

THE NEW AGE

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CONTENTS.

	PAGE
NOTES OF THE WEEK	97
FOREIGN AFFAIRS. By S. Verdad	100
THE PERMANENT HYPOTHESIS—V. By S. G. H.	101
RECKLESS PROPAGANDA. By Professor Edward V. Arnold	103
THE SOCIAL PRIORITY OF PROPERTY. By W. Anderson	104
AN INDUSTRIAL SYMPOSIUM. Conducted by Huntly Carter	105
(17). Sir Robert A. Hadfield, D.Sc., F.R.S.	
LETTERS FROM IRELAND. By C. E. Bechhofer	107
READERS AND WRITERS. By R. H. C.	108

	PAGE
ART AND ARMS IN 1940. By Oliver St. John Gogarty	110
VIEWS AND REVIEWS: THE UNKNOWN GOD. By A. E. R.	114
REVIEWS	115
PASTICHE. By B., P. Selver, D. A. West, Marcus Tydeman, P. A.	116
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR from R. B. Kerr, John Duncan, Gladys F. Biss, R. E. Dickinson, W. A. Y., H. C.	117
MEMORANDA (From last week's NEW AGE)	119
PRESS CUTTINGS	120

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

THANKS to the "Times" special correspondent, the world is in no doubt that on the merits of the case the South Wales men are right and the South Wales masters wrong in the current dispute between them. But even if it were the fact that in this particular instance the judgment could have gone the other way, it would be as a mote to a beam to compare the men's wrong with the wrong done them and the whole nation by the South Wales masters. For what is at the bottom of the whole matter and how do the conducts of the men and the masters respectively compare? At the bottom of the whole matter, says the "Times" correspondent, "is the men's deep-rooted belief that the owners are making undue profits owing to the war, and are attempting to conceal the fact." So that even if nothing further were to be said, we might still represent the action of the men as a proper public protest against the exploitation of the nation during the war; and from this point of view we might claim for the men the honour due to soldiers who risk their lives to save us from the exploitation of Germany. But, as everybody ought by this time to know, there is something more to be said, and it is this. We quote the "Times" again that a biased paraphrase may not be attributed to us. "Early in the war Mr. Brace made an offer to the owners across the table in the name of the Federation to forgo any applications for wage advances if the owners would undertake not to raise coal prices." The offer was not accepted. But after this act of public spirit on the part of the men, replied to, as it was, in a wretched private spirit on the part of the masters, who will dare to affirm that in any subsequent dispute between them the men, even though wrong a hundred times upon technical points, can be wrong upon the main issue? It might as well be said that in the technical breaches of international law committed by the Belgians in resistance to the aggression of Prussia, the Belgians were as wrong as the Prussians and had justified after the fact the fact of the aggression itself. The judgment of the world, however, will pass another verdict; and we are as certain that when history comes to be written the

South Wales miners will be justified of their action as we are that the faults of Belgium will be swallowed up in the crimes of Prussia.

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How the "Times" correspondent, having analysed the case so exactly, can then proceed to charge the men with coming under the influence of "pro-German" propaganda, even to the extent of allowing their perception of the seriousness of the war to be blurred, we confess beats us. Was this, we wonder, a concession to the prejudices of the readers of the "Times," a piece of playing to the gilded gallery? For it may be observed that in another passage the "Times" correspondent distinctly acquits the men of any unpatriotism. "Their patriotism," he says, "cannot be impugned"; and we may add to his testimony the testimony of other observers who assure the world that as a matter of choice the men would rather be fighting Germans in the trenches than their employers in the mines. The imperfect conception of the seriousness of the war is, on the other hand, much more visible in the attitude of the masters than in any action of the men. What is it that the mining magnates are standing out for and risking the coal-supply of the nation's forces to maintain? It is not some point from which, if they were to win, any advantage to the nation would ensue. Nobody can pretend, indeed, that if the men were to give way the nation would be anything but worse off than even it is at this moment. The resistance, therefore, of the masters is something which in itself is unpatriotic if not definitely anti-patriotic, and since it arises from an original attitude of fixed determination to exploit the war for their own private advantage, its last defence must needs disappear. But why has this not been said and the boot of unpatriotism put upon the proper foot? To accuse the men of imperfect patriotism whose first act in the war was an offer to renounce wage-advances provided the masters would renounce advances of profits; and by silence to allow that those very masters are superior in patriotism to the men whose patriotic offer they refused to consider, is to imperil the State by honouring its enemies and condemning its friends. Its pro-Germanism is, indeed, patent. What, on the contrary, we would affirm is that every Welsh owner is by

the very fact of his connivance with profiteering not only an enemy of the men but a dastardly and treacherous enemy of the nation. And, for ourselves, we would rather see them frankly on the German side shooting our troops than at home sucking the life out of our workmen and public.

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It may be supposed that there is something peculiar in Welsh capitalists to provoke the disturbances that are so common in the South Wales mine-fields. And the supposition is correct. Whether by race or by nature, the Welsh coal-owners are among the worst exploiters the world has ever known. Not only are they greedy beyond the appetite of common capitalists, but more blatantly than any of their colleagues in other parts of these islands they neglect even to disguise their greed under the usual forms of local philanthropy or economic claptrap. Their naïveté in these respects would be amusing if it were not so costly. Visit the districts on which they draw for their own support, and you will see none of the signs of bad conscience that ameliorate the exploitation of men elsewhere. Naked, black, ugly and mean, they leave everything behind them, carrying off to their own robber castles every object of beauty and value that they have laid hands upon. In the same spirit, too, they express their souls in speech and in their relations with their men. Here, likewise, there is no disguise of the ugliness that is within them. "The peculiar evil," says the "Times" correspondent of the South Wales owners, "is that the miners do not believe a single word they say. Their distrust is complete and irrevocable." But that, we know, is not quite the case elsewhere between men and masters. On the contrary, the more, as a rule, men and masters elsewhere see of each other, the more each party comes to respect the other and to regard the pledge and word of the other as a bond. This mutual respect, indeed, while it is a bar to any uncompromising struggle such as we should like to see, is at the same time the guarantee that when National Guilds are once established the relations of the masters and workmen elsewhere will at least be humane. Among the Welsh owners, on the other hand, neither the guarantee of ultimate co-operation with their men nor the present spirit of friendly compromise can be said to exist even in germ. The economic struggle will, therefore, in Wales be the fiercest; and it is by no accident that it is in Wales that the Syndicalist theories are most extreme and the Labour unrest most profound.

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The typical instance, of course, is Lord Rhondda, of whose extraordinary psychology we should like to see a full-length study. Here is a man, take him all in all, who presents one of the most interesting personalities of any now living. Frankness combined with a capacity for lying is one of his outstanding characteristics; and lie and truth, sense and nonsense, good feeling and base sentiments appear to fall from him indiscriminately and without any control on his own part. Take as an example his recent remark to his men that if he were himself a collier he should be a Socialist and a revolutionary one at that; and compare it with his still more recent charge that the "Times" correspondent was "saturated with Socialism," and guilty, therefore, of "undiluted prejudice." Or contrast again his sentiment expressed last week that "selfishness is the stimulus of progress at all times" with his opinions that "no man ought to make a profit out of the war," and "that the Government should have taken all the extra profits of shipowners and coalowners." What is to be made of a man who can blow hot and cold like this and contradict himself in every successive breath? The only suggestion we can make is that Lord Rhondda is one of those capitalists who think it their duty to remain capitalists as long as the men and the State are

silly enough to permit it; and who, at the same time, despise both men and State for their complaisance. He speaks as if he knew he were in the wrong, but were disinclined to yield to anything but force. And he even invites the force that is to destroy him, and, as it were, welcomes while he opposes it. Admirable enough, we say, such a character might be upon the stage or in fiction; but in fact it is the apotheosis of cynicism. There is only one thing to be done with him: to apply to him the compulsion he challenges and desires. If the men and the State have taken the measure of Lord Rhondda, there will never be any surrender to his demands. The more he is defeated the greater will be both his own self-respect and his respect for the men who defeat him. He is a pugilist of industry; and he will only admire and yield to the champion who can knock him out. And let us remember that he is Welsh capitalism.

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The general public must be at a loss to understand for what reason the Trade Unions are objecting to the introduction of coloured labour into this country. The objection is certainly not racial; for it is a common experience that the English proletariat are cosmopolitan in their workaday sympathies, and treat with condescension rather than with contempt any foreign workmen with whom they are associated. But if the need of additional labour to fill the gaps left by the troops is so great, and the Trade Unions themselves are admittedly as bent upon winning the war as any class of citizens, why, it is asked, do they oppose an obvious and easy source of supply unless upon racial grounds? The answer is to be found, though not very clearly, in the minds of the Trade Unionists themselves, in the fact that Labour is a commodity the price or wages of which depends, like the price of any other commodity, upon the relation of its Supply to its Demand. Diminish the demand and the price of a fixed supply will necessarily fall. Increase the demand while leaving the supply fixed and the price will rise. Increase the demand at a time when supply is diminishing, and the effect will be to raise the price of labour considerably. Now it is just this state of things that obviously now exists. The demand for Labour is increasing just when the supply of Labour is diminishing. It follows that wages should now be very high. And so they would be if the ordinary means of raising them were open, namely, wage-demands sanctioned by the threat of strikes. These, however, have largely been taken away from Labour. And the present proposition is to reduce wages still further by increasing the supply from coloured sources. No wonder the Trade Unions object! For they see themselves prevented from raising their wages to the natural level and yet exposed to a diminution of wages by reason of an addition to the supply. What would even our soldiers say if every fresh division added to the Army lowered the rations and pay of the men already in; if the greater the number of troops the worse they were paid and fed? We doubt if there would be the demand for "more men" that there now is. Their hypothetical position, however, is the real position of the civilian workman, whose only remedy is to object or, better, to insist upon a standard pay which shall be independent of the number of men engaged in his industry.

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The existence of the wage-system—the system, that is, of paying wages in diminishing proportion as the number of workmen increases, and vice versa—accounts for practically every difficulty in the way of organising industry nationally. The fact is that a national system of industry and the commodity theory of wages are incompatible. Take as another example the problem just now under discussion of the extension of the "dilution" of Labour (that is, additions to the supply of Labour) from State to private and commer-

cial businesses. On the face of it, the same patriotic arguments that call for the enrolment of as many men as possible in the Army would appear to call for as many as possible in industry; and not merely into the industries engaged upon State work, but into the private industries engaged on work of national, if not of State, importance. Two things have, however, to be remembered. In the first place still more than in State work the toll of private profit must first be paid to the private employer before even he will begin to discharge his national service. In other words, every workman engaged in private service must first make a profit for his employer as a condition of performing any national function. And, in the second place, the addition of the "dilution" of Labour will infallibly bear upon the Law of Supply and Demand and diminish in the competitive market the price or wages of Labour. Labour thus will pay for dilution both at once and in the future: at once in profits to its masters, and in the future in a decline in the rates of wages. Oh, but, says the other side (including, we are sorry to see, many Trade Unionists themselves), we have promised a restoration of the original conditions after the war, and the "undilution" of Labour, so that the present action may be said to be without prejudice. To this we reply that you cannot "unskill" Labour that has become skilled. And even if it should be withdrawn from the Labour market for a while, its *potential* supply will operate to keep wages down. And all this we owe to the maintenance of the wage-system.

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Now that the Government has decided to start its educational campaign (or should we say its diplomatic campaign?) it may be as well to specify more exactly what we expect of it. To begin with, it will be only a waste of time and energy to recall to the country the immediate circumstances in which the war began. As we have said before, it is a matter of comparatively small concern whether one party or the other actually began the tragedy; the question is, who, and on account of what, has been the actual villain of the piece. And this we shall know for a surety only when we have learned a good deal more of the diplomatic history and of its economic background than any Government has yet thought it safe to disclose. And next we can assure the Ministers who are about to begin their tour that it will be equally superfluous in them to attempt to harden the resolution of the country to continue constant in the struggle, since we believe that the resolution is already set, and that all it needs is more light by which to walk. And this more light it is in our opinion the business of the Ministers to supply. What, after all, is it that public opinion, which is no mere child, demands to know as a condition of remaining faithful in the midst of tremendous sacrifices? It is, in the first place, the particular purpose of the war as it will affect England and the Empire. In the second place, it is the means which our Executive calculate will be necessary and sufficient for that purpose. And lastly it is some authoritative estimate of the probable duration of the war. None of these demands, it will be seen, involves either any doubt that the Executive has plans in its mind or any public hesitation in supporting them. Nor do they, as far as we can see, involve the disclosure of any information to the enemy. But that such assurances would mean an accession of moral and intellectual strength to this country we are confident; and, unless, indeed, they are given, it were better, in our opinion, that the campaign should not be undertaken.

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The chief consideration is naturally that of the estimated duration of the war. Upon this point the nation has really been treated with a levity which is almost Russian in its contempt for public opinion, and even more damaging in its effects here than elsewhere. The calculation appears to have been made at the outset

that while it was probable in the judgment of military experts that the war would last for several years, the public could on no account be allowed to believe it, but should be kept hanging on from month to month hoping that the following month would see the end. Even if, though we doubt it, there was ever any reason to fear that public opinion would be dismayed by the prospect of a long war, there is no reason for fearing it to-day. Provided that the nation is assured of the existence of a definite object and of a reasonable prospect of ultimate victory, the actual duration of the war is a matter of secondary importance. But some estimate of this is necessary for several reasons. What are we to do, for example, in the matter of the food-supply, or in the matter of our standards of living? Above all, how are we to view the urgency of reconstruction at this moment? The question of time, it will be seen, is decisive in all these problems. There is no need to revolutionise our food-production, there is no need to lower our standard of living permanently, there is no need to make a radical reconstruction of industry, if, in fact, the probable duration of the war is only another few months or so. But if, on the other hand, as far as human eye can see, the war promises to last another year or two or three, then each of these problems can be looked at in a new light. Lath and plaster devices for tiding over a brief period of difficulty will no longer be regarded as sufficient; but we shall have every incentive for making permanent adaptations of ourselves to the new environment. For what it is worth we offer our opinion that the war—or, at any rate, a state of war—will last longer than the longest period we have already named. We do not believe—statesmen and nations being what they are—that the present chaos of Europe and of the world will be settled into order in a less time than five or ten years, during which period every nation now engaged in the war, and many not actively engaged, will need to remain in a state of war. And it follows from this that we are of opinion that all the reconstruction that is necessary is necessary now or never. Far from waiting until "after the war" to put our house in order for the trials that are to come, the trials are upon us, and the time to put our house in order is now. But if, on the other hand, Ministers assure us, as we hope they can, that the world will shortly be at peace, and may be at peace for long, the need for revolution is less though its desirability remains the same. The assurance, however, must be explicit. Nothing less can persuade us that we can afford to waste a day in arranging our affairs for a ten years' state of war.

