NOTES OF THE WEEK.

While we would not for the three worlds be responsible for prolonging the war by a second, we cannot say that the proposed League of Nations to enforce peace appears to us either immediately or remotely likely to effect its object. Either the members of the League must be comparatively unarmed or otherwise the burden of armaments must weigh as heavily upon them as before this unhappy war—and in that event they would be powerless to apply force to any belligerent. Or they must be armed, in which event, as well as the cost of armament, they would run the same risk of having one of their members declare war as Europe has just suffered. What, after all, is the present Quadruple Entente but a League to enforce peace only because it failed with all its preparations to act effectively as a League to maintain peace. And what better off would any probable League that we can conceive find itself to be in the future, seeing that so powerful a League as the Entente has failed to prevent Germany from declaring war? "It is not merely," as Viscount Grey has said, "a sign manual of Sovereigns or Presidents that is required to make a League like that worth while; it must have behind it Parliament and national sentiment." Exactly; but are we, in fact, any nearer peace even by this democratic means? Admitting that neither Sovereign nor President can go to war without the support (whether spontaneous or procurable) of the nation, the question is still open whether actually national sentiment is not as liable to war-fever as ever dynastic sentiment has been. To all those who imagine that the abolition of secret diplomacy would make an end of war we put the question whether their present experience of the popular conduct of the war is flattering. Is it not obvious that the secret Executive of the State, so far from needing to inflame the nation to carry on the war, is driven by that same nation to carry it on by means that must be repugnant to educated men? And it is no use to reply that the Press is to blame, for the Press, after all, is the chosen and accepted organ of democratic government. The conclusion, we think, must be that left to its own devices national sentiment during the last ten years would have involved this country in war, had secret diplomacy been abolished, not upon one occasion merely, but upon four occasions at least.

We confess, therefore, that our hope of peace by means either of a League of Nations or of national sentiment is very small. But it does not follow that there are no other means of avoiding war. There are, indeed, two that ought to be present in the minds of Englishmen above all. One is the closer federation of the British Commonwealth and its more effective organisation for war, establishing its hegemony of the world in such a fashion that no nation dare to go to war without our leave. The other is an economic means that might apply to any and every country and operate upon all alike. What, after all, is the will to continue a war derived from? from what source does it obtain its nourishment? We reply without hesitation that the main support of war is to be found in the fact that, if not the nation as a whole, a considerable class is not merely exempt from its horrors and losses, but actually profits in every way by war. In this distinction lies the demonstration of the fallacy of Mr. Norman Angell. He, we know, undertook to show that nations necessarily suffered by war, to prove, in short, that war does not pay. The truth, however, is that while war does not pay a nation it does pay a considerable class in every nation, which class must therefore be regarded as immune to all the arguments of the Angellic school. Look, for example, at the state of affairs in Germany, according to Mr. Curtin; and in our own country, according to anybody who cares to use his eyes. The outstanding economic fact in both countries is the contrast between the sacrifices of the people actually engaged in war and war-work and the luxurious living and rapid enrichment of the class that owns the means of production. Mr. Curtin truly says of the capitalist classes of Germany that they see no personal reason for never concluding the war, since...
every day that it lasts adds to their private wealth. And the same may as truly be said of the capitalist classes in England. Moreover, to argue that men cannot be so base as to be willing to make profit by continuing war is to argue against the facts. Disguise it as they may from themselves (and with the aid of the Church, the Press and stupidity in general), it is clear that in actual fact our capitalist classes are profiting by the war, and it is no less certain that, human nature being what it is, a source of profit cannot be looked upon by capitalists with the same eyes with which they would look upon a source of loss. War, in short, by ensuring under present circumstances the enormous enrichment of a fairly large class in every nation has been in that class both an originating and a continuing cause.

It will occur to anybody that if this is the case the remedy is simple: it is to distribute the loss equitably over every single member of the nation. This which is justice turns out to be common sense at the same time. It has, as well, merits peculiar to itself and not to be found in the fancy schemes for putting an end to war which the capitalist classes themselves are willing to devise. In the first place, it is the most certainly fair, honourable, equitable and reasonable way of carrying on a national war that can be conceived. Nobody in the world can deny that the losses of a nation at war are caused equitably in the exact proportion to their power to bear them. The popular doctrine of equal sacrifice is there to support us; and, beyond that, the proposition is incontrovertible on its face. Next, it has the advantage of being the best conceivable means of both demonstrating and strengthening the national spirit. Think what it would have meant to England in the eyes of enemies, neutrals and friends if at the outset of the war our Government, with the consent of our wealthy classes, had announced that the cost of the war should be paid by the wealthy classes out of their savings! Think, too, what it would have meant in inspiration to those actually engaged bodily in the war. Finally, for the present, we can point out simply that the course would be right, a fact which there is no gainsaying. Not only, however, is it that influence on the Government itself. We have seen the Commons exercising control over the Government, we cannot say that its occasional exhibitions of strength were the obvious and daily impoverishment of their fortunes? We need not answer the questions, for the reply is clear. And the conclusion is that if we want to put an end to war, or to any war, the means we have adopted is the equitable distribution of its cost over every class of the nation. The conception of wealth is the means of peace.

In a letter to the "Times" last week Mr. Stuart Jones complained of the recent speech of Viscount Grey that while it rehearsed the originating causes of the war it failed to define, or to define clearly, its ultimate objects. We can understand, however, the reluctance of the Governments of the Entente to define their ultimate objects more clearly, since all these must needs be conditional upon, and, therefore, variable with the penultimate object of defeating Germany. What, on the other hand, we ourselves should like to inquire is whether, in the first place, the Entente has not only confidence but solid grounds for its confidence in its power to defeat Germany; and, in the second place, what estimates it has formed of the time and the means still to be employed. We are not, be it noted, questioning for the moment either the existence of grounds for confidence or the existence of the necessary plans for carrying the war to a successful issue. All we are asking is that one or other or all of the Entente Governments should so far condescend as to assure us that what we are doing is right, namely, the military defeat of Germany, is possible and practicable; and that they have calculated and are preparing the necessary means. It is not too much to ask, is it, of Executives to whom so much power has been entrusted, that from time to time they may at least tell us how far they estimate the end to be? If, as Viscount Grey says, national sentiment is necessary to Sovereigns and Presidents, surely it is no less necessary to representative Governments; and equally it follows that national sentiment cannot be maintained at its best without the mutual confidence of Governments and peoples. For a long time, however, the English public has not to our recollection received anything like the re-assurances that are necessary to maintain it in a healthy state of national resolution. On the contrary, it appears to us that often that the our Government is likely to raise suspicions rather than to allay our national fears. When we see signs in the Government of panic, of concealment, of falsification of news—when we are left to interpret as we like such disturbing events as occur in the Balkans and elsewhere—when the Press and Rumour are alone our sources of information—it is inevitable that misgivings should arise in the public mind concerning the practicability of the task we have set ourselves, or, at any rate, of the competence of our present means to perform it. Is it, we ask again, too much to require a sign now and then that our executive is alive to our difficulties, and is not pursuing a wild-goose in their own perplexity and at our expense? Are we on the right road and is the end reasonably certain? We shall not expect a reply when Ministers attend the Lord Mayor's Banquet this week; but we shall repeat our questions until they are answered.

With all the desire in the world to see the House of Commons exercising control over the Government, we cannot say that its occasional exhibitions of strength are encouraging. While we believe that the nation at heart is humane, unafraid, liberal, in a word, English in the best sense; and that the Government, left to itself, is fairly representative of these qualities, it appears to us that the House of Commons is often under the influence of the worst section of the Press and exerts that influence on the Government itself. We have seen few signs that the Government departments would on their own initiative have inaugurated the wretched bullying in this country and elsewhere of harmless Germans whose sole offence is that they are Germans by birth; but, on the other hand, led by the dregs of Fleet Street—journals like the "Evening News" and "John Bull"—members of the House of Commons have warried the Government into actions unbecoming, will not say the most civilised nation in the world, but any civilised nation. This sport, we hope, reached its climax last week in the combined attack by Sir Henry Delitzel, Sir Richard Cooper, Sir Frederick Banbury, and Mr. Booth upon the Government, now that two aged German scholar, Professor Ethé, to complete his life-work of cataloguing the Persian manuscripts in the possession of our own India Office. Professor Ethé is over seventy, he has been at work upon his task for forty-five years, during the last fifteen of which he has received no remuneration whatever, and only a few years in all probability remain in which to finish both his labours and his life. Yet to judge by the energy with which the Government was urged by our three knights and a celebrated Marconi cross-examiner to dismiss the man, it might have been thought that all
that was wanting to bring the war to an end was the
intervention of an English-German Persian scholar. What
possible excuse the House of Commons can offer for
wasting precious time upon trifles we cannot understand
unless it is to procure the approval of the cads of Fleet
Street: and Sir Frederick Banbury's comment that
Germany would not be found employing an Englishman
in the same capacity was that of a true August. As for
us who set out to teach German kultur a lesson now to
measure our behaviour by Germany's? For ourselves
we gladly would make a pleasant visit to Germany of a
good part of our Press and of many of our members of
Parliament. England would be more England in their
absence.

* * *

The Report of the Royal Commission on the Arrest
and subsequent Treatment of Mr. Sheehy Skeffington
and others during the late disturbances in Ireland
makes it clear once more that the Army is not a safe
instrument of authority in civil life. When the Army
comes in at the door of society, law flies out of the
window. There are two points that must strike
us: that many of them have an habitual
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us: that many of them have an habitual

gratuitous act on the part of the Home Office." And

Speaking at the Aldwych Club last week Mr. G. H.
Roberts, the Vice-Chairman of the Labour Party, en-
dorsed, as might have been expected, the capitalist
desire for a truce between Labour and Capital after the
war, but added, as was scarcely incumbent even upon a
Labour member, that if for his part, as well as wishing
an employer to be punished for paying less than a fair
day's wage he hoped that workmen might be punished
for refusing to give in return a fair day's work. Apart
from the question of the truce, however—which we
would sooner, and are more likely to, see between Ger-
many and England than between Capital and Labour—
the reflection might occur to Mr. Roberts that the two
parties of the Employer and the Workman are not
upon a parity, and that therefore the justice of their
respective claims is by no means identical. We punish
a man for being cruel to a horse, but the idea of
punishing a horse for refusing to work for a man would
be ridiculous, arguing, as it would, an equal responsi-
bility in the beast. Economically, however, the em-
ployer and the workman occupy relatively the same

A little earlier Lord

The talk is still of the future of farming. But if the
German submarine and our own shipowners' campaigns
continue, the talk will very soon be replaced by the
present of farming. At the Farmers' Club last week
Mr. Middleton read a paper in which he advocated the
extension of small-holdings and the employment of
women in agriculture. He was followed by Professor
Lloyd, who deprecated both. A little earlier Lord Sel-
borne advised the farmers to think less of their pockets
and more of the State. And a little later Captain
Bathurst, M.P., announced that as an encouragement
of the industry of their employers. Such a fresh distribution of the kicks and the ha'pence of
industry is, however, scarcely a reward for the patriotic

It was Mr. Zangwill, we believe, who once said that
every Jew is an anti-Semite. It has remained, however,
for Mr. Samuel to prove that in the persecution of Jews
a Jew can be worse than the Russian Government. How
long ago was it that meetings were being held all over
this country to protest against the treatment of Jews
in Russia and Russian Poland, and that no less a person
than Mr. Balfour was sending a 'word of sympathy
for the Jewish victims of law and lawlessness in Rus-

In the House of Lords, Lord Sheffield affirmed
and was not contradicted in it, that "no invitation or
request whatever had been made from the Russian
Government, but it was a purely spontaneous and

That consideration is that many of them have an habitual
hate of civil law and an envy of superseding it, and
that, again, many of them are in private already partisans.
The effect is to be seen, when, as in Dublin, or,
it may be, on the occasion of some strike in England,
Martial Law is proclaimed—officers will act not only as
if all authority were theirs, but as if they were free to
exercise it in pursuit of their party-feelings. Read the
amazing letters written by Captain Bowen-Colthurst
and reflect that, though subsequently declared insane,
this officer was not regarded as insane until, in fact,
his fellow and superior officers dreamed of procuring
the discharge from the Army on their account. Nay,
to come to the second point of the Report, it is on
record that not until ten days had passed after the
murder of Mr. Skeffington was he put by the Army
authorities even under "open" arrest; and it was five
days later before he was put under "close" arrest.
There appears from this to be no doubt that even if the
military authorities did not actually approve of his con-
duct, they did not so much disapprove of it as to regard
him as unfit to continue command.

