NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Driven at last to take some action in the matter of our national food-supply, Mr. Runciman must needs pretend that the delay has been due to us. The subject of food-supply, he says, is so very delicate that had he attempted to take the present steps before, he would have found it impossible to carry public opinion with him. Nothing, however, is farther from the truth than this cowardly and irresponsible explanation. If the delay has been due to us. The subject of food-supply, was, as he admits, a necessary part of the organisation of the war in general, it was as much his business to provide it as it was the business of the War Office to organise the supply of men and munitions. And it is notorious that public opinion did not need to be dragged at the heels of any Minister, but was rather disposed to push him and the whole Cabinet along. To turn round now upon us who at long last have compelled him to move, and to accuse us of having refused to follow his lead, is a piece of impertinence for which we shall find it hard to forgive him. Nothing, however, is more especially since we are aware that one implication of this and similar excuses offered by Ministers but that it is the people or the democracy who are somehow or other to blame for every failure of the Cabinet to do its job? Is the food-problem now so difficult as to be well-nigh insoluble? Then why take any special measures to safeguard our food-supply when all we had to do was to rely upon the market-aphorism that “high prices stimulate production”? Why employ the terrific power of the Executive when the ordinary laws of Supply and Demand would, as usual, procure the best possible production and distribution of commodities? That high prices stimulate the production only of commodities on which the highest profits are to be made and without reference to the needs of the case; that the operation of the Law of Supply and Demand would not even ensure us enough shells for the Army, let alone food for the people—all this Mr. Runciman began by being as ignorant of as any fool-in-the-street; and he has only slowly been driven to learn the facts in a school for which the public has had to pay the fees. "We have been driven," he complains, "bit by bit against our will to suspend the easy flow of voluntary action, and we cannot depend upon it any longer." But who ever required of the Executive Government of a country and in a time of such peril that it should depend upon the easy flow of voluntary action? On the contrary, organisation with compulsory sanctions was being applied all around him, to military service, to munition work, to military supplies, to everything required directly by the Government itself. And it was only in the sphere of supplies for the people, the civil population, that the easy flow of voluntary action was depended upon.
If Mr. Runciman thinks, however, that he has now come as far as he must, his major lessons (still, no doubt, at our expense) are still before him. The indefinite prolongation of the war, due to the scandalous failure of the Allies to isolate Turkey and Bulgaria from the Central Powers, will involve in its course suspensions of the easy flow of voluntary action as yet undreamt of in Mr. Runciman’s philosophy of yesterday.

Another year of war will see, if we are not very much mistaken, the abolition of profit-seeking in every department of national industry. (And when we say profit-seeking we do not merely mean the abolition of excess profits, but the abolition of all profits.) Still a year longer and the conscription of wealth (let us call it the equalisation of income) will be imperative; and another year will see the irresistible public demand for the repudiation of the war-loans.

For ourselves we can say that we are prepared for all these measures now; and, what is more, we believe that nine in ten of the population are prepared for and would welcome them. But how is the case with Mr. Runciman and his colleagues? Will he, after a year, abolish profiteering in every department of national industry? Does he even dimly realise what changes another year will see the irresistible public demand for the repudiation of the war-loans. For ourselves we can say that we are prepared for all these measures now; and, what is more, we believe that nine in ten of the population are prepared for and would welcome them.

Now it is an astonishing thing, even in a worldPaised, that the ignorance of economics manifested by Mr. Runciman is not even less than the ignorance of the farmers, having to confess ourselves in peril of starvation. We say, however, that not only must they not be left as they are, but that definite organisation of a positive and compulsory nature must be applied to them. Confining ourselves to agriculture, for instance—the steps we believe are required to be taken, and to be taken at once, are the mobilisation of the whole land and agricultural labour of the country, and their employment, on national service, at fixed rates of pay (with none of your profits!), in producing food for the nation. We would treat the whole of England, as Germany is just treating Serbia, and the whole of agricultural labour, including practical farmers and landlords, as the War Office treats its men; and of the latter we would require the production of the food necessary to the maintenance of the nation on pain of punishment. Does anybody suppose that if in some mythical migration our present population had come upon the soil of these islands, they could not with our present means get a living out of it? It is all nonsense to pretend that England properly cultivated cannot provide itself with the elementary foods. It can and it should. The present obstacles are, in the first place, the landlords who require to be paid for permission to feed ourselves; and, in the second place, the farmers who, unlike our soldiers, want a profit in addition to a fixed payment. Both must go; and both, we believe, can go. A Food-Control had been appointed food would actually be solved at this moment; in other words, the present obstacles are, in the first place, the landlords who require to be paid for permission to feed ourselves; and, in the second place, the farmers who, unlike our soldiers, want a profit in addition to a fixed payment. Both must go; and both, we believe, can go. A Food-Control had been appointed food would actually be solved at this moment; in other words, the present obstacles are, in the first place, the landlords who require to be paid for permission to feed ourselves; and, in the second place, the farmers who, unlike our soldiers, want a profit in addition to a fixed payment. Both must go; and both, we believe, can go. A Food-Control had been appointed.
It is a wonder where Mr. Runciman was shifting so much of his blame upon the shoulders of public opinion that he did not charge us with opposing the nationalisation of the mercantile marine. It happens, however, that Mr. Runciman is still opposed to this himself. His reasons, however, might as well be private for all the value his public reasons appear to be. Tonnage, he begins by assuring us, is the A B C of European politics. Unable to provide for ourselves, and living, moreover, upon an island surrounded by submarines, we are dependent upon tonnage for our lives. Can it be believed, however, that after this admission Mr. Runciman was still content to maintain that the ordinary laws of Supply and Demand are sufficient to ensure our security? Our tonnage, it is well known, is in the hands of men whose first object is profit, and whose second is more profit. And even their private building of additional tonnage is determined, not by our needs, but by their calculations of private gain. We have nothing to say against Mr. Runciman's contention that a State Department is less efficient in the management of shipping than the practical shippers now engaged in it. But that is surely not the question. A State Department only nominally runs our railways, whose actual administration is in the hands of a committee of practical general managers. Is it past the wit of man to imagine a mercantile marine administered by the managerial staffs of the existing companies, but for fixed pay instead of for fluctuating profits? Or that under the same co-ordinated control the problem of additional tonnage could be as easily solved as it is now by the War Office the provision of additional guns? We are aware, indeed, of a feeling of making fools of ourselves in urging such obvious propositions; for they are such as must occur to any sensible person; and we are left uneasily suspicious that the objections to their adoption are beyond our knowledge or guess. We will put it, however, once more to our readers whether, if there be really any will in the nation to settle the foreign food problem (and there be in the minds of the Government any problem at all—which we sometimes doubt) the nationalisation of the mercantile marine and its administration by the mobilised labour now employed in it, are not the obvious solution of the difficulty. And we will say, if Mr. Runciman, the son of a private shiower, cannot see it, the nation ought not to starve while he is coming to his senses.

Mr. Ellis Griffith is to be congratulated on being the first Member of Parliament in our recollection to define the radical distinction between legitimate and illegitimate State compulsion. Speaking in the debate on Thursday last, when the question was raised of the compulsory enrolment of everybody in national service, Mr. Griffith said that he would not consent to forcing one man to work in order to put profits into the pocket of another. "All that they had a right to do was to compel a man to work for the State." We hope that this distinction will be borne in mind during the coming discussion on public questions. For, in the instance of Germany, we shall be engaged in a few weeks in once more attempting to "mobilise" the nation. Any proposal to require men or women to work for another person's private profit, even if incidentally national service is to be performed, must be strenuously resisted. The time for demanding that national service shall first pay private toll is gone by; and with the admission of State compulsion private profit must disappear.

We cannot help but wonder where on earth Mr. Lloyd George will find scope for his abilities, since already after only a few weeks of it he appears, on the authority of his friend Lord Northcliffe, to have exhausted the possibilities of the War Office. Among the advocates, we are told, of the new office of Food-Controller, Mr. Lloyd George was the foremost in the Cabinet; and this fact, we are led to conclude, fore-shadowed his own bid for the job. It is hard to believe that we have such us as are putting us in the hands of one who can pass from office to office and exhaust the potentialities of each in the course of a few months. Besides, the facts are against the faith. There is not an office yet that Mr. Lloyd George has filled with anything more substantial than wind; and it may be that if he is about to leave the War Office the remnant of the hope will not be his success but his failure. It will be interesting to count the number of failures it needs to make a Prime Minister of him.

Lord Northcliffe is certainly wise in his generation to avoid risking his circulation with the public by any public responsibility. Asked if he would consider an invitation to become the Food-Controller, he replied that he would not under any circumstances put himself with twenty-three men who were always too late. The resolution, however, is more natural than reasonable. Who, more than another, created the Coalition, and in full knowledge, presumably, of the character of the men who would compose it, if not Lord Northcliffe? Who, more than another, has led the public by the ear and the politicians by the nose until we have reached the condition that Lord Northcliffe must be invited to save us—if not Lord Northcliffe? Who more profite in suggestions of fresh jobs and more critical of the ability of anybody save himself to fill them—than Lord Northcliffe? And who has run away on every occasion when the echoes answered his call for Lord Northcliffe—if not Lord Northcliffe? We can agree with him that the twenty-three who now compose the Cabinet who are always too late, but not the least of their remissnesses is their failure to lay Lord Northcliffe by the heels. When, indeed, they become efficient enough for that, they will become at once efficient enough for us and too efficient—for Lord Northcliffe.

The Government has only itself to thank for the prevalence of the widespread desire to hold peace-meetings which, in our judgment, are meetings for prayer rather than meetings for political counsel. What is it that they pretend and manifest but a profound dissatisfaction, existing in all classes, with the state of public information? Twenty-seven months have bled away since the war was begun; we see ourselves visibly little nearer any defined goal; and, while the resolution of the nation to win, if winning be possible, is as strong as ever, not a word is vouchsafed us of the calculations of our leaders, or even of their reasonable assurance that victory is within reach and within time. We ourselves are certainly among those who hold that a final decision is still possible—a decision, we mean, by force and not by mere negotiation. But we walk by faith and not by sight. On the other hand, it cannot be denied either that the minority who hold that a compromised peace is inevitable are growing in numbers; or that the Government is doing nothing to diminish their numbers. It is something of a tragedy, indeed, that we should be spending millions on persuading neutrals that we are about to win while at the same time the number of doubters in our own country is allowed to grow. What is needed to public opinion, needed throughout the war, is more confidence in our own public opinion, more information to our friends at home, more common counsel taken with our own people. After all, it is not the neutrals who are going to win the war for us; Who, and the conciliation of the spokesmen and rank and file of the "peace" movements (not one of which, we believe, is anxious to see Germany successful) is at least as important as the conciliation of foreign peoples.
Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdun.

Père’s Alexandrine ("needless," you may remember) never dragged its slow length along more slowly than some of the subsidiary campaigns of this war. One of its tragedies (for myself, I mean) is to read accounts of brave, high-spirited men storming this position and that position under conditions of revolting barbarism never excelled in history—and I am no novice where shell-fire is concerned—knowing as I do that heroic charges and proud victories which in any previous war would have settled the thing are as likely as not, nowadays, to leave us all very much where we were. Bapaume, for instance; Monastir, for instance. If the former objective had been Lille—Lille, with its ramifications of railway lines, German storehouses, powder-magazines, and so on—that, now, would have been something. For the Germans attach a great deal of importance to Lille and hardly any to Bapaume. I do not say that they will not regret losing Bapaume, the fall of which is immemorial. But for the purposes of their Western campaign Bapaume hardly matters at all (its fall will touch merely their military pride), and Lille matters a great deal. Lille, however, is a great railway centre and Bapaume is just a station on a line. And, though I believe that the British will take Bapaume soon, I fully recognise that they are not there as yet. By road it is two miles and three-quarters from Beaucourt-sur-Ancrè to Miraumont; two miles from Miraumont to Achiet-le-Petit; nearly two miles more to Achiet-le-Grand, and three miles and a quarter bar from Achiet-le-Grand to Bapaume—in all, some ten miles. If you strike at Bapaume across country—and Beaumont Hamel, which we have taken, lies a mile from one road and a mile and a half from another—well and good. In that case the distance is eight miles. But you must go by both directions; for the whole countryside is dotted with little fortified villages—Grandcourt, Petit Miraumont, Fys, Irles, Grevilliers, Ligny-Thilloy across country; and the other points I have mentioned on the road. And that is apart from positions like Le Transloy and Beaumencourt, on which the French are converging. Remember what it cost us in men and munitions to take Thiepval and Beaumont Hamel; and think of all the other points I have mentioned.