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Having laughed for a couple of years at the representations made to him that the food supply would finally decide the war, Mr. Runciman has now with the same superficiality of judgment flown to the other extreme and started an angry campaign of economy. We do not in the least mind anything that he cares to say concerning the extravagance of the dinners of the wealthy—"wasteful in peace and scandalous in war." We have said it all before a thousand times, and it is all true. But if Mr. Runciman thinks that a campaign of economy alone will affect the food-problem by more than a fractional percentage, he is as mistaken as usual. The means to a solution of the problem are as follows: first, the realisation by the nation that we are in for a long war, the actual difficulties of which are likely to increase with time; next, the appropriation by the State of all incomes over, say, a thousand pounds; then the co-ordination under single authorities of all our food-purchases from abroad, together, of course, with the requisitioning and management for the nation of the whole of the mercantile marine; the national organisation of agriculture; and, finally, the mobilisation of all the distributive agencies. These things done, our food-problem would be solved whether for war or peace.

Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdad.

AT some later stage it will be possible to apportion the blame for the mismanagement of the war; but it is hardly enough in the meantime to point out that British generalship, in particular, is not infallible. Political and military considerations, as I have shown again and again, resulted in a wholly unexpected task being thrust on our military authorities—unexpected, that is, to all but a few. Warnings before the war were futile; and the consequence is that every branch of our military administration bears the marks of hasty improvisation and inefficiency. This, in itself, would easily account for the miscalculations with regard to the number of men needed for what was vaguely described a year ago as victory. First, the men raised without any special voluntary appeals; then the unmarried Derby men; then the married Derby men; then the conscripts without the lads of eighteen; then the conscripts including the lads of eighteen; then the men secured from reducing the number of starved occupations; then the men secured as the result of further medical examination. And so on and so forth. Remember the pressure which has been exercised on tribunals; how "everything that can walk" has been pushed, dragged, or bullied into the Army. And yet—serious and important point—we are told that there is still a shortage of men, and that at least another million for the spring campaign alone is a vital necessity.

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What bearing has this factor on the war as a whole? It is characteristic of the present generation that it specialises; that it cannot consider things as wholes but only as parts of unknown wholes. I am not concerned with the financial position, though that is bad enough, and the time is approaching when neutral countries will undoubtedly demand payment for goods in goods and not in gold—an observation which applies to the most important neutral of all. But I am very much concerned with the supply of guns; particularly the supply of guns for the Russian fronts. The chief thing to remember in this connection is that heavy guns and field-guns are specially wanted, that by far the largest proportion of them must be manufactured in this country, and that this skilled and tiring labour cannot be performed by women or men past their prime. We must have a supply of men of military age to make guns, shells, ships, and heavy goods for export. The result of our rulers not being able to see the whole for the parts is that attention was first of all given to the production of shells, then to the enlistment of men, and only now to the making of guns. And the making of guns is assumed to be a matter of lesser importance than the continued enlistment of men. As a matter of hard fact, it is the most important feature of the campaign at the present day, as it has been for the last six months.

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The position can be expressed in a brief antithesis. Our self-appointed military dictator of the Carmelite House newspapers expresses himself (see the "Daily Mail" of November 25) in a thick headline by saying: "Haig must have the men." To which I reply with all possible emphasis: "Brussilov must have the guns." Now, which would be better for the ultimate end of the campaign—that is to say, victory—the sending of men to Sir Douglas Haig, or the sending of guns to General Brussilov? No military critic but will give the same answer: it is infinitely more important that Brussilov should have guns than that Sir Douglas Haig should have men. The British advances on the Western Front have been admirable displays of courage but hardly of military intelligence. The Western Front means trench warfare—a slow, dearly bought advance without immediate results, and with but a minor effect on the

situation as a whole. The Russian or Eastern Front means a war of mobility, of skilled manœuvring, of day-to-day tactical alterations at which the Russian commanders excel. The position now (and for some time to come) is this: it will be all to our advantage to let the British troops in the West remain on the defensive while we make use of the labour of every skilled man—and of every unskilled man, for that matter—to prepare fresh guns for the Russian front. Guns and shells for Brussilov: the slogan remains what it was when I first mentioned this vital aspect of the war.

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It may be urged that British attacks in the West are necessary for the purpose of keeping several German army corps employed, and in order to prevent them from being used elsewhere. This is an utter fallacy. The German front on the West is being held by big guns and machine-guns; and the men detained by our attacks, although they count for a little, do not count for much. Our command—our General Staff—appear to think that of the two choices it is better to send men to the Western Front and no guns to Russia than to send guns to Russia and no men to the Western Front. This is the wrong choice; most emphatically the wrong choice. Every man now dragged out of industry is a loss for the ultimate aim of the war. Besides, let us be clear on one point. How many combatants are there already on the British Western Front? There are on that front, or, rather, there are in France, nearly a million and a half British troops. The figure is quite well known to the enemy. There are practically as many British troops in France, all told, as there are German troops over the British and French lines. That, too, is well known to the enemy. But of these British troops only a relatively small percentage are actual combatants. This, also, is well known to the enemy—who, incidentally, comments on the number of British soldiers used in the auxiliary branches of the Army. In other words, about half our troops are non-combatants—a ridiculous and unheard-of proportion.

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The position, then, is this. All our efforts must be devoted to making guns and shells for Russia. The next few months in the West should be spent, not in making ineffective attacks, but in cutting down the number of non-combatants and putting men where they could be more serviceable—in transferring men, in short, from the non-fighting to the fighting branches of the forces. By doing this Sir Douglas Haig could easily get together another quarter of a million men for the spring offensive. That is one point which must be attended to—I use the arrogant style of Lord Northcliffe with a great deal more than his superficial knowledge of the general situation. Secondly, it must be noted that the Germans, according to their wireless message of Saturday, are evidently determined (for the present) to entrench themselves east of Craiova, knowing, as they do, that large Russian forces are assembling on the Wallachian Plains. All the more reason why Brussilov should be placed in a position to drive them back before they can bring about a stalemate trench warfare in the east as well as in the west. Thirdly, now that a move has been made in the Macedonian campaign, advantage must be taken of it. Cordonnier's advance with Boyovitch round the Cerna bend to Monastir ought to be supported by a British advance along the Struma Valley. It is easier to keep the enemy occupied in Macedonia than in Picardy. Even bad strategic situations must be turned to our advantage. But in Macedonia as in Roumania the call is for guns and shells; not for men, but, I repeat, for guns and shells. If Northcliffe's conscription campaign had been rigorously restrained by the authorities, the Russians might now have been in control of Silesia and of East Prussia.

The Permanent Hypothesis.

A Critique of Reconstruction.

V.—OUTLINES—(continued).

THE Garton Researchers are deemed to be representative of the more enlightened profiteers, and that is why I treat them with so much respect. But if these enlightened capitalists have no plan to avoid the miseries of the class-struggle, then we may be sure that, within the sphere of the permanent hypothesis, there is no solution. Soft words butter no parsnips, and a mere declaration in favour of joint conferences to explain the reason of innovations must prove futile unless accompanied by a binding agreement to regard the unemployed as part of the working staff. We know, however, that costs are estimated by accounting only for the cost of the labour commodity actually operative at the moment of the production. That is to say that the cost of the reserve of employment is thrown upon the community and not upon the industry. It is as though the reserve forces in France were not on pay and dependent upon charity. It is characteristic of the prevailing shallow thought upon national economy that because, during the war, unemployment has gone down to less than one per cent., after the war labour will be in equal demand. Thus, the Garton Memorandum explicitly declares that "the probable cause of unemployment after the war will be, not the lack of a demand for labour, but the difficulty of bringing together the workmen and the job." Then follow the usual proposals for joint committees working in conjunction with the Board of Trade—the Webb-Beveridge nostrums known to all of us. It is true that the Garton writers, on second thoughts, hedge a little. After all, they admit, "it is difficult to see how a certain amount of temporary unemployment can be avoided"—a fall back upon "State and municipal expenditure upon works of public utility." Thus we see that the war has taught these gentlemen precisely nothing. At bottom, they are bankrupt of ideas. All that they do is to set out in new clothing pre-war proposals. Now, I assert with confidence that *after the war we cannot escape from a dreadful and probably a prolonged period of acute unemployment.* We are, at present, living either upon our capital or are transferring our capital to non-industrial purposes, such as munitions or public loans. A simple example occurred to me only last week. I wanted to sell a house. Everywhere it was the same story: habitual buyers of that class of property were steadily investing in six per cents. It was less trouble and less risk. It may be said that, after the war, investors will realise on their Government loans and re-adapt themselves to business requirements. But how will they realise? Their money has been spent; what remains is the credit of the Government Consolidated Fund. The credit is doubtless excellent; but credit is one thing and ready cash another. Even if it be granted that our existing resources are equal to our paper credit, the loss through destruction and dislocation will imperatively call for the mobilisation of new capital resources. Where are they to be found? *In one direction only: in the capitalisation of co-ordinated and co-operative labour.* (That, incidentally, is why the Guilds are inevitable.) But will any sane man declare that such a new departure in finance is possible either during the war or immediately upon its termination? Let us face the facts: the process of re-adaptation to peace conditions will be slow and painful, and cannot but express itself in a high percentage of unemployment. The glamour of our present artificial industrial conditions seems so to hypnotise nearly every writer on Reconstruction that he remains blind to the certain fact that, after the war, unemployment will be our most pressing problem. It will be a nightmare.

I have interjected this question of unemployment (almost literally the skeleton at the feast) at this point, because, if we forget it, we cannot appreciate at their

true value the various proposals for Reconstruction now emanating from well-fed quarters. Of two things, one: either there must be a new departure by compelling every industry to maintain its own unemployed, or (the more exact definition) its own labour reserves; or, we must fall back upon the old conditions, the Trade Unions succouring their own members and the community, with the same old cruel kindness, attending to the residue. If we are strong enough to force the new departure, we have begun the industrial revolution, whose one ending is the Guilds. We can very easily test the intentions of the Reconstruction writers by bluntly putting the question: Are you prepared to charge the industry with the maintenance of its own unemployed? I do not anticipate a particularly fruitful reply. In the second alternative, we have the Trade Unions with their regulations abrogated and their funds depleted. And just as the Trade Unions are weakened so relatively are the Employers strengthened.

I find it difficult to write about unemployment in measured language. How can we forget that it is the tragedy that has dogged and damned every social and economic movement during the past century? The 1834 Poor Law Report is surely the most horrible document ever penned by man or god or devil, whilst the Poor Law Amendment Act that followed it marks the lowest degradation to which we have sunk as a nation. Then came the "hungry 'forties" at a time when we were indisputably the richest people in the world. With the interlude of the Industrial Remuneration Conference, whose report is now suitably covered with dust, we come to the 1892-5 industrial depression, when the unemployed at length made themselves heard. The Unemployed Committee, 1893, had no solution to offer beyond a circular issued by the President of the Local Government Board. Then came the Minority Report of the Poor Law Commission, with its diabolical distinction between poverty and destitution—a refinement of cruelty that would have made Torquemada green with envy. I remember about 1895 speaking about employment to a prominent economist. "There is no unemployed problem," he remarked; "it is a condition, and not a problem. There are industrial problems, fiscal problems, political problems, but, having regard for human nature and the facts of life, there is no unemployed problem, properly so called." And this is still the scientific attitude. "If we do this or that, then there will be a marked reduction of unemployment," is really what men and social reformers think. The result is a certain fatalistic acceptance of unemployment—sorry, you know, but it can't be helped. And so, in times of depression, it spreads like a blight over the industrial areas, being regarded very much as an Act of God. Nevertheless, all scientific dicta to the contrary notwithstanding, unemployment is a problem in itself. It can be quite simply stated. The employer claims that he need only buy so much of the labour commodity as he requires for any specific purpose or given product. He asserts that he cannot compete in the market unless the sale of the labour commodity strictly conforms to the law of demand and supply. But he admits that a reserve of labour is requisite to regulate wages and to meet sudden or increasing demands. "Why, then, don't you maintain your own reserve?" we ask. "You do it with ore, or timber, or cotton or wool; why not with labour?" "Oh!" he answers, "in the one case it is economic necessity, in the other it isn't, and the essence of business is to yield only to the imperative. Of course," he adds, "as a citizen and a ratepayer, I am willing to bear my share in the maintenance of the man as distinct from his labour. But I'll only buy his labour as and when I want it. Besides, if I secure a large reserve of raw material, that is a capital outlay; labour, as you know, goes into the revenue and expenditure account." That is where the permanent hypothesis carries us! It is not the man that is wanted; it is his labour. The Guildsman's answer is so simple that it

confounds the wise: "Seek first the man and his labour will be added unto you. And the man is entitled to maintenance in season and out of season by the trade which has accepted him and for which he has worked."