* * *

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of the industry of their employers. Such a fresh distribution of the kicks and the ha'pence of
industry is, however, scarcely a reward for the patriotic
services which Labour will have rendered the State
during the war. As "S. G. H." is pointing out in the
articles we are publishing elsewhere, the returning
troops will have something to say on the subject that
possibly Mr. Roberts will not like to hear.
For the present Roumania may be regarded as safe. Her safety she owes to Russia, who sent to her assistance in the Carpathians alone nearly two hundred thousand men and some artillery. But, as I have hinted already, this aid could not be sent from Russia to Roumania without its effect being felt on the Russian lines. Last week we heard of the renewed Russian cooperation with Roumania; and we also heard, unfortunately, that the Russians had met with some slight local reverses at the three points on the long line of Brestyanka (Galicia), at Dorna-Vatra, and on the River Shara. In a word, Russia had to weaken her own lines in order to help Roumania. So far as the guns and shells are concerned, therefore, the position remains as it was when I wrote last week. Mackensen is stuck in the mud of the Northern Dobruda. Falkenhayn’s men have debouched very slightly through the Roumanian ends of the Passes and are being dealt with, for the time being, in detail.* * *

A word on this matter. At present General Averescu has an advantage over his formidable German rival in that Falkenhayn cannot, at this stage, bring up his heavier guns. The Carpathian Passes, where they bridge Roumania and Hungary, do not lend themselves to the rapid transport of heavy artillery. Furthermore, the strategic railways on the Roumanian side are admirably adapted for defence purposes; as admirably as the railways on the other side are adapted for invasion. The Germans have now come to the end of their own operation, and we also heard, unfortunately, that the Russians had met with some slight local reverses at the three points on the long line of Brestyanka (Galicia), at Dorna-Vatra, and on the River Shara. In a word, Russia had to weaken her own lines in order to help Roumania. So far as the guns and shells are concerned, therefore, the position remains as it was when I wrote last week. Mackensen is stuck in the mud of the Northern Dobruda. Falkenhayn’s men have debouched very slightly through the Roumanian ends of the Passes and are being dealt with, for the time being, in detail.* * *

Turn now to another part of the front. At Verdun the French have recaptured in eight or nine days a space of ground which the enemy could not secure in less than six months; and forts Douaumont and Vaux, both of them triumphantly described by the Germans as “keys to Verdun,” are once more in possession of General Joffre’s forces. This will show even Hindenburg that he, too, cannot afford to weaken front after front to create new armies. Considering the position of Verdun on the map, this corner affords an excellent jumping-off ground for an invasion of the Rhineland. But the French cannot advance here unless they can arrange for themselves to be adequately supported by the forces under the command of Sir Douglas Haig; and they cannot arrange for this unless they can get more definite control over the British Armies. This point, fancy, will not be left long undiscussed by the General Staffs concerned.* * *

Advances on any Allied front—Salonika, the Somme, or in Roumania and Roumania—pre-suppose even more than at present an overwhelmingly supply of munitions; of shells and guns. Not to beat about the bush, the present supply is inadequate, and must be very much increased. This demands the retention on munition-making of every man and woman at present so engaged; and the suggestion that munition works should be “combed out” is the suggestion of a lunatic. I gather that the London Press has just awakened to this elementary fact; for the “Chronicle” and the “Telegraph” have taken to repeating the old warning of the “Daily News” that munitions ought to come first. The offer of the Army authorities to send “substitutes” into the munition works ought not to be entertained as a moment as an excuse for releasing men. In the front place, the Army is itself notoriously slow in releasing substitutes; and, in the second place, all substitutes released by the Army ought to be regarded as additional assistance.* * *

Is it quite well realised what the wastage of men in the West has let us in for? There is now not merely a serious military shortage but a serious labour shortage as well. More than a hundred thousand acres of land have gone out of cultivation this year, according to Lord Crawford, simply because of agricultural enlistments. Shipbuilding is proceeding with painful slowness; and the German submarine campaign against all merchant vessels, neutral and otherwise, is going ahead with its usual rapidity and thoroughness. We are the shipbuilders for the Allies. Is our responsibility in that direction quite realised? I fear not; for if it were the exasperatingly foolish conscription propaganda of the Northcliffe Press would have been brought to a sudden check long ago by the proper authorities. The grave fact is that the munition factories are not being handled; and we are now in the position of not being able to afford any more men if we are to maintain even our present relatively low output of munitions (for France is still producing more than we) and our shipbuilding. But French commanders could hold and even slightly extend our line in the West with the present numbers of men we have there, while the Russians, overwhelmingly provided with guns and shells, overran Hungary, and, by isolating Bulgaria, joined hands with Serbia and the Italians who are now advancing towards Serbia from Volland. Failing a drastically increased output of munitions, this is the only sane policy to pursue in the present circumstances.* * *

One more point. The air is thick with rumours of a vote of censure on the Naval Board through Mr. Balfour, who, it is suggested, may be called upon to resign in favour of a reconciled Fisher-Churchill regime. The ground for such a vote of censure would be thecessation of attacks on the German naval bases at Zeebrugge and the consequent danger to transports in the Channel from submarines. Let me recall the fact that last spring Mr. Balfour, in the course of the debates on the military Service Acts, more than hinted that even at that time the Navy was being hampered more or less seriously by the absence of skilled workmen in the yards. Mr. Lloyd George promised, at the same time, that with the passing of the Conscription measures an opportunity would be taken to restore to the yards the skilled men who had enlisted. This has not been done thoroughly. The Navy is not in the habit of releasing partly trained men; and the work of the Navy matters little to the War Office. In the absence of a better explanation, I suggest that what many Navy men are saying privately may perhaps be true—that we are more deficient in skilled workmen this year than in former years. It is a fact that the yards are being overloaded with work; and we are now advancing towards Serbia from Volland. Failing a drastically increased output of munitions, this is the only sane policy to pursue in the present circumstances.* * *

One thing is certain. The ridiculous demands of the jingo newspapers that “every” man must go into the Army are about to have their ridicule made more manifest officially than it is to the average man at present.
A Visit to the Front.

VIII.—SALISBURY CAMP.

A visit to the Front would not be complete without a glimpse of the munition factories and of the camps where the troops are trained. As we came back from France we went to Plymouth for a visit to the yards. Of the trip to Plymouth I can only say that at Admiralty House we were served with the most elegant

where the troops are trained. As we came back from the yards we saw many things which would have been very interesting to the eye of a naval expert. But I understand nothing of guns or forgings. One warship to me is like another.

On the following day we visited the camp on Salisbury Plain. The camp rises from one of the highest plateaux in the south of England. The country is not very different from that which is covering the north of the Somme. A chalky and undulating land. But the camp is not so much a camp as a series of military towns which extend in all directions, where an immense population of soldiers may be quartered. The huts are all of wood, painted with zinc roofs, painted red. Salisbury is only one among twenty camps set up since the war began. Months ago I passed through Aldershot, and I may say that the old camp is only a very small part of the present one. These camps are not very amusing. One hut is like another, one street like another, one military town like another. But when you motor for two or three hours at a good speed among huts of this kind, you realise that hundreds of thousands of men may be put up here, and the military effort of England appears all its prodigious dimensions.

In these camps recruits are turned into soldiers and students into officers. The training is very simple. After the first few weeks, devoted to teaching the recruits how to move according to orders, the training aims at reproducing as far as possible the methods of attack and defence used in France. During our visit we saw Australians, Maoris, New Zealanders, and also British soldiers learning how to attack a line of trenches with the bayonet. Well, here were trenches and redoubts just like those we had seen in France; and the only difference—certainly an important one—was that there were bags of straw instead of men.

We spent a moment in the quarters of a Lancer regiment. As the English like horses, we are not surprised to see that the soldiers can perform rhythmical figures on parade. As cavalry regiments are, throughout Europe, those preferred by the elegants, we are not surprised, either, that we are received with all possible distinction by the officers. Our interest runs to the Central Aviation School, which we are just going to see. It may be that the end of the war is keeping in reserve for the British cavalry a role as important as that filled by the Uhlans in the first two weeks of the invasion of Belgium. But now the true cavalry of this war is the flying man.

We remember the absolute supremacy of the air, conquered by the English, as we could see it during the Somme; and our motors draw up before the new buildings which serve as stores and repairing-shops for the Central Aviation School. The director of the school is a man of not much more than thirty years. This is quite natural. Those of us who were thirty when the Brothers Wright were flying at Pau believed ourselves to be too old to learn the craft. At bottom, we did not think then that man was about to conquer the kingdom of the air. And through lack of faith we have remained on the side of the beetles. The kingdom of the aeroplane, the school said the Director to us, "they come to learn. The learner does not know how to handle his machines. As he does not know how to handle them, he breaks them. As the learners are many, there are many broken machines. Therefore, the most essential part of an aviation school is the repairing-shop."

The workshops are indeed interminable. We pass in review different types of planes. The School man believes that all aeroplanes are alike. Nothing further from the truth. Every type of plane fulfils its own function, and cannot fulfil that of the others. The large bombing aeroplane for long-distance journeys with aviator and pilot cannot hope to compete in speed and lightness of manoeuvring with the small aeroplane, with a single seat, carrying petrol enough for only a couple of hours.

There is in the School a large toy which helps the aviators to measure the distance from the target at which shells are falling. On this toy the places where the shells are falling are indicated by small flashes of light. We are shown the places where the aeroplane bombs are hanging, and the method of dropping them. We see rapid engines, some with the propeller before the aviator and others behind, each with its advantages and disadvantages. Both are single-seater aeroplanes, very quick, and armed. The workshops are all for the men who repair the machines are all soldiers, and work under military discipline. There are also workwomen, especially in the shop where the cloth is varnished to make it waterproof. This varnish has a subtle and agreeable perfume which saturates the vast hall. Lighter than that of spirits, richer than that of flowers, fresher than that of essences. Delicious! But the hall must be aerated and oxygenised in order to prevent the women from being asphyxiated. When this varnish was first employed without the present precautions several women fell dead.

One of the aeroplanes under repair bears a number somewhere about 8,000. No secret is divulged by saying so; for the numbers of the British aeroplanes are visible from the German lines, as the numbers of the German aeroplanes would be from the British lines if they went over them oftener. And this number explained to us the secret of the British aerial supremacy. They dominate the air because they have put into the undertaking all the elements necessary for carrying it out. This supremacy has to be paid for by the large number of machines and aviators which fall into the enemy lines. That is natural. Victory is not achieved without the attack; and attacks mean losses. But a place in the Flying Corps is coveted by almost every other soldier. It may be said that everybody in England wants to fly, and that the function of the Aviation Schools consists largely in selecting from the candidates those with the best natural talent. In general, it may be said that excellent aviators come from the best sportsmen must be also athletes. One may say, roughly, that a natural talent for aviation is made up of the development of two senses—orientation and balance—both of which were in danger of atrophy among highly civilised nations. A nation of sportsmen must also be a nation of aviators. In this regard the Germans cannot compete. Their machines are excellent. Their good aviators are few.

And the Zeppelins? The English aviators despise them. A Zeppelin cannot venture over the lines of fire. The few that went near them at Verdun or Salona paid the price with their lives. When there are guns in large numbers a Zeppelin cannot approach at all. They cannot fly higher than 15,000 feet, and guns of even small calibre can reach them at that distance. They must content themselves with flying above peaceful zones, and not at all hours, but only on dark and quiet nights. They can have only two objects—to damage military bases or to terrify the civilian population. They have achieved neither.
The Permanent Hypothesis.

A Critique of Reconstruction.

WHILST proletarian discontent is rooted in the intangible tyranny of the permanent hypothesis, it by no means follows that there are not other discontents springing from intellectual disquietude. The intellectual have shown their dislike of the existing system and denounced it in polite terms. The Fabian Society, for example, is busy discussing "The World in Chains" (evening dress optional and a patry one guinea the course, numbered and reserved stalls, Dr. Saleebby the first chairman), in which great thought (led by Sir George Radford, M.P.) is devoted to the problem how to enlarge our freedom without breaking the chains. If the chains were broken, where would those guineas come from? It is indeed a sign of the times when such a respectable and cautious body of social students wakes up to the existence of chains. Men with a stake in the country need, however, have so fear. Mr. Webb's syllabus is reassuring: "The individual is always in chains, and is not necessarily either the last but the more so the more cramped in his development because of the limitations of which he is conscious." The manual worker's chains gall rather much—we really must admit it—"(a) by his poverty; (b) by his limited mental development and by ignorance; and (c) by the condition of his employment." It seems a little dangerous to drag in this third item, but in war-time one must take risks. After all, it is only a verbal admission. The cure? "The unexpected profitableness of enforcing a National Minimum of Civilised Life. The unforeseen freedom of national service," when we shall all, con amore, obey those words. "Our governing class have the good manners to choose democracy. Let me pluck a flower or two from his bouquet: "Success in the development of a democratic State depends first on its political machinery." Mr. Bourbon Webb's thoughts go back with love and longing to 1880. Personally, I am not disposed to bend the knee to the governing class and pray that, in their strength and mercy, they will give us equality. They are not built that way. But Mr. Webb's vision is only slightly blunted by the governing classes' oft-iterated intention to stay where they are just as long as the permanent hypothesis permits. His heart is in "the unforeseen freedom of national service," when we shall all, con amore, obey those good and kindly bureaucrats, who will go to him in all their perplexities. Chains? Oh, yes; but polished to a smoothness and engraved with Shavian classics, and the modern side is pro rata impoverished. His argument really leads to the conclusion that our great industrial concerns must train their own chemists. I shall show, later on, that this is the true line of development. But let me quote: "In this time of reconstruction there are two entirely divergent ways in which the new education may develop; one leads to a perfect and paradisaicalstraight to Britain's last muddle, and the other to an Imperial Renaissance. The first is the traditional method, planless, incoherent, wildly wasteful. It begins in a tangle of agitating bodies, committees, and organisations; it goes on to much zeal, more anger, storms of blame, scraps of fine performance..." We all know the process, so I need not quote further. "The second is a replanning of scientific education and research, concurrently with, and as a part of, a systematic amalgamation and co-ordination of industries, so that the same men who plan the plant may have a decisive voice in the education of the men who will work the plant." But this co-ordination carries us a great deal further. It means that the trained expert is at last to bear his true share in management. No wonder the writers declare that "the experiment of controlled establishments, the experiences of trusts and combines, German State Socialism, the theories of Guild Socialism, are all for us and against them." These two critics have realised that not only do we want industry on a much larger scale, but it must be "quasi-nationalised." Having reached this conclusion, a weak dilution of the theories propounded by national guildsmen, we are next exhorted to snub them. "Let us by all means continue to snub them, take it out of them socially and so on, but let us at least see whether some use is not to be made of their ideas. These new ideas among the workers need not make for conflict, but they certainly will make for conflict if they are ignored." We shall not be ignored, and we cannot be snubbed; but the argument is to me extremely interesting, for it coincides with what was written in The New Age in 1912 and 1913. We were then denounced as Utopian. Time has proved that ours was the true vision.
capable of immediate commercial education, can best be carried on in close connection with the industries concerned. So far, again, as the Guild proposals are in harmony. But the Memorandum proceeds to urge the Employers' Associations to subsidise Technical Colleges or Municipal Laboratories in the leading centres of industry. "Such subsidies might even be extended to research of a more general character, in any field touching the materials and processes of the industry in question. The results obtained by the scientific experts could then be submitted to the staffs of works laboratories, who would at once recognise the commercial possibilities which they might hold, and could refer them back for specific research along the lines indicated by their practical knowledge and experience."