It is not that I wish to be discouraging. I know perfectly well—better than the ever-ready hacks who write so gaily about “sacrifice”—that this country is prepared to stand a good deal; and has already stood much more than most people hoped for. But the bald fact is that the more thinking sections of the population, as determined as ever to continue the war, are beginning to question, not the real and alleged blunders of the politicians, but the very obvious blunders of the higher military authorities. The capture of Bapaume and of Monastir will bring us very little forradar in a military sense. Why then aim at them? We shall be told that there were good reasons for our advancing on the Somme. One is, I readily admit, the fact that our line there joined the French line, and that—whether we were in consequence in closer touch with the French General Staff, whether we have much to learn from the French, is how to keep the number of men in the auxiliary services down to the minimum; the other is how to maintain the infantry and artillery in close touch before, during and after an attack. This latter object could have been achieved—supposing the Lille objective to have been decided upon—by attaching a corps of expert French gunners and officers of the rank of captain or major to the section of British force engaged. I admit the benefits of the liaison; but I point to the uselessness of Bapaume and the extreme importance of Lille.

Hence the need for economising our forces by adopting strategy and tactics suited most adequately to the end in view. That, to be perfectly frank, our commanders have not done. It is not enough for the military authorities to explain themselves to the House of Commons, through the responsible Minister, at a secret session. A secret session soon becomes an open secret. It would be quite possible to explain the strategic situation to the readding and studying portion of the public (the portion, mind you, whose opinions can decide at any time whether the war shall stop or go on) without giving information away any more—indeed, rather less—than in that sentence: I know. And there are many and grave things to explain. Many of them have been explained (from their own point of view) by the German papers, and we have been slow in replying, even for the benefit of neutrals. Is Mr. Masterman still alive?
A Visit to the Front.

By Ramiro de Maestra

X.—FINAL IMPRESSION.

"We have had to do in two years what it has taken other countries forty," said a major in Salisbury Camp to us. And these words sum up what we have seen on the fields of Flanders and the Somme, in the military bases of England in France; in the British camps, and in the munition factories. We have only to add these words: "What had to be done has been done. England possesses an army of the first order, which is one of the decisive factors in the land combats of Europe."

The world's professional soldiers had not reckoned with the possibility that England could create a great army in the short space of two years. Hence their mistakes.

Professional soldiers know that the creation of an army is the result of a series of experiments which require time. It is necessary, for instance, to try twenty different types of guns before adopting one; forty different types of powder before choosing the best. One must make an immense selection of personnel before creating a competent officer corps. Then it is necessary to make many trials before adopting the strategy and tactics best suited to the nature of the war, to the national genius and resources, and to the specific object of beating a given enemy.

The British Army found itself in France amid a world of strange and unexpected things. It was prepared for a Colonial war: it was faced with a Continental war. It relied almost entirely on mobilization, on cavalry, on the good legs of the infantry. It was met by a war of great masses. When England began to arm her male population, the war of great masses had already been turned into a war of trenches. When the army began to dig trenches it found it had no arms to oppose to the high explosive shells which destroyed its defences. It may be said that during the first year of the war England arrived late for everything; although the courage of her soldiers enabled her to help considerably in winning the victory of the Marne, and decisively in the struggles which prevented the Germans from gaining access to the Channel.

But from the end of last year the spiritual revolution was completed in England which since transformed the character of the war. "We must put everything on the battlefield," said the nation and the Government. The voices which urged that Great Britain should play only a limited part in the war were extinguished. Mr. Lloyd George as Minister of Munitions, the transformation of every possible manufactory into a munition factory, the creation of many new arsenals, the laws restricting the consumption of luxuries, the mobilisation through compulsion of the male population, the requisition through good wages of the female population, the extinction of society life—all these are the known stages of the progressive consciousness of the seriousness of the war. An order of Lieut.-Col. Russell prohibited his cousin, the Hon. Bertrand Russell, access to the towns where he proposed to give pacifist lectures. All pacifist and Liberal nonsense is in the way of being stopped by law. The war, in short, has been taken seriously. The miracle prophesied by Lord Kitchener has been realised, and England possesses a great army.

While the nation was becoming transformed, the army was gradually discovering that the British character could find in the trench warfare an open field for showing its aptitudes. I have told you that in my opinion, which is that of a layman, the tactics of the expeditions which the English call "raids," and which the Spaniards of the sixteenth century called "encamisadas," are going to change the aspect of the war. Every night groups of men leave the trenches at different points, cut the German wires, throw their hand-bombs into the enemy trench, attack with the bayonet, take a few prisoners, and destroy machine-guns and mortars. These expeditions never cease.

The Germans could reply with counter-raids; but the historic genius of their race is against this. One cannot expect from soldiers trained to a purely passive obedience, and to move only at the word of command, this spirit of initiative which makes a soldier advance alone in the darkness, with no other guide than his own lights, kindled by the sheer joy of the adventure. These raids force the Germans to maintain in their trenches on the British front a larger number of men, and a much stricter vigilance, than elsewhere, where their enemies do not possess the same initiative. The strategic significance of this is easy to understand. Even when the Somme offensive began, although the British front covered only one-fourth of the whole line, the Germans were obliged to keep one-third of their soldiers for the British front. The British tactics forced the Germans to increase their numbers daily. The effect of these tactics is multiplied by the immense number of English guns and prodigious quantities of munitions by which they are served. By this progressive attraction of the enemy forces the British were compelling the Germans either to abandon their other fronts, or to shorten their Western lines by a general retreat. These effects may not be obvious to-day; but they are certain to become evident as the war progresses.

England, in short, is making the ball by the horns and not by the tail. The courage of this division would be inexplicable if it were not for the amount of optimism and physical joy which are perhaps the deepest characteristics of the British race. To make my thought clearer, let me avail myself of a passage of the Spanish thinker, Señor Ortega y Gasset, in "El Espectador": "Yes, it is a sad war; not only a cruel war. The French fulfil their obligation sadly, let it be said in their honour. But I should prefer duty to be done more cheerfully. What can I do? I cannot rely on heroism that is sad. The Germans, too, fight sadly, although sadness in our case has another aspect. They fight with rage, with haste, and—pardon my naïvete—with excessive eagerness to win. Is it what so naive as it appears at first sight? There is happening to the German State in this struggle the same as happens to the German books in which the theories of war are tried—if the war is lost, what is the German who has done his part to face the latter have said. And it is wise to be useful for everything. A nation ought to know not only how to win but also how to lose. It shows a certain poverty of mind not to be disposed to see in defeat one of the masks which life can put on.

France is no longer entirely what she was when these ideas were thought. In the last few months the episode of Verdun has passed through France. The French went to war with a great sadness. War implied the end of the monarchy, of which they had been accustomed. This sadness lasted a year and a half. But when they were threatened at Verdun with being struck off the map, and were obliged to defend themselves in the last trench, it seemed as if they said: "Well, then, let us die." And with this idea they ceased magically to think of death, and a breath of immortality restored their joy. For the best Señor Ortega y Gasset's observation is just. Not only the French and the Germans, but all the European armies, are fighting with sadness.

There is only one exception: the English. Señor Ortega y Gasset does not know English. My friendship could not induce him to try to understand them. And yet his observation is typically English. An Englishman understands very well the sadness of war; but he says: "Isn't it only right that a man should discover the cheerful side of sad things?" An English-
The Permanent Hypothesis.

A Critique of Reconstruction.

IV.—OUTLINES.

When we reach the operative clauses of the new social contract, we fall, with a thud, from the spacious realm of pure economics down upon the actualities of life. It is inevitable. Nor would we avoid it if we could. For economics does not embrace all life, nor explain all history. Nor may history be sought in the parts played in history by the materialistic factor. When the learned men of the world are disputing over it, who am I that I should decide? My quarrel is first with those who ignore it altogether, and, secondly, with the monstrous regiment of scribblers who cannot intellectually escape from that economic vulgaris, which, since the days of Bentham, has been the palladium of our commercial system. Nevertheless, it is our business, with vigilance and patience, to infuse current political economy with a greater and ever greater "content." It is only in this direction that any compromise is possible. I remember that many years ago the "catastrophic theory" was popular in certain Socialist circles. The argument was too easy to be true. The capitalistic system would soon reach a state of universal disintegration, the transition to Socialism being the work of a few hours. The disintegration would, of course, have been proceeding (as with the one hoss shay) for a long period, to culminate in some dramatic event—the universal strike, a great tumult, or what not. Therefore, the duty of all Socialists was to push on with their propaganda, looking neither to the right nor the left, inspired with the belief that the catastrophe might come at any moment, like a thief in the night. And any compromise with the enemy merely postponed the advent of the great day. We have all, I think, passed beyond that quaint doctrine of determinism tinctured with free-will. We do not now, I trust, so hopelessly confuse our categories. We must have regard for factors other than, even if subsidiary to, the fundamentals of economic science. Teleology and metaphysics still play their parts in the life of mankind and we disregard that fact at our peril. But if the materialist historical school limits its explanations to its own frontiers, the exasperating aspect of the economia vulgaris is its incorrect absorption of economics, morals, religion, ethics and commerce into an indigestible whole. It is at least important to remember that the economic elements are non-moral; ethics may discover for us some rules of conduct in our contact with these non-moral elements. I can well believe that there is a higher unifying synthesis. I wish I knew what it is!

Subject, then, to a clear recognition of the vital truth of our economic principles, we need not unduly fear their partial application to life; or even their partial absorption into the economia vulgaris. All to the contrary; this is veritably the thin end of the wedge. It is not compromise; it is our pioneers going over the parapet. And our problem is: how far has the ground been prepared?

As we approach the new social contract, does the validity of our argument disclose itself? In agriculture, for example? As the war proceeds, the elements of our national life are revealed in their varying dimensions and urgencies. Our Army needs come first. But food is of equal importance. And we come to agriculture, still, by the way, our largest industry. Enter Mr. J. L. Green, who makes a little proposal to the "Times." He wants the Government to order 10,000 parish councils to put under wheat, by the end of spring next, 50 acres in each parish, or 500,000 in all. If this were done, so be it, it would provide bread for 5,000,000 people for six months. Councillors, farmers or others who thwarted the order are to be
Green's proposal would have been hailed as a triumph of Socialism. And who shall decide upon the rate of wages? The Hon. Charles Bathurst is alarmed. He now sees that the selection of the land and the control of agricultural work would lend themselves to petty politics, to an element of competition which would be taboo. Politics ought to be the expression of the spiritual life of the nation, manifesting itself centrally in Parliament and locally in the subsidiary governing bodies.

My criticism, it will be observed, is motivated by the principles deduced from the purely economic argument that labour is a commodity, and that it can only cease to be a commodity, economically considered, when Labour, by a monopolising process, can control its labour. That involves a fundamental change in our national life, with its logic and its necessitated political and social changes. Nevertheless, my knowledge of agriculture, meagre as it unfortunately is, tells me that this purely deductive concept corresponds with the concrete facts of agricultural life.

So far, then, it would appear that the only new proposal in regard to agriculture favours a collectivist rather than a Guild solution. Even so, the contrast between the two conceptions suffices to prove that in practice the Guild solution must ultimately be accepted. I am not without some hope, a hope that the short-term period in agriculture has now become acute. Farm labour has been "combed out" to such an extent that our home food supplies are seriously threatened. Teamsters have gone; shepherds have gone; other essential farm labourers have gone. A crisis has been reached. The Hon. Gentleman (Mr. Green) proposes that a board of referees should be appointed to decide in the case of all skilled farm workers whether their replacement is likely to reduce materially the production of food. But why stop there? Might not this board, composed of practical and experienced agriculturists, become the nucleus of a representative Agricultural Congress and (full powers being given to it) itself boldly assume the responsibility of organising and marketing all agricultural produce? If the pressure of the wish ought to be a guiding principle, we may be sure that it would not die when peace comes. Indeed, it will be doubly important. The farm labourers who have gone to the war, fed, clothed, and paid on a higher standard than they have ever before experienced, will not willingly submit to the old debasing conditions when they return.