Every Reconstruction proposal, therefore, that ignores or minimises the probabilities of unemployment is in the nature of a dishonest gamble. It is in fact intellectually negligible, if it does not provide, not only for unemployment due to dislocation, but unemployment due to shortage of demand. The first is comparatively simple and temporary, easily solved by carefully arranged demobilisation; the second will remain after the war, as it was before, the test of our statesmanship and of our sincerity. The Garton Researchers have met the question with vague generalities. It is nevertheless interesting to consider their constructive proposals as a sign of the times. A period of unemployment will shake their structure to pieces; but that need not deter us from examining the structure, not so much because of its inherent value, but to get at the minds of its variegated architects. We have already discussed their proposal for a joint conference in works of an isolated character, and discovered that innovations, being to save expenses and reduce labour, lead to unemployment, and we left John Smith pondering whether a reasoned discharge was in substance preferable to the old system. Either way, the door of the factory was closed against him. We have next to consider the staple trades in their more concentrated form. The Garton proposal is that we shall set up Joint Boards composed of representatives of the Employers' Associations and the Trade Unions. This sounds promising. Capital and Labour have surely met and buried the hatchet. Let us go into more detail. "Having regard to the differentiation of functions between Management and Labour, and the large number of problems affecting one or both parties, two co-equal Boards might be created in each industry, one representing Management and the other Labour, with a Supreme Board of Control co-ordinating the work of both." It looks as though we were progressing towards the Guilds. The Management Board would attend to the business side and, of course, the Labour Board would deal with conditions and hours of labour, demarcation, dilution (observe, please, that dilution is to continue after the war). Hum! Ha! There is no mention of wages. An oversight, no doubt. Yes; it must surely be an oversight. For—I really must quote the delightful conclusion:—

In this manner it should be possible to construct and give effect to a definite policy and programme for each great industry as a whole, representing a reconciliation between the common and competing interests of Employers and Employed, and based both upon the desire to obtain the maximum of efficiency and the desire to obtain the best possible conditions for the workers.

Hang it all! Wages were surely intended to be included in the settlement, for it represents a "reconciliation." Yet it is curious that wages are not specifically mentioned. A little doubt oppresses me. It is rather odd, don't you think?

Having made provision for District and Works Committees, we mount to higher things—something very like a National Guild. The Supreme Board of Control is finally to resolve itself into a National Industrial Council for each of the staple industries or groups of allied industries. Election by ballot, parallel units, one Managerial and one Labour representative. Nothing (except wages) is overlooked. "A Speaker of broad sympathies and experience, capable of directing and focussing the discussions upon the practical problems to be dealt with, would be chosen by mutual consent." I almost think the Garton Researchers must have read Chap. V, Part II, of "National Guilds."

That doubt about wages still haunts me. Surely. . . Well, let's read on:—

Such Industrial Councils would in no sense super-

sede the existing Employers' Associations and Trade Unions, many sides of whose present activities would be unaffected by the creation of the new bodies. Matters connected with the sources and supply of raw material and the cultivation of markets for the disposal of the finished products would remain exclusively the concern of purely commercial federations of manufacturers, acting in conjunction with the State. The benefit side of Trade Unions and many phases of the internal organisation of labour by them would be similarly unaffected.

It grows curiousest and curiousest. Even the Employers' Associations are not to bother themselves about wages—only raw materials and markets—and "acting in conjunction with the State." In such altitudes, to mention wages would seem vulgar and out of place. No employer would dream of it. Of course, over a cigar after lunch it might be cursorily mentioned à propos de rien. And the Trade Unions, too. They would be too deeply concerned with "benefits" and "internal organisation" for wages ever to flit across their minds. Nevertheless, "such Industrial Councils would in no sense supersede the existing Employers' Associations and Trade Unions." Can the Researchers be pulling our legs?

No! I find that, after all, wages have not been overlooked. We are told that the field of action open to the Industrial Councils would be very great. Then it is alphabetically tabulated:—(a)—(b)—(c)—(d)—(e)—(f) the prevention of unemployment, the development of security of tenure in the trade and the decasualisation of labour; (g) questions of wages and piece-rates. After all, we do come to it, don't we?

The embarrassing question uninvited emerges: Are the Garton Researchers a band of ingenuous young men, or do they take us for fools? Do they seriously suggest that the Employers' Associations will not discuss wages? Will not, in fact, decide what wages they will pay, precisely as they did before the war? If the Researchers really think so, I promise them that they will be quickly disillusioned. The Employers will settle the question of raw material and the cultivation of markets easily in a quarter of an hour; they will spend hours discussing wages. But why should raw material and markets be reserved exclusively for the Employers? Surely the Management Boards can attend to such matters, probably better than the Employers themselves. And have the Trade Unions and the workers nothing to say about the supply of raw material and the cultivation of markets? Their wages depend upon it. Clearly not a thing. And why? Because Labour itself is a raw material, and how can one raw material look after another? The permanent hypothesis still prevails.

It is a pity that Lord Wrenbury did not pose his searching question as to "the share and interest in the thing produced" before the Garton Memorandum was written. I can readily understand that the same question asked by Guildsmen would be ignored by such a solemn and respectable group; but the same question put by a Lord Justice of Appeals is quite another pair of shoes. The answer, however, would substantially be the same. Lord Wrenbury suggests partnership; the Garton Researchers stand by "wages and piece-rates," raw material and markets being the exclusive concern of the Employers. The permanent hypothesis is sacred.

After all, they have mentioned wages and they have mentioned unemployment. Casually, no doubt; but really and truly they have not been overlooked. When I come to examine this Memorandum, I am bound to admit that there is practically nothing relevant that is omitted. But the same emphasis and stress is given to everything. No one thing is more important and more urgent than another. You pay your money and you take your choice. With one exception: the one thing really urgent is production—and the Employers will look after the raw material (including Labour) and the marketing of the finished products.

Is it an occasion for tears, or am I permitted to smile?

S. G. H.

Reckless Propaganda.

It is the privilege of the young and of those in humble position to say what they please without counting the consequences. These are sometimes serious; but it would be still more serious to suppress freedom of thought and speech.

On the other hand, it is expected of men of position and reputation that they should think well and long before they publish their utterances. Their words, for good as for ill, count for more than those of their neighbours. They are the trustees for the inherited wisdom of politics and history. When they fail in their duty, the censure they merit is severe.

It is with regret that this charge must be brought against the promoters of "The New Europe," for the list of the supporters of this new journal include names known all over Europe, and such as taken together may not unfairly be deemed representative of the intellectual atmosphere of all the allied nations. But the doctrine they set forth must be criticised on its merits, and I do not hesitate to say that it is immoral in its foundations and most dangerous in its consequences.

Every journal includes amongst its contributors men who are only partially in sympathy with its aims; and conversely no journal can be held responsible for the views expressed by these contributors over their own names. I do not, therefore, propose to criticise here the views of individual writers. But "The New Europe" has a formal programme, to which all its contributors must be supposed to give at least a general assent. And in its formal programme it advocates this policy:—

An "integral victory" such as alone can secure to Europe permanent peace and the reduction of armaments, the fulfilment of the solemn pledges assumed by our statesmen towards our smaller allies, the vindication of national rights and public law, the emancipation of the subject races of central and south-eastern Europe from German and Magyar control—such must be our answer to the Pan-German project of "Central Europe" and "Berlin-Bagdad."

In this programme the effective words are "the emancipation of the subject races of central and south-eastern Europe," or, in other words, the creation of a series of Slav States, Bohemia, Poland, Croatia, Bosnia, Herzegovina, and so forth, at the cost of the Austro-Hungarian Empire, which is to cease to exist. It is a great scheme for the destruction of European civilisation, as irrational as it is unreal. Not one of the proposed States exists to-day. No one can draw a map showing what frontiers they are to possess. Racial and geographical divisions everywhere overlap. All the so-called "subject races" are lacking in the elements of ordered government. They have no characteristic political institutions, no industries, no unity. If the new States could be called into existence, they would probably be at war with one another incessantly. As, however, almost the whole of the territory proposed to be distributed amongst them is in the power of the Central States, and there is no reasonable prospect of it being taken from them, this particular catastrophe is not likely to occur.

Upon what principle, and for what object, should Great Britain mix itself up with the mad dreams of Pan-Slavism? It is not, and has never been, our cause. When the war broke out Lord Grey definitely refused to commit this country to the quarrel of Serbia. He has always disclaimed any aggressive intentions towards Germany; and the Pan-Slavic idea aims mortal blows first at the existence of Austro-Hungary, and through Austro-Hungary at Germany herself. If we were now to adopt this idea we should give a posthumous justification to the claim of German diplomacy that this war is for Germany essentially a war of defence.

That such plans as these should be deliberately laid before our Government is a strong argument for maintaining the constitutional principle that foreign policy should be determined by the Crown, and not by the people. It is, indeed, not easy, for "the people," which has never crossed the Straits of Dover, to enter with intelligence into the complications of the politics of central and south-eastern Europe, or see the dangers which lurk under the fine-sounding phrases of anarchic humanitarianism. But it is impossible to trust in the British constitution in this particular. Undoubtedly our Ministers have the right to determine their own foreign policy, but that will be of no avail, unless they have the wit and the nerve to use their rights. Failing that they will be led away (and there is every indication that they are being led away) by plausible and impracticable doctrines. Since, then, "the people" has to decide, let it at least hear the other side of the case. Those who would save England from utter destruction dare no longer delay to put forward on their side the policy which they believe will recommend itself to saner heads.

That policy goes back to the beginning of the war, when this country took up arms not for Pan-Slavism, but for Belgium, and for the common law of Europe, which was violated by the attack on that country. For that object and no other our soldiers have volunteered to risk their lives, and our owners and workers have offered their means and their labour. Our quarrel with "Central Europe" is not that it goes too far, but that it does not go far enough. We stand for a United States of Europe, with a common law and therefore to that extent a common government.

We have failed to make good our claim by arms. The failure is not complete, neither is it altogether discreditable; but it has brought to light fundamental weaknesses in the Allied Nations which cannot be remedied in a few years. England lacks leadership, discipline and organisation; France lacks population; Russia lacks science. For these reasons, in spite of an apparent advantage in wealth, area and population, we stand to-day as a defeated combination. "Time is not, on our side, time is at best a doubtful neutral": such is the most that official optimism can now say for our position. The plans of the Allied Governments for the future are not disclosed; it is open to us to surmise that they do not exist. There remains to us only that hope, not founded on reason, for which there is always place so long as the future is hidden from us.

A man who is losing a fight will, if he is wise, sacrifice something so as not to have everything torn from him; he will seek for a friend, and even listen to an arbitrator. A nation should do the same. England still stands high in the society of nations, and highest of all because of her bold venture for the independence of Belgium. That act has won for her recognition in such countries, for instance, as the United States, Holland, and Norway. But no one of these friendly neutrals would advise England to listen to the temptings of Pan-Slavism.

In the affairs of the world Right is not always victorious: and even the bravest combatant must sometimes bow to success. Much more is this the case where Right is dubious, and success is impossible. It is time that we faced the facts about Pan-Germanism and "Central Europe," for we cannot alter them. Pan-Germanism is indeed a misnomer, for there is no longer a party which wishes to make a German world, and only one which wishes to build up the world on a German model. That model bears witness that racial distinctions and democratic instincts are not enough to make a State; that there must also be industry, saving, discipline, and science. France alone amongst the Allied nations has as yet learnt this lesson; and all the rest must learn it or perish. The allies of Germany, Austria-Hungary, Bulgaria, and Turkey have learnt it in the agonies of war, and therefore their future is already assured: schemes for their destruction

will all be shattered by their inherent futility. "Central Europe," therefore, exists to-day, and cannot be destroyed: "Berlin-Bagdad" also exists, and it would be a crime to destroy it. Why, indeed, should we oppose ourselves to "Central Europe"? It is, to say the least, a half-way stage to "All Europe."

Now that we clearly see that we can never win the war with our armies, it is high time that we set to work to win it with our brains and our diplomacy. And in that the first step is to leave out of sight things that do not concern us, and fix our minds upon our own business, which is to see that Belgium, France, Great Britain enter the future European combination as sovereign States, and not as subject allies. The first step towards securing this position for ourselves is to grant it unreservedly to each of the enemy Powers. On this basis, and on this basis alone, shall we have the moral support of the United States and of the German party of "honourable peace." Apart from these two forces we know well that there is no hope; and it is a crime that the masses of our people should still be deluded by fictions of possible victories on the field of battle. We are not, indeed, as yet reduced to sue for peace, but we have long passed the moment when it became rash to let any chance slip past unused.

This course is also in the truest sense loyal to our faithful ally, Russia. In uniting with her we have never proposed to associate ourselves with her despotism, her anarchism, or her vain dreaming, all of them so familiar to us by the works of her great novelists. We are sufficiently conscious of our own failings to be able to admit those of our friends as well. We have joined hands with our former enemy for mutual help, not for mutual injury. And the best help we can give to Russia to-day is to recall the minds of her statesmen to the first principles of political philosophy, and to the stern logic of to-day's events.

EDWARD V. ARNOLD.

The Social Priority of Property.

I.

THE division of classes which marks both the present social situation and that which it tends to become is usually described in terms of ownership. The one class owns the instruments of production, the other does not. However complex the system may be, any change in the relationship of these classes must involve a change in property relations. But however much, or in whatever ways, the class of capital dominates society, we must recognise as at least an element in that domination the prestige of its ownership of these means of production, the respect paid to it as a property right.

Has that description anything more than a superficial significance? Are the property relations characteristic of capitalism really deserving of practical attention from such as believe that they can discern the conditions, in fact or in tendency, of a different manner of society, to the establishment of which it is reasonable to expect that human efforts can contribute? Is the general respect for capitalistic property, as property, a really important element in the stability of the existing social order, and so of itself a real obstacle to any such change?

When we come to consider the suggestions of those who see in capitalism a fundamental social tyranny whose ending is on certain terms practicable as well as eminently desirable, we find on this point the greatest diversity of view. For it is by no means clear that the means by which such a change might come to pass would involve any direct operation, legislative or other, upon existing ownership. Communistic anarchists and Collectivists hold that they do. The former would proceed directly towards doing away with property as an institution. The latter would abolish private pro-

perty in a certain thing, industrial capital, while electing to preserve the institution of individual property. We need not enter into the antagonistic historical theories underlying the opposition of these two programmes, and inquire whether property arises from exploitation or capital is due to an originally unjustified and purely forcible appropriation. Those interested may be referred to Engels v. Dühring; for us the question is as to whether or not such propagandas take any adequate account of the position of property among the social institutions and forces of modern times. With Distributivism and National Guilds, on the other hand, we come upon methods which do not directly operate upon property. The Distributivist, it is true, holds that a free state is characterised as against capitalism by its property relations, which are precisely what is changed in the transition from the latter to the former. But the transition itself is a religious change which cannot be defined in terms of social movements. The methods, again, of those who recommend National Guilds are not directed upon ownership, but rather to the industrial organisation of the working class with a view to the control of industry in a guild system. While it is sometimes added that collective ownership of capital is bound up with the scheme, yet it appears as at most an historical precipitate of the movement, and the point can hardly be said to have been worked out in relation to the social theory of property.

