discussed in the present discussion, 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 that practical duty is 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 pass into a different kind of principles as governed the other side of our organised activities. Life could not be cut up into departments. The growth of educational responsibility and the sense of self-respect was so deep that would 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 breaking 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 work equally well, so that there would be people who 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. A question of trial and experiment for some time, but the main principle could be, in a general way, be put into operation almost immediately. A central body should be laid down to apply to everybody. Who knew about industry? The Government did not know anything about the industrial system, and if we never did 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 industrial system of reconstruction were left to solicitors or clergymen! The only people who knew what things were were the people engaged in the industry concerned. A conference such as suggested by the Government could 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 only to be co-ordinated in a national joint committee, which would come an agreed-upon policy of reconstruction far superior than anything which could be evolved in the winds of outsiders and officials. It adopted the principle of self-government. The findings of the Industrial Conference should be ratified by Parliament to control the whole of the industry.—PROFESSOR ARTHUR GREENWOOD.