Whilst it would be foolish to believe that any approach to Guild organisation is as yet even vaguely apprehended by the agricultural industry, it is almost equally true to say that the local staple trades are trying to fend off and forestall the creation of Guilds. Let us return to the Garten Re- searchers. They have already discovered that Labour objects to (and sometimes rejects) the commodity theory; they have also discovered that a change of status is imperative if industrial peace is to be attained after the war. Naturally enough, being what they are, they dare not discard the permanent hypothesis. Labour must remain on a commodity basis because rent must be exacted and dividends paid. They accordingly seek to evade that issue, at the same time, if possible, conferring on Labour a new status. As the only new status that Labour can accept is the change of status is imperative if industrial peace is to be attained after the war.

Heavy fines and otherwise penalised. The method seems a little Prussian, but, as Mr. Green says, "There is now no time to stick at trifles." Assuming the accuracy of Mr. Green's estimates (and I see no reason to doubt them), and assuming the capital to be forthcoming (no great difficulty as a matter of fact), we, nevertheless, reach the disquieting conclusion that the existing agricultural industry is not proving equal to the requirements of war conditions. Something has got to be done; this is no time to stick at trifles. If the isolated individualism of the British farmer fails us, then, with its logic, comes the necessity of constructing a new economic unit. Mr. Green proposes that the work should be done by the agricultural industry, it is almost equally true to say that the local staple trades are trying to fend off and forestall the creation of Guilds. Let us return to the Garten Researchers. They have already discovered that Labour objects to (and sometimes rejects) the commodity theory; they have also discovered that a change of status is imperative if industrial peace is to be attained after the war.

Whilst it would be foolish to believe that any approach to Guild organisation is as yet even vaguely apprehended by the agricultural industry, it is almost equally true to say that the local staple trades are trying to fend off and forestall the creation of Guilds. Let us return to the Garten Researchers. They have already discovered that Labour objects to (and sometimes rejects) the commodity theory; they have also discovered that a change of status is imperative if industrial peace is to be attained after the war. Naturally enough, being what they are, they dare not discard the permanent hypothesis. Labour must remain on a commodity basis because rent must be exacted and dividends paid. They accordingly seek to evade that issue, at the same time, if possible, conferring on Labour a new status. As the only new status that Labour can accept is the change of status is imperative if industrial peace is to be attained after the war.

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they confidently reckon upon the smooth working of the factories, and so securing that increased production which will restore our national greatness. It is so simple, yet why nobody ever thought of it before. How, then, is Labour to be conciliated? In the more isolated businesses, a joint committee is proposed representing both the Management and the Works Staff.

The representatives of management would be required to explain the nature and extent of any proposed innovation designed to increase output or economise effort—the introduction of new automatic machinery, time and motion study, standardisation of tools, analysis of fatigue, elimination of waste—and its effect upon the earnings of the firm and of the individual worker. This explanation should be as clear and full as possible, with the object of giving each worker an interest and sense of responsibility in his work, by making clear to him, through his representatives, the reason for the methods to be adopted and the relation of his job to the whole process of production.

Most friendly to be sure. And now suppose that the workers, having considered their representative’s report, take strong objection to the proposed innovation, which really means reduced costs and increased profits, what then? Our Researchers of mild and benevolent aspect have their answer put: “A wise Employer will always have the interests of his staff at heart, and workmen who feel themselves to have a recognised interest in the business will have many suggestions to put forward for promoting its efficiency.” So I should think! And the permanent hypothesis? Go away! Is this a time for joking? Thus we see that a new spirit pervades the industrial world. Peace reigns. Production proceeds apace. Consider the new idyllic conditions in the person of John Smith. John has spent an hour at the Joint Committee. They have, in great anxiety, discussed a “proposed innovation.” John has been duly impressed with a “sense of responsibility in his work by making clear to him the reason for the methods to be adopted.” He goes home to tea, smiling and happy. The kettle, boiling on the hob, sings a soothing welcome, and, unless his nostrils deceive him, there are crumpets in the oven. His wife welcomes him, the love-light in her eye. Surely it were good for the soul to remember that it is on such happy occasions we’d built up, in transcending grandeur, our mighty Empire.

"Come, Mary, my lass, bring on the grub," "It’s all ready, Jack, dear lad. Had a good day at the works."

"Aye! Spent the last hour at the Joint Committee."

"Anything happen?"

"Aye. A ‘new innovation,’ as they call it."

"What’s that?"

"A new machine. Saves labour. It’s a grand thing to be told everything. Makes you see what’s in the bosses’ minds."

"Whose labour does it save, Jack?"

"Well, in this case, mine."

"And what will they do with you?"

"Oh, I’ve got the sack."

"And what’s to become of us?"

"God knows. You see, Mary, it’s written at the head of the Joint Committee’s minute-book that ‘a wise Employer will always have the interests of his staff at heart, and workmen will have many suggestions to put forward for promoting its efficiency.’"

"And who proposed this new innovation?"

"I did!"

Leaving John Smith, happy in the fully acquired knowledge “of the reason for the methods to be adopted and the relation of his job to the whole process of production,” we let us move on to the larger scheme of organisation for the staple trades. But not till next week. Just now, I cannot help thinking of John Smith.

S. G. H.
In a letter to the "New Europe" (August and in "The Illustrated London News" (August), Mr. G. K. Chesterton's statements that "the atheism of Frederick the Great and is the military religion of Berlin." I explained to you and your readers that I had been myself a soldier in the Prussian Army, and that, according to my experience (of which I gave samples), the Berlin Government, far from being atheistic, was, on the contrary, most eagerly bent upon enforcing religion by all possible means. Mr. Chesterton, in a very amiable manner, declined to believe me, and answering me both in the "New Witness" (August 20), and in "The Illustrated London News" (August 19), upheld his statement as to the utter absence of religion in military and national affairs.

As thirty years have passed since I have practised the goose-step under the conscientious direction of a none-too-mildly-mannered sergeant, I did not answer Mr. Chesterton at once, for I was waiting all the time for fresh proof that nothing has changed in Germany since the time of my military service. Of course, in my innermost mind, I knew well enough that Berlin was still at its orthodox game, that it still passionately kept up its relations with the "old German God," that it had remained on its almost impudently intimate terms with that much-to-be-pitied personage "The All-Highest." But I waited in order to make sure of my case. I put my answer off in order to catch Prussian Cant and Prussian Bigotry once more red-handed and in flagranti. For there is no one in England whom I would like so much to convince of his being in bad company as Mr. Chesterton, who, as I shall never cease to think, is a man of great honour and integrity in both religious and intellectual matters.

Well, the proof has come at last, and I beg to submit it to you for final judgment. It consists in an apparently harmless letter which was passed by the German Censor, and has thus made its appearance in the columns of a great many German newspapers. I enclose a translation, but, as Governments, in Germany as elsewhere, have not the gift of lucidity in language, I beg to say that my translation is somewhat free, and that I have been more eager to express the spirit than the letter of this official communication:

From the Ministry of War.

Great Headquarters, November 29, 1915.

The Minister of War begs to acknowledge the receipt of your honor's letter, and wishes to inform you (the letter is addressed to a German M.P.) that a thorough inquiry with regard to the complaint of Herr Professor Dr. U. has been made, and that it has given the following results:

The sons of Herr Professor Dr. U. have left the church of the country ("die Landeskirche") and have given themselves out as being without religion ("Konfessionlose"). They therefore renounced a religious body whatsoever, and can thus not be promoted to be officers, neither in the Regular Army, nor in the Reserve, nor in the Army Medical Corps.

The Minister of War begs to state that the promotion to the state of officers in the Reserve—if they are other-
Nietzsche," could never have become a German bargain, for Frederick the Great, the sceptic and 'honestly pretend to be a faithful son of the Synagogue.

...twenty years, but that is 'because he gave himself out significance of his oath and about all those duties that make concessions in this direction, we would not be...

...and Mr. Chesterton and his...smile! English papers, it must be understood, are...

...good Christian can be a good soldier!'

A few days afterwards the "Kladderatdecht" (the German "Punch") came out with a cartoon, depicting a scene in heaven where Hannibal, Julius Caesar, Alexander the Great and Frederick the Great were all reading the Emperor's speech in a newspaper. They shook their heads in bewilderment, looked at each other with winks in their eyes and smiles on their lips, and the Great Frederick was seen to whisper into the ear of old Hannibal: "Funny stuff!"

The editor of "Kladderatdecht" got three months in a fortress.

Will the gifted author of "Orthodoxy" still deny his orthodox, though less gifted, brethren of Berlin?

Geneva.

Oscar Levy.

An Industrial Symposium.

Conducted by Huntly Carter.

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

(a) What in your opinion will be the industrial situation after the war as regards (a) Labour, (b) Capital, (c) the Nation as a single commercial entity.

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

(14) Miss May Gladstone,

Secretary, Women's Liberal Metropolitan Union.

I regret that I am too busy with present practical affairs...childhood can no more be divided into two parts, one general and the other particular.

The particular questions demand a specialised knowledge which I do not possess...what they really mean.

...master...live on a weekly wage of 30s., and workmen understand the masters' difficulties in national or international commerce.

(15) Professor M. W. Robison.

I do not think I have anything to say on the first question which is not perfectly familiar to readers of The New Age. For the matter falls quite sharply into two parts, one general and the other particular.

The particular questions demand a specialised knowledge which I do not possess...general tendency to give to Labour a legal status is clearly on the increase.

...details of organisation of things he knows nothing about...one of the masters...live on a weekly wage of 30s., and workmen understand the masters' difficulties in national or international commerce.
There is, however, a kind of prediction which is less unsatisfactory because it deals with extremely general and indecisive conditions, and the conditions under which other parties to Labour after the war there can be little doubt. They are inevitable, and, besides, signs and omen are not wanting. All the arguments that have been used in order to maintain or to strengthen the essential features of the capitalist organisation of industry will be used afterwards for a like purpose. A trade war, we are informed, is to follow; and it is significant of the period of competition, and especially in the provincial districts where labour trouble was always present and more or less in the public mind, have not ceased to remind us that second war has not be less important, and will equally demand the concentration and organisation of national forces and energies. No one except a section of the working classes seems to have failed to note this means. Similarly, there can be little doubt that the general effect of the war on Capital is its consolidation. We have passed the period of competition, and entered that of concentration and organisation of national forces and energies. No one except a section of the working classes seems to have failed to note this means. Similarly, there can be little doubt that the general effect of the war on Capital is its consolidation. We have passed the period of competition, and entered that of concentration and organisation of national forces and energies. No one except a section of the working classes seems to have failed to note this means. Similarly, there can be little doubt that the general effect of the war on Capital is its consolidation. We have passed the period of competition, and entered that of concentration and organisation of national forces and energies. No one except a section of the working classes seems to have failed to note this means. 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Drama.

By John Francis Hope.

That we can at last read a play by Strindberg which is sane is a fact which will make the publication of this,* the fourth, series of his plays memorable. The translators chose to present him as a misanthrope; they asked the English to acquire European culture by studying the works of its Janissaries, for Strindberg was not the only one whose works were commended to us. Yet there was at least one work of Strindberg that would have been immediately acceptable to the English public, at least as acceptable as Ibsen’s “The Pretenders”; I refer to “Gustavus Vasa,” which appears in this volume. It is not a great play, although it has a great theme. The Greeks used to try to avert the jealousy of the gods by sacrificing their choicest possessions; since Christ, the method has been to sing* “Non nobis.” Do what you like, but glorify God, is the Christian method of placating Destiny; and Strindberg enforces this doctrine in his play. The defect of the play is that instead of revealing the mystery of Destiny, he only makes obvious the Christian, or, at least, the Jesuitical teaching, Ad majorem Dei gloriam. Maeterlinck’s King: That’s the worst yet! What do they mean? We may even believe what he means; but, as Hamlet said: “All of which, sir, though I most powerfully and potently believe, yet I hold it not honestly to have it thus set down.” When the spirit is not willing, the words are weak.