The extreme stability of the institution of private property in human society is shown in the various accounts given of it. It is explained as a primary human instinct, or as necessary to the emergence of human will in the real world, or as a unique expression of the practical primacy of men over things, or, contrariwise, as a remedy for sin. Property has, in fact, an important type of priority among social institutions. It may be impossible for us to imagine the occurrence of property outside of a whole social context. We have never done hearing in these days how ownership involves all sorts of duties as well as rights. Yet there is a true sense in which we can say that without property these other social forms are nothing, while it without them is at least something. This comes out nowhere more clearly than in connection with deliberate efforts to bring about changes in society. To every man to whom the reformer comes showing forth emancipation if he will but co-operate with his class in some specific form of organised effort, the alternative is more or less forcibly present. "No, I shall rather attempt by becoming a proprietor to attain to that measure of social freedom which I see enjoyed by the more fortunate classes, and which I appreciate. It is in respect of property alone that I differ from them, and it is just by myself that I can make up this difference." That individual emancipation is for most people impossible, or even that their attempt at it appreciably hinders the achievement of freedom by all men, even the fortunate, affects the motive not a whit. And indeed by those sections of the community who are the more enslaved in fact and in spirit—some of the self-styled "professions" are a good example—no other voice can make itself heard. Yet property is so obviously the first step. This way, at least, is clear and plain. In truth, from a thorough consideration of the aspirations of the slave we ought to be able to learn what are some, at least, of the constant conditions of freedom, which is more than we are likely to discover from all the "experiments in living" ever devised by the "enlightened." In "What's Wrong with the World" Mr. G. K. Chesterton has a somewhat analogous case. It is proposed that, as the most obvious thing to be done, slum children must have their hair cut short, irrespective of sex. Mr. Chesterton will have none of it; he will rip up the "social fabric" from end to end first. One condition after another of the prevailing "nuisance" has to go, until we are face to face with a social revolution. Yet we must prefer that to the line of least resistance. And

the society in which the girl's hair is saved will be more "stable" than what went before. Now it is as such a "socially primitive" principle that property appears.

The instance just considered is further instructive. Certain friends we have already met would deny the priority of property. Once more they found upon modern social theory *ab experientia vaga* (a term, indeed, which includes the actual writings of several philosophers of vogue and repute). We now reach the stimulating conclusion that social formations have their being in a single life-process in which nothing is permanent or primary. Property, then, is included in a whole "volitional" system, as such continuously changing in all its members. Where it stands in the way of the growth of some new social form, it must and will give way. The only thing that really counts is the all comprehending will to progress, which gathers up the organic changes in society, sacrificing here and raising up there according as it "finds itself this morning." Society is absolutely plastic.

We might well leave such doctrines alone until we have seen where they have ever managed to do anything. But the case of the child's hair should show us even now that there is nothing in the mutual involution or relativity of the elements in social life which prevents their occupying a certain order in which first things continue to be first and last things last.

Oh, no, we shall be told, but the preference of personal features is a question of right, whereas the priority of property is one of might, and never these twain shall meet. In the one case you have to do with the justice of maintaining a certain desire "*über alles*," as a right. In the other you are considering how you are to adapt yourself to an existing thing possessed of a certain stability. But is this so very clear? Does it not appear that there is exactly as much to be said for making the fact of property in all its toughness dependent on human valuations as there is for putting personal beautifications on a similar basis of preference, and precisely as little?

It would seem, then, that we are not justified in imagining that, even if or merely because the conditions of modern society make ownership impossible for a whole class, we can go on to erect a stable society on the basis of a sort of social forgetting of an institution that has been lost. All forgetting, as we have learnt, is positive and active, and is liable to breed disorders.

This social priority of property, which we have distinguished from both its "might" and its "right," is still, however, in some degree recognised by some of those who espouse alternatives to the capitalistic order. In that order there appear to be two ways in which there is property.

(1) There is individual ownership of shares in industrial and commercial undertakings.

(2) There is ownership of certain actual instruments of production, on the scale characteristic of that order, by "legal persons," generally industrial or commercial corporations.

From a certain point of view, indeed, there is here no distinction. Person is to be defined by property rather than property by person, and the latter type of owner is no fiction, but equally a person with the individual human being. Still, it is what difference there is or may be here that is important for us, for on it turns the point of the doctrines we must investigate. That corporations may own shares in other corporations only puts the distinction a degree farther back.

Now we can profitably raise the question whether or not it is true that it is in the nature of capital to be property. For it is just this proposition that is denied by the collectivist when he says that this scheme will preserve private property. His argument is well known. Distinguishing between personal belongings (mainly in the form of consumption-commodities) and the instruments of production, he triumphantly calls

upon his critics to show what particular sleepers or piston-rods are the property of a given railway shareholder. What scope for his will does that individual find in any such things? The collectivist concludes that there is no practical difference between ownership by the company and ownership by the State, so far as affects the institution of property as now existing. No moral damage is done by the transition from the former to the latter. But above all, the transference, it is held, is thus not subject to the presumably insuperable social difficulties attendant on the disappearance of the institution of private property.

W. ANDERSON.

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 two following questions to representative public men and women:—

- (1) 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?
- (2) What in your view is the best policy to be pursued by (a) Labour, (b) Capital, (c) the State?

(17) SIR ROBERT A. HADFIELD, D.Sc., F.R.S.

With reference to your interesting questions, it seems to me that there should be no real difficulty in bringing about a happy solution of industrial labour conditions if the principle is first admitted that an employer should treat his employee, not merely from the purely economic point of view, as has often been done in the past, but as one of flesh and blood like himself and with like aspirations and feelings.

Modern labour is often very tiresome and irksome. Repetition work, the same from year end to year end, hardly calls forth the best in any man. The amount of wage received in most cases does not enable a working man, if he has a large family, to live by any means in the lap of luxury. The working man, now becoming better educated, has commenced to eat of the fruit of the tree of knowledge, consequently we must be prepared for efforts on his part, and quite laudable too, "to raise his position."

My firm has had no unsurmountable difficulties; perhaps we are fortunate and have a better selection of workmen, but I do not think so. The satisfactory results we have obtained have been brought about by the adoption of a certain "policy." We have never had to shut down our works for a strike, and have always found a talk round the table settle most of the difficulties. We commenced the 48-hours-week system, which I hope to live to see generally established, on April 27, 1894, now 22½ years ago, the employees starting work at 7.20 a.m. instead of 6.30 a.m. In other words, our workmen come to their business after having had breakfast, and are not expected to turn up, for example, in winter, hours before the sun rises.

In April, 1914, the system was first applied to about one thousand workmen. In May, 1914, the roll-call had increased to over six thousand, and to-day the total number employed at our Hecla and East Hecla Works in Sheffield amounts to over fifteen thousand.

In one of the official reports of the Friendly Society of Ironfounders it was stated that "It is pleasing to know that our members' experience of the 8-hours day (48-hours week) at Messrs. Hadfield's Works calls forth the unanimous decision that they would not really agree to resort to the old system."

It is important to note, notwithstanding the considerable increase both in the rate of wages and the total amount per week paid to the employees of Hadfields, Ltd., that during the last twenty years the considerable betterment of the workers mentioned has been accomplished, not only without interfering with the financial position of the company, but that this has been greatly increased in value.

Replying generally to the questions asked, as regards No. 1, it is difficult to define what will be the industrial situation after the war until seeing a little more clearly how the world is going to settle down under the new conditions which will prevail. If there is going to be

an entire re-arrangement of our relations with certain nations now known as "the enemy," this, of course, must make considerable difference.

We have on the one hand those who we readily admit are patriotic, like Sir Hugh Bell, who yet urge that there should be no change in the freedom of exchange, even between enemy countries, because, it is argued, by retaliation on our part we shall ourselves suffer.

On the other hand, there are those who claim that preferential treatment should be given within the Empire. In such cases, what about the cross currents of interest which will arise on industrial questions between those who are at present fighting on our side? Other friendly countries will wish to protect their own positions, so it will be seen that the whole question is surrounded with very great difficulty, and it seems impossible at present for anyone to predict what will be the post-war industrial situation.

As regards the better working of our Empire, there is no doubt that we have to some extent been very remiss. For example, in Australia, we have allowed the foreigner to reap much of the advantage and benefit of the enormous deposits of natural wealth there. In this respect I will refer to an address given by me not long ago to the Ferrous Section of the Advisory Council for Scientific and Industrial Research, in which I stated that the wealth from mineral and other sources within the Empire, when properly worked, could in a comparatively short time be made more than to repay the expenditure incurred in this terrible war in which we are now engaged. We have not developed our resources as we might, or we should not have had Germans making use of what we ought to have done, that is within our Empire.

To sum up as regards your question No. 1, neither Labour nor Capital must overlook the fact that the true view is the welfare of the nation as a whole. Capital must try and meet the more modern conditions required by the worker in regard to better wages, better housing, more reasonable hours, and the more human treatment of the subject, not merely the high and dry economic one. Labour must also be progressive; the worker must try and improve himself with the better education which is now so easily at his call. The youth must not start work until both mind and body are properly formed. A demand for this, remember, must come from the worker himself, for in many cases it is he who stands in the way—for example, Lancashire. With all the advantages of increased welfare, which it is the duty of Capital to consider, it is in return the duty of the worker to render wholeheartedly his services for the benefit of the State. Old notions about unfairly restricting output must be wiped out, and a new point of view taken.

The Capitalist must also stop the absurd and utterly ridiculous attitude often taken up of trying to prevent, by boycotting, sly pressure, and other unfair means, those firms who wish to take a broader view—that is, those who wish to make a step upwards and try and deal with the worker as a human unit, and not merely from the Capitalist point of view—that is, the human units should not be dealt with like so many barrels of flour or tons of pig-iron.

I speak from experience, and consider the methods often adopted by Capital against those who would allow more freedom of thought and introduce newer, better, and more human methods to meet the changed conditions of the times have in the past been most reprehensible. If an employer has wished to take up a line of progress, attempts are immediately made to bring him into line, not with those representing progress and development, but rather with the most backward, which in itself is a bad principle. In my opinion it is largely owing to this point of view that the nation has suffered in the past when dealing with labour questions. The progressive manufacturer has been hampered by the dullard who will not take a step in progressive ideas because he is afraid something terrible will happen, or some financial magnate thinks he is going to be ruined.

We all know that the worker has been unreasonable, often most unreasonable. On the other hand, the treatment adopted by the capitalist has often been most reprehensible. Let both sides come together with a spirit of conciliation and co-operation—suspicion and mistrust on both sides must be forgotten and done away with—and I cannot but believe that the future of this country will be indeed well assured.

As regards your second question, the answer to this, it seems to me, is to a great extent comprised in the one to your question No. 1. I will only add that the State can often do much. On the other hand, it is possible to conceive of its doing too much. In other words, in order to meet the individualistic mind of this country, which has ever led the world and been in the van of progress, we do not want to depart from, or at any rate only partially modify, the views of the individualist and his efforts.

There are many others who hold similar views to those I am expressing. Mr. Harold Cox, in March last, was specially requested to give an address before the Institution of Civil Engineers on the subject of "Industrial Development." A few years ago such a plan, which met with the heartiest approval from all who heard this remarkable address, would have been treated as quite revolutionary. In the past the question would have been asked, what had the Institution of Civil Engineers to do with such a subject, which bordered almost on Socialism? The lecture was delivered and gave universal satisfaction. I wish more institutes would go and do likewise—that is, try to get at the heart of this national problem, which has to be faced and solved, or the future will indeed be dark and gloomy.

I take the liberty of quoting as follows somewhat fully from Mr. Cox's valuable address, and make no apology, because the times demand that those concerned, whether on the side of the employer or employed, should make up their minds to face the future on quite different lines from those of the past.

"I venture to ask a series of questions in order to help us to solve that problem. First of all, why have the masses of our people so long been condemned to live in poky houses and in mean streets, many of them with insufficient food? You answer that it is the result of low wages. I ask again: Was it necessary the wages should be so low? The reply obviously is that the work was worth so little, or, in other words, the worker produced so little. But was it necessary that the worker should produce so little? What are we doing now? We have nearly 4,000,000 men either fighting or training to fight. In addition, we have large numbers of men as well as women producing materials for fighting. Yet, in spite of this enormous drain upon our population, we are maintaining the whole of our people in a much higher standard of comfort than ever before, and in addition—and this is a fact which is often forgotten—we are keeping up an export trade which we should have regarded a few years ago as marvellous in amount. As most of you know, during the last ten or fifteen years our export trade has been rapidly on the up-grade. But the remarkable fact is this, that in 1915, in spite of the tremendous diversion of industry due to the war, the value of our export trade was as great as it was six years ago. Of course, part of this high value was due to the rise in prices. Making allowances for that factor, I think we may say that our export trade last year was in volume equal to what it was twelve or thirteen years ago. This startling result is due to the enormous increase in our productive power under the stimulus of war.

"It is, of course, true that much of the present prosperity is due to expenditure out of capital; and it is also true that, when peace comes, we shall find the burden of interest an appreciable one for some generations. The fact remains that we are doing the work, we are producing the goods, and we are maintaining a higher standard of comfort for the masses of the people. Put the money question aside and look at the bedrock facts of labour and goods. On the one hand you have the labour employed; on the other you have the comforts and the luxuries created. I ask: Cannot we achieve the same triumph as this in time of peace? Cannot we on the one hand secure universal employment, and on the other widespread enjoyment? If our people permanently insist on a higher standard of living for themselves, their own demands for comforts and luxuries, either of home manufacture or of foreign importation, will create employment for themselves either in home or export industries. Reciprocally, if we utilise for the purpose of peace the tremendous productive power which the war has shown we possess, we can secure for our whole population a richer, a fuller, and a happier life.