My immediate purpose is not to discuss scientific research or technical education, but to ascertain the true meaning of these proposals, to sense out the real tendency of their proposals. This tendency expresses itself crudely in the more concrete question of wages and labour organisation and more subtly in such a problem as education. Let us look, then, at the inner meaning of these proposals. In the first place, the Employers' Associations are to pay for scientific research, either directly or by subsidy. That being so, it follows that they shall direct and control all specific scientific research. The workers who do research have only to follow the lines laid down by their masters. It does not require much imagination to see the result. Scientific research is harnessed to the permanent hypothesis: it is removed from pure science and becomes a process in profiteering. Science is cornered and becomes a capitalistic monopoly. Suppose some clever researcher discovers something that would render useless the whole research in connection with the industries of the country. "The problem, then, the Modern State is to give free play in their appropriate environment to the economic and political forces respectively. We have seen that they do not coalesce; that where they are intermingled, they not only tend to nullify each other, but to adulterate those finer passions and ambitions of mankind that ought properly to find expression and satisfaction in the political sphere. It is a quality inherent in private capitalism to dominate and control State policy to its own ends, precisely as it exploits labour. If the interests of private capitalism were synonymous with those of the community as a whole, this danger might be theoretical rather than real. But we know that the assumption of unity of interest between private capitalism and the State degrades the standard of national life and stifles all aspirations towards that spiritual influence which is the true mark of national greatness."

In the succeeding chapter, education is correlated with these political and economic functions:—

"But if this apportionment of the duties, as between the State, as a whole, and the Guilds as autonomous but limited functions of itself, is possible, the same principle carried into the sphere of education is equally well determined the relative provinces of civic and technical education. For it is plain that as duly authorised and charged with the responsibility of skilled industry, the Guilds at the same time would become responsible for the technical training necessary in each of their crafts. And while they would thus be responsible for technical training as such, the State, as a whole, would have the duty of civic education in general."

Reasoning from a sound premise that rejects the permanent hypothesis that labour is a commodity, and sees in the Guilds the inevitable structure of society that protects labour from the degradation of the commodity theory, we instantly find a true and practicable solution not only of education but of a host of other perplexing ailments in the body politic. No other scheme of life, so far as I know, is adequate to the task. Until, therefore, some more reasonable theory supplants us, we can only test the validity of present proposals as they approximate to our creed.

Outside our own school, what, then, is the tendency and drift of the various proposals sprung to life out of the war? Is it not evident that they all betray anxiety as to the spirit and temper of labour and a distinct willingness to raise its status? The current vocabulary affords some guide to the trend of thought. Only a few weeks ago, President Wilson, in good round terms, condemned the conception of labour as a commodity. "We demand and see in the Guilds the inevitable structure of society that protects labour from the degradation of the commodity theory, we instantly find a true and practicable solution not only of education but of a host of other perplexing ailments in the body politic. No other scheme of life, so far as I know, is adequate to the task. Until, therefore, some more reasonable theory supplants us, we can only test the validity of present proposals as they approximate to our creed.

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An Industrial Symposium.

Conducted by Hussly Carter.

With a view to pooling the practical wisdom of the nation upon such problems of the after-war period, the New Age is submitting the following two questions to representative public men and women:

(1) In your opinion, will be the industrial situation after the war as regards (a) Labour, (b) Capital, (c) the Nation as a third party?

(2) What in your view is the best policy to be pursued by (a) Labour, (b) Capital, (c) the State?

Of the questions you have asked me, I should answer with regard to No. 1:

All prophecy is futile in human affairs. You can only talk of probabilities, and the probabilities are that compulsory labour will be rapidly advanced by the conditions following upon war, judging from the present mind both of the capitalist class and of the proletariat.

The nation (you postulate as a third party) has no means of expression. If you mean the politicians, they are identical with the capitalist interest in this connection, as its servants.

The particular method by which this probable end of compulsory labour will most likely be reached seems to me to be to be already hinted at by the action of the Taff Vale decision, and strongly founded in the Insurance Act, which has got the whole proletariat organised in a definitely servile organisation; certain necessaries could probably be denied to proletarians exercising their freedom; certain almost necessary advantages could certainly be denied to proletarians who exercised their freedom; and I should imagine that such funds (upon which they would be dependent, and which would be partly controlled by their officials) will be created to complete the machinery.

In time, of course, the compulsion would become such a matter of course that ordinary sanctions and ordinary police punishments would be introduced to support it, but that would not be until after it had become part of the ordinary mentality of all the people.

In reply to your second question, I happen personally to regret the drift of European into servile labour, though I think it inevitable in certain industrial societies. That is a purely personal opinion, and I do not usually put it forward when I am discussing problems of this kind.

In my view, therefore, the best policy must mean the “best” policy calculated to work against the stream of tendency; to reverse (if it be possible) the whole of the great industrial current. There is no method of doing that save by the recreation of the property. For that object the best policy for Labour (that is, for the proletarian) is a combined negative and positive policy. The positive policy is individual, not corporate, and therefore I suppose, out of the scope of this. It is the attempt of each by every means in his power to acquire property. The negative policy is to insist upon all the rights of free men, which the proletariat possessed up to and until the Taff Vale decision; at the very least, all rights remaining to them when war broke out. To resist any scheme whatsoever, local, or national, which makes for the “betterment of the conditions of labour,” “co-operation between employer and employed,” “industrial peace,” etc., etc., unless such scheme excludes (a) executive or even advisory power in the hands of public officials, (b) contracts of any kind not solely controlled by the proletariat themselves, (c) any form of arbitration or settlement in the hands of executive representatives of any authority, and should save the whole voting body of the proletariat section concerned. Short of this, servile conditions (which I already believe to be much the most probable solution) will be probably brought about.

You next ask me what Capital ought to do in this connection.

There is no answer. Since it is Capital that is being attacked, what can poor Capital do except defend itself? What it ought to do, of course, according to my principle, is to help the attack against itself with zeal.

I will next ask what the Capital ought to do—that is, the politicians. Here, again, we are in the region of comic opera; because one cannot imagine the politicians doing anything to help the dispossessed. Why should they? But what they can obviously, according to my principle, to assist the growth of private property, and this can only be done by artificially offering to the beginnings of accumulation higher interest than the market rate, by overtaxing large accumulations and undertaxing small ones, by subsidising all exchanges which break up large accumulations and penalising all those which favour large accumulations, and so forth. But neither to the politicians is there any possible practical policy open save compulsory labour. The only factor that could check its advent by the proletariat—and I think that they are already half inclined to accept it. It will be called “Industrial Reconstruction.”

In my opinion, after the war Labour will be more at the mercy of the employing class than at any period since the establishment of trade unions, owing to the (1) dilution of labour, which has gone too far to be eliminated; (2) lack of organising ability on the part of our office-holding classes, (3) the loss of the feeling of the average employer towards his workers.

Capital will have the time of its life, until something breaks. To avoid taxation, and companies will be transferred—in some industries, already being transferred—to the United States, Colonies, and other countries.

The Nation as a single commercial entity will be in a better position than most other belligerents, but will have lost its financial supremacy, and to some extent its industrial position, to the United States, Japan, and other countries.

The Best Policy to be Pursued.

Labour. Tighten up organisation. Unions should combine on an industrial basis (retaining craft sections where desirable), and should place their destinies in the hands of the “triple alliance” of mining, railway and transport workers, provision for the enlargement of which already exists. Labour should support its few able and active leaders (and discover more, if possible), and should “ bluff ” more than it has in the past, for in their hearts the employing classes are uneasy as to the attitude of Labour. It would require only a short fight to secure a real share in the control of view.

Capital, if it desires to regard merely its own selfish interests, need do nothing more than go on voting Conservative Parliaments. Taking the long view, however, it should endeavour to ascertain the causes of Labour discontent, encourage the growth of trade unionism, and arrange with the trade unions for the formation of forums for the discussion of problems affecting the industry, besides supporting the following measures.

The State should institute a minimum wage in every industry, together with a comprehensive scheme of unemployment insurance with full pay, subject to necessary safeguards against shirkers, combined with a scheme of technical education for adults, as well as the young. Services necessary to all trades, e.g., railways, trans, shipping, light, heat, and power, should be nationalised, organised, and opened with a view to giving the community the best possible service, and not with a view to making a profit, and should be managed by boards composed as to one half of representatives of agriculture, commerce, and industry, and as to the remaining half, representatives of organised labour.

The State should keep and transform the munitions it has constructed, and should retain the interest it now has in thousands of industrial establishments, the most of which are already under a competent class of official, with some practical knowledge of trade and industry, would be created. Our land and other resources should be turned to peaceful use, putting at the head of them the great “State Socialism” which has now been forced upon us.

(a) Labour will undoubtedly suffer much, as will the country as a whole, from the loss of a large proportion of its young men. Organisation will thus be gravely weakened and prejudiced at the moment when it is most urgently needed. Industrial evolution has been going on ahead of leaps and bounds, and the less-skilled labour, aided by machinery, is being increasingly substituted for the craftsman’s skill. As the woman and the semi-skilled man have either no standard, or a much more indefinite standard, of life than have the old craft unions, the position is full of danger. On the other hand, Labour enjoys a stronger position ahead by leaps and bounds and the less-skilled labour, the fighting man. The comfortably unthinking people, who have no idea that industrial workers do anything useful in peace time, suddenly discovered that the “British workman,” the object of so many gibes, could stand between them and the German guns. If this point is pressed well home, there is no reason why Labour should not take a different, much better, and more dignified position after the war.

(b) Capital will be necessary for reconstructive purposes when peace comes and trade returns to its ordinary channels, and will probably be scarce; but the last two years have shown how amazingly production can be hastened and fixed capital created when need is. The difficulty emerges when we try to extract from these principles some definite form of practical guidance. The principles here assumed may be indispensable, formal statements of, history. They are, indeed, very valuable than German dye-stuffs) ; to shun dictators; to organise and to realisation, is no excuse whatever. If the main theory of “From status to contract” is nothing but a once, we say that economic relations constitute the theoretical position on this point of those of us who are prepared to practise a “guild” policy. Of these, two main types may be distinguished as “Rebels” and “Fabians.”

(1) The theoretical position on this point of those of the first school who have one would be somewhat as follows. You are describing a political condition of affairs which is by that very fact a mere episodical phenomenon. The real agent in what you call “servile” legislation is the capitalist interest, and nothing else. Its condition is the economic power of that interest. Is not, then, the capitalist condition servile in that this power exists? What should you expect, but that the existing economic distribution of forces should be reflected in the contemporary system of political obligations? Have not the protagonists of National Guilds themselves laid it down that economic power precedes political power? Of what good, then, is the legal right to strike, if there be not the power to make it succeed? There is, indeed, no freedom of contract with respect to labour, never has been, and never will be, until the working class is emancipated. The political formula “From status to contract” is nothing but a delusion, if it be not, indeed, a trick of capitalist apologists. Because they have been emancipated, forsooth, all are free. Rather have they established a more deeply rooted division of political status between the industrial employer and the still economically bound worker.

Once see this, and it will easily appear that the merely “political” standpoint of those who fear “The Servile State,” or who recognise it as any important or decisive step in social development, is superficial and useless as a guide to social truth. For such persons the great economic classes or interests can signify nothing but accidental groupings of citizens. Proletarianism, in particular, is simply a certain condition in which a large, or even a preponderating, number of citizens happen for the moment to be—a highly undesirable condition for themselves, it may be, or an element of danger to the State.

But from the deeper economic standpoint, it is held, we may see in the economic classes not mere groups within the State, but great social interests, each of which is in turn the nucleus of a whole economic order, and each of which has its own corresponding ideology, of which the political institutions and ideas of the time of its predominance form part. Radicalisation itself is bound to the exuberant politics of early capitalism, and in the later “servile” theories there is simply a subsequent phase of the same ideology. Thus, emancipation for the proletariat from one or the other form of capitalism means one and the same thing. The particular stage which capitalism has reached, or which is “reflected” in the political ideas and practice of the time, makes no difference to the nature of that emancipatory act. If the measures to be taken now involve resistance to the law, this does not represent any real change in the ease or difficulty of their carrying out.

The principles here assumed may be indispensable, and even of primary importance, for the writing of the comprehensive history of the world. The present world is the product of capitalism, and we are left in the chief application until the present day of the set of facts are another, even when these are viewed in the light of historical principles. The difficulty emerges when we try to extract from these principles some definite form of practical guidance in this task of the present political philosophy. That this was done under the conviction that radical political doctrines had somehow managed to reach further than was warranted by the economic interests involved, and that they definitely pointed to a proletarian revolution for their complete realisation, is no excuse whatever. If the main theory of political practice ‘consists. 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II.

We have now the data by which to estimate the indifference to the Servile State maintained by Socialists of various kinds who are prepared to practise a “guild” policy. Of these, two main types may be distinguished as “Rebels” and “Fabians.”