It is unfortunate that the crisis of the play should be so feebly rendered, but it would be unfair to judge the whole play by this passage. The failure of the crisis reveals the character of the play as a whole; it is exposition, not drama, and its scenes expound a thesis. But most of the scenes are dramatic: the first act, particularly, is a very powerful play of character. As the play lapses from the first act, Strindberg more than once spoils a dramatic moment in a vain attempt to make it illuminative of a person’s character. For example, Jorgen tells Agda that her lover has gone away, and will certainly not be back soon.

Agda [sinking to the ground]: Lord Jesus! Jorgen [raises and helps her to her feet]: What is it, girl? Tell me! [in a lower voice] A child! Agda: He had given me his promise. Jorgen [genuinely moved]: Poor woman! Agda watches him closely.

Jorgen: Misery, always misery, wherever love gets in its work!

Agda: And you don’t despise me?

Jorgen: I pity you, as I pity all of us.

Agda: Can you see now that good exists?

Jorgen: Where?

Agda: Within yourself.

Jorgen: Pooh!

The anti-climax seems so deliberate that we can only suppose that Strindberg was jibing at one of his characters, spoiling her attitude,” as Shaw’s Napoleon said. But in spite of these lapses, the play does impress; some of the people are big, the King and Petri, for example, and the Jew Herman is a subtly simple character which would play well. The other plays in this volume are “The Bridal Crown,” “The Spook Sonata,” and “The First Warning.” Of these, “The Bridal Crown” and “The First Warning” are suitable for production on the English stage; “The Spook Sonata” is only one of the curiosities of literature. “The First Warning” is a one-act comedy of jealousy between a married couple; they torture each other, like most of Strindberg’s people, but they bite less deeply than usual, and when the woman receives the first warning of approaching age, a broken front tooth, she turns to her husband for consolation. “The Bridal Crown” is a pastoral tragedy, which introduces as many extra natural as natural characters. Its theme is an old Swedish legend to which Strindberg has added the Montague and Capulet antagonism. The legend, which the translator tells us is known all over Sweden, concerns a young man and woman who, while herding cattle in adjoining pastures, fell in love with each other. The girl bore a child, and they tried to legitimize it by going through a simple wedding ceremony which they improvised for the occasion. Once, when the girl could not get back to the pasture at night, she used her alpenhorn to tell her lover and ask him to look after the baby. Add to the concealment of birth and the illegal marriage the fact that the lovers belonged to mutually hostile families, and there is the substance of a very pretty tragedy. Most of the extra-natural persons and powers try to make matters worse for the long-suffering Kersti; there is a genuine folk-tune, legend in the scene at the foot of the scaffold, but when Kersti prays to God, the Evil one vanishes, and a little angel ministers unto her. The play is full of legendary sayings, of no great depth of meaning, I must admit, and Strindberg makes use of a number of folk-tunes with good effect. It is a genuinely fantastic play, with its hints of witchcraft and communication with earth-spirits; and it emphasises once more the morality of the village maiden.

* Plays. (Fourth Series.) By Auguste Strindberg. (Duckworth. 5s. net.)
Letters from Ireland.

By E. C. Bechhofer

Here in Belfast I am beginning to appreciate Dublin. Belfast is a city without traditions, or taste, or beauty, or charm. One of the delights of Dublin is its variety—in one street you may pass a big house with a winter garden and a broad drive; next door to it will be a tiny bungalow surrounded by a scantly garden; next door again, a model tenement, perhaps, or a steam laundry, or another fine mansion. But this Belfast is like a London suburb. There are three or four sizes of ugly houses, carefully graded off into districts. It is worth bearing in mind, when Ulstermen boast of Belfast's prosperity, that ragged, barefoot women and children may be seen almost as often in the main streets here as in Dublin. I am told indeed that, though Belfast is the busier town, Dublin is actually richer. Belfast has a hard-working middle class, but Dublin attracts rich men who have retired from the Services, and it is their money and the money of old Irish county families and of the Castle class which make the Dublin Stock Exchange far wealthier than that at Belfast. To Dublin, also, all Irish roads lead, and everything, good, bad and indifferent, reaches it at last. Poems have been written to Dublin; I cannot imagine a poem to Belfast. And what to me puts the cap on Belfast's inferiority is that it actually welcomes the third-rate English theatrical companies a week after Dublin, and is content.

I felt bound to draw a comparison between Belfast and Dublin; the antagonism of the two is in the atmosphere of Belfast, just as in Dublin everybody strikes comparisons with England. It is possible, indeed, to institute a kind of rule of three, a home rule on the Ulster line, whereby Ulster obtains her ready money. Ulster's credit would be subordinated to that of agriculture. Thus, this however, ascribes appallingly provincial motives to future Irish statesmen. Surely the manu-

Ulster has two economic connections, one with England, the other with the rest of Ireland. She is pulled in both directions economically, and, therefore, politically. Which pull is the stronger? Now we see the great luck of Ulster, whereby she survives triumphantly the double strain. The political division of the province is a sure index of the relative strength of the two economic divisions, the one profiting by the commerce with England and the other by the commerce with the rest of Ireland. As we know, Ulster is divided exactly equally between Unionists and Nationalists! This shows that Ulster holds a perfect economic equilibrium between the two strains.

Attempts are sometimes made to upset this balance. Nationalists have told me that the branches of the Ulster banks in Nationalist Ireland are the means whereby Ulster obtains her ready money. If, they say, Nationalist farmers were to withdraw their deposits and arrange a boycott of the Ulster banks, Ulster's credit would come toppling down. I need hardly say that Nationalists have urged this as an excellent way of bringing the Carsevities to reason. Withdraw your deposits, they say to the Nationalist farmers, and bring Ulster to her knees. But the Unionists soon saw how to counter this form of attack. It is proposed after the war to establish a branch of an English bank, the London City and Midland, in Belfast. Up to the present, Irish banking, even when its registered headquarters are in London, has always done its work entirely within Ireland, and, we see, one result has been the financial inter-dependence of Ulster and the other provinces. If Ulstermen, however, turn for their ready money to the new English bank, they will automatically become bound more closely with England, and their connection with the Nationalist provinces will be correspondingly less. Whether the Ulstermen take this step deliberately, or whether the Nationalists by a boycott of the Ulster banks force them into it, the result will be the same. What every good Nationalist ought to be attempting is, of course, to make Ulster more and more dependent on the other provinces. Nevertheless, with their usual stupidity, most Nationalists are quite prepared to do precisely the opposite and to cut off their nose to spite their face by deliberately alienating Ulster interests and driving her into the open arms of the English banks.

At the same time, it must be remembered that such a result is by no means to be desired by Ulster. She remains superbly important only so long as she can maintain her economic equilibrium between England and Nationalist Ireland. Once let her connection with the other Irish provinces weaken and she becomes by so much more the economic dependent of England. And once the balance is lost, Ulster's power will roll away with increasing speed.

Ulster has every reason to fear falling into the hands of England economically. It is one of the strangest errors to imagine that England is, or has ever been, kind to Ulster. Even this new English bank is not going to Ulster for her beautiful eyes, but for the lovely profits it can make out of her. English capital has always done everything in its power to crush Ulster's economic progress. The only companies which are able to succeed in Ireland are those financed and directed by English interests. All attempts of Nationalist and Ulster alike, meet with the most delib-

For example, a local Belfast firm began to run passenger steamers to Liverpool. The treatment it received was remarkable. The English railway company seemed unable to make arrangements to fit in with the arrival and departure of the Ulster-owned steamers. Other steamship lines would be able to connect with trains at the station on the quay; but in this instance the passengers had to be transferred by 'buses to the town station. To crown all, a competing line was soon started, which took passengers to England at the ridiculous rate of only half a crown a head! Evidently, this new competing line was prepared to run at a loss, so long as it could cut out the Ulster firm.

The well-known Belfast tobacco firm, Gallagher's, has no chance in the Irish countryside against the big English trusts, who do not mind stocking Ireland at a dead loss to themselves in order to undercut Gallagher. The Trusts in America are not more aggressive and vindictive in their determination to ruin local traders than are the big English interests in Ireland.

In the eyes of English capitalists Ulster is as Irish as Dublin. Only by maintaining intact her economic connection with the Nationalist provinces can Ulster save herself from becoming the slave of her worst enemy—England.
The Debt of Mr. Thomas Hardy to Indian Philosophy.

The purpose of this essay is to trace the source of Mr. Hardy's ideas, to show their relation to the general trend of the thought of the period, and ultimately to justify the thesis that Mr. Hardy's outlook on life is either identical with, or derived from, Indian philosophy.

It has been well said that every thinker and philosopher is the child of his age. His vision may revivify the dead bones of history, build up the culture of a past civilization, or in prophetic frenzy forecast the progress of men and things into an age yet unborn, but never can he be aught else than the embodiment of the wisdom of his contemporaries. He is the Aolian Harp through which the winds of the human mind vocalise the deepest and highest thoughts to which it can give utterance. A creative artist, above and beyond the philosopher or the thinker, is the resultant of the age's culture, the expression of its hopes and fears. Mr. Hardy's works are books in which the author is laughing with his use, or the wild animals he hunts for his pleasure or sustenance. Man is both in and of the picture as Mr. Hardy sees it. No more intrinsically worth in the cosmic order of things is imperilled when a catastrophe such as the visitation of Tessa takes place than when on a wind-swept hilltop a lightning flash closes the existence of an ox or a sheep.

Nature is just as capricious towards her highest development as towards her lesser. In the well-worn phrase—the struggle for existence, or the survival of the fittest. Perhaps this alone would not have influenced Mr. Hardy so decisively. It is difficult to suggest that it is directed at the victims of circumstance. Is there anywhere in our literature a more terrible indictment of untoward events or of misplaced justice than Mr. Hardy's outburst at Tess's execution? "Justice was done, and the President of the Immortals (in Aeschylean phrase) had ended his sport with Tess."

What were the forces which mediatedly influenced Mr. Hardy's mind to view the spectacle of life in this way? In the first place, it must be ascribed to the new discoveries in science. Darwin had just given to the world his theory of the evolution of man from a lower form; Professor Huxley had courageously and effectively championed the new conception; and Herbert Spencer, in his philosophy, had embodied the idea in the well-worn phrase—the struggle for existence, or the survival of the fittest. Perhaps this alone would not have influenced Mr. Hardy so decidedly had not a philosophical system from the Continent of Europe then taken root in England. Arthur Schopenhauer, with his creed of Pessimism and the denial of the Will-to-live, was finding many converts among thinkers over here. It was a philosophy which seemed to confirm the recent hypothesis of science, or if not at all points to confirm, at least to conflict less violently with them. Man, said the evolutionists, was a special creation, but he had evolved slowly and painfully from lower forms. Life, said the Pessimists, is entirely undesirable in itself, the bad far outweighs the good; at the best it is tolerable, at its worst, failure, misery, and pain accompany it. The Pessimists reiterated the cry of the Latin sage, "Vitam nemo accipere, si daretur scientia." Nearly all the artists of the day were influenced by this cult, especially Richard Wagner, who was confessedly a Schopenhauerian.
The leading ideas of the philosophy of Pessimism were derived from a study of Buddhism. Indian philosophy and Indian literature were becoming appreciated by European scholars, and the new aspects towards life which it revealed, in a startling manner, affected a minor critical phase of metaphysics of the West. Schopenhauer freely acknowledged his debt to the philosophy of the Buddha, and Mr. Hardy's debt to Schopenhauer, were it not confessed, is obvious.

Another German philosopher, a contemporary of Mr. Hardy, seems also to have contributed towards his mental outfit, although, since the European War, he has seen fit to turn and rend him. Nietzsche's telling aphorisms, his hatred of Christianity, could not fail to find some response in Mr. Hardy's mind, but Nietzsche's doctrine of the Superman was never received sympathetically by Mr. Hardy. Perhaps his mind was too well balanced to believe that, in order to achieve the height of his destiny, man should eschew pity. We can well imagine Mr. Hardy, after a contemplation of this chimerical creature, saying "a pretty dream of man rising superior to circumstance, but the price to be paid in blood and tears I cannot will. Instead he shows man driven and rolled by circumstance and driven by fate—Tess, the pure woman, violated, an adulteress and a murderess; Jude, with the makings of a saint, becoming an atheist; and Marty South, the loving and faithful, standing bereft of love and hope by Giles Winterborne's grave.