"I think one of the most regrettable things in recent months has been the carping way in which middle-class people have referred to the increased expenditure of the

working classes, especially fixing their attention, as it happens, on the particular article of pianos. Why in the name of wonder it should be a crime for a workman to have a piano and not a crime for a middle-class person I cannot understand. I believe we shall make no progress towards a solution of the wages problem until it is universally recognised that a manual worker, if he can get it, is entitled to as high a standard of personal and domestic comfort as the brain-workers. Personally, I should be glad if it were the custom among manual workers to take a holiday upon the Continent just as it is amongst professional workers. But the manual worker will only get his higher standard of comfort by more efficient working, and he will only consent to become more efficient if it is proved to him that there lies his interest and also the interest of his comrades. The latter consideration is as important as the former. It is a great credit to the working classes that the spirit of comradeship does affect their individual action to an enormous extent, and a man will frequently sacrifice his own private interest because he thinks it is for the good of the men among whom he is working. Therefore we shall get no real progress until you can demonstrate to the working classes as a body that their individual and collective interest lies in more efficient production.

"If we can solve this moral problem, I see no limit to the progress of our country. For as soon as you have secured the concurrence of the workman, it will become possible to develop immensely the efficiency of our manufacturing processes, so as to obtain an increased output at less cost, while paying higher wages."

Before the same institute its president recently elected, Sir Maurice Fitzmaurice, one of our ablest engineers, in his presidential address, early this month, took the opportunity of referring to the same subject. Sir Maurice quoted Burke's speech in 1775, when he said, "The question with me is not whether you have the right to render your people miserable, but whether it is not your interest to make them happy." Sir Maurice added, "I think this expresses our view with regard to Labour to-day." I hope that it does, for without doubt adequate consideration, not merely from the hard matter-of-fact and financial side only, required the earnest attention of all those engaged in handling large bodies of workers.

Let us also, when considering the future, bear in mind, as Sir Maurice says, "We can never forget the great part played by Labour and Labour leaders in this war, and we must remember that nearly all Labour troubles which have arisen have been in direct opposition to the wish and advice of the trade union officials."

He also adds:

"It is impossible to expect a high standard of duty to exist at all times among workmen unless they can live under such conditions as will allow them a chance of bringing up their families decently and making some adequate provision for old age. I am quite aware of the advantages as regards free education, medical attendance, out-of-work benefits, old-age pensions, and sometimes free meals for children, which exist; but better wages than those existing before the war, with a greater feeling of responsibility by the individual, would, in my opinion, be much better than all these free advantages, with the exception of that of education. Organised Labour has great powers and correspondingly great obligations, and it ought to be in a position to begin these obligations at home. If obligations and responsibilities do not exist in the elementary matters, there is very little chance of their real existence when large questions have to be solved."

With these strong opinions expressed before our largest scientific and technical society, the Institution of Civil Engineers, with its roll-call of some 9,000 members, everyone of whom will receive a copy of the address by the president and Mr. H. Cox, even the most faint-hearted and timorous mind can surely approach this important subject with a view to finding a solution between what is known as Capital and Labour, but which I would rather describe as "one human being trying to agree with another human being." Let us, therefore, approach the subject with confidence, as it is not only in the air but has come to stay with us until a happy solution can be found. With mutual give and take on the part of each side, a satisfactory solution can without doubt be found.

Letters from Ireland.

By C. E. Bechhofer.

As soon as I realised that Ulster's one economic hope was to hold off England, I thought I would test the Carsonite case. It seemed to me that this point was unanswerable; I was interested, therefore, to see how the Ulster Unionists would receive it.

Off I went this morning to the headquarters of the Ulster Unionist Council and demanded an audience. A gentleman was appointed to instruct me. I asked questions and was told, I believe, no intentional lies. But the truth he told me was more extraordinary than any fiction could be. Almost immediately I asked him if it were not true that, far from England having taken a benevolent interest in Ulster's affairs, Ulster firms had been most vigorously undercut and demolished by their English competitors.

"Quite true," was the answer.

"Then," I asked, "why does Ulster claim to be benefiting so much by the Union?"

"Well, you see," said he, "it is quite true that Ulster suffers very much from English competition, but, at the same time, we are bound to be grateful for the many economic advantages we have received from England."

"Which are they?" I asked.

"Chiefly, perhaps, the Insurance Act, Old Age Pensions, and the institution of labourers' cottages at one and sixpence per week!"

I collapsed.

Nothing else could have exposed Carsonism so completely. Whatever else they may stand for, the Carsonites are first and foremost profiteers.

I let economics lapse, and inquired what the rest of the case against Home Rule was.

"We Ulstermen," he replied, "are not Irish at all; you must always remember that. Take myself, for example; both my parents are Scots, who were planted here, and I consider myself also a Scot. So we cannot submit to be governed by the Irish."

"Of course not," I said.

"Above all, you must not forget the religious difficulty. We in Ulster are Presbyterians, at least, all the really important business men are, the men with a stake in the country. You can imagine what would happen to us if Home Rule came in, and Ulster were subjected to a Dublin Parliament. Home Rule, you know, means Rome Rule. Imagine what would happen! All the financial and excise posts would be put in the hands of Catholics, whose one aim would be to tax Ulster out of existence to the advantage of the Catholic parts of Ireland. Why, even now, when the body of a British soldier is taken from the barracks of this city to the cemetery, it has to be carried for miles by a roundabout way for fear the Union Jack on the coffin is jeered at and insulted by the Catholics of Mr. Devlin's constituency of West Belfast. You cannot imagine, until you have been in the Catholic parts of Ireland, what a power the priests wield among the people. The priests —"

I bowed before the storm. I had little bargained to hear a Scotch Presbyterian's disquisition upon Catholicism. I rested my head upon my hands, and the man's amazing bigotry flowed off my back. He paused at last, and I continued my questions.

I had heard in Dublin that when Mr. Asquith asked the Belfast Unionists for more volunteers, he was told that Ulster could not possibly allow any more of her young men to go away as she must keep a garrison

behind to protect her women and children from being ravished by the Sinn Feiners!

I said, therefore, "Ulster is so loyal that, of course, she would willingly submit to conscription?"

"I am not sure of that," said my enlightener. "You see, Nationalist Ireland has been sending no men at all into the Army, whereas the Ulster Division has long been at the Front, and we all submitted to be attested under the Derby scheme."—This last, if it is true, is so much to Ulster's credit.—"So we do not think it right that, while the Nationalists go on shirking, we should sacrifice all our young men. We shall want them, you know, after the war."

"By the way," I said, "you are interested in the economics of the country. What do you think of the farmers' co-operative movement, you know what I mean—'A. E.'s' Irish Agricultural Organisation Society? Do you not think this is doing very good work by leading Ireland towards economic independence?"

"Oh, I certainly do," he said; "but I suppose you know what is wrong with it—it is too Catholic!"

"Catholic!" I cried, "why, surely both Sir Horace Plunkett and 'A. E.' himself are devoted Protestants! In fact, is not 'A. E.' an Ulster Presbyterian?"

The Unionist wagged his head wisely. "They may seem so," he said, "but tell me this: why do they both live in Dublin?"

I was given an armful of Carsonite pamphlets and bowed out. The pamphlets, I observed, were designed to appeal rather to my prejudices than to my reason.

"Ulster will Fight and Ulster will be Right."

"Ulster must be left alone to work out her own salvation under the British Parliament, with the Union Jack flying over her!"

"Let alone, unterrorised and unexcited, and not misled by vain promises, the vast majority of the people of Ireland, if they dared say so, prefer the status quo. The fear the loyal Ulstermen have—as well as those in other Provinces—is that the marvellous state of prosperity in which they are shown to be by the map and statistics may be interfered with under the proposed Bill, and which they earnestly trust under the Providence of God may never come to be the law of the land."

A strange commentary upon the "marvellous state of prosperity" in Ulster is given by a table of the average agricultural labourers' wages in Ireland, in another of the pamphlets. The reader learns that while, in the Nationalist provinces of Connaught, Munster and Leinster, the average weekly wage varies from ten shillings to eleven and twopence, in the "marvellously prosperous" province of Ulster the average wage is no less than twelve shillings and one penny a week. Shall Ulster submit to Home Rule while her labourers prosper like this?

A more significant paragraph in one of the pamphlets was this:

"It is a curious fact, yet true, that the principal opponents to the Home Rule Bill come from the working classes."

If true, it certainly is curious.

Thinking about it, I boarded a tram to ride back to my hotel. A working man beside me asked for a match and I seized the occasion tactfully to make inquiries. Was all I had heard in England about the Carsonites' arming true?

"Oh, yes," he replied, "I know quite a lot of men who have got rifles hidden away in their houses, sometimes as many as three or four each, and they would be very glad to be rid of them. As for me, I never take any sides in these matters, one way or the other. I'm in business on my own account, so it doesn't pay me to have politics; I shouldn't wish to be losing customers by it. But you're quite right; some of the others are terrible keen on it; at least, they used to be."

Readers and Writers.

I HAVE remarked very often upon the apathy of the Oxford Professors who twenty-seven months ago pamphleteered the nation into beginning the war, and have since done nothing to maintain public interest in it. But c'est le dernier pas qui coûte in a war of the present duration and intensity; and now that Cabinet Ministers are about to start upon a campaign of education throughout the country, the Professors should join them after their own fashion. It is almost blasphemous to assert that everything that can be said about the war has been said already. The event is wellnigh as significant as the fall of Lucifer; and may comfortably occupy thought for generations to come, and still leave over matter for the consideration of subsequent centuries. Nobody, it appears to me, has yet got anywhere within grasping distance of its dimensions; but the best of writers have so far been only fumbling at its edges. What is needed is more mind brought to its consideration, more curiosity I dare to say. What does it mean? What significance to mankind does the vast episode carry with it? Is man, after all, the victim of a composed tragedy? These are the kind of questions I should like to see men asking themselves and attempting to answer. And the dignity of man, as Renan says, does not even require that he should give them the right answers; but only that he should not be indifferent to them.

It does not fall within my province to make a critical review of my colleague Mr. de Maetz's work: "Authority, Liberty, and Function" (Allen and Unwin, 5s. net). I can merely aggravate a few matters which have already, I think, been mentioned here, and which certainly do not touch the central doctrine of Mr. de Maetz's book. For example, I continue an old friendly quarrel with him upon his heresy (as I call it) concerning the priority of economic over both political and military power. He, as his readers know, will have it that each of these powers is an aspect or facet of power in general, and that each is thus original and not sequentially or causally derivative. This theory, however, of the equi-potency and equi-primacy of powers appears to me to carry the horror of monomania too far. To protest that in tracing political and military power to an economic source we are in danger of reducing them to impotence is a wise enough proceeding, since it serves to correct the impression that economic power is the only power; but to affirm that they do not stand in any relation of dependence upon economics whatever is to fall into the other extreme. My colleague likewise, I think, overshoots the mark when he affirms, in contradiction of the school of applied subjective values, that it is only in things that men maintain associations. Here, strangely enough, he is fallen foul of by my colleague "A. E. R.," who, in order to correct Mr. de Maetz's "only things," makes a whole of what is really the other half of the truth, namely, that men associate from mutual liking as well as for a common task. Upon this point (and almost upon this point alone) I agree with Mr. Bertrand Russell, who, in his "Principles of Social Reconstruction" (Allen and Unwin, 6s. net), as if with an eye upon this controversy, remarks: "The two chief sources of good relations between individuals are instinctive liking and common purpose." Well, is that not the fact; and are not, therefore, both my colleagues wrong or, rather, only half-right, the one in asserting that only things unite, and the other in maintaining that only men unite? To sum the matter up, is not the distinction that drawn by a recent contributor between a partnership and a fellowship? Mr. de Maetz is all for partnership: "A. E. R." is all for fellowship. A good society combines both.

Nothing that I have said, however, touches upon the

central thesis of Mr. de Maetz's work, which, I take it, is the criticism of Authority and Liberty and the substitution of Function as the criterion of social justice. Here, if I may venture a judgment, my colleague is masterly; and when he has finished with Liberalism and Conservatism there is nothing left to be done but to call in the young men to bury the remains. Much the most illuminating criticism that I have ever read of the opposed principles of Authority (or the aristocratic State) and Liberty (or the democratic State) is Mr. de Maetz's remark that they are both alike concerned not primarily to secure justice or to maintain and increase the sum of common goods, but to *preserve someone's inviolability*; in the first case the inviolability of a small class, and in the second the inviolability of the individual. On that account, each of these principles is thus socially negative, rather than positive; and involves society in a network of tabus rather than in a network of functions and duties. On this subject, I repeat, which is at the same time the central point of his book, Mr. de Maetz is, I think, at once original and convincing.

* * *

Mr. Bertrand Russell has just been called by the "Nation" "the ablest and most unpopular man in England." Surely there is something a little sectarian in selecting for the first distinction a subject of the second; and, of course, the fact is that neither distinction is due to Mr. Russell, who is certainly not the ablest man in England, and equally certainly is not the most unpopular—except, perhaps, among the small governing class to whom he belongs. (And that is not to be unpopular as, say, Lord Haldane is unpopular.) Of his attitude as expressed in his "Principles of Social Reconstruction" I can now understand very well the comments made in these pages by "North Staffs" when Mr. Russell's first chapter was delivered as a lecture. "North Staffs" remarked of it that Mr. Russell was ignoring the point at issue in a superior way, in, that is to say, the most hopeless way that can be imagined. We are all by this time familiar with Nietzsche's blighting presumption, that he did not trouble to examine the *truth* of any philosophy, but only the curious question how a man came to believe it—thus transferring, you will see, the venue of discussion from the man's ideas to the man's personality. But I never thought to find Nietzsche's witicism elevated to a principle and method of debate by the "ablest man in England." Mr. Russell, however, appears to me to have done this very thing, and even to have invented a brand-new scheme of psychology in order to support it. The war, he presumes, cannot have any rational causes; nor can it possibly be a matter of right and wrong to be settled by argument. Only two sources exist of human activity: blind impulse and calculated desire; and of these it is blind impulse alone that accounts for the war—as the impulse of aggression on the one hand, and as the impulse to resist aggression on the other. But if there is nothing more than blind impulse in it—and impulse itself is something irrational, unaccountable, uncontrollable (save by other impulses equally blind), what is all human action but the fortuitous clash of blind forces, whose result is only a spectacle of meaningless tragedy? In abandoning reason—which also is an impulse and, perhaps, in the end, the most masterful—Mr. Russell certainly avoids the need for the discussion of the rights and wrongs of this present war, but he avoids at the same time the need to discuss anything.