(1) The theoretical position on this point of those of the first school who have one would be somewhat as follows. You are describing a political condition of affairs which is by that very fact a mere episodical phenomenon. The real agent in what you call “servile” legislation is the capitalist interest, and nothing else. Its condition is the economic power of that interest. Is not, then, the capitalist condition servile in that this power exists? What should you expect, but that the existing economic distribution of forces should be reflected in the contemporary system of political obligations? Have not the protagonists of National Guilds themselves laid it down that economic power precedes political power? Of what good, then, is the
But the practical principle stated to the effect that economic power precedes political power, while it is related to the historical theory we have dealt with, is not really a foundation for either of these practical attitudes. It must not be understood in any general doctrine that the State has no power, nor that legislation has no real effect on the economic relations of classes. I am aware that this principle has lately been impugned in this its spiritual home. But it seems to me that the grounds of criticism have been much too general and vague in respect of the very specific signification of the formula. The "powers" referred to are considered as belonging to classes, not to the State or to States. What is conveyed is that a given class has political power, or is in a position to direct legislation to the control of its own conditions, economic or other, or of those of another class, when and only when it is economically predominant. It is, indeed, futile for it either to try to achieve this without such economic power, or to attempt through political means to attain economic power which it has not got.

That the statutory suppression of the legal right to strike is a real transference of economic power from the employed to the employer has, then, been by no means disproved or explained away. Such legislation is rather an act of the first force, of no avail to say that, servile state or no servile state, the way out of capitalism, practicable or not, is the same. No doubt the exit from either stage of capitalist civilisation might be historically represented in the same general terms. The practical steps to be taken would be considerably different, and the introduction of the condition of affairs we call the Servile State must necessarily add so enormously to the difficulties in the way that it is hard even to see how the conditions for a fundamental change might be restored. In social events there is no repeal. Let a decisive step be taken, and there grows up around it a whole social structure of new customs and methods, all standing in the way of a return to the older conditions. And, indeed, it is the special feature of this change that it emphasises conditions where effort is least and deference most. Servile legislation precisely hits the proletariat in the will. It throws, moreover, on the side of the employer that general respect for public law which seems to be, for most, if not for all, the beginning of social life.

All these considerations, of course, apply a fortiori to those collectivists who imagine that it is possible, if not to prevent changes through which the State comes to acquire a specific interest in industry, at least, while retaining the quasi-collectivist elements in proposals to such effect, to extrude provisions by which the right to withhold labour is denounced.

(2) Fabianism manifests, with the "scientific socialists," orthodox or rebel, a common disparagement of political ideals, though there is little else in common. Its adherents have no particular use for "a priori" theories about classes and class-wars, exploitation and emancipation.

Rather from the culture of the time they have learnt to see in modern conditions problems of will and government, not forces of the State." Of the doctrine of the general will they have acquired, further, this much, that people are to be compelled for their own good, where the element of deliberate vellon, or even desire, is on their part patently not understood to constitute an any general organisation of modern administration effective as a most promising field for the influence and "will to progress" of the enlightened. Though one fears that the nature of their activities represents a considerable alteration from the particularly lexicographic force of universal acquiescence presented to such as they by the "general economic position of the State, then, means simply, for practical men, the "machinery" of government. Legislation is an extraordinarily efficient instrument of social change; indeed, it is the most efficient known. It is only necessary to understand what one wants, get it enacted, and the whole thing is done. For all the conditions of the success of one's schemes, including human disorder, law and procedure, are provided for by further legislative or administrative means. Surely this is better than blind, purposeless class-struggles, guided by no over-riding plan!

The Servile State, thus, need have no terrors for us. Though such a point of view regarding social life and its changes in terms of their statutory content there is nothing in the wider social implications of these provisions but at most a field for further legislation. We must go ahead, and take these things as they arise in turn. Let us see, then, how it works out. If we suppose in an extreme case, it is clear that the law might state that labour was compulsory on a certain class of persons, or that their right to withhold labour now ceased, there would be no explicit provision that this should be to the advantage of another class. Yet the latter is essential to the arrangement, and unavoidable in fact.

Still, this is precisely the part that is from the present point of view quite left out of consideration. The question is accordingly narrowed down to that of whether it is right that labour should be compulsory or not. And then we get general dispositions on compulsion, and the right of him who knows what is best to enforce his more highly instructed will on the ignorant. The whole argument is made to turn on irrelevant issues like the justification of the "monstrous regiment" of officials, of the superman who works his will through it. And there is usually no difficulty in showing that all this organised regulation (which, necessary but not sufficient to the Servile State, is mistaken for it) is nothing but government itself in its modern developments. Let those who would stand in its way take heed lest they be fighting against God.

Nevertheless, the economic power of class-interests is a real thing, with which the exponents of will must reckon. Why, even the Great Big Beautiful Blond Beast himself must manage to get attached to some source of economic power, if he is not to be brought down to share the inglorious epitaph—doubly nauseating for him—"He meant well." But the "organising" will to progress, in its works of creation and providence, fails for the same reasons to accomplish what it would, though it does accomplish something. Unlike Mephistopheles, it wills the good and effects the evil. Its sacraments are but eating and drinking damnation to itself. I need not repeat the arguments by which it has been maintained that attempts at collectivism while they achieve servility, do not encompass collectivism. These have been confirmed rather than refuted by recent experience of "nationalisation." In short, social methods springing from theories based exclusively on will, especially in respect of the political forms of legislation and administration, are calculated to break down in the face of interests.

Our discussion, then, has done nothing to remove any reluctance which the friends of National Guilds may have to work in their theories or proposals to harmony with, much less subordination to, other positions. Any alternative to servility must be too comprehensive and "total" for that. But the special consideration of the Servile State has also raised two important problems, one as to the possibility of a guild organisation of modern industry, the other as to what is the general economic position of labour. One would be compulsory or in capital? And the second question comes before us in the form—Is Radicalism or is Functionalism the proper standpoint for the discussion or propagation of National Guilds'?
amazement, he confides in detail to his Indian servant. The next act opens with Eugene's return to Mother Marti's dive. Hither comes Dr. Hamen Traf fore's Indian servant, who has run away from his wicked master. He shows Eugene the emerald Buddha, and the pair decide to take it back to Colonel Myshall. We also are taken back to the Colonel's house, where Eugene Demayne is restored to his Ida and Dr. Hamen Traf fore confronted with his servant. Soon it is discovered that Dr. Hamen Traf fore is not a real Indian, but that his turban is all the East about which he is really an English medical student who once upon a time embezzled some funds and ran away. Two policemen enter and handcuff him, and the curtain falls.

The audience was enthusiastic, except one old gentleman in the front row, who got up in the middle of the second act, said, "Pah!" very loudly and walked out of the theatre. With this exception everyone was delighted. We called for the author, and got him. Then we demanded a "spache," and got that. The author said he was grateful to us and would try to do better next time. It was observed that the orchestra demonstratively omitted to play "God Save the King" at the end. They would have done well to play "God Save the Audience." I never in my life saw a sillier, emptier play than the "Uplifting of Eugene Demayne."

The dialogue had not even the superficial gloss of an average musical. The plot was meagre, and the action may be explained as having had some dark notion of exposing the vice of London and the stupidity of English officers who, after long years of service in India, cannot distinguish a real Indian from an impostor; but I doubt even this much purpose. What Mr. S. Millington did undoubtedly expose is the appalling stagnation of Dublin. I cannot imagine such hopelessly amateurish balderdash being staged in any London theatre.

The evening before, I had enjoyed a very different entertainment, at the house of A. E. ("A. E.", by the way, is a shortened form of "alias"). Every night at his house in the suburbs A. E. holds a salon, which has long been the hub of Irish intelligence. Representing God the Father to young Irishmen, A. E. resembles his prototype in an ability to discern the fundamental righteousness of all men. He refuses a welcome to none, and suffers fools gladly. So far as strangers are concerned, there is not a visitor to Dublin, from Cabinet Ministers to myself, who cannot look back upon the hours spent listening to A. E. as the most profitable in all his stay. He has a wonderful store of common sense, learning and wit, with a phenomenal memory which allows him to repeat by heart whole books of prose and verse without a single reading. As one of the heads of the Irish farmers' co-operative movement (the I.A.O.S.—Irish Agricultural Organisation Society), he points ahead promising economic development in modern Ireland. Yet I read recently a reference to him as one of a "past generation of Irishmen." I mistrust this criticism, remembering that there have been two generations of midgets to-day since breakfast.

My solitary ungrateful complaint against A. E. is this. He is fond of illustrating his literary criticisms with rehearsals of the subject, and his method of recitation is the sing-song chant of the ancient Irish metres, whose characteristic is the alliteration of vowels. When A. E. recited me a "charming little poem by Yeats,", I listened with delight to the rolling, musical periods. When he had ended, I found I had not caught a single word. In A. E.'s mouth, all literature becomes sounds without words. As well ask what the wild w.A.E.ves are saying!

All Irish roads lead to A. E.'s salon, and sooner or later everyone goes there. The first evening I was privileged to be present, there were five challenge callers, who proved to be, after our host, the very five Irishmen I most desired to meet. One of these, indeed, a writer whose name, if I mentioned it, would make half the readers of this paper facefy to the hint of my want of fowls, said to me rather ingenuously, "I suppose you have come over here to write us all up." I cannot remember what in my confusion I answered.
Drama.
By John Francis Hope.

Mr. Sutro presents this play* to us more as an historical document than as a work of art. It was finished a few days before the war was declared, and was to have been produced by Mr. Granville Barker after "The Returned to Life". Things have happened since the first act, and the paper is to have been published by the editorship of the paper. The story is not only a tragedy, but a diatribe against man. The editorship of the paper is devoted to the propaganda of women's rights. The dramatic situations are regularly resolved into debates, and the debates themselves reach no clear conclusion. In short, it is an "intellectual" play. All the people concerned are fools. If they have married, it was by mistake or by happenstance. The editorship of the paper is devoted to the propaganda of women's rights. The party is dining on the anniversary of Bartley Chambers'.

"Freedom": A Play by Alfred Sutro. (Duckworth.)

They say that Fanny could only be free by being married to Rutherford; now the argument is: "Ever since we've been married, it has weighed on me that I wasn't free—belonged to you, that was the idea. Because I was married to you. Marriage was free, not "that sort of fidelity"; and it ought not to matter to Bartley what she did with herself. She did not want to be forgiven, because she had not done wrong; she only wanted Bartley to accept the situation, that she, his wife, was free, and if anybody makes a joke about it, or about women, she would like to. But as he seems set on a divorce, she would like to be very generous as regards the money." She waits to hear what he says to Laurence, to whom he presents the paper free of debt, and with some working capital; and then she tells Laurence that Bartley is going to sue for a divorce. He protests against the absurdity; Miriam does not want to be divorced, and Laurence does not want to divorce Laurence. Neither Laurence nor Miriam wants to marry each other—why should they upset everything in this stupid way? When Miriam discovers that Laurence does not agree with her refusal to promise not to see him again, she becomes suspiciously meek, and begs forgiveness. She begs Bartley not to divorce her, and he agrees. Then she discovers that she does not mean to resume intimate relations with him; it was a slip of the tongue that she should give herself to a lover, but that she should be expected to fulfil her marriage vows, and, at the same time, give complete expression to the love she still professed to feel for her husband, was intolerable. "I have to buy permission to stay with my children—I need not pay with myself!"

That the whole argument is a farrago of nonsense does not alter the fact that it is historically true; as Laurence says: "The absurd things are true sometimes—this is." The assumption that marriage should mean bondage for the man and freedom for the woman, instead of a mutual contract of loving-kindness, or a sacramental union, is the naddest of conquests. It is a theme for comedy or for tragedy; but Mr. Sutro states it as a reasonable solution of the problem. That the European war prevented the production of this play is a striking proof of the beneficial effects of war upon literature. What a crew!
Readers and Writers.

Professor Stephen Leacock, the author of "Essays and Literary Studies" (Lane, 3s. 6d. net) is a Canadian, but since on his own saying Canada from a literary point of view is America, only more so, we may take it that his description of the average American citizen as a man to whom burlesque shows and concertina solos apply to the readers for whom Professor Leacock's works are themselves intended. It is not an audience that any writer need envy, however large or appreciative it may be and appear. To catch and tame the beast is horses' work; and to keep it amused requires every trick of writing on the board. Its characteristic is that it must be always stimulated to attention, and stimulated by means that are far from delicate. Almost anything will serve the purpose that is at once unusual and entertaining. I have no doubt whatever that the condition of the American audience is the explanation of American humour—on which, by the way, Professor Leacock has in this volume a good essay. Humorous literature is the creation of stupid nations, of nations in their lapsetude. And America, as we know, is full of it. Professor Leacock is not himself, I think, by nature and temper a humorist. Naturally, he is a man of serious intelligence and of wit and esprit rather than of buffoonery. Upon such a promising subject (from the humorous point of view) as "The Woman's Question," for instance, he writes herein one of the most penetrating essays I have read. Yet, so afraid is he of being regarded in America as a "highbrow," so thoroughly bullied have serious writers and thinkers before him been, that he simulates superficiality and passes himself off as a kind of Mr. Jerome K. Jerome with a college education. It is a pitiable exhibition, in my opinion, and one that reflects discredit on the public that demands it. The American audience was not, I am sure, always so low in its tastes. After all, there have been almost great American writers, and of serious literature, at one time or another, the American public has been a good student. Why does Professor Leacock find it necessary in these days to write down and down? That he does, or thinks he does, will be obvious at a casual glance over his pages. Look at "The Apology of a Professor": "I know no more than that his description of the average American citizen as a man to whom burlesque shows and concertina solos apply to the readers for whom Professor Leacock's works are themselves intended. It is not an audience that any writer need envy, however large or appreciative it may be and appear. To catch and tame the beast is horses' work; and to keep it amused requires every trick of writing on the board. Its characteristic is that it must be always stimulated to attention, and stimulated by means that are far from delicate. Almost anything will serve the purpose that is at once unusual and entertaining. 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Miss Rebecca West records the fact, records even Henry James' frequent recollections of it; but she can still write that "the essential thing about Henry James was that he was an American." I repeat, however, that the essential thing about Henry James is not that he was an American, but that he was an American whose impressionable youth had been passed in Europe. Youthful transplantation has proved a decisive factor in scores of other writers, and it was decisive in the case of Henry James. What, at the end of it all, Miss West judges Henry James to be, I cannot very well make out. Neither comparatively nor absolutely does she contribute any illumination to our understanding of him. In a word, once her epigrams are taken away, there is nothing certain left.