The majority of critics, when attempting to analyse the secret of Mr. Hardy's philosophy, seize upon the use which he has made of the Fate theme. His work in that respect has been likened to Greek tragedy, and, in especial, a comparison has been made between Sophocles's conception of Fate and Mr. Hardy's use of chance or circumstance. When, however, we come to examine the parallel more closely we find that the likeness is superficial. Mr. Hardy, unlike Sophocles, does not portray man as working under the spell of a blind fate, inexorable in its decision. The Greek dramatist shows us the tragedy of men striving against omnipotence, with the course of their lives fixed beyond alteration whatever be their struggles to free themselves from the predestined ends. The 'Wessex' novelist never makes man a mere automaton. He never visualises the end of his characters before the end is reached. They are always living creatures who, bewildered and handicapped by the forces of nature or convention around them, work out their own destiny. In the ultimate resort they will their own good or evil. Man, as seen by Mr. Hardy, can always rise above adversity; the tragedy is that so few do.

We are forced, then, to inquire if there is another conception of fate in philosophy which agrees more closely with Mr. Hardy's idea. Without hesitation we may answer affirmatively; but we shall have to travel far eastward to find it. The philosophic conception of Karma is the central idea of all Indian thought. Recognisable in all places and in all ages, it is the black strand in the multi-coloured garment of Indian civilisation. Through all the changes of religion and philosophy—in Vedism, Brahminism, Buddhism and Hinduism—we discover it. Unlike the Greek conception, however, it is not irreversibly the decree of an extraneous agency, but the logical result of one's own good or bad deeds. The Indian conception of Karma, or fate, makes man a free agent, a completely responsible individual. The results of Karma cannot be escaped. "If you will study this order," says Mrs. Rhy's Davids, in her book on "Buddhism," "you will see that there is no scheme of man-made justice which can stand comparison with the norm inherent in the Universe—with the dhummatā of things. As surely as water drawn up from the earth and ocean by the sun re-descends as rain, so surely will a good, that is, a felicific, act yield, some where and some when, its happy results to the doer," and she proceeds to quote from the "Samyutta-Nikāya"—

According to the seed that's sown,
So is the fruit ye reaptherefrom,
Doer of good will gather good,
Doer of evil will gather evil.
Sown is the seed and thou shalt taste
The fruits thereof.

Again, in Sir Edwin Arnold's translation of the "Bhagavad Gītā," he makes Krishna say:—

... This world's Lord makes
Neither the work nor passion for the work,
Nor lust for fruit of work: the man's own self
Pushes to these. ... But if a man fall learn
Even while he lives and bears his body's chain,
To master lust and anger he is blest.
He is the Yādava, he hath happiness.
Contentment, light within, his life is merged
In Brahma's life, he doth Nirvana touch.

Thus we see that Karma in Indian thought is man weaving his own thread of fate. "I myself am heaven and hell," wrote Omar; more truly he might have said, "I make my own heaven and hell." Karma is an iron law from which there is no escape. Either in this life or in a future incarnation, a man must reap the reward of his acts.

It will be apparent now to those who know the "Wessex" novels that Mr. Hardy's conception of fate approaches more nearly the Indian idea of Karma than to that of the Greeks. If we examine his works in detail, we shall find that this relation is unmistakable. Let us take first Mr. Hardy's greatest book, "Tess of the D'Urbervilles." Tess was the daughter of a peasant, whose ancestors once held high place among the "County" families. Without evil intention on her part, and while quite defenceless, she is violated by a member of the new aristocracy. Mr. Hardy, in summing up the catastrophe, and its relation to the past and the present, says: "Why was it that upon this beautiful feminine tissue, sensitive as gossamer and practically blank as snow as yet, there should have been traced such a coarse pattern as it was doomed to receive? One may, indeed, admit the possibility of a retribution lurking in the present catastrophe. Doubtless some of Mr. Hardy's "Wessex" characters were rolled into fortune by the accidental happening of events where they were born, but it is also possible that some of them rolled home from a fray had dealt the same measure even more ruthlessly towards peasant girls of their time."

Again, when Tess had recovered to some extent her good name and meets Angel Clare, whom eventually she was to marry, the same sense of retribution or Karma seems to prevail. In this case, however, Karma is transferred to the other side. Angel Clare was the son of a pronounced evangelical clergyman, and, although he had sloughed off his family's rigid Calvinism, yet his early training had not been completely eradicated. On the evening of his marriage with Tess, after his confession of a lax morality, his wife tells him the story of her life. The shock of finding Tess not conventionally pure arouses all his ingrained narrow-mindedness and hardness, and ruthlessly he leaves her. Here is an instance of Karma not acting on the individual as a moral agent, but continued into another incarnation.

Although Tess is the clearest example used by Mr. Hardy of a fate something akin to the agency of Karma, it is by no means the only one. His works are pervaded with the same idea. Jude and his cousin Sue are members of an unlucky family, and, especially so in matrimony. The catastrophe in this novel is brought about by the chance of the wolf will power in the two chief characters, but the reader feels strongly by the circumstances of their lives and hereditary instincts. Elfride Swancourt is another instance in "A Pair of Blue Eyes," although the tragedy of which she was the central figure was to a certain extent the result of her own vacillation. Yet Mr. Hardy emphasises the
fact that her history was an unhappy one. But where, as in the "Wessex" novels, this reliance upon Karma or fate is almost universal, it is invincible to select further examples.

We have not, however, to rely solely on this evidence, strong as it is, to convince ourselves that Mr. Hardy owed a debt to Eastern thought. There is another Indian conception which finds a place in his scheme of things. The idea that "maya" or illusion is a necessary condition of existence is a vital feature of the Hindu school of philosophy. What exactly does the term "maya" mean to a European? It conveys the impression that all the phenomena of life, all the outward expression of things, all sensations of sorrow, joy, pain or happiness, are an illusion. "Maya" emphasises the unreality of matter, the illusory character of external objects. To us it signifies the idea of life lived in a dream—a good or bad dream it may be—but, nevertheless, a dream. And as in dreams we seem to lose all volition, to be the sport of circumstance, we seem to lose all volition, to be the sport of circumstance, to be the sport of circumstance, thus they drift on from point to point, in some cases foreseeing the end before it is reached, in others hardly caring of the end so long as it comes, and comes speedily. A very superficial analysis of his novels will make this plain. If either Angel Clare or Tess had possessed just a little more resolution, just a little more power of correlating thought and action, the inhibition to action. The result is the tragedy of life lived in dreams, where rational thought may be possible, but rational action based on thought is impossible.

Now to us all great tragedy is built round this idea. At all events no one will deny that the theme of "Hamlet" is such a conception. Its tragedy lies in the fact that while Hamlet could reason clearly and logically, when he endeavoured to translate thought into action some form of inhibition took place in his nerve-centres. Mr. Hardy's plots seem, in nearly all cases, to be a variant of this theme. Introspection and scepticism are so strong in his characters, adversity overthrows their souls so entirely, that action is denied them. Thus they drift on from point to point, in some cases foreseeing the end before it is reached, in others hardly caring of the end so long as it comes, and comes speedily. A very superficial analysis of his novels will make this plain. If either Angel Clare or Tess had possessed just a little more resolution, just a little more power of correlating thought and action, the catastrophe towards which they steadily drifted would have been avoided. If Tess had only exercised a little more self-control before making her confession to Angel Clare, she might have lived a long life happily as his wife. If only Sue Bridehead had realised that love without union is almost an impossibility to women, she would have married Jude and avoided the grim tragedy which wrecked her life. If Grace Melbury had been able sooner to appreciate the uprightness and worth of Giles Winterbourne, in all probability she would not have been his lot.

In each of these cases we have the Hamlet lack of decision, the inhibition to action. The result is the characters seem often to move as figures in a dream. Sometimes we almost get angry and annoyed, and wish to spur them on to act. Nevertheless, Mr. Hardy is right and true to the facts of life. Nearly all sorrow, nearly all failure is due to this cause. The real tragedy of life is that we will, without willing effectively, so that neither our hopes nor our loves accomplish the desired end.

It is evident that both Karma and "maya," two of the fundamental concepts of Indian philosophy, are found in Mr. Hardy's works. We must also admit that these ideas are not confined to one or two novels. If it were so it might plausibly be argued that their introduction was accidental, and necessitated by the plot. In four of the "Wessex" novels in which the tragic theme of death was so prominent, we trace the use of these ideas, "Tess," "Jude the Obscure," "The Woodlanders," and "A Pair of Blue Eyes," were clearly written under the influence, known or unknown, of these concepts. In such comedies as "Under the Greenwood Tree," "Far from the Madding Crowd," "much less scope for their use is possible, end to trace them, when they are used, is less easy. The reasons are obvious. Personal predilection may prefer "The Return of the Native" to "Jude the Obscure," "The Hand of Ethelberta" to "Tess"; as "The Tempest" may find more readers than "Hamlet" or "Lear"; and Wagner's "Meistersingers" greater audiences than "Tristan and Isolde," but the final criterion of an artist's work will always be his achievements in the field of tragedy.

It is given to no artist to know the exact significance his work will hold in the estimation of unborn generations. Still less may a critic presume to judge. It may be possible, however, to forecast in general terms the verdict of the future. It is certain that as long as humanity is interested in humanity, so long as man is interested in the thoughts and philosophy of his fellow beings, so long will the "Wessex" novels continue to hold an abiding place in the classic literature of England. For they contain the very germs of permanence. Plain and simple men and women, loving and hating, happy and oppressed, struggling in the stream of life and swept hither and thither by that stream. But a more enduring factor than this is found in them. Mr. Hardy, by seeing this struggle in the light of Karma and maya, has embodied the profoundest thoughts of man upon the problem of existence. The enduring quality of these ideas is fixed beyond doubt. They are permanent, not because of any illusory happiness they engender, or because they disguise the truth in beautiful raiment, but because at bottom every man feels that they are indispensable. The outstanding character of Indian thought has been at all costs to elucidate truth. Here, perhaps, is the reason why every new idea in art or philosophy has always originated in the East, spreading Westward to influence ideas, less profound in thought, more superficial, more blinded by the illusion of the Will-to-live.

EVERARD G. GILBERT-COOPER.

Views and Reviews.

FINANCING A REVOLUTION.

MR. GEORGE BERNARD SHAW, who has invented so many ingenious excuses of his unwillingsness to go more than talk, once refused a subscription to some Red Flag enthusiasts on the ground that he could not finance a revolution. Whether or not Mr. Shaw recognised that he had indicated the fundamental defect of the whole revolutionary movement, I do not pretend to know; I can only say that, so far as I know, Mr. Shaw has never told anybody how to finance a revolution. It is obvious, of course, that a revolution cannot be financed by charitable subscriptions, but that it must be financed is also obvious; the question is: "How?" If every Trade Union became blackleg-proof, we should be no nearer the millennium; so long as its funds were not immediately accessible, or directly and entirely under the control of the Union, it could not pursue a fighting policy with success. In 1912, for example, it was discovered that the National Union of Railwaymen had a quarter of its funds invested in Railway Stock, the value of which was depreciated by their threat of a strike; and, therefore, could only be realised at a loss. In one district, the Miners had invested largely in workmen's cottages; if they declared a strike, they got no rents; if they got no rents, they could pay no strike pay. They sought accommodation from the Cooperative Wholesale Society, but that Society had itself to draw the money from a capitalist bank; Mr. Temple, in a correspondence which is printed* reminded the manager of the Banking Department of the

* "The 'Tattooed Men'; or, Labour Leaders and the Workers' Money." By Frederick Temple. (The Commonwealth Press. 6d.)
the C.W.S. that 98 per cent. of its cash is in the possession of the Joint Stock Banks, and ranks among their assets. In 1912, the Miners were refused accommodation by a capitalist bank, and the C.W.S., which obtained the money from a capitalist bank, but, at the same time, "the leading London banks passed a resolution to give no accommodation to Trade Unions." The C.W.S. could not have repeated its accommodation without the consent of the capitalist banks, and refused would have been a threat to refuse to clear its cheques which would always suffice to bring it to reason. The C.W.S. cannot finance a revolution any better than Mr. Shaw.