* * *

"A Quiet Corner in a Library," by Mr. William Henry Hudson (Harrap. 3s. 6d. net) contains four essays upon Hood, Carey, Lillo and Richardson respectively, which, I hope it may always be true to say, any one of a thousand students of English literature might have written. They summarise the relevant facts of

biography and the value and significance of each of these writers; and discuss with competence various questions of literary history arising out of them. Mr. Hudson informs us in an introductory note that he is about to publish a considerable work upon Lillo with only the fringes of whose importance the present essay deals. I can only say of it in advance that it must necessarily deal in what Bagehot called *hypothetics*; for the truth is, as Mr. Hudson knows very well, that Lillo only might have had significance, but actually missed it. As the author of "The Merchant, or the True History of George Barnwell," a domestic tragedy that set the polite world talking nearly two hundred years ago, and was last played, I think, by Irving in the days of his youth, Lillo might have become the pioneer of the modern domestic tragedy (tragedy in low life) if only—mark this—if only the right men had arisen to follow his lead. But, as Mr. Hudson himself says, "the right men did not arise." Lillo was thus left a leader without a following, a solitary pioneer in a land which remained uncultivated until other later and more successful pioneers made an independent discovery of it. For I do not suppose that Mr. Hudson will try to prove that the later domestic dramatists actually harked back to Lillo for their model. But this is to say that Lillo's significance, whatever it might have been, is actually small. And an essay about him is ample for my reading.

* * *

Mr. Hudson is under a serious misconception concerning the difference between tragedy and comedy which may, moreover, rob his forthcoming work of even a secondary value. I know that it was no less a critic than Lord Morley who attributed to the rise of the middle classes the change in the personnel of tragedy from kings and queens to men and women in the street. But Mr. Hudson will adopt the suggestion of a "class" distinction between classic and domestic tragedy at his peril. I confess that I have never thought that in choosing for their personnel the figures mainly of the aristocracy the classic dramatists were displaying merely a class bias, or were in any way countenancing the "class" assumption that the misfortunes of the poor are less hard to endure than the misfortunes of the rich and great. The distinction between classic and domestic tragedy is not the distinction between the misfortunes of the great and the misfortunes of the small: it is the distinction between significant, symbolic and representative misfortune and misfortune that is purely individual, or only typical. The assumption, of course, was common and natural in an aristocratic age that the tragedies of the great, upon whose fortunes the fortunes of the many turned, were more significant (though not greater in themselves) than the tragedies of the small whose significance was confined to a few. But I affirm that this was an accident simply, and does not affect the proper distinction between classic tragedy and domestic tragedy (or Comedy, as it should be called). The questions to be asked nowadays of any "tragedy" before assigning it to one or other of these divisions are not whether its personnel is exalted or middle-class or common, but whether its personnel is significant; and, again, how much they signify. Find them really symbolic of the soul of man, and it is a matter of indifference to the spirit of classic tragedy whether they are kings or dustmen: for the true hero of tragedy is the epitome of mankind.

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"The Iliad is only great because all life is a battle, the Odyssey because all life is a journey, the Book of Job because all life is a riddle." I have taken this sentence from the "G. K. C. Calendar," just published by Messrs. Cecil Palmer and Hayward (rs.). "G. K. C." is one of our wisest men; and this is one of his wisest thoughts. I would apply it to tragedy which is only great (and classic) when it is an aspect of all life.

R. H. C.

Art and Arms in 1940.

By Oliver St. John Gogarty.

It was the Poet's fourth attempt to reach the Commander-in-Chief and save civilisation. Not everyone can gain admittance to Whitehall at will, because a commander-in-chief cannot be at everyone's beck and call: that is an axiom of command. The Poet prepared to leave his room, a whitewashed attic which symbolised snow-capped Parnassus. His shoes were rather worn and loosely tied, but that was a part of the poetic pose and poetic tradition. In everything else he exhibited prosperity, as became a modern poet enjoying a comfortable pension from the Civil List. He was feeling rather seedy, for the Government milkman had dropped a tabloid of Government antitoxin against the latest enemy pestilence into his morning's milk.

He had not gone far when he was stopped by a division of pacifists in their field kit, marching enthusiastically to the Front because this war was to put an end to all War.

As he turned towards Whitehall his eye caught the statue of Charles, mounted, booted in long, soft leather boots, and bearded trimly as became a cavalier. The lines of Lionel Johnson recurred. His mind flew off. He could not resist repeating them:

Comely and calm he rides
Hard by his own Whitehall.
Armoured he rides, his head
Bared to the stars of doom.
He triumphs now, the dead
Beholding London's gloom.
Our wearier spirit faints
Vexed in the world's employ:
His soul was of the saints;
And art to him was joy.

Yes, London was gloomy. No news from the Western battle-line, where the bright red waves met and clashed; the ebbing and flowing tides of dying and living, where two opposing seas of life, each thousands of years old, dashed tidal waves against each other. All the great White Race against the Yellow Hordes. The posters were full of the yellow men's atrocities. Their deeds were unthinkable, their morals unspeakable; hence the posters. It seemed that the yellow fiends incarnate had no fear of death, that is, death in battle. Such death was an escape touched with glory from a life which was all but intolerable from the fierceness of its efficiency. Therefore, they could not be given credit for true bravery, seeing that torture had to precede death to act as a deterrent in their country. Calm and carefully cruel after their fashion, the wounded inflicted curious tortures on their wounded adversaries until death stayed their atrocious glee.

Before the awful proposition that we must out-barbarise the barbarian in order to overcome him our wearier spirit was fainting. That was the worst of force, it tended to brutalise. There was, of course, the consideration that Right sanctified even force, but at all costs one must keep the mind from wandering. At all costs, even at the cost of the mind. Yes, that was the point of view of militarism, and if that did not stand for efficiency, what did?

The black-and-white colour of the building: the black, like fixed shadows; the white, enduring moonlight—Whitehall. How it stood, romantic in the metropolis of mob! How strange the English of those cavaliers of Charles would have sounded if he could hear them now, those bright tongues stilled for ever . . . ; but he pulled his mind back to the business: Was there any change in the sentries? Would they be the Guards? He had calculated how to pass them minutely by aid of a mathematical friend who had been a Sandhurst grinder before this final war. Though a

civilian, he was now the guide and intelligence of the General Staff, but as disciplinary considerations concerning noncombatants forbade the intelligence appearing on the field at the same time as the Staff, he was at home, tenaciously hiding in obscurity from the blasting laurel of the daily Press.

The formula on which the Poet depended was this: It was known that when on duty the Guards never moved a muscle, not even the muscle of their eyes. True it was that they were permitted a lateral movement of the eyes through seven degrees, but that was by Royal Warrant, and only since they were out-flanked at the semi-final war some years before. Moving past at an angle of eight degrees from a projection made by taking a straight line in front of their nose might be safe. He must see the Commander-in-Chief and inspire him before it was too late with his civilisation-saving idea. It would be easy to gain admittance if he had a uniform. He had only an idea, and you cannot put a uniform on an idea. Besides, an insulating dress was necessary, as the enemy might at any moment electrify the soil of the city and an inadvertent touch! . . .

To-day the Guards were on! He recognised them by their shining cuirasses which, though archaic, had been retained by order of the War Office in consideration of an enormous sum paid by a manufacturer of metal polish for advertising purposes. He would give them an angle of ten. He passed in. Days before he had met his first rebuff, when he had come urgently, disguised as a dispatch rider, but during the interval for lunch he had thought out the procedure necessary after passing the sentry and the first line of officials. His second attempt, as a Member of Parliament seeking a War Office sinecure, was unsuccessful only because of the incredulity of an overworked clerk whose business it was to keep his eye on dilettanti. His third attempt had brought him into the very holy of holies, but unfortunately the Commander was in the next room charging to victory before a kinematograph, and a background of ruined villages, so he failed to impart the secret that would save Europe. To-day he wore no pigtail, for when last he had used one to disguise himself as a peace envoy, he had been accidentally photographed by a mistake of the kinema-operator, and his face was known now to all the white world and its black allies, and even to those tribes of Esquimaux who were still neutral (there being no prospect of a thaw), as that of the great Mongol, who had come over secretly to propose a peace that the newspapers described as only attempted suicide of the Yellow Race, not the "happy dispatch" on which the White Race insisted with an insistence only made stronger by defeat. Therefore it was indignantly refused, and he had been nearly done to death by a lunch at the Guildhall subsequently.

His approach to-day was long thought out. He would come not as the Jewish banker who could invest no more dividends in all the countries of all the belligerents, and who thought now of retiring on to the General Staff; not as the butler in the family of the Commander-in-Chief's daughter-in-law who had trained the Persian cat to collect for the Rainbow Cross; not as the heir to a famous peerage who had "acquired" a little sister during the war; not as the designer of a special medal for shirkers who had shirked themselves cunningly into a reserve to be used the moment Peace was declared in prosecuting a Business War—though this war had originally begun from the competition of business; not as the tantalising author-to-be of "a powerful article" in a Sunday paper; not even as the Duchess who was due to be decorated for overcoming a little faintness at the sight of the wounded; nor as the peer who shot pheasants for the food supply: to-day he would approach as himself. He took the resolve with such a want of emotion that he felt it could not be a success. His plan seemed easy enough to be

unfair, even in war. Through an atmosphere of suspicion he would go as himself.

He passed the sentry at ten degrees. He was at once seized, but by a Staff Officer who, noticing his clothes, mistook him for a Labour Member, shook him warmly by the hand and shouted in an unmodulated voice:

"Gave those collier devils the hell of a time, eh? Good, eh? Eh! Good? Well done! See you at two. Busy now, but I'll wait in the Mess. What! Eh?" He went away, but returned suddenly and, seizing the Poet by the shoulder, shouted:

"Ha, ha! and I forgot to say this to you, 'Gave them slack.' Eh? What?"

He was gone, but the Poet was nearer to his goal. At the head of the stairs he was detained by a soldier who had been leaning out of the window, and seeing him talking to a Staff Officer, requested him to wait until a digest of the conversation had been made by the Intelligence Department. On receiving a slip from a laughing clerk, he passed in.

"Come in and lunch, old man! Back from the mines, eh?" the General exclaimed heartily.

"The lunch interval again!" thought the Poet in despair. In his confusion the remark escaped him: "Damned if I do!"

"Oh, come along. You need not fear—no war bread now. We are too serious for that. What would you say to lamb and green peas?"

The Poet, who had not had a square meal since the outbreak of the war, and square peas had all been absorbed for the table-knives of war-millionaires, hesitated.

"Come on, come on. You think they are stained rice. None of your patriotism here—in the interval at least—time enough for that after lunch."

The Poet could not refuse. A helmet full of soup refreshed him. An orderly screwed round the time-fuse of a nine-pounder until a vintage wine made its sonorous presence seen.

"Let me bombard you with another pint," said the General. "We have only two hours to snatch a meal; then we have to pass the doctors. Have a certificate before you drink."

An orderly handed a large album, shaped like a cheque-book, to the General, who tore from it a coloured paper signed by the doctor, and handed it to the Poet.

"That will keep you right."

The drink was entered in the General's drink licence, a small library on wheels which was rolled towards him for his signature. With a loud report the Bollinger opened fire. The Poet produced his drink book and the orderly entered Bollinger to a scanty list of beer and small ale.

"What have you been doing lately?" said the General. "What has anybody been doing lately? One never sees a soul or gets a word in here so far from fresh air and the front."

The Poet was elated, not only at being mistaken for a Member of Parliament, but at the chance the mistake presented. He would have no difficulty now in introducing his great suggestion by means of which not only Europe, but the soul of Europe, would be saved. How could he lead the conversation so that he would not seem to be thrusting the subject, or any subject, unduly under the Commander's notice? If the Commander would only ask his opinion about the War! But that was too much to expect. Opinions were forbidden to the public, and leased only to the Press. The proceeds went to funds for the prosecution of the war.

If he could even get the General to discuss future aims. The Outlook for civilisation, the trend of culture, the object of the war. Then he might ever so gradually unfold his idea.

A waiter drew the General's fire with asparagus. His attention for the moment was engaged. Our Poet

asked, abruptly, in keeping with the character attributed to him, "General, what do you say is the object of the war—late or early victory?"

"Sir," said the General, sternly, "soldiers do not go to war for an object. They fight for the nation's life, their honour, and in self-defence. Objects are added afterwards, as the war goes along, by politicians. C'est leur metier."

"But a nation's life is in its Art," said the Poet, and having uttered the platitude he looked down at his plate.

"Quite so," said the General, and looked at his own. Suddenly he signalled. Two men rushed forward. The General, with lowered head, stared at his plate until a vein came out on his neck as thick as an eel.

"Take it away," he shouted. "Take it away!"

The plate was a willow pattern one. On it trees hung and a placid pond was bridged, over which men went calmly. A woman led a child by the hand. All was peace. But it was Oriental enemy goods!

"Thank you for that," said the General, and wiped his brow. "That damned Secret Service is very slack. They let rice through into the curry the other day."

"Yes, yes," the Poet said, commiseratingly. "It's so hard to provide against all contingencies."

This made the General look a trifle stern.

"Merely a matter of discipline," he growled.

"But was it not lost in Birmingham?" said the Poet; "that is, the extraordinary restraint, the discipline which makes it so attractive?"

"First time under fire?" asked the Commander-in-Chief.

"Chemical pigments burnt in with the glaze," said the Poet.

"The brutes!" said the Commander-in-Chief, who thought he referred to an enemy torture. Then he turned, as it were to change the painful theme:

"Do you know anything for the Derby?"