* * *

Though my colleague (as was) "E. A. B." in his just published monumenal work on "Ireland's Literary Renaissance" (Lane. 1os. 6d.)—about which I shall write a guide one of these days—assumes, as a matter of geography, that "A. E. is one of the modern school of Irish writers, I have my doubts. A. E. is an imaginative thinker, and not merely an imaginative writer, and the distinction, it appears to me, separates him generically from the rest of Mr. Boyd's school. Imaginative thought has as its aim practice; not mere thought; and it is obvious in all I have read of the works of A. E. that much as his imagination might like to soar into the blue, he strengthens it only for the earth. A successful if constant struggle against the modern Irish School is how I would describe the drama of A. E.'s writing. In "The National Being: Thoughts on an Irish Policy" (Maunsell. 1s. 6d) A. E. is more successful, I think, than he has been in any other of his works. Imagination is here in plenty, but it is always harnessed to the work of practical statesmanship. I have copied out some passages that I hope may appear in Press Cuttings. But they are inadequate to do more than suggest the elevation and depth of A. E.'s treatment of his subject.

R. H. C.
Clever Mr. Cannan!

I have lately come to be suspicious of books which give themselves more than usual to that modern fashion of much heralding by word of mouth and in the Press. So in a manner was I suspicious of "The Brook Kerith"; and so of Mr. Cannan's "Mendel." Of the two I had expectation of disappointment only of the former, lest Mr. George Moore, in his effort to attain a, so to speak, archaic originality both in manner and matter, might pervert his style, whereas about Mr. Cannan's book I had no thoughts. I felt from what books of his I have read that he was not so much interested in literature as literature—which means in life as life to those who can think as well as write competently—but, rather, in writing as a means to telling people what he thought of them. There is little to cavil at in the spirit of a man who sets out to "tell people off," so only has he a pretty wit and a "sweetly malicious" pen. Mr. Cannan, of course, can claim enough of their generation, as Compton Mackenzie, sweetness; and he is great enough to make many of his glaringly in Mr. Cannan's novels. There are books we would accuse Mr. Cannan, that on the printed page rest, except perhaps for a passage in the satirical "Windmills" (the wind was in this case Swift and Samuel Butler), in which an army is surprised and routed through having stopped at a street-corner to watch two dogs fighting, one has to read through those thickly printed pages quite unrefreshed. Quantity, it must be observed, is one of Mr. Cannan's vices.

Without, then, this essential wit and malice the whole business of improving other people becomes rather dull: if the heavens should fall and Mr. Max Beerbohm were suddenly an aggressive Socialist, I am sure I would make more converts to Socialism than all the pamphlets ever printed. Of this crime of crimes, then, I would accuse Mr. Cannan, that on the printed page he is a very dull fellow.

"That strange interfusion of sweetness and strength," which Pater so admirably sees in Michelangelo and William Blake, may, even in these days of diffused strength and faceted sweetness, he used as a test of some certain greatness. Mr. D. H. Lawrence, for instance, has strength, immense strength, but no sweetness; and he is great enough to make many of his contemporaries, good in their way, and expressive enough of their generation, as Compton Mackenzie, Hugh Walpole, and Gilbert Cannan, seem like hacks beside him. It is the lack of strength which shows so glaringly in Mr. Cannan's novels. There are books of his, "Three Pretty Men," for instance, which might have arrived at some definite end, literary or psychological, if he had infused what strength he has into their being. Again, he has no restraint. In every chapter he will be tempted to muddle himself with his own cleverness, and pathetically he will succumb; thus fouling his own conceptions, and giving an air of obvious subtlety to his characterisation which is annoying to a reader who, like myself, desires to think the best of everyone. He is, in fact, an intellectual, and in a way reminiscent of that kind which in Artzibasheff's novels commit suicide. I conceive Mr. Cannan wearing his intellectuality as a cloak, with a curious clasp which, will, or may, but unfasten. And he has worn this cloak so long that when he began writing his latest book, "Mendel," it must have been very, very dirty.

It is about "Mendel" that I would write. Weeks ago there came a murmur that Mr. Gilbert Cannan was writing a novel about a certain person and a certain people, and that it was to be called after the certain person, Mendel. No one, I am told, smashed any Café Royal furniture in the prevailing excitement, nor, my informant went on, did anyone look guiltily over his shoulder to see if Mr. Cannan were watching him. It would seem that he had already watched those people and about whom he has attempted to write that "imaginative thought" (which is his own description of his work before the tribunal: one supposes he knew that they were not the "sort of people" to read his work). In my own damnable superior way I rather like to mix with people, occasionally to discuss a congenial cocktail in this or that cafe, whereas Mr. Cannan would prefer just to glimpse inside the door, put his nose in the air, and go out. Better still than watching, since he certainly does not know many of the originals of his fictional characters, he might have got it all at second-hand; perhaps—who knows?—it was Mendel who told him everything. His name is certainly not with Mr. Cannan's as part-author, but his picture—he is really better looking than that—is on the paper cover.

The tragedy is that "Mendel" is a very bad book. One suspects that Mr. Cannan has outgrown the habit of writing books as Mr. Leader paints Royal Academy pictures, "four or five to the year and the deuce take them." But one did not expect him to be proficient in it at so early an age. The first part of the book, concerning Mendel Kuhler's childhood in the East End, is so much better than the rest that it seems a pity Mendel ever left the East End ever periodically, dragging, as he did, Mr. Cannan laboriously after him. The figure of the taciturn Jacob Kuhler, the father, of Kuit the thief, of the pathetic Moxonitch, made one regret the youthful and unbearable Mendel's existence.

Mendel is, of course, the dominating character: rather, I should say of him that he is the background, so unpleasantly egotistical a background as man never imagined one. There can be no doubt and so consistently unpleasant as Mendel is shown to be. O Mendel! Safer far would you have been in the hands of George Moore than in those of Gilbert Cannan! Look at Yeats, Edward Martyn—they will be remembered because they figure in the trilogy, not because of their work. It seems to me that the author has quite consciously, perhaps despairingly, stuck to every uncleanliness in Mendel—the fiction Mendel's—character from childhood onwards, lest by losing one trait he might lose the whole conception. Morrison, the girl Kuhler is in love with and who is herself, in a negligent way, James could conceive and make to live a Morrison: it will be the same with his. The morality that wants to be acceptable to the west En, is 

SONNET IN WAR-TIME.

When we are quit of this mad span of days
(If ever swept by death do set us free),
The muffled anguish that we cannot flee
As with its blunt and Tommy bang it prey's
Upon our hopes and dreams, and grim alarms,
    The roots which might have yielded many a tree
Shall leave our spirits, by its brute decrees
Seared with the brand of death and Tommy ammunitions,
    For the fever of dim tidings, and the threat
That mutely haunts the moments of the dark,
The scene that wants to make us honest and our friends,
    Ever these shall leave on us our mark
These, and the treachery of vipers—yet
They do but arm us 'gainst the oligarch.

DIKRAN KOUVOUMDJIAN.
CIRCUMSTANCES have made me familiar with the works of German biologists. A compendious work on Heredity, a Treatise on Zoology, and the Biological Year-Book, which, for the last twenty years, has published summaries of everything that has been done in animal and vegetable biology—these have compelled me, during the last quarter of a century and more, to absorb a large daily dose of German literature. In view of my work, I had, after reading anything, to consider it carefully in order to get rid of the useless rubbish, to put myself in the author's place and to examine his idea from the Latin point of view; in short, to crack the bone and suck out the marrow, as old Rabelais says. I have broken a considerable number of German bones—figuratively, of course—and have extracted a certain amount of marrow.

Anatomists classify bones into long, short and flat. German bones, however, are of two kinds; long and very long. Their substance is dense and compact, which gives them great solidity; but their medullary canal is short and narrow, so that the amount of meat they contain is small and inadequate. Moreover, though occasionally tasty, is usually poor in quality and not very nourishing; and it frequently happens that the canal contains the marrow of a foreign bone (often French), divided into sections, in order to conceal its origin, and sewn together with white thread.

Having now characterised the works, we come to their authors. These have one peculiarity. They have two eyes, like any ordinary human being, but one of their eyes is extremely near-sighted, while the other is extremely long-sighted (I ought to say hypermetropic, that is, reflecting distinct images only of the beyond and the infinite; but I am using the word long-sighted in its literal and metaphorical sense). Their near eye sees details of such extreme fineness that the microscope often cannot detect them; while their far eye penetrates the most distant clouds and sees wonderful things which the most powerful telescopes fail to discover; on the other hand, for objects of medium size, occupying the middle distance, their vision is very indefinite. The eye so equipped is compelled to support its most grandiose structures upon the most minute observations, which is not without danger. Latin scholars, having ordinary vision, see neither so near nor so far, and are very hard put to it to criticise their conclusions; while, partly from idleness, partly from infatuation with exotic methods, they are inclined to swallow what is offered them by their colleagues beyond the Rhine. And that is a truly lamentable thing.

To illustrate what I have said we will take three examples from the most celebrated German scholars: one in the science of Zoology—Haeckel; the second in that of general Biology—Weismann; and the third in Medical science—Freud, the psycho-pathologist.

In the case of Haeckel we must distinguish between the works of his near and of his far eye. Of his near works the first, those relating to Sponges and to the Radiolarians, are contained in two very voluminous works which have a prominent place in every library. Among the characters which he has examined, Haeckel has discovered many which are very extraordinary, whose beauty, harmony, and cunning construction illustrate the inexhaustible fecundity of Nature; and the plates in which he has represented them are the admiration of artists.

With amazing skill and fertility of resource, he has described the most singular organisms, whose beauty, harmony, and cunning construction illustrate the inexhaustible fecundity of Nature; and in order to name them he has invented a language as precisely suited to his purpose as chemical formulae are to the chemist. On double-paged charts the astonished reader beholds horizontal lines each denoted by a radical, intersected by vertical columns each designated by a happily chosen name; and the whole is so designed that every square represents an animal whose name can be read at a glance, just as in the Pythagorean Table you can read the products of various factors. All these creatures have their descriptions in the text and their figures in the plates. The unfortunate thing, however, is that ordinary zoologists have yet to discover in Nature a good many of the forms thus described; as well as many of the details of their structure and organisation.

On the other hand, it is to the far eye of our gifted scholar that we owe his transcendent works upon phylology. Here we have few or no facts of observation; the near eye has scarcely collaborated at all in these super-celestial discoveries which, nevertheless, have resulted in the creation of a vast genealogical tree of majestic dimensions, whose boughs are harmoniously symmetrical, and whose roots plunge into the mysterious world of the protista, while the tips of the branches represent the living forms of the animal kingdom. From the monera to man there is not a creature whose lineal descent from the trunk and roots through the stems and branches cannot be traced upon this wonderful picture. If we feel that in this very completeness there is something a little suspicious, we are reassured by the astonishing accuracy of our author who has actually arrived at decimal fractions in his calculation of the relative duration of the successive geological periods. I cannot resist reproducing here the table which he gives us on page 348 of his 'History of Natural Creation'—

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Age</th>
<th>Percentile</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Primordial Age</td>
<td>53.6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Primary Age</td>
<td>32.1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Secondary Age</td>
<td>21.5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tertiary Age</td>
<td>9.2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Quaternary Age</td>
<td>3.5</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

A decimal! While we more short-sighted Latins are afraid of committing ourselves to an integer in our reckoning of such things.

Weismann suffered in middle-age from a serious affection of the sight which almost robbed him of the use of his near eye. By a happy compensation, however, his far eye was intensified, and this enabled him to make the extraordinary discovery on which the celebrated theory named after him rests. Weismann discovered that the characters of organisms are not derived from the globular constitution of their cellular protoplasm, but from the presence in this protoplasm of infra-microscopic particles called determinants. These determinants can be described in a word; they are in anatomy what the phenomenines of Le Dantec are in physiology. Le Dantec has shown with a great deal of ingenuity how, by means of the phenomenines, all the problems of physiology can be solved as if by magic. And the problems of onogenetic evolution may be similarly solved by means of Weismann's determinants.

These determinants you must understand, are particles, organised in such a way that, by the mere effect of their presence, there appear in the organism, at the exact time and place desired, the anatomical character that depends upon them. By these particles every anatomical feature is immediately explained. It is true that nobody has ever given these determinants a name; but that, of course, is a matter of no importance. Would you, for instance, explain why all the members of a family have a lock of white hair? It is enough to say that the determinants of the colour of this particular hair have been inherited. The causal relation between these miraculous particles and the features of the organisms is so general, moreover, that by means of it we have a complete and ready solution of all morphological problems, past, present and...
to come. Would you like an example? After having endowed the protoplasm of the egg with all the necessary determinants for the evolution of the organism, Weismann sees that one property remains unexplained; regeneration. For instance, a lobster that casts a claw and then renew it may be said to have had five claws during its life. But if there had been only the determinants of four claws in the original cell, it could not have developed a fifth; and if there had been the determinants of five, the fifth would have grown even if one had not been lost, and this would have been as superfluous as the fifth wheel to a coach. But the solution of this difficulty is very simple. Besides the normal determinants which are the active army, there are reserve determinants (Ersatzdeterminanten) among which are those determinants of regeneration whose magnanimous rôle it is to report themselves at the front for active service when, but only when, their predecessors have been destroyed. That is as simple as A B C, but the eye of Weismann was needed to discover it. It is the immortal story of Columbus' egg.