The situation was clear; if Labour was ever to gain control of industry, nay, if ever it was to talk to the capitalist as man to man, it must obtain control of its own finances. The best way to obtain control would, of course, be by creating a bank which would do the business of the Labour movement; the Co-operative Societies have their banks, the Trades Unions should also have a bank, as even the "Daily Citizen" admitted. Mr. Temple wrote a pamphlet entitled "Banking for Trade Unions," and sent a copy to every delegate of the Newport Congress, and to every member of the Parliamentary Committee of the Trade Union Congress. "Upon careful consideration, the wiser course seemed to be to register under the Companies (Consolidation) Act (the plan, as has been seen, afterwards advocated by the City Editor of the "Daily Citizen") for almost the smallest amount of Share capital that would suffice to regularise the position before the law, and to ensure the Company being a really Co-operative undertaking by devising that the Shares should not carry any dividend, but should only carry control, and that the whole of the net profits should go to those who had created them, i.e., its depositors and holders of current accounts. The majority of the Shares were to be vested in Trustees appointed by the Trade Unions, in accordance with the terms of a Trust Deed which obtained the money from a capitalist bank. Mr. Temple reported to the Congress in these terms:-

"Upon careful consideration, the wiser course seemed to be to register under the Companies (Consolidation) Act (the plan, as has been seen, afterwards advocated by the City Editor of the "Daily Citizen") for almost the smallest amount of Share capital that would suffice to regularise the position before the law, and to ensure the Company being a really Co-operative undertaking by devising that the Shares should not carry any dividend, but should only carry control, and that the whole of the net profits should go to those who had created them, i.e., its depositors and holders of current accounts. The majority of the Shares were to be vested in Trustees appointed by the Trade Unions, in accordance with the terms of a Trust Deed which could have spoken, but Mr. Temple's letter seems to have stricken them dumb with amazement; and he has never received even an acknowledgment of the receipt of his letter. But Labour Leaders have more ways than one of conveying their opinion, and Mr. Temple publishes a most interesting correspondence between himself and the management of the "Daily Citizen." If the allegation made in the letter from the "Daily Citizen" is true, the clients of the National Co-operative Bank must be the most extraordinary people in existence. Ordinary clients would address their complaints to the person with whom they were dissatisfied; in this case, they seem to have addressed their complaints to the editorial staff of the "Daily Citizen." Instead of transmitting those complaints to Mr. Temple, they demanded from Mr. Temple something very like a statement of accounts, which he, quite properly, refused to render to them. To show that there was no ill-feeling, that they only wished to know, they refused to publish his advertisement when he refused to answer their questions.

Another interesting correspondence is that between Mr. T. F. Richards, President of the National Union of Boot and Shoe Operatives, and Mr. Temple. Mr. Temple asked Mr. Richards to become a Trustee of the Bank; at first, he agreed, then he declined, and subsequently wrote a most abusive letter to Mr. Temple. The Right Hon. A. Henderson, M.P., had addressed a word to him, and there was an end of it. But the next incident is even more interesting. Mr. Temple went to Scotland, and addressed forty meetings of Trades and Labour Councils on the subject of Banking. He received an invitation to meet the Parliamentary Committee of the Scottish Trade Union Congress, and made the Committee on the subject. It was suggested that Mr. Temple should form a Scottish Co-operative Bank, and he proceeded to do so, submitting to them a report of the results of his work, a draft of the proposed Trust Deed, copies of the Memorandum and Articles of Association, and a copy of Temple's pamphlet, stating the scheme in outline. Whereupon the Committee reported to the Congress in these terms:—

"The Committee have had several meetings with Mr.
Fred. Temple on the subject of Co-operative Banking. In this connection they, after careful consideration, appointed Mr. Wm. H. Martin, Chartered Accountant, to investigate the whole matter for the Parliamentary Committee. Mr. Martin has gone into the question very fully, and made a most exhaustive report to the Parliamentary Committee, and in view of the new information come to hand that the Labour Party are intending to issue a full statement re the National Cooperative Bank shortly, the Committee are of opinion that it would be advisable that the Trade Union movement does not interfere with the Scottish Co-operative Bank, with which Mr. Temple is associated." The Labour Party are evidently determined to live up to their nickname of "the dashing Rupertes."

Apparently, while Mr. Temple was in Scotland, the Joint Board, of which Mr. Henderson is the Chairman, and Mr. Bowerman the Secretary, had been considering the case of the National Co-operative Bank; and on February 17, 1916, it resolved to direct the attention of the Commercial Department of the Board of Trade to this bank that clears its own cheques. Nothing happened. The next incident is best told by Mr. Temple: "They began to seek around and to ask questions which might quite properly have been asked in the first instance. Finding nothing against the Bank in the highways and by-ways, they sent along their emissary, Mr. Gillies, in the employ of Mr. Henderson at Victoria Street, in order to see if they could find any pretext for their action. When Mr. Gillies called, I was away in the North. In my innocence, I wrote him welcoming the opportunity of being brought into touch with the Labour Party, and as I recognised their right to ask for information, I professed it fully on my return. At this time, of course, I was not aware of the damnable thing that the Joint Board had done, and assumed the information to be asked for in good faith. In reply, Mr. Gillies wrote me a letter on April 1, 1916, beginning: 'I am glad to learn from your letter that I will receive in the coming week satisfactory answers to my inquiries.' By this time, it had come to my knowledge that the man's employers were hostile, as I had learned of their Minute of February 17; so I called upon him, and upon being informed that he was acting under the authority of Mr. Henderson and of the Joint Board, and pointed out that any decent and fair-minded body of men would have asked for information before, not after, passing a verdict, and that as they were at this late stage obviously out of a mere fishing inquiry, I should decline to have anything to do with them, or to give them, as avowed enemies, any information whatever, any more than I would do to a blackmailing financial newspaper. The next thing that happened was the receipt of two series of summons, four against the Bank, and four against myself, as a director, issued to the instance of W. Gillies, as common informer. The offence was one that will make all good Labour leaders blench with horror; the financial statement of the Bank was not exhibited in a sufficiently conspicuous place to please the emissary of the Labour Party, and to score this technical point under the Companies (Consolidation) Act, and to annoy Mr. Temple, the messenger of the Labour Party turned common informer. The Labour Party has issued a report of these proceedings to the various societies, accompanied, in some cases, by a letter from Mr. Gillies; but the statement promulgated to the Parliamentary Committee of the Scottish Co-operative Bank Congress has not yet been issued.

The Labour leaders have, according to their lights, been doing good to Mr. Temple; and as one good turn deserves another, Mr. Temple devotes the rest of his pamphlet to an examination of the financial affairs of the "Daily Citizen." The Joint Board which blessed Mr. Temple with its benevolent attention consisted of Messrs. A. Henderson, C. W. Bowerman, J. R. Clynes, G. J. Wardle, and G. H. Roberts; all of these gentlemen, with the addition of Mr. John Hodge, have been directors of the "Daily Citizen." Mr. Temple tells us that "no statement of accounts with respect to the 'Daily Citizen' has been filed for a later period than one terminating on December 31, 1915." This is certainly a remarkable omission, more particularly as the penalty of non-compliance with this provision of the Companies (Consolidation) Act is £50 a day, and it is known that the expenditure on the "Daily Citizen" amounted to more than £60,000. On February 25, 1916, the "Daily Citizen" published a statement, signed among others by Mr. C. W. Bowerman and the Right Hon. Mr. A. Henderson, stating that, in consequence of the judgment of Mr. Justice Warrington, 'steps are being taken to change the constitution of the company responsible for the publishing of the 'Daily Citizen,' so that it will be possible for all Trade Unions to contribute to the carrying on of a daily paper whose business it will be to advocate the recognised objects of any Trade Union. During the interval, however, in which the company is being re-formed, it is necessary that the 'Daily Citizen should be adequately financed. . . . Meanwhile, the National Committee appeal with every confidence to . . . respond generously to the appeal now being made for 100,000 shillings to carry on the paper during this interval.' On April 1, the company was converted into an Industrial and Provident Society, the fact was not announced in the "Daily Citizen." The appeal for shillings was continued until June 5, two months after the company had been re-formed.

The question that Mr. Temple raises is: 'Was there any need for this conversion of the company into an Industrial and Provident Society?' Mr. Justice Warrington's remark was that he had no material to change the constitution of the company. 'This was a very simple matter. It was the first clause of the memorandum of association that simply needed an alteration. A fee of three guineas to a barrister, and an application to a Judge of the High Court, and the thing was done. . . . There was a straight, honest, plain, simple course to adopt. To alter the first clause in the memorandum of association, to keep the old company in being, with its directors still responsible to its shareholders, to preserve continuity, and to publish accounts.' That was the course that was not adopted. By converting the company into an Industrial and Provident Society "they have escaped entirely any obligation whatsoever to file these accounts at any time, either at Somerset House or with the Registrar of Friendly Societies." Mr. Temple even tells us that if they had constituted the new company a day earlier, they would have been obliged to file these accounts with the Registrar.

Another peculiarity of this conversion is that the clause in the Industrial and Provident Societies Act, which implies that shareholders for amounts of £200 and less should be shareholders in the new company for the same amounts, does not seem to have been applied. For one of the rules of the new company they put these words: 'The membership of the Society shall consist of persons signing these rules, and such other persons and registered societies or incorporated companies as the Directors in their discretion may in conformity with these rules from time to time admit to membership.' The rules were signed by Messrs. C. W. Bowerman, J. R. Clynes, John Hodge, Arthur Pugh, G. H. Roberts, J. A. Seddon, and G. J. Wardle; and within a few weeks, "these seven men, with the new Directors as their nominees, proceeded to wind up the Society, and appointed the Liquidator." The inferences that may be drawn from these very remarkable facts are stated at length in Mr. Temple's pamphlet, and I recommend it heartily to the attention of all those who are interested in revolutionary finance.

This is the ninth impression of a book that has shocked every one of its readers. In four months, forty thousand copies have been issued; and it is probable that another forty thousand copies will be called for. Everyone will want to read of the detestable things that the Germans did to the Belgians, the French, and the Russians; everyone will be shocked to see that the things that were done by all parties to the Balkan wars (according to the report of the International Commission of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace) have here been done only by the Germans. The horrors of war are never so horrible as when they are committed by only one party.

In a civil court, a heeling counsel might inquire what reason the soldier had for believing that Uhlans had been behind our retreating lines, or for supposing that, if they had, they had time enough to waste on outraging a woman. Luckily, Professor Morgan was not a heeling counsel, but an official investigator; so this valuable piece of evidence remains on record to prove that even rapid movements like the great rush on Paris could not restrain the Germans from indulging their bestial propensities. It is the fate of England always to fight in the cause of her own kind. If, as they say, you have sinned, you are led. But, as God lives, and as he hears me speak, I will not ever speak to you again.

So that's plain.

You will say nothing for any, T—;
What I have said I would not ask you yet.
You'll not lie, you'll say nothing? Then, hear this:
If, as they say, you have sinned, and if your sin should find you out, and all men know your sin,
You are my daughter still, I give you bed,
Give your bread, and your child bed and bread;
But, as God lives, and as he hears me speak,
I will not ever speak to you again;
Not while I live, not when I die, and not
If we should, counsel, but an official investigator; so this valuable piece of evidence remains on record to prove that even rapid movements like the great rush on Paris could not restrain the Germans from indulging their bestial propensities. It is the fate of England always to fight in the cause of her own kind. If, as they say, you have sinned, you are led. But, as God lives, and as he hears me speak, I will not ever speak to you again.

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But you, you have to know
That I, who stand here homeless, have yet done
No evil, but things evil have been done,
And I must bear them. I have
In the only really impassioned monologue of the play, Mary states Mr. Symons' view. We quote her conclusion —

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Pastiche.

PASTICHE'S OWN INTERVIEWS.

LORD FARRER.

Immediately after Lord Farrer had given the interview to a representative of "Common Sense," which is reported in a recent issue of that paper, I was fortunate enough to catch his lordship's attention.

"You represent Pastiche," said he; "just yes, an admirable institution. I never read it myself—what greater praise can I offer than that?"

I wanted to tell his lordship how interested we should be if he would give Pastiche the benefit of his views on how to end the war.

"In my opinion," answered Lord Farrer, "only two courses are open to us. Either we must stop fighting, or we must go on with it; there is no other way. Do you follow me?"