"Crown Derby?" the Poet asked.

"Thanks; thanks, I'll make a note of it. Don't speak before the servants. His Majesty's will be a popular win," said the General in a whisper. He passed the bonbons.

"Preserved ginger," he said, invitingly. "What! no sweets?"

"And to think the best ginger jars are in the Wait Collection," said the Poet, striving desperately to win back to the exposition of his plan. "There we have the blossom, fruit and seed of their national life. Why don't you utilise them in this crisis? Insist on it!" he said, preparing his exordium.

"What crisis?" the General interrupted.

"Why, this crisis between two hemispheres, this national, nay, racial, nay, human crisis; this last stand of sentiment, love, liberality, and kindness against malevolence, callousness, tyranny and crime."

The General looked hard at his guest. Thus the General had looked at a horse-dealer when he bought his charger, and the horse-dealer had gone roaring away. But the Poet was rapt. Nothing could prevent his expounding it now.

"What do you mean?" the General asked, perplexed.

"My idea is to take the best specimens from the Wait Collection, specimens which undoubtedly represent the highest achievement of Oriental life, containing as they do in themselves all the energy and spiritual accomplishment of the race. A work of Art is a tabloid of a nation's life. Put a work of Art, put their Past, their life accumulated in Beauty for centuries, in the field; the enemy must yield before it. The Nation's body cannot fight against the Nation's soul. And we have their life, their soul interned in our museums."

"A work of Art?" said the General, perplexed.

"Yes, an enemy work of Art—such as we possess in the Wait Collection."

"Throw plates at them, do you mean?"

"No, no. I mean to put some of the vases and those idylls of colour looted, when our relations were friendly, years ago from their Summer Palace, at the head of our advancing columns. The Orientals would not break them. They will avoid touching them. They will tremble lest injury befall these inestimable creations of beauty. They will fly for fear lest a disturbance arise in which they might be broken. Who can fight against Beauty? Least of all the creators of it. They cannot slay their own spiritual life; they cannot undo the past."

The General paused as if to consider the proposition. Then he remarked:

"It seems an excellent idea, but I am only the Commander-in-Chief, and I know nothing about Art. A commission of R.A.s must be appointed to inquire into the deadliness . . ."

"For God's sake," said the Poet, "don't ruin this chance by red tape. The enemy cannot resist it even if your friends could."

"But I see by the 'Detonator,'" said the General, "that they have resisted everything: reporters, gas, poison, neutral opinion, even our first-aid detachments and the daily visits of inquisitive tourists to the front have not intimidated them. I am afraid that if our effectives could work their way through the crowds of the Rainbow Cross to the front they would resist even these. I can't see what you expect to do with a jar . . .; but I see that you have refused the walrus. It was taken in a submarine net somewhere under water. No, it was rendered odourless. No fear of giving away the dates of our naval movements like that!" and the General laughed and drank to the Navy. Feeling in a genial mood, he asked the Poet:

"Tell me, now, what exactly is your idea in restoring their works of Art?"

The Poet was disturbed. It looked as if the General had discarded his plan. He said, vehemently:

"It would stop the war in a week! Victory would be ours, and an enormous indemnity!"

"I'm not so sure that Victory is the aim of war," the General mused. "Peace is the aim. War is the path to peace. That is, imposing one nation's peace on the other."

"Surely that's a strange method of reaching peace. *Similia similibus curantur*. My idea of a peace product procuring peace is more in accordance with the nature of things."

But the General continued, waxing warm: "As for indemnity, you talk as if harm were done or money lost by war, and not circulated more than ever. Why, you talk as if the war was a money matter, and not a matter of the military routine. If it were a matter of money, the johnnies on the Stock Exchange could have played beggar-my-neighbour without a gun being fired or a uniform worn. That's finance, man, but this is war, the only possible condition for civilised existence. If there was no war the country by this time would have been an infirmary for invalid old ladies and effete men. It is only the young and wounded who go into hospital now, and there are no invalid ladies since the foundation of the Rainbow Cross. If it wasn't for war the little children (Class 1960) would be left to fester in filthy tenements or, worse still, the State workhouses, where in peace times the fatherless babies were imprisoned. Now, sir, look around you. Is there a slum? Show me a workhouse. War razed workhouses. Pensions and separation allowances have killed poverty. Excitement has killed ennui. Sentimentality is slain. Disease has disappeared. Its place is taken by clean death or curable wounds. The cannon's the thing. *In hoc signo vinces*." "Peace hath its ailments ten times worse than war."

"I meant to wreck the enemy by giving him the fruits of his own peace. Not one, but many centuries of it."

"Bravo!" said the General. "How do you propose to do it?"

"Give these yellow fellows years of a Chinese Peace in a concentrated form. Bring back the time when their female children were drowned shortly after birth; the time of their fierce, meaningless efficiency, strange to say, their most artistic time . . . what-do-you-call-it . . . the Ming or Bing periods. The best pots were made in the Ming Dynasty or Kwang Hi . . ."

"Can you give them Kwang Hi?" asked the General, to whom the word sounded like a decapitation.

"If they are fools enough to accept it, I know a beauty," said the Poet.

The General pressed the bell and looked at the Poet to invite him to direct the servant.

"There is in the cellars of the Wait Collection, in the current-proof vault, a beautiful vase, the finest specimen of Oriental porcelain. Have it brought here."

They whiled away the time with a second round of coffee and cigars. Then the liqueurs were found worthy of being repeated. Chartreuse was duly entered in the Poet's licence. In the General's it appeared as "Chartreuse to the nth," as there was some uncertainty as to the length of the interview.

At length the vase appeared.

As he gazed on it the Poet felt his own resolution ebbing. How could he trust this silent child of peace amid the press and shouting of angry men? He looked long at the scenes painted upon it where, in golden darkness, figures seemed to have come to rest with all desire of wandering fallen from them, as if realising at last that further journeying could not bring them any nearer to Beauty than they were.

"What front shall we try it on?"

This woke him.

"Let me see," said the General, as he scanned the newspaper. "Here is a front on which they report no change, where the enemy are making preposterous claims, where it is still raining, where the weather is holding up our advance, where the only superiority we have shown is a moral one, so things must be going very hard with us there. That's the place to try it and see what effect it will have. Dictate your instructions. They can be put inside the vase, and we'll send it to the Front by the pneumatic delivery tube and await the result in an evening edition."

The Poet was astonished. What a fool he had been to think the General was a fool! How could a fool have won to such an important position in the War Office. He had never realised the unnatural enormities of Peace. He felt truly ashamed. He hung his head.

Seeing him so pensive the General remarked cheerfully:

"Only nine thousand down so far to-day."

"What carnage! What a list of casualties! The death-rate is prodigious. No nation can stand this awful slaughter for long," said the Poet, after a pause, as he followed the General's finger on the paper.

"My dear sir!" the General exclaimed, while an amused smile lit his countenance. "My very dear sir! You speak so ingenuously that I am afraid you are really ignorant, and not one of those who hide their incapacity for war under a cloak of sentimentality. What do you mean by talking of our not being able to stand the slaughter? Why, man, how many do we lose a day? Only 10,000 or so. Kindly compare this with the Occidental birth-rate per day. Why, over and above all casualties, a battalion or two daily is born into the reserves. Our soldiers are twice as healthy as in times of peace. Besides, consider how infant life is looked after now. There is no wastage, sir, no wastage. No little shirkers evade service by slipping into their graves before their first year. Our recruiting officers see to that. Do you know that summer diarrhoea alone used to kill 250 a month in provincial places like Dublin? That is, before conscription for

babies was introduced. Now every child born has a right to fight for his country. In pre-war times he had not even a right to life, not to mention the fruits of peace."

"But if children are State property, what is happening to morality?" the Poet asked.

"Since the heavy fines for all who fail to be fathers an illegitimate child is almost a thing of the past. The papers are full of advertisements for them. You cannot get one 'for love or money,' as the saying is. But what am I saying? That's the worst of those sayings. I only meant to say you cannot get one for money. For fifteen hundred years governments were encouraging those who preached denial of the body, but, as soon as the effect of this was felt on the birth-rate, they had to change their tune. People threatened to have no children, threatened to cut off the supply of recruits—no munitions, in a word! What blasphemy! Soon the churches began preaching the old commandment, 'Increase and multiply.'"

"But," said the Poet, expostulating, "could there not be numbers of baby tickets issued to prospective parents as well as bread and beer tickets in proportion to their means and the acreage of their districts?"

"You are a Rationalist," said the General. "Life comes before Reason, and defends itself from this as well as from any other philanthropist."

"Well, yes," the Poet assented. "The whole country has become a huge baby farm. But surely you do not think that numbers make life more precious? Surely a few hundred intellectual people in each country would suffice! Let all the cities grow grassy again like the forgotten cities of Ceylon, and let all the square miles of laborious cultivation become again once more the mighty forests. There will be some chance of culture then; for, with a few, a style, a collective personality, culture in fact is possible; but impossible with a mob."

The General did not hesitate. His profession made it impossible.

"We considered that," he said, "but quality presupposes quantity. Our problem was how to give the indispensable mob culture, a general mannerism, and make their lives worth living. We succeeded, and at last human life has a value and a meaning. Centuries of pity and peace had wellnigh obscured it. Ask yourself how this has been brought about. What has enhanced life? Parental, civic, religious love was found wanting. Life was frittered away irregularly and to no purpose. Legislators legislated and preachers preached. What has changed all that? What has made life worth living? Answer me!" said the General, growing enthusiastic. "Why, man, *Death*. Death is the great enhancer. You don't see it?"

The Poet looked confused. At last he protested:

"But Death we have had always with us."

"Yes, of course," said the General, indulgently. "But it has never been organised before. What we have done is to rid it of its haphazardness, its unpunctuality and its uncertainty—made it practical and reliable. Once Death is disciplined Life becomes ordered and beautiful. You must give militarism credit for achieving at one stroke more than pacifism has done in 'generations.' Things were most unsatisfactory when Death was permitted its happy-go-lucky peregrinations. Anyone could die at the oddest times. Now men die together by the thousand, while those alive live realising that every moment is precious. There is a meaning and a pang in farewells now. Life has become intense. This enervating uncertainty having been removed, and Death deprived of arbitrariness once for all, Life becomes certain, ordered and deliberate. Think, too, of the moral advances militarism has introduced. Hatred has been eradicated from our race and nation, and transferred to an alien and much inferior enemy. Hate has been sent where it cannot fail to do good, for who for a moment will

maintain that our hate which is operating against the Chinese will, by overcoming them, throw open to them the inestimable blessings of our love and the pax Europæ.

"Then we have freed ourselves from hampering self-opinionation and self-esteem by venting these on national and official heroes, who are elected for the purpose of drawing us off from ourselves, like protagonists in a tragedy, and of becoming the cloacæ for this Katharsis. We have purged ourselves of pride and hate at the expense of our heroes and the enemy. War for War's sake is most beneficial to national life; the only danger is Victory. However, we have taken every precaution. We have made that practically impossible. Victory such as you dream of would put an end to this blessed regime. If Victory does not interrupt the successful progress of the campaign we hope to take and lose enough prisoners to make China European and Europe Chinese. Then there will be every prospect of a return combat after, of course, the regulation interval of a generation or two. If I really thought that there was any likelihood of the campaign being interrupted by a Chinese bowl, do you think I would have permitted you to experiment?"

The General laughed and lubricated his larynx with a whisky and soda.

The Poet was dazed. He wanted to protest. He felt overwhelmed by the argument. He felt he must take exception to something. He began to attack the General's claim to have organised even Death.

"But you didn't mean it," he said. "It accrued unintentionally and accidentally."

"The prerequisite of all great achievements," said the General. "Besides," he added in a winning way, "I can set your doubts concerning our control of death at rest by asking you to visit Sector VII, where, judging by the prominence given to the activity on Sector VI in the Press, events are taking place that, bar accidents, will enable you to appear in to-morrow's roll of honour."

"Don't take me as doubting," the Poet said, hastily. "What I could not see was how one achievement was linked to another. That is how disciplining Death results in Life becoming beautiful."

"Ah, yes. It is all so inseparably welded."

"But is that intentional?" the Poet asked, tentatively.

"Intentional! Deliberate. Red-taped, designed, of fixed purpose! You would say of malice prepense if you didn't understand the advantages derived from this invention of red-tape, by means of red-tape things as uninteresting and seemingly as unimportant as a rustic's ankles or his breeches become significant and begin to be fraught with wonderful possibilities. His legs are encased in leather which must be daily polished. His buttons must shine. Every little movement of his body is noticed and subjected to regulations and is ordained. Hitherto, nobody cared a brass farthing how a loafer loafed or walked. Before this, he was neglected, but now even his slouching is regulated and dignified by the title, 'standing at ease.' An interest is taken in the lowliest creature, his most insignificant actions are under the all-seeing eye of militarism. Life of the body becomes sacramental. He has no thoughts, for he is disciplined. 'Theirs not to reason why; theirs but to do and die,' as some old Government poet used to say."

"No thoughts? Good Heavens! that statement is a condemnation of your whole system," said the Poet, excitedly. "No thoughts! Why, what are we fighting for but Freedom, and if a man dare not think his own thoughts, the battle is lost before it is begun. The Government has already become more tyrannical in training its own citizens for war than even the enemy is towards the little nations she has overrun!"

"Hold hard, Sir!" said the General, eyeing him

sternly. "Show me a single instance of hardship. Cases of thinking for oneself invariably end on the Civil List—a pension. The poet or inventor becomes a Government servant. The disciplined and dilettanti arrive at just the same goal—Government runs them both. It's like what the Opposition used to be in the old days: merely inverted argument. Your talk may get somewhere as a sentiment, but, as an argument, it loops the loop. . . ."

"Stop Press Edition!" bawled a voice beneath the window.

An orderly brought in the paper.

GREAT ADVANCE ON SECTOR SEVEN.
ALL THE VILLAGE IN OUR HANDS.
ENEMY DEMORALISED.

The small print stated that prisoners were captured in a dazed or wrapt condition, gaping fascinatedly—a condition resembling twilight sleep.