This theory, which thus easily explains all the difficulties of morphology, is so obliging that I propose to apply it to the most diverse phenomena. For example. We begin in this way. Iron possesses certain physical properties, such as resistance, hardness, ductility, conductivity, malleability, etc., and also chemical properties too numerous to mention. But you surely cannot believe that a single substance, iron, could be the actual substratum of all these virtues? Iron in itself possesses none of them, but it contains a number of determinants, each of which rules one of its properties; and if a chemist or physicist should discover some new property, there will be no need to seek a cause, for we shall simply say that iron possesses a determinant which had hitherto passed unobserved. Some of these determinants are indestructible, some can be destroyed by heat, others evaporate in the form, let us say, of rust: a coat of paint, by resisting evaporation, preserves in the iron this precious quality.

Perhaps there are people who will say that all this is only putting things into a box and then being astonished later to meet them coming out. But such minds are actuated by base envy.

We will now take the third of our examples of German scholarship: Dr. Freud. Since his reputation is perhaps less world-wide than that of Haeckel and Weismann, some of my readers may never have heard of him. I should, therefore, say that this Dr. Freud is, vulgarly speaking, not so small a character. He is one of the most eminent psychologists of Germany, and the author of a system which has aroused so much admiration and controversy that German psycho-physiologists are split into two parties, the Freidians and the anti-Freidians, who are no less zealous than were the Big-endians and the Little-endians in Lilliput. I may remark that the Freidians are in a considerable majority.

The visual organ of Dr. Freud differs notably from that of his colleagues. It cannot be said that he is near-sighted, for the things that he sees are not microscopical; nor that he is far-eyed, for his objects are not in the infinite depths of space, but in the innermost depths of consciousness. It is into the very brain itself that this eye casts its penetrating glances and there makes its strange discoveries: it is, in fact, the precise equivalent of the ancient pizzle eye of our reptilian ancestors.

"Do you like nutmeg? You'd find it everywhere." This spice which flavours all the dishes served by Dr. Freud is sexual pleasure. He sees it everywhere, he discovers it everywhere; everything comes from it and everything returns to it.

In waking life, certain moral ideas restrain this sexual factor to some extent; but in dream it has free play, and there it is to be found in the most unexpected forms. Shall I give you a few examples?

One night a man lying asleep by his wife's side dreamed that she led him towards a little door in a hollow between two lovely palaces; his wife gently pressed open the door and he felt himself gliding rapidly up a steep incline. In such an essay as this I cannot quite tell you what interpretations Freud puts upon these apparently innocent visions; but they are explained openly enough in his book. What I can say is that if I were the wife in the case I should remember ever after.

Have you ever dreamed that you are having a tooth out? This wretched sensation, according to Freud, is the symbol under which is concealed the image of something unmentionable.

In another dream some actors are giving a performance, but simultaneously upon two levels, and in two groups, one on the first floor, the other upon the ground floor. Freud attributes this seemingly harmless dream to a suppressed thought of Lesbian relations: that is ample evidence, is it not?

A last example. Freud, while suffering from a boil, dreamed that he was riding a mare and that this mare represented one of his patients: the affection is clear. But why this association between the idea of his patient and sex? Because, in the first place, the mare recalled Siena or Verona, and, in the second place, the lady had never been in Italy. Now to go to Italy is in German "gehn in Italien"—that is to say, genitalien! It is true that the question of going to Italy had not been specially mentioned between him and his patient. It is also true that she had doubtless never been to Polin or Honolulu either; but what does that matter? If you are not convinced that the fact that the lady had not been to Italy inspired Freud's dream, you are very hard to satisfy.

Freud's general theory of dreams can be summed up in a few words: a dream is the realisation of the desires of infancy. Thus it is laid down: if you dream that you are made a Minister, that you are waltzing furiously at a ball, or that Bulgaria has joined the Central Powers, it is in order to satisfy some suppressed desire of your early infancy. At the same time, you must not imagine that these dream-images are of experiences open to children, like bread and jam, or playing in a ring, or the detection of a playmate. Oh dear no, that would be too simple. It would no longer have great significance. Freud wants much more for his money; and he is not satisfied until he has brought to light even in these most unpromising cases a dream of sexual relations. Sexual desires, he has discovered, are not strangers even to the tenderest years. In the infant clinging to its nurse's breast, he perceives in the subconscious depths of infant psychology, something of that same desire that twenty years later will lead the youth to flirt with a barmaid. Mistrust the apparent indifference with which a child will allow itself to be undressed: it is exhibitionism in germ. Dr. Freud assures us that sexual attraction is clearly manifested in the cradle, and that innocent babes unconsciously harbour incestuous thoughts. So common and so powerful indeed is this factor, which he names the "Oedipus Complex," that it must be held responsible for many of the psychoses, not to say the nervous diseases, from which people suffer.

It may indeed be said that the ingenious doctor has placed his nutmeg everywhere: you can see that his claim was not exaggerated.

These are merely three examples. I could give a good many more, but it would take too long. I will continue my general classification of the scholars of Austro-Germany.

These scholars have one terrible quality; it is a powerful imaginative logic that never makes a mistake and that never fails to make every deduction possible to reason. When once they are fairly started, the Germans will go on to the very end, leaving nothing to be gleaned after them; and one can only admire the abundance of their deductions. But if by chance
they set off wrongly—and that may happen to the most meticulous of men—then they become very dangerous, for having only those near and far eyes that never see any halfway objects, they are without the resource which their Latin colleagues are always employing, that of looking about and discovering from one's surroundings whether one is really on the right track. The Latins make mistakes sometimes, of course, but usually they recover themselves; the German once started in error continued to the bitter end.

I will give you an example. A distinguished neurobiologist, Edinger, decided from minute and painstaking researches that the seat of memory is in the pyramidal cells of the cortical tissues of the brain, and therefore affirmed that fish have no memory. It was that of looking about and discovering from one's surroundings whether one is really on the right track. The Latins make mistakes sometimes, of course, but usually they recover themselves; the German once started in error continued to the bitter end.

Trusting to the perfection of his machine he left the apparatus to itself, and settling down in an armchair, the chronometers, the readjusters, the steering gear, the chronometers, the readjusters, the stabilisers, the electrical and other locking and unlocking gears, and everything was so ingeniously contrived that all you had to do was to pull a lever, whereupon the machine would travel straight to the Pole, which would be reached in exactly 29 hours, 33 minutes, 22 seconds, 51 thirds.

When everything was ready, the doctor set off. Trusting to the perfection of his machine he left the apparatus to itself, and settling down in an armchair with the intention of passing the time pleasantly, he plunged into a huge work entitled: "The History of the War, A Refutation of the Lies of the Quadruplice, with documentary evidence." By Dr. R. P. Bochiquet. He was certain that the axis of the airship coincided exactly with that of the needle of his compass; and he had every confidence in the docility of his automatic mechanisms.

But . . . there is a but.

Careful to attend personally to the most delicate details of his machine, Dr. Gaffenberg had insisted, amongst other things, upon magnifying the needle of his compass himself. By a fatal chance he had for this operation taken in his right hand the magnifiers he should have held in his left hand; and vice versa; so that contrary to the universal rule, it was the white point of his needle that pointed North while the blue pointed South. All unaware of his error he was, therefore, travelling towards the Equator!

The brief hours of the voyage passed uneventfully. Only now and then did Dr. Gaffenberg and it was necessary to correct his direction by the fraction of a second. When 29 hours, 30 minutes had passed, the formidable machine slowed down, and, 3 minutes, 22 seconds, 51 thirds later, automatically landed upon the earth. Then the doctor climbed upon the platform, and reaching the earth by a ladder, he placed himself near the nose of the airship which indicated the position of the Pole with mathematical exactitude.

Night had almost fallen; but in the faint twilight there could still be described upon the horizon a little clump of cocoa-palms; in the thick grass, a world of insects was stirring. In his enthusiasm, however, our doctor paid no attention to these trifles. With a mallet he planted in the earth a German flag, and then he raised his voice to a loud "Deutschland über alles," which followed with three resounding Hochs. Then, taking his writing materials, he wrote: "This Day, 12 September, the anniversary of our victory on the Marne, at 19 hours, 33 minutes, 22 seconds, 51 thirds, I have planted at the Pole the national flag.

Now, mopping his forehead with a huge red silk handkerchief, he added in an aside: "Strange how warm it is!"

On reading the foregoing, I see that I have allowed my pen to run on at a pace which is scarcely appropriate to the seriousness of the subject. My excuse is that serious things can be said lightly, and light things pompously. The Germans admit neither the one nor the other of these two propositions; they say that their literature furnishes no examples of them. As to the first, I willingly concede their claim; as to the second . . . Why do I recall at this moment the story of M. Jourdain?

Views and Reviews.

A STUDY OF THE WAR.

It is not possible to do much more than acknowledge the publication of this book, and refer it to the attention of the reading public. M. Le Bon himself says in his last chapter that the conclusions of the various sections are so detailed that they cannot be summarised; and I could not hope to succeed where he had failed. The investigation of this volume is confined to the psychological forces involved in it; but M. Le Bon promises us another volume dealing with the psychological, political, and social consequences of the war.

The seven sections of this book deal with "The Psychological Principles Necessary for the Interpretation of this Work," "Germany's Evolution in Modern Times," "The Remote Causes of the War," "The Immediate Causes of the War," "Psychological Forces Involved in Battles," "Psychological Elements in German Methods of Warfare," and "Unknown Quantities in Warfare." The book is well documented, and conveys much information that is not generally current in this country. But its chief value is its demonstration of the power of those psychological factors that move men without the intervention of their consciousness; for the paradox of this war which has involved practically everybody is that nobody wanted it, and that Germany, by declaring war, has defeated the very object of it. "At the present time Germany is sacrificing her power and future prosperity to the desire of subjecting the other nations to her despotism sway, and rightly we excrete her; but if the war had not occurred, the world's indifference would gradually have made her portentous dream of hegemony an accomplished fact, and when the nations had at last felt the

— "The Psychology of the Great War." By Gustave Le Bon. (Fisher Unwin, tos. 6d. net.)
heavy pressure of Teutonic tyranny and had tried to shake it off, it would have been too late, for industry, science, commerce and every other source of national wealth would have been found in German hands. The fundamental psychological problem of the war is: 'Why did Germany cease to be an independent society and to pursue the object she had set herself by her actions. It is a fact that contains the cause of all differences of opinion, of dissensions, of wars, even; and, if I may revert to an old controversy, explains why I cannot accept Senor de Maestu’s teaching, that “things unite men.” For the men who are united to-day may be divided to-morrow, although the thing is the same; the complexity of man, which is further complicated by the varying degrees of susceptibility to the same stimuli, makes it impossible to prophesy what will be the outcome of any external unity in things. The more recent the construction of that unity (which is really the development of a new personality) the more incalculable is the future depends, beyond all else, on the continuance of certain virtues which have been acquired gradually, and which hitherto have been the glory and delight of civilization, but which have now become a danger to those who possess them, and, hence, seem doomed to pass away. Loyalty, integrity, tenderness, respect for a promise and a treaty, or, in a word, all the various forms of honour, have become a source of weakness in a struggle against nations which do not respect such things, and perhaps they will be unable to hold their own in the future. Against the future, there is nothing to oppose but human will and human knowledge; “natural laws are powerful, no doubt, but science, which seeks to dominate them, is very powerful, too. On the other hand, man will has received such a stimulus that it is now really a greater danger to civilization than Germany was; it may be a condition of the defeat of Germany’s dream of world-domination that we, or another, or a group of nations, should undertake the task of dominating the world. But “the future depends, beyond all else, on the continuance of our will. Conquer or die, but never yield!” must be the brief watchword of the nations which Germany would enslave. Neither Nature, nor man, nor fate itself, can withstand a strong and steadfast will.” It is an inspiring conclusion to a profoundly interesting work. A. E. R.

Reviews.

A Slav Soul, and Other Stories. By Alexander Kuprin. With an Introduction by Stephen Graham. (Constable. 5s. net.) This selection of Kuprin’s short stories certainly shows him to better advantage than did the translation of “The Duel.” Mr. Graham’s “purpose is to give what is beautiful”; and although we might differ from him concerning what is beautiful, we can read this volume without being revolted, we can even recommend it to those who like sentimentality. Mr. Graham discusses about Kuprin’s “style” in a manner that reminds us of Bentham’s remark, “puslpin is as good as poetry”; but there is remarkably little substance or form in these stories, and Kuprin’s style is only a notion ineradible narrative which the incidents are generally of the most flimsy contrivance; for example, “Chain of Lilacs” tells us how the wife of a young officer studying at the staff college saves him from being “ploughed.” He had accidentally blotted his plan and had converted the blot into a clump of bushes, and had sworn to the professor, who had known the district for twenty years, that there actually was a clump of bushes at this spot. The professor arranged to inspect the place next morning, and by that time the bushes were there, bought from and planted by a nurseryman at the request of the officer’s wife. The young officer will love his wife for evermore, and lilac will be his favourite flower.