I found that, though his piercing and comprehensive grasp of the situation had rather taken my breath away, I thought I was with him in his main argument.

"Very well, then," said he; "now see if you can follow what I am going to tell you. The war, if it is to be carried on at all, must be conducted in one of three ways. The direction must come either from the inside, or from the outside, or from both inside and outside. Have you understood me?"

"Not altogether," I said; "but when Lord Farrer repeated how he had diagnosed the situation, I found no difficulty in understanding him.

"Now I want to deal with particulars," continued his lordship. "My objection to direction from the inside, i.e., the military discipline in the workshops. Have I made my point clear?"

"I nodded assent—"that for outsiders to have the entire direction of the affairs of the army is to court a military disaster. So much for absolute control from the inside. I refer to efficiency, discipline, drill, and the actual fighting forces. But what comes out of the military machine should be the share of the men on the outside—men like myself, for example. The things that come out of the army are, roughly speaking, contracts, war profits, demobilised volunteers, conscription, six-per-cent. bonds, etc., etc. Really, old man, you must join our Women v. Wages Society. Suddenly remembered the children last night. Must try to see 'em next week, but I hear the new creche is at—suicide cot-top-hole. Hope Evelyn's all right. You might oblige a fellow and look up one evening, could you, old chap? He's grumbling frightfully about his food and one thing an' another. Which kitchen do you go to? Mine's the "Die-Hard" in State Street. You might tell Evelyn he can try the "Kill or Cure" if he likes. I really believe he wants cooking done in the flat!—only don't say so! Did you ever hear such cretinous, old-fashioned nonsense? I suppose I'm to stay at home!—and do the cooking and be dependent on him for money! No chance! Really he is annoying sometimes. His latest idea is that women(?) are responsible for men's low wages. If "we" hadn't insisted on coming into business and pushing every girl into industry—and so on, and so on—you know the cry! He's always sighing for the good old times, and muttering some nonsense about Home sweet Home and Money a mistake. Makes a mistake—which he thinks is funny! You might show him Clause xiii in your "Towards a Sane Feminism," will you? What about lunch at the "Savoir Faire"? Phone us and let's meet. Which office and let's fix a day. I want your advice about Lealie. It's almost time the child began to train for something. Evelyn wants her to stay at home!—well! I thought of the Army or the Church. What do you think she might come on 'Change with me, only of course I don't approve of children seeing much of their parents. What do you think?"

Heaps of love, old man,

ALWAYS, SYDNEY.

P. S.—What price Cape Copper? Didn't I tell you? Oh and tell Jones spot cash—or move on! My little one's a cretinous ass!—T. R.

THOSE DARK NIGHTS.

By M. M.

Peleas: To what place will that ticket take you?
Melisande: I cannot see; it has been smudged.

P. : Let me look. Yes, the name is quite hidden. I will call the conductor and he will tell us.

M. : It will be useless to call. He is deaf. Besides, he has fallen in the mud.

P. : Is that what you are turning back to look at?
M. : Yes; but he is hidden now by a baked-potato machine.

P. : Does the driver know?
M. : I do not think he has seen anything.

P. : Then, he will not know when to stop.

M. : I hope he will stop at the terminus. Oh, it will be too dark for him to see the terminus! Perhaps he will not even feel it coming. Oh, I am not happy, I am not happy.

P. : Perhaps he will smell it. What is that? What are you listening for? What are you afraid of?

M. : I do not know.

P. : Tell me! Tell me!

M. : Perhaps it is that I think I shall get run over.

P. : How can you get run over when you are riding on the top of the tram?

M. : Who is that strange old man who has just come in? Why does he sit so silent? What is he going to do?

P. : Keep calm and prepare. He will do nothing. But if you listen, you will hear the sound of the wind through his whiskers.

(They listen, and the mystic darkness deepens.)

A. W. KNAPP.
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

GREEK AFFAIRS.

Sir,—I welcome Mr. Macrogordato's criticism of my review of the Greek situation, particularly as it deals with the possible influence of personal spite and jealousy of Venizelos, and thereby gave the impression of ignoring it. But in attributing a positive policy to the King I did not intend to deny the negative in any way, but as a strong reason for the King risking his throne and reputation, and the only possible line open to him for balancing Venizelos' admitted expansion policy in Asia Minor. Regarding the treaty with Serbia, I cannot see there is any more call for the Royalists to publish the text of the treaty with a view to silencing the criticism of the Venizelists than for the Venizelists to publish it with a view to confounding the Royalists. One can only assume that its publication would serve the purpose of neither. Of course, everybody agrees that, were it a mere sporting affair, Greece should have unhesitatingly come to the assistance of Serbia. But we are here dealing with politics generally. My recollection as to the idea of the conclusion that one meets with so much interest is that did not originate with Venizelos so much as, with the influence) by the warm approval of the Entente public. As regards Germany persuading Turkey to withdraw from the European side of the Bosphorus, this is by no means the difficult matter one imagines it to be. There is no doubt that the holding of Constantinople by the Turks is of less real importance to them than the getting of it by the Christian nations concerned. The Turks have never really ceased to regard Broussa as the real capital of Turkey, and there exist all sorts of beliefs as to the trouble which would befall them through the continued occupation of that Christian citadel. In other words, they have more or less regarded it as a foregone conclusion that some day they would be turned out by one or other of the Powers concerned. They probably all present at the same time, and none of them is essential. . . . A common habitat and common conditions are doubtless a more powerful influence on the formation of national identity than; but what part do they play in that of the Jews or Greeks or the Irish in dispersion? Can it be doubted, then, that the Jews are "an extensive aggregate of persons," that they are "conscious of a community of sentiment, experiences, and qualities, which make them feel themselves a distinct people"? As to lack of a common language—and, it is obvious that, being absorbed in the study of "Palestine folklore," your correspondent fails to see what is going on in Palestine at the present moment, or rather up to the time when the war broke out. Otherwise he would have known of the revival of the Hebrew language, of its being spoken by almost every Jew in Palestine; he would have known that in all the Jewish elementary schools, and even in the high schools, Hebrew is used as the medium for teaching all subjects. And surely your readers could not see any incongruity between Jewish nationalism and the answers given by the Sanhedrin to Napoleon, quoted by your correspondent. Of course, of our fellow-citizens—and, indeed, our fellow-men—as our brethren. This is in accord with the tenets of our religion. That they have the right to live in the place wherein they were born or settled has been amply proved by the many thousands of Jews who laid down their lives on the various battlefields of the past. These facts only strengthen the Jewish claims to be fully recognized as an entity entitled "to live its own life, to pursue its own ideals, to march towards the great goal of civilisation along the path indicated by its own historic culture."

But what is the movement which had so frightened an effect upon your correspondent? The following is a summary of Zionism given in concise language by Judge Brandeis, a Judge in the Supreme Court of New York and a leader of the Movement in America:

Zionism seeks to establish in Palestine, for such Jews as choose to go and remain, a Jewish home, where they may live together and lead a Jewish life, where they may expect ultimately to constitute a majority of the population and may look forward to what we should perhaps call intellectual Rule of the Jews, wherein, in all the Jewish colonies were established in Palestine. As to the right of Jews to regard themselves as a nation by community of language, descent, religious beliefs and practices, or history. Admitting that the Jews lack the geographical element, who can deny them all other qualifications? Mr. W. Allison Phillips, one of America's great writers, recently defined nationality as "an extensive aggregate of persons, conscious of a community of sentiments, experiences, or qualities, which make them feel themselves a distinct people." And he adds: "If we examine the composition of the several nationalities, we find those elements—race, language, religion, common habit, common conditions, mode of life and manners, and political association, which make all present at the same time, essential to the formation of national identity. A common habitat and common conditions are doubtless a more powerful influence in the formation of national identity than..."

Christian nations who rendered the life of the Jew unbearable and denied him even the possibility of moving freely from place to place. If your correspondent had thought of Jews passionately and objectively, he might have known that the Jews have never forgotten their original country, that the possession of, or a return to, Palestine is part of a heritage faithfully cherished, that there was a period in history when Jews did not make regular pilgrimages to the Holy Land, that during the last thirty years a wave of patriotism swept the Jewries of Europe, with the result that, in the present situation, about forty-five Jewish colonies were established in Palestine. As to the right of Jews to regard themselves as a nation by community of language, descent, religious beliefs and practices, or history. Admitting that the Jews lack the geographical element, who can deny them all other qualifications? Mr. W. Allison Phillips, one of America's great writers, recently defined nationality as "an extensive aggregate of persons, conscious of a community of sentiments, experiences, or qualities, which make them feel themselves a distinct people." And he adds: "If we examine the composition of the several nationalities, we find those elements—race, language, religion, common habit, common conditions, mode of life and manners, and political association, which make all present at the same time, essential to the formation of national identity. A common habitat and common conditions are doubtless a more powerful influence in the formation of national identity than..."
Holy Sepulchre, etc. No Jew ever dreams of interfering with the worship of any religion. We are jolly glad to be left alone. As to regulating Christian services, as a native of Palestine he knows very well that it is necessary for the Turks to have an eye on Christians worshipping at the Holy Sepulchre, in order to keep them from flying at each other's throats.

FromWare to Welfare

Sir,—It may be the result of the "dramatic imagination" ascribed to me by your reviewer, but for the life of me, I can't make head or tail of his logic! First, he seems anxious to accuse me of failing to identify warfare with welfare; and then he takes me to task because, while I refuse to do this, I wish to utilise the military virtues! Is "war not chaos," pray, what is it? Or, rather, what is chaos?—England may, it is true, never have been "more ordered than it is now." But we may be ordered and still remain unsettled in our endeavours. And this is just where the problem of reconstruction comes in.

My scheme for industrial conscription is not exclusively an appeal to the working classes. It is rather an attempt to nationalise and thereby raise the status of Labour. I do not think that "to disband the military services, but to apply them, would necessarily involve the suppression of civil by martial law, the extension of camp and barrack life to the whole male population." Why should it? And, since presumably women would come into my scheme, how could it?

May I add, by the way, that your reviewer has confused William James with his illustrious brother?

E. Dimsdale Stooker.

The Birth-rate

Sir,—Alas! my experience of war is confined to the little scars, standing up to my knees in mud and water (Miss Biss forgot the mud), waging a perpetual warfare with lice, etc., etc. Very unlike, I suppose, the pictures in the papers with which Miss Biss appears to be on such familiar terms.

But, of course, my word exhilarating was applied to parts of the preliminary training and to some of the associations of war, and not to the butchery in the trenches. My point was that, except, perhaps, to the mother born and bred, there is nothing exhilarating even in the preliminaries to motherhood, leave alone in the actual experience. And I still maintain that there is no parallel between the soldier's and the mother's natures. My scheme for industrial conscription is not merely to employ women as military service is upon men. But it is precisely because there is no parallel between the cases that in dealing with the question of the birth-rate we are confronted with a psychological problem which no legislation can solve.

C. W. E.

Views and Reviews

Sir,—"It is certain," says "A. E. R.," "that what England needs she has; she could not exist otherwise; what she has not may be either desirable or undesirable, but is obviously not necessary to her."


Is "A. E. R." the Theseus in the New Age camp? There is certainly increasing evidence for thinking so.

P.S.—"A. E. R." appears to contend that the fact that England exists is proof that she has all she needs for existence. Clever "A. E. R.!! What unanswerable logic! But one can exist without being complete. My example is "A. E. R." And surely it is deplorable that a regular New Age reviewer should stultify the whole raison d'être of The New Age merely to employ a verbal pedantry.

Letters from France

Sir,—Professor H. J. Fleure reminds me that I made some slips in committing his Paris discourse to memory. He discovered them by his odd way of putting the concluding portion of my last "Letter from France," he points out that the fortifications of Burgundian towns are the walls, not the hills behind them. Thus it is hardly fair to single out Champagne and Brittany as the main facts of the Paris basin, and Millet belonged to Le Cotentin, not to Brittany. He praised Breton, but in so much of his work he was expressing Le Cotentin's idea that the reference I make is, perhaps, too sweeping. Though Professor Fleure's corrections do not affect my main argument, they are so courteously offered that it is a pleasure to accept them.