Scarcely had the General read it than the news began to come officially over the wires in the official code. The General did not trouble to interpret it, for a later edition announced:—

MUTINY AND DISSENSIONS IN THE
DIVISIONS OPPOSITE OUR SALIENT IN
SECTOR SEVEN.

"Dissensions? How do you account for dissensions?" the General asked, perplexed.

"They must have begun to criticise. Their Censor must have forgotten to eradicate all opinions; and contentious opinions on Art spring up as they used to do in the old barbarous times in this country. There's nothing like Art for producing critics. I guessed they were demoralised, but not degenerate."

"How strange! said the General. "What an oversight! Think of neglecting to prevent opinions infecting an otherwise well-organised force!"

"Opinions were once a matter of Life and Death in this country," said the Poet.

"Don't calumniate England," said the General. "But what's this?"

THE ENEMY IN RETREAT. SIXTEEN MILLION
PRISONERS TAKEN. MUTINY AMONG THE
PACIFISTS.

"Mutiny on our side, too," the Poet queried, perplexed. "What could have caused a mutiny among the Pacifists of all troops?"

"Oh, they've been giving no end of trouble because we won't allow them to massacre prisoners. They argue, and not without reason, that if we take prisoners, we are only preserving enemies for another war. They only joined on the understanding that this was finally the final war. They see in prisoners men who live to fight after Peace, and naturally feel aggrieved. . . ."

A thunderous roar of artillery made the building totter, and the concussion blew the Poet out of his seat. The General merely waved his finger as if conjuring up another, like the conductor of an orchestra. . . . Again the guns.

"That was a salvo," said the General, enthusiastically. "It reflects great credit on the timing of the artillery."

A dull human roar shook London, growing louder, and coming on. It grew to a meaning.

"Victory! Victory!"

"My God!" said the General, "this will never do! So long before the next War Loan. We must organise our victories more opportunely."

"Perhaps it's only the newspapers," suggested the Poet. "Ring up the Censor."

"Overwhelming rout! All enemy armies in flight on tiptoe! Gun-cotton exchanged for cotton wool!"

"My God! What have you done?" the General moaned, reproachfully. "Give me back my enemies!" and he fell senseless to the floor.

Views and Reviews.

THE UNKNOWN GOD.

WE have had many attempts, since the war began, to define the spiritual purposes that are in conflict, and they may all be reduced to the simple formula, Liberty v. Tyranny; but of attempts to explain what Liberty means, we have had very few. The difficulty of discussing the spiritual impulse is so great that Señor de Maeztu, for example, relegated it ruthlessly to the category of negative concepts. He could find no satisfactory definition of Liberty, for the simple reason that it is not a concept but an impulse, a spiritual tendency to self-expression; and one of the wisest things that Mr. March Phillipps says in this most interesting book* is: "Freedom might be difficult to define, but the English people did not want to define it; they wanted to possess it." But the difficulties of obtaining possession are not diminished by this complete reliance on instinct; "one may by instinct," says Ribot, "that is, through unconscious cerebration, solve a problem, but it is very possible that some other day, at another moment, one will fail in regard to an analogous problem." If, on the one hand, we gave self-government to South Africa, on the other hand, we refused it to Ireland; and Mr. March Phillipps reminds us that "it is true there is a strong Prussian party in English politics, with which it is sad to see a group of young liberal thinkers allying itself, whose idea of suppressing Prussianism is that the tyrannic principle shall be transferred from the hands of Prussia into our own keeping. Germany wanted to tyrannise over Europe, therefore Europe will tyrannise over Germany. At that rate, in twenty years' time England will be the home of absolutism and Prussia the stronghold of liberty, while Europe will be more divided than ever." We should not fall into these errors of policy if we thought more about liberty, is Mr. March Phillipps' contention; and like another St. Paul, he says in effect: "He whom you ignorantly worship, him declare I unto you."

Liberty without Authority is impossible, but the Authority must be unquestionable; Mr. Phillipps finds it in the Christian doctrine of the Incarnation. He argues that faith is the condition of freedom, and philosophy is the condition of tyranny. He looks to the old Empires, to "India, to Egypt, Chaldea, Babylonia, Assyria, Phœnicia, wherever great autocratic forms of government have existed, the same connection is to be traced. Difficult religions, religions of experts and adepts and priestly castes, are in their essence autocratic, since by establishing autocratic dominion in the spiritual sphere they ultimately establish it in the civil sphere." On the other hand, "for long and difficult processes of thought, Christianity substitutes authority. Instead of having to puzzle over abstract theories, the Christian appeals to the word of the Founder of Christianity. The thing is true, not because you can reason it out, but because He said it. But the difference here for the rank and file of the people is radical, for it was precisely in the reasoning-it-out process that they got left behind. It was this that baffled them, and established their inferiority to, and dependence upon, others. Faith, however, is one thing and brains another. The simplest of men, however incapable of subtle analysis, is equal to the wisest in the matter of faith. The learning of an Acton, the subtlety of a Newman, made their faith no more perfect than the faith of an Irish peasant. There is no superiority or inferiority on these lines. There is nothing for the tyrannic instinct in man to build on, nothing it can utilise. The substitution of the authority of Christ for the learning of the schools has cut the ground from under its feet."

It would be easy, of course, to dispute this reasoning, to remark that Mr. Phillipps set out to prove that Chris-

* "Europe Unbound." By L. March Phillipps. (Duckworth. 6s. net.)

tianity was the condition of spiritual freedom, and has only proved that it is the condition of spiritual equality; and that liberty and equality are antinomies. It would be easy, too, to point out that the authority is the most disputable ever adduced, and that Huxley's aphorism: "Whoso settles the canon defines the creed": removes the authority from Christ to the Church. But Mr. Phillpotts has assumed the point at issue; spiritual things are spiritually discerned, and the eye of faith can only reach what will enfranchise the soul of the faithful. Besides, Mr. Phillpotts is not talking of creeds but of impulses to growth and expression, of vital forces and not of intellectual formulæ. "Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make ye free"; free to believe, to act, but not necessarily to understand. Mr. Phillpotts supports his identity of Liberty with Christianity by pointing to the fact that the instinct of tyranny selects Christianity as its natural enemy, that Germany, for example, by developing the Higher Criticism, shifted the basis of faith, and made the way clear for the development of the religion of tyranny. But the identity of Liberty with Christianity is not so certain when we remember that the French Revolution, which was inspired by the passion for liberty, was characterised by the repudiation of Christianity.

But without cavilling about Christianity, which is an everlasting subject of dispute, we may agree that Christianity, by insisting upon the importance of the individual soul, of the motion of the inward man, did express and assist the expression of the impulse of liberty. It dated the doctrine of *Sich Imponiren*, taught us that it was not so important that things should be done as that men should desire to do them, to express themselves in them. If you cannot make men sober by Act of Parliament, neither can you make them civilised by conquest. The Romans developed England, for example, as though it were an Italian province: "the Roman garb even came into fashion, and the toga was frequently seen. By degrees the Britons began to appreciate those attractive instruments of social corruption, pillared colonnades, public baths, elegant banquets; all this the simple people called 'civilisation,' but it was really the token of their submission to the conqueror." But when the Romans departed, making us a handsome present of roads and walls, the "civilisation" collapsed; it was not an expression of our own impulses, it was good government, but not self-government; it was tyranny.

Mr. Phillpotts is particularly interesting when he shows the characteristic expression of English liberty in Gothic architecture, and contrasts it with the imitation classical art of the eighteenth century. He insists on the spiritual motive of the old Guild craftsmen, dates the decline of art from a traditional practice to a profession from 1688, when the great Whig families began to govern England as though it were their game preserve. He notes the same phenomenon in art that he has previously remarked in religion, the rise of a class of experts whose art is unintelligible to the masses, is no longer expressive of the national genius, but drifts into slavish imitation of classical models. The art of a free people is as deep as its soul, the art that is above its head is the art of tyranny. The imitation classic of the eighteenth century was accompanied by the degradation of the people to the level of paupers and drunkards, and the Bishop of Gloucester, writing in 1752, declared that they had "become what they never were before, cruel and inhuman."

Mr. Phillpotts traces all the corruption of the eighteenth century, in politics, religion, the life of the people, to the loss of the spiritual motive, which he calls liberty. Ethics became objective; the things governed the men; "man in England," said Emerson, "submitted to be a product of political economy." Mr. Phillpotts seems to identify tyranny, the spirit that always denies, with aristocracy, materialism, and imi-

tative (and therefore spiritless) art; and liberty, the spirit that always expresses, with democracy, Christianity, self-government, and Gothic architecture. We may dispute his classification and some of his examples if we like, but we must accept his opposition of these two impulses. Tyranny is the "one good custom that would corrupt the world"; but liberty is the spiritual origin of the many customs which, although perhaps not good in themselves, are characteristic vital expressions. "If you want uniformity," says Sir Charles Lucas, "go to Germany; it is made in Germany." If you want diversity, go to the British Empire; it grows there of itself." A. E. R.

Reviews.

The Golden Arrow. By Mary Webb. (Constable. 6s.)

Miss Mary Webb has written a remarkable novel of rural life in Wales. Apart from some obviously strained attempts at worldly wisdom, a rather far-fetched legend that gives a title to the book, and an incredible scene wherein the young man proposes to the girl's parents that he should live with their daughter without marrying her (and receives their consent!), all of them plainly faults of a beginner, the book moves on a most extraordinary level of conception and execution. Miss Webb is not only a realist, she is an imaginative realist; if her *Eli* and *Lily* are the deadliest work of observation, her *Deborah* and *John Arden* and *Stephen Southernwood* are in touch with the infinity of Nature, at least, and *John Arden's* rather visionary Christianity hints at a more religious relation. Miss Webb uses both scenery and the weather with remarkable skill, the interplay of the physical condition with the spiritual state of *Stephen Southernwood* being handled in most dramatic fashion. She says truly: "The personality of a man re-acting upon the spirit of the place produces something which is neither the man nor the place, but fiercer or more beautiful than either. This third entity, born of the union, becomes a power and a haunting presence—non-human, non-material. In the mind that helped to create it once, it dominates the place forever." It is in these passages describing the growing horror of the place for *Stephen Southernwood* that her imagination plays with the surest touch; *Deborah* is too mute to convince us completely of the great love with which she is credited. Yet she remains in the memory as a tragic figure, tragic because of her simplicity, a woman capable of only one passion, but that an eternal one; and the numbness of spirit that falls upon her when she is deserted is well portrayed. The author moves easily from the depths of Nature to the shallows of civilisation; her village folk with their gossip, scandal, and spite, are handled with even more sureness of touch than the more mystical trinity of persons. Miss Webb tends to throw into violent contrast her representative people; *Mrs. Arden* the accoucheuse is opposed to *Nancy Corra* the abortionist, *Deborah* the loving is opposed to *Lily* the loth, the willing mother to the unwilling, *Eli*, the malicious Methodist, is contrasted at first with *Stephen Southernwood*, who had neither malice nor Methodism but only the gift of the gab, but *John Arden*, the mystic, remains as the silent judge of all conventualism. The whole picture of village life in Wales is wonderfully detailed, and Miss Webb handles many delicate questions so deftly that their delicacy is not realised until afterwards. She shows us people franker than those we are accustomed to, more violent in their tempers, more brutal in their behaviour, but alive with a more vigorous life than would be possible in towns. If she does not rise to "Wuthering Heights," she sounds the Welsh deeps; and we expect a great work from Miss Webb.

The Created Legend. By Feodor Sologub. Translated by John Cournoos. (Secker. 5s. net.)

Sir Oliver Lodge once argued that in dealing with psychical phenomena, a hazy, muzzy state of mind was better than clear consciousness with its keenly critical

observation; and we feel that that is the mood in which to read this "legend in the course of creation." Perhaps it would then be possible to get the story in its proper perspective, to see the symbolic interludes not as streaks of lunacy, but revelations of the spiritual reality behind this "piece of life—coarse and poor." But we cannot command these hypnoidal states, and the author has no power to compel them; and if Mr. Cournos had not written an introduction, we should have found it impossible to understand anything of it. According to Mr. Cournos, this is a symbolist novel; everything is what it is, and is also something else, and stands for another thing, and means both what the author means and what the reader thinks it means. Thus, Elisaveta is a sort of re-incarnation of the Queen Ortruda of a previous novel, she is also a symbol of the feminine sex, and a symbol of the Russian Revolution. If anybody can make anything else of her he is welcome to do so; for the reader, as well as the poet, assists in the creation of the legend. And now, to restore our sanity, we repeat that two and two are four.

Edmee: A Tale of the French Revolution. By Mrs. Molesworth. (Macmillan. 3s. 6d. net.)

The French Revolution is not the most suitable subject for a story for children, but Mrs. Molesworth evades the obvious difficulties by telling the story at three removes, and concentrating the attention on the good qualities of the chief persons in her romance. The good aristocrats and the good peasants are in the foreground, the wicked aristocrats and the wicked revolutionists are always in the background. When the wicked Marquis de Sarinet wants to spend his sister's money, he goes to Paris and takes his sister with him; the story is only told by stray hints. The wickedness of the revolutionists is only overheard, or is reported by hearsay; with the exception of the Carmagnole, we think, nothing of what happened in Paris is directly described. The emphasis is laid entirely on the goodness of the Valmonts, and of Pierre Germain, who went to rescue them from Paris; the Revolution only floats about this little romance of the "kind hearts are more than coronets" type. It is a very readable story, and Edmée de Valmont, of course, marries her foster-brother, the son of the forester, at the end; but if the child who happens to read the book remembers his Napoleon, he will agree that you cannot make revolutions, not even French ones, with rose-water.

A Sheaf. By John Galsworthy. (Heinemann. 5s. net.)

Mr. Galsworthy has used all his skill to make his readers miserable. He writes of the various forms of sport and slaughter of animals in such a way that few readers will persevere to the end of the volume. He protests against the unnecessary infliction of pain, yet this volume of essays does nothing else but inflict unnecessary pain in the name of humanitarianism. He credits the animals, even stuck pigs, with the same capacity of suffering that a sensitive reader has; he lingers over every detail, emphasising it, enhancing it, tricking it out with the fancies of a subtle intelligence—