The Song and the Dance” tells us of a little band of intelligentia who went to a Christmas party in a village and were smitten with the sense of their own uselessness when the children chanted: “You’ve sung elsewhere; for it is nourished and supported by every extension to the international stage of every activity of man. The dream itself has become a complex; Alexander only wanted to conquer the world, Mahomet only wanted to make the whole world monothestic, but the modern mystic, whether he be Socialist, Pacifist, Imperialist, what you will, contributes his quota to the dream of universal domination. Not only religion, but law, government, commerce, industry, finance, every systematized activity of man helps to make not only more permanent but more formidable this great illusion that, in the past, has made and destroyed whole civilizations, and, in the present, threatens us not with immediate collapse but with a transformation of character that will inevitably result in the decay of civilization, as we have hitherto understood the word. We are threatened, says M. Le Bon, “with the disappearance of certain virtues which have been acquired gradually, and which hitherto have been the glory and delight of civilization, but which have now become a danger to those who possess them, and, hence, seem doomed to pass away. Loyalty, integrity, tenderness, respect for a promise and a treaty, or, in a word, all the various forms of honour, have become a source of weakness in a struggle against nations which do not respect such things, and perhaps they will be unable to hold their own in the future. Against the future, there is nothing to oppose but human will and human knowledge; “natural laws are powerful, no doubt, but science, which seeks to dominate them, is very powerful, too. On the other hand, man will has received such a stimulus that it is now really a greater danger to civilization than Germany was; it may be a condition of the defeat of Germany’s dream of world-domination that we, or another, or a group of nations, should undertake the task of dominating the world. But “the future depends, beyond all else, on the continuance of our will. Conquer or die, but never yield!” must be the brief watchword of the nations which Germany would enslave. Neither Nature, nor man, nor fate itself, can withstand a strong and steadfast will.” It is an inspiring conclusion to a profoundly interesting work. A. E. R.
the song, then dance the dance." "A Slav Soul" is the story of a doctor's coachman who has occasional outbreaks of alcoholic mania, and finally commits an imitative suicide. In "Easter Day" a man meets a woman on a boat and discovers that she is the girl whom he had loved in boyhood. She has now a daughter, exactly the same age as the mother had been when he had kissed her; so the two old friends "smiled gently, sadly, tenderly." Tempus fugit, does it not? Occasionally Mr. Kiprin makes a joke, puts before his reader an account of a lecturer explaining the details of a flogging-machine which he has invented and being caught and flogged by his own invention. He drives about dogs, two or three occasions, and about children always; tells the story of Balaam in a modern Russian setting, Tolstoy taking the place of Israel; we can believe it without any difficulty. "Hamlet," of course, is the subject of one sketch, and a passionate prince who destroys a painting that he cannot hope to excel is the subject of another. Mr. Graham tells us that Kiprin's works can be bought at any railway bookstall in Russia; we can believe it without any difficulty.

From Warfare To Welfare: Essays in Social Reconstruction. By R. Dimsdale Stocker. (Palmer and Hayward. 3s. 6d. net.)

Mr. Dimsdale Stocker has a dramatic imagination, apparent even in his prose, and to those who like dramatisations of social problems these essays may be confidently recommended. But these contrasts are really too vivid for reality; there is no proof that warfare and welfare are natural antinomies; it is quite possible to argue that warfare and welfare, rightly understood, are the same thing. Indeed, Mr. Stocker's own criticisms come very near the identification of warfare and welfare. From Chaos to Reconstruction, for war is not chaos. There never was a time when England was more confident than now that war is the process of re-construction of England as a great military State. But if we overcome our irritation at these too-vivid captions, we shall find Mr. Stocker a very reasonable and logical writer. If we grow familiar with the process of re-construction of England as a great military State. But if we overcome our irritation at these too-vivid captions, we shall find Mr. Stocker a very reasonable and logical writer.

Drafted Bill for Industrial Conscription. Wrote article for Batchelor, of the "Weekly Mishatch," denouncing same (in style of Cobbett). Batchelor's style is deteriorating, and I shall have to dispense with his services.

DESIGNED "Easter Day" and next tickets, also cartoon for the "Evening News," representing Lord Beldane in his "spiritual home," Hades.

Tuesday.

Wrote verses in "Yeats" Kipling, under nom-de-plume "Touchwood," for the "Daily Wail":

"I strafe the Hun
And get things done," etc.

Approved scheme for the third stage of the Allies' offensive.

Reorganised the Royal Aircraft Factory on a sound business basis.

Repudiated Tempert-Tilling, his having muddled matters badly, and served my purpose for the time being.

Wednesday.

Arranged for an increased birth-rate.

Drafted Bill for Conscription of Wealth.

Wrote first of a series of articles for the "Claims," opposing same.

Gave L. G. instructions for campaign in favour, and commanded Asquith to support in preliminary stages only.

Wrote a moving and eloquent speech for "Winston," denouncing Bill as emanating from Lord Beldane and Wilhelm.

Sat to Winston for portrait as "The New Napoleon."
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

THE SERVILE STATE.

Sir,—The note, almost of despair, struck by the writer of the “Notes of the Week” in one of the recent issues of THE NEW AGE, when speaking of the enemies in your own camp, must find a melancholy echo in the breasts of many of your intelligent readers and well-wishers. Compare the following from the pen of a teacher of the established economic system with the vapourings of the feeble swarms of would-be men, and with the babylonish utterances of the men’s own leaders at the recent “conference.” The quotations are taken from the Principles of Economics,” by F. W. Taussig, Henry Lee professor of that science in Harvard University. In Book I, Chapter 6, he says: “The growth of large-scale operations has caused a great development of combined action by producers and investors; that is by those who guide production and those who own the apparatus of production. Association by the manual labourers themselves, for the conduct of production, is a different thing. It might conceivably be a rather dominant form of industrial organisation; but, in fact, it is not. In Book VI, Chapter 17, “It is somewhat curious that both in England and in the United States the trade unionists have been opposed to schemes for compulsory arbitration, whether of general or of partial application. They prefer their liberty of striking and fighting. This state of feeling is probably due in the important fact that the control of public affairs is in the hands of the property-owning class, and that the workmen would virtually be subject to compulsion from their opponents. In the United States, moreover, the feeling is strengthened by the spirit of lawlessness which still so largely infects the trade-union movement, and which is shown also by their hatred of the soldiery. The truth is that the workmen are not fairly conscious of the power which they possess in a democratic community. They are hedged in by all the customs and conventions of the existing order, and are not aware of their ability—would they but exercise it—to burst these bonds. Hence they prefer measures which strengthen their position in the industrial system as it stands to measures that look to any fundamental change in that system. Like the business men with whom they negotiate, they rarely touch by it, though many use its phrases—they think only of immediate results within the traditional framework of society.”

Far from wondering that every now and then a dubity worm its way into the odd corners of even your best work whether the game is worth the candle, one wonders at the extraordinary tenacity with which you and your associates hold on. One can well imagine the Capitalist Press—that sycophantic tribe, the most miscellaneous of any—checkling over the fact that the proletarian avenue of escape was so very obvious to everybody but the imprisoned. S. A. R. * * *

THE BIRTH RATE.

Sir,—Miss Margaret Macgregor’s article contained an indication of the richer classes for not encouraging the poor to restrict the number of their progeny, and for not having larger families themselves. Though I am in very active agreement with the first count, I shall just offer a comment on the second. The richer classes will not have larger families until the poorer classes have smaller ones. They cannot be sure that further taxes will not be put upon them to relieve poverty—a motor-car can be disposed of, but not so small, while the children and those of them realise that the birth-rate, though getting low, is still excessive, they are doubtless influenced by the suggestive fact that our infantile mortality continues to be about 10 per cent. of children, and that when the wage-earners practically cease to have more than two per family, and the possession of three or four healthy children will be a sign of successful life.

B. DUNLOP, M.B.
THE EXCESS PROFITS TAX.

Sir,—As your correspondent W. L. Sulchiffe inquires, how many people know the meaning of the Excess Profits Tax? After showing us how Excess Profits may be reclaimed from the Government, he states, "They will then have only held the use of the money free of interest for a certain longer or shorter period." Unfortunately that statement must be qualified, for it is impossible for capital to retire except at 5% per cent. per annum on the amount of Excess Profits they pay into the Treasury before it is actually due. Thus those who have made the greatest profits out of the war and are less able to repay a substantial reward for acknowledging their exertion and for handing over part of the spoil to the State. In my opinion this is scandalous. Of course, there are multitudes of reasons why they should be compensated for disengaging in June part of the profits they might have kept until asked for in December; but only on the assumption that they had any right to these profits at all. And in paying this interest is not the Government becoming a party to the crime for which it is receiving blood money? Moreover, as the 5% per cent. on the millions that cannot be denied will probably be used in purchasing Treasury Bills to mature in three or six months, which will then be renewed and then again renewed, and then again—well, it is certainly exhilarating to ride on the patriotic merry-go-round.

W. Y. X.

LETTERS FROM IRELAND.

Sir,—I agree with Mr. Bechhofer that it is not "wholly right" to conscript the Carsonites for the recent Irish Insurrection. The condonation should be for the Government which allowed the Ulster men to drill and arms with the intention of removing the authority of the Crown and the wishes and aspirations of the Irish people. But Mr. Bechhofer would appear to blame the National Volunteers for all the trouble, the founding of which, he says, was a "grossly foolish act.

Here I do not agree with Mr. Bechhofer. The founding of the National Volunteers was purely and simply an act of self-defence. To Nationalist Ireland the presence of a hundred thousand armed Carsonites on her heartstone was not a matter for laughter, as Mr. Bechhofer says it was. The seizure of the coast and the landing of arms did not strike the Nationalists as being something really very funny. But it was the little affair at the Curragh that put the tin hat on—if I may be allowed the vulgarism. The Ulster menace in itself was bad enough, but now the Nationalists believed (on the evidence afforded by British officers) that they could not depend upon the Army for protection.

Would they have consented to have been a matter for uproarious merriment on the part of the Nationalists? Was it then a "grossly foolish act" for them to raise the Volunteers? What else could they do?

The cause of the rebellion was the existing cause—the governing of the country by force. While that obtains, there will always be rebellion in Ireland, either active or passive. It cannot be otherwise. If it were otherwise, it would mean that the Irish people had lost their national pride and their self-respect—and they will never do that.

John M. Thompson.

A COMPLAINT FROM IRELAND.

Sir,—What are you after doing with me? I sent your readers a gift of a real Irish bull, and some lovely man was slaughtered it, yes, and served it up cold and all. I quoted from the "Bellant News Letter" a reference to the Irish National League meeting as follows:—

"There was little to distinguish the meeting from other Nationalist demonstrations, save in some very important respects. And you described it as "unimportant respects." Is it threading on the tail of my bull you were?

C. E. Bechhofer.

FIAT LUX.

Sir,—Mr. Radford asks: "How does 'A. E. R.' reconcile his review of 'The Faith or Fear' with 'Verax's' article, 'Fiat Lux'?" The question should, I think, have been addressed to "Verax," for my article appeared a week before his, and obviously I could not, even if I had wanted to, reconcile my opinion with opinions that had not then been published. If Mr. Radford wants to know why the two articles do not agree, the answer is simple; they were written by different people. Speaking of my own article, I cannot accept Mr. Radford's description of it as "smart, clever, or amusing"; it seems to me to be too unimportant, too critical, and nothing else. As it expresses a feeling inimical to the Church, which is justified by the criticisms of the clerical gentlemen whose works I reviewed, I can quite understand why Mr. Radford, Chaplain to the Forces, says that "of wisdom it has not one line." I may say that the book would probably have disappointed Mr. Radford even more than the review of it. His letter suggested that the Church could not become Christian until it was disestablished. I am not particularly concerned with the Christianity of the Church; I would not object to disestablishment; and I gave my reasons for this in my article. I shall try to survive Mr. Radford's disapproval.

A. E. R.

"VIEWS AND REVIEWS.

Sir,—As a new subscriber to "The New Age," I was astonished to read in your issue of October 19, sandwiched in between other articles of a far different type, an article by my reviewer, which left my brain in a whirl after I had tried in vain to reconcile its inconsistencies.

"The Pacifist will not forgo the prophecy of woe," he writes; "the worst war is always the next, and the fear of that war will, the Pacifist thinks, compel mankind to choose the 'shining way of peace.'" (The Italics are mine.)

And a little further on: "They (Peace and War) are not alternatives. Therefore, like the pessimist in the definition, we must choose both of the two evils."

Who is the prophet of woe here?

I know nothing of what people at home think of the "joy" of war; but there is not one man in a thousand out here whose enthusiasm for the pacifist is not that he exaggerates the terror of war—election; the impossibility—but that in thinking wars will cease in the near future he is an incurable optimist, and an irritating type, because he tells us that which we would give worlds to possess can be secured by a few treaties, some amiable politicians, and a green baize table in a room with stained glass windows containing pictures of nude women carrying olive branches.

On the whole, I prefer this so-called "Prophet of Woe" to our new brand of Pessimistic Optimist.

As to your reviewer's suggestion that the next war is not always the worst, I would only ask him to read the description of any struggle of the past, and then to come out here and sample this war. If the luxurious and happy conditions existing on this front during the last four years should be justified, I have no doubt he would find profitable instruction on the Russian front, or in Mesopotamia perhaps, or perhaps the Prussians would welcome this newly fledged apostle of war and give him excellent quarters in their internment camps at Wittenberg or the like!

"Man is an adaptable animal." And again, "His moods alternate."

I am sure "A. E. R." is newly fledged and not an "old bird," because he is found alighting, in spite of his theories, to a new invention as "terrors of the air." How can there be terrors when "a fighting chance" is present and "is all he needs to save him from fear?" Saving him from fear, indeed!

When you are crouching in a dungeon, which is being blown in by enemy shells, and men are being killed and mutilated beside you, you have no fear, of course, because you realise you have a fighting chance, in that the enemy's guns may be spotted and silenced by the counter-batteries. "Man has survived the blood feud," he says; but he should have added, which completely destroys his main argument, that the blood feud has not survived man.

And how has man survived it?

By abolishing it, by "growing up" like a boy, who leaves fighting behind him a realising, and how supremely silly it was, and out of place in a progressive civilization, by replacing the rule of Force, where the individual looks on his own interests before those of the community, with the rule of Law, which rests on the assumption that Duties exist as well as Rights, and which finds its power in the latent force of the co-operation and agreement of a large number of
those who have been through Hell jeopardised by a return to the old life after the war. Although a purpose does persist sometimes to its burning amongst us, the net effect is simply that man survive, dedicate ourselves to the unfinished work of death, he says the writer of the article in the Blood Feud is plain. and we hope—yes, Mr. Trafalgar? But the population of the European countries many are groping, and for those hopes of a happier and less material civilisation, to which men hold fast out here, as their sheet anchor, when life is not very good, and the end seems further off than ever—if by Peace he means the period of latent War, he is right to deny that the two are alternatives.

"Out of the state of Peace come the issues that War decides."

There lies the secret of our failure. But the alternatives remain. We can push War and War-Peace to their logical conclusion and civilisation down in ruins as other civilisations have crumbled and vanished in the past. But we can choose, too, the alternative, which shall be a real Peace, and, because real, also permanent.

"Although a purpose does persist sometimes to its logical conclusion—witness the decline and fall of Rome —those who have been through Hell to save our civilisation from the Beast— are not going to allow it to be jeopardised by a return to the old life after the war. For our honour's sake, and for the sake of those to whom we can choose to leave a legacy of blood or happiness, in memory of those who have fallen, let us, if we survive, dedicate ourselves to the unfinished work which they . . . have thus far so nobly advanced."

Let us cry with Mazzini: "The principle which was the soul of the old world is exhausted. It is our part to clear the principle, and, show us the paths that lead to that varied and patchwork existence the name which, commonplace and meaningless though it has become to some, still stands for that dim ideal, towards which every man perfects yet another' device for his own slaughter."

"The inference from the survival by man of the International Blood Feud.

The chief reason why my plays are not published is that I have not tried to get them published. I agree that international agreements and such-like are useless. Take away all his weapons, and man will still fight. The task for peace is to make the brotherhood of man and the folly of war, while retaining the nobility of willingness, if necessary, to die for an ideal. It can be done, and must, for the alternative is the destruction of man."

Sir,—Your correspondent "R. G." began this correspondence by declaring that he was bewildered by something that I wrote. I have written two letters to explain my view of current drama, and he accuses me of quibbling. With my view stated and restated for him, he declares that he cannot discover my point of view; but asserts that I intend "to push serious drama faster downhill." This is an unpalpable inference from my recognition of the expression of national spirit in the demand for plays of the comical type; but if it satisfies "R. G.," there is nothing more to be said. The reason of his bewilderment is clear. In my writings, he ignores whatever I say in explanation, and I cannot therefore accept any responsibility for his misapprehension of them. If he prefers to believe that I cherish nefarious designs against serious drama because I recognise that the English people have been more true to type in their preference for comedy, nothing that I can say will alter his conviction. Under certain circumstances it is impossible between us, and I relieve myself of the labour of explaining to a person who cannot understand what I write.

Sir,—If I were not already a very conceited person, "W. K." would make me one. He continues to attack me, preach at me, and even to patronise me. For which I am truly thankful and grateful. He says that the spirit of the drama is the unfolding of human souls. Quite so. But surely, Sir, it is as possible for a soul to unfold in a town hall as in a Mayfair boudoir? The fact is, genuine drama includes all classes of the human will, providing they are real and have some spiritual significance. "Nobody cares about corporations in the least." This is approximately true, and more's the pity. It is equally true that England does not care a rap about literature, art, science, philosophy, education, religion, or any of the things that separate a man from a gorilla.

The only thing that England as a whole ever exhibits any real moral enthusiasm about is that which I will politely refer to as Piccadilly. I am told that the last piece of advice given to theological students is, "When all else fails, my boy, talk about Piccadilly." That magic word unites Churchmen, Nonconformists, Ethicists, Capitalists, and Brotherhoods are never weary of listening to the glorious theme. It is the one thing that will make John Bull feel moral enough to pass a Flogging Bill. I beg to remind "Bipp" that the greatest municipal play of modern times did not come from America, but from Norway, and it was written by a man named Ibsen. I refer to "An Enemy of the People."

But I am not particularly concerned with municipal plays. The fact that I wish to emphasise is that the New Drama must not only deal with communal, national, and racial matters instead of personal ones. It must be super-personal. For, as I pointed out in my first letter, all the personal problems were used up long ago.

The chief reason why my plays are not published is that I have not tried to get them published. I know it would be useless at present. The reasons why they have not been produced are that they are not unpleasant...
enough for the Stage Society and not silly enough for the commercial theatre.

But if "W. K." or anybody else is vitally interested in the matter, I will very briefly describe four typical ones:

(1) "Why Hampstead Isn't Happy." This deals in a humorous fashion with the man famine at Hampstead. Hampstead eventually makes itself so attractive that enough for the Stage Society and not silly enough for autocrats, goes temporarily mad, and becomes a Tory.

(2) "Mr. Johnson's Drain: A Tragedy." Mr. Johnson is a bank clerk and a revolutionary Socialist. He marries, buys his own house, and tries to settle down. But the summer inspector comes along and orders him to reconstruct his drain at a cost of £50. He defies the autocrat, goes temporarily mad, and becomes a Tory.

(3) "The Budget." Sir William Saxon, a new statesman, introduces a eugenics Budget. But, as it contains no idea, Socialists, Radicals, and Tories unite to smash it. Sir William trades on the eternal credulity of mankind, as evidenced by the Angels at Mans and Mr. Stedman's belief in artistic super-natural myths which suggests that, if the Budget is not passed, the gods will show their anger by causing a "dirigible planet" to collide with the earth and smash it. The majority are frightened and allow the Budget to pass.

(4) "The Education Bill: An Uproarious Farce." This deals only with one phase of education, viz., moral instruction. According to the Bill, every parent is to have the right to say what sort of moral instruction his child shall receive. The experiment is tried, and a dozen cranks come along and "demonstrate," with highly diverting results. This lesson becomes the most interesting in the curriculum.

I think that the foregoing samples are enough to prove my case, that I own no dramatic enthusiasm in excess of ideas. Still, even now, I do not think that England is quite hopeless. The two bright spots in London are the "Old Vic," Lambeth, where you can enjoy Shakespeare and Gnomor for 2d., and the Marble Arch. Every night at the latter place you can denounce or extol everything in the universe, from the vivisection of dogs to the vivisection of new playwrights. You can even question the infallibility of God, the Pope, and the Rationalist Press Association. It's the greatest university in the world. The Marble Arch is the one institution that really makes men greater than Germans or Frenchmen. Through the bad penmanship there were two or three misprints in my last epistle. For instance, the word "unclean" was not written by me. I should not dream of using such a proof overworked word.

WILLIAM MARCIE.

MR. HAWKINS AND THE "SPECTATOR."

Sir,—I am the unluckiest man alive. In your issue of October 26 you were kind enough to print a most amusing Limerick, and I was so good as to write and ask you to approve for dispatch to the "Spectator," to be included in the series then appearing in its correspondence columns. At the same time I told you how, when in similar fashion I sent you some "Sortes Shakespearianae," the "Spectator," by an extraordinary coincidence, immediately ceased to publish any more of those witty fragments. Will you credit it, Sir? The coincidental has happened again! In its issue prior to the appearance of my letter in your columns, the "Spectator" printed example upon example of Limericks. In the issue following there is not a Limerick! This new blow has almost killed my grandfather; but together he and I are tussling up a fine (and, I think, perfect)而不卒 imaginary riddle for the next volume of the riddle for the next volume of the "Spectator." It is as follows: "Why is a baby like a Scotchman's bonnet?" The answer—so far as I can pen it for laughter—is this: Because there is a b' (i.e., a "bee") in both.

JAMES HAWKINS.

Memoranda.

(From THE NEW AGE OF last week.)

How much better off will a man be whose nominal wages are doubled when he discovers that the prices of commodities are trebled?

Why, since Capital is to have the profit of the employment of Labour, should not Capital provide for its unemployment? Must the general public at its own expense maintain an army of workers for the private use of capitalists?

The abandonment by the Unions of the right and the will to strike is not the first step, but the last step, towards the Servile State.

The gang of panel-doctors have succeeded in dragging down with them the nobler traditions and practices of the divine profession of healing until, to-day, there is hardly a civilian who would give the profession a good name.

Profiteering, more than any other sentiment whatever, is deeply engrained in the minds of our governing classes, so that it seems never to occur to them—or only as a wild notion of Utopian honesty—that there is anything vile in it.

Profiteering and victory over Germany are, in our opinion, not compatible with each other.—NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Give the Russians guns and shells and they will willingly disperse the joint armies of Falkenhayn and Mackensen.—S. VERDAD.

British tenacity is stronger than Tentrico stubbornness.

English men and women retain their youth twenty years longer than the people of other countries.—RAMIRO DE MAESTU.

We have yet to discover if these proposals for reconstruction are an honest foundation on which to leave the world, or a genuine passion, stirred by the war, for a more equitable system of life.

Our soldiers have toiled and moiled for Belgium; on their return, they are asked to contemplate the faded charms of Leah.

If the Guilds came in, they might comfort and repair the desolation of Belgium, Poland, and Serbia without a penny of profit.—S. G. H.

Wage-labour is a contract entered into by the employed person with the present alternative of starvation, though it be legally a free contract... But starvation is not the present alternative to the employer's industrial activity—in other words, he is a capitalist.—W. ANDERSON.

While the capitalist classes and the proletarian stand to each other in the relative status of fox and rabbit, the mere numbers of the latter are no match for the power of the former.

When shall we learn that nations that refuse to exchange honest opinions of each other will sooner or later exchange shot and shell? It is really the business of men of intelligence to fight our wars upon the intellectual and spiritual planes.

How to write the story of one's childhood—one's first childhood? I should say of Mr. Yeats—is, indeed, a problem of art.

Possibly the whole of the modern Irish school is really in a kind of catalepsy, and all its works are only reveries of the former.

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Less than kin, members of the Bar and occupants of the Bench are more than kind.—W. DURKAN.

Biography has only been done to death by biographers.—A. E. R.

Sultans of sugar, Czars of wheat,
Monarchs of coal and cheese—
These tred mankind beneath their feet,
These be our tyrants—these.

-MARCUS TYDEMAN.

Mothers are born, not made—C. W. E.

Trec's acting is the truest criticism of Shakespeare's work—BIPP.
great intellectual and moral qualities to bring about a revolution. A rage at present conditions is not enough.

"A. E." in "The National Being."

The larger the State is the more easily do the holders of economic power gain political power. The theory of representative government held good in practice, I think, so long as parliaments were engaged in formulating general rights, though, for example, the old idea of the King to think or profess any religion he pleased; his right not to be deprived of liberty or life without open trial by his fellow-citizens. So long as legislatures were prescribing or maintaining these rights, which rich and poor equally desired, they were justified. But when legislatures began to intervene in economic matters, in the struggles between rich and poor, between capital and labour, it became at once apparent the holders of economic power also had political power; and that the institution which operated fairly where universal rights were considered did not operate fairly when there was a conflict between particular interests.

The jury of the nation was found to be packed. At least nine-tenths of the population in Great Britain, for example, belong to the wage-earning class. At least nine-tenths of the members of legislatures belong to the classes possessing land or capital. Now, why any member of the wage-earning class should look with hope to such assemblies I cannot understand. Their ideal is, or should be, economic freedom, together with democratic control of industries an ideal in every way opposed to the ideal of the majority of the members of the legislatures. The fiction that representative assemblies will work for the general good is proclaimed with enthusiasm; but the moment we examine their actions we see it is not so, and we discover the cause. Where the nation is capitalist and capitalism is the dominant economic factor, legislatures invariably act to uphold it, and legislation tends to fix the system more securely. We see in Great Britain that wage-earners are now openly regarded by the legislatures as not having the same freedom in life as the wealthy. They must be registered, inspected and controlled in a way which the wealthy would bitterly resent if the legislation referred to themselves. After economic inferiority has been enforced on them by capital, the stigma of human inferiority is attached to the wage-earners by the legislature.

"A. E." in "The National Being."

We are sorry to have annoyed Mr. Lough, but surely there is nothing very remarkable about our "theories." To be more to the point, the elimination of profit in the distribution of staple commodities is an idea with which we should have thought everyone had been familiar for a generation or so. The alternative to the profiteering system is not, needless to say, the "splendor of loss," but the distribution of goods to the consumer on the basis of cost (including, of course, the cost of handling). In the Co-operative societies, of which Mr. Lough apparently approves, there is no such thing as "profit" in the ordinary sense in which we used the term; neither is there any more a real democracy in the world to-day. Democracy in politics has in no country led to democracy in its economic life. We have no more a real democracy in industry as firmly seated on its throne as theocratic king ruling in the name of a god, or aristocracy ruling by military power; and the forces represented by these two, supervised by the autocrats of industry, have become the allies of the power which took their place of pride. Religion and rank, whatever content or not with the subsidiary power or the floated crown upon their brows. Beneath their rags and poverty they do not elect themselves than they were under political rulers claiming their obedience in the name of God. They or connection with the objectionable association. Nearly all the real men of Dublin I found was among the obscure myriads who are paid from twenty to thirty pounds a week, and grimly they took through hunger the path to the Heavenly City, yet nobody praised them, no one put a crown upon their brows. Beneath their rage and poverty there was in these obscure men a nobility of spirit.

"A. E." in "The National Being."

There is danger in revolution if the revolutionary spirit is much more advanced than the intellectual and moral qualities which alone can secure the success of a revolt. These intellectual and moral qualities—the skill to organise, the wisdom to control large undertakings, are not natural gifts but the results of experience. They are evolutionary products. The emancipation of labour, I believe, will not be gained by revolution but by prolonged effort, continued month by month and year by year, in which first this thing is adventured, then that: each enterprise brings its own gifts of wisdom and experience, and there is no reaction, instead of the violent use of certain powers, the whole being is braced: experience, intellect, desire, all strong and working harmoniously. Here is no support for each other, and no support from without that enterprise is undertaken where the intellect to carry it out is not present together with the desire. It requires

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