While I am in France, so to speak, I should like to point out a certain difference between the theatre in Paris and London. One gathers from the joyous correspondence now appearing in The New Age that the London theatre (meaning the drama) is dead. The New Age has read the burial service and scattered an appropriate quantity of disinfectant. It has warned the dyspeptic-looking mourners that they may not expect a resurrection just yet. Paris is more fortunate. Thanks to its National Theatre, it has the full-blooded ghost of a classical play repertoire, over which it may suspend immortelles if it likes. Not long ago the Comédie Française started its autumn season. The programmes for the first three days included Fourberies de Chardin, Molère (2), Racine, Octave Mirbeau, and Erckmann-Chatrian. Compare this fare with that offered by our leading London theatre daily.

If the plays are good, one must not expect too much of the acting and scenery. The actors are, in fact, mostly old-age pensioners, while the scenery is left to shift for itself. When somebody blows a whistle, miscellaneous flats run on and join hands, just where they imagine a setting ought to be. After the act they take the call, link arms, and return to the stage. But this is a mere detail where the play's the thing.

Of course, there are advanced persons who say that the classical play is not exactly the thing. They claim that the French theatre is dead, and predict—but let me quote from the Paris art sheet "Sic": "The intimate theatre, the theatre of manners, the psychological theatre, is dead. Continuing, it proceeds to outline the aim and scope of a theatre of the future, which it calls a "Théatre Nunique." The first business of this theatre will be to suppress the "three unities." So the principal action will not have anything in common with the other actions. One will not shrink from any contrast, any diversity, anything unexpected, acrobatics, songs, tragedy, comedy, buffoonery, cinematograph projections, poems, numbers, the telescopic effect, the grand simultaneous whole, containing all the means and all the emotions capable of communicating an intense and living intoxication to the spectators."

"Having neither unity of place nor time—that is to say, being designed to present simultaneously scenes at Paris, New York, Tokio, in a house, at sea, under the earth, in 1916 and the year 2000—scenic decoration as we know it is out of the question. Light alone will be the scenic artist." All this is to be attained in a circus-like structure, with the audience seated, what time the simultaneous affair whizzes round on a revolving stage. Good Lord! how shall we welcome this illustrious Futurist quest?

In the same journal Severini pays a long tribute to the memory of Boccioni, the famous Futurist painter, whose death on the Italian front is reported. It was Boccioni who suggested to me in Paris that The New Age might like to reproduce his colleague Russolo's "La Révolte," which it subsequently did. "Sic," I believe, is to be obtained at the Twenty-One Gallery, Adelphi, where, by the way, the exhibition includes one of small pictures by William Shackleton now being held.

The New Drama

Sir,—I will now drop generalities and give a definite illustration of a point I was trying to make. I read the other day that Mr. J. T. Grein is going to open a repertory season next February, which will include a prize play called "Ruts."

This play was the result of a competition organised
last year by Mr. Grein, and financed by two well-known managers. The conditions were as follows:—

Every play was to be accompanied by a short address. The plays were to be considered by a lady reader, who was to select two dozen, and these twelve were to be judged by three experts, including Mr. William Archer. The plays were to be comedies that contained at least three acts, but there were no other artistic conditions; there was no statement that originality would be a disqualification.

Well, although I had little faith in competitions, I thought it would be a pity to neglect this opportunity. I submitted two hundred three-act plays, and over two hundred were sent in altogether. Seven days after the competition closed, all my plays were returned.

Now, I want to know: How is it possible to read and judge two hundred three-act plays in seven days, for it is not the proper thing to start judging till the competition closes?

A very short letter accompanied my plays, in which the reader said in effect that my work was not original and contained too many ideas, and that what was wanted was something extremely simple. Being dissatisfied, I wrote to the lady, asking her as a lady reader to return all unopened envelopes which contained my real name and address! She refused to do so.

To show the thoroughness of the examination, I may mention that in one of the neglected plays I found the unopened envelope which contained my real name and address!

Let me sum up the case:
(1) My plays were read, in so far as they were read at all, by a lady, I had never heard of before the competition.
(2) They were all returned seven days after the competition closed.
(3) The lady summed up the faults of twenty-one widely differing plays in a tiny letter.
(4) When challenged to say what the plays were about, she refused to do so.
(5) The unopened envelope which contained my name and address.
(6) The three experts had no chance of seeing my plays.

Everything here, no doubt, was strictly legal, because by entering a competition you tacitly agree to all the conditions and chance everything, but I submit that artistically the competition proves that all artistic competitions are absolutely valueless. And this, after all, is in the nature of things, for all genuine art is an expression of personality, and, what is more important, most examiners are old-fashioned and conventional, and so have a preference for conventional work, though, as I have said, Mr. Archer and his two colleagues didn’t see any of my work.

“Twelfth Night” and “As You Like It” wouldn’t stand a ghost of a chance in a competition where simplicity was the chief consideration.

Of course, after this, I shall be absolutely damned in the eyes of Mr. Grein; he will hate me as heartily as Clement Scott hated Ibsen. But that won’t make me hate him, for I know he is a genuine enthusiast.

It simply means that originality of all kinds is debited to the shoulders only of a single comparatively small section of the population.

Abolish profiteering in England, and, on the strength of having abolished it here, let us call for its abolition in neutral countries.

The correspondence between Lord Northcliffe, Mr. McKenna and Sir William Fliender marks the supersession in England of constitutional government by the arbitrary power of a single man.

If this arbitrary act of Lord Northcliffe is allowed to pass without proper punishment, there is not a man living who is safe from his power.

The British Medical Association are now more eager to be paid than to cure. —S. Verdad.

It is to be hoped that the Allies’ designs with regard to Poland—which are presumed to be generous—shall be made known to the world without further delay. —S. Verdad.

The balance of economic and political power is the fundamental principle of National Guilds. —G. D. H. Cole.

There can be no fellowship between men whilst a small minority regards the labour of the majority as a commodity. —N. O. H.

Economic freedom is in the long run a more precious asset than economic prosperity.

If Capital seizes the opportunity afforded by the present dislocation of the industrial system to embark on a vigorous campaign against Trade Unionism on the pretext of stimulating production, the result will be disastrous. It is the fate of half-measures to antagonise all parties. —Professor E. Lipson.

The least hymns of hate are sung by women. —Monica Ewer.

Swinburne was never a judge, but always a brilliant advocate; and I should like to add that Watts-Dunton was his solicitor.

Relatively to the utility of science the distinction of poetry is that it is useless.

If art and literature are to flourish again, artists, writers, nay, the whole community must regain the sense of power. Therefore, economic emancipation first! One must be a poet to be altogether human.

Wit allied with humility! ... That is Mr. Chesterton's most brilliant paradox!

It is the worst intellectual weakness, and, therefore, crime, of our age that ideas are no longer disproved, but simply superseded by newer ideas. —Edward Moore.

If England’s greatest need is a new spiritual impulse, that impulse should be communicated and not advocated.

There is no peace without hegemony, probably without empire. —A. E. R.
PRESS CUTTINGS.

The higher the ideals which govern human conduct, the more they divide and disintegrate. The contrast in nothing more admirably brought out than by a comparison between the action of our modern Trade Unions with that of the medieval Guilds. Those two institutions, and arguments that the Unions grew out of the Guilds. Their chief aim in any case was identical; it was to guard and preserve the liberties of working men, and their influence on life, however, was widely different. The Guild evolved for the British workmen a life, rude in many respects, but ennobled, as it were, from within, by an inherent sense of its own dignity and worth, a life which expressed its own splendid unanimity in the puissant energy of Gothic art. What sort of a life does the Trade Union evolve? A life, it must be conceded, with little dignity or innate pride in it, and with still less agreement; a life of irritable unrest and discontent, of base quarrels for base ends, of labour not ennobling but degrading; a life ugly in itself, and productive of nothing but ugliness.

Such is the contrast; and to what is it due? Both institutions, as I say, are sworn defenders of liberty, and, indeed, exist for the purpose of maintaining the liberties of citizens against all encroachment. But though their object is identical, the motives by which they are inspired are wholly different. The Guild sets before itself a spiritual motive, a motive which, if true, can never be fully attained; but just because it cannot be attained, it draws together its followers into a single body, and, thus uniting them, invests them with dignity and power, so that according in matters spiritual, they speak with authority on matters temporal. On the other hand, the Trade Union introduces a purely material motive, and with it a spirit of discord which thwarts every design it enters into, and drives men to do more harm than good; we are all subject to an iron law, and in this world at least the devil will take the hindmost. Now this belief, according to Christianity, is a collective sin, and it is the reason why we tolerate so many intolerable evils. But for the belief, which is as a narcotic, the Trade Union could not be able to endure these evils. Our consciences would give us no rest if we had not marked out an unmoral domain in which our consciences are not allowed to act. We say there is no remedy, and therefore we believe ourselves of the hard task of finding one; we would rather do anything than think, and we have discovered a doctrine that makes it unnecessary to think.—"Europe Unbound," by L. March Phillips.

A NOTABLE RESOLUTION.

At a meeting of the rank and file of the engineering trades held in Leeds during the week-end, the following resolution was passed with one dissentient: "That realising that as at present organised the Trade Union are at war with the working men, they purpose, as soon as the war is ended, to remove the feeling of injustice which now exists in the minds of a good many people. A bare announcement of the intentions of the Government would be quite sufficient. There is no need, at present, either to fix the amount of the tax or to set out the methods by which it would be levied. It should be graduated, but all details could be left over until the termination of the war. If it be alleged that it would be a mistake to think that fortunes made out of war profits, then such a tax would harm nobody, but if, as I believe, the results should prove surprising, the proceeds would be a helpful relief to the National Debt. The tax would be, of course, a difficult and a complicated one—"The necessity of increased capital in expanding businesses would have to be recognised, but once the principle is conceded a fair and just scheme could be evolved to prevent any unnecessary machinery set up. Its evasion would be difficult. Gifts, settlements, and unusual expenditure would be taken into account, and death is now apt to reveal most of the pecuniary secrets of the deceased." If the suggestion be adopted, not only would the proceeds of the levy be exceedingly useful, but the present agitation against the profiteer would at once fall to the ground, and the taxpayers of the country would feel satisfied that they were not being exploited in the interests of a new plutocracy of the future.—ERNST J. SOARES.

There is, for instance, a common belief that the present condition of the poor is inevitable because it is the result of the struggle for life, just as the Germans believe that war is inevitable and even good in itself because it is the struggle for life organised and openly carried on. And among professing Christians there is a belief that Christianity cannot concern itself with any systematic mitigation of that struggle because it is the law of our life here on earth. Even individual interference is likely to do more harm than good; we are all subject to an iron law, and in this world at least the devil will take the hindmost. Now this belief, according to Christianity, is a collective sin, and it is the reason why we tolerate so many intolerable evils. But for the belief, which is as a narcotic, the Trade Union could not be able to endure these evils. Our consciences would give us no rest if we had not marked out an unmoral domain in which our consciences are not allowed to act. We say there is no remedy, and therefore we believe ourselves of the hard task of finding one; we would rather do anything than think, and we have discovered a doctrine that makes it unnecessary to think.—"The Times."

To the Editor of the "Times."

What, then, ought to be done? An appeal to reason is of no use; what is wanted is something that will touch the Irish imagination. I would suggest the following: Appoint a Commission of five persons under the presidency of the Duke of Connaught for the government of Ireland. The Commission to be composed of Sir Edward Carson, Mr. John Redmond, Lord Dunraven, Lord Fitzgerald, and Mr. T. Healy, and appoint Mr. Shane Leslie (whose article on Ireland in the "Dublin Review" this month is worth reading), as secretary. Send them over to Ireland with unlimited powers, and with instructions to govern the country as they think best, but in such a way that there shall be security that Ireland shall be as it is under British law, and with the promise that, at the end of the war, whatever scheme of Government they have come to the conclusion would be best for Ireland, which would bring the whole of the country, north and south, together, and which would fit in with any scheme for the general federation of the Empire, shall be adopted and given legal force. During the period of transition the removal of the consideration of Irish affairs from the Imperial Parliament to a wholly Irish atmosphere would be agreeable to Irish sentiment, facilitate a reasonable settlement in the future, and be free from many of the difficulties attaching to the present situation.—HALIFAX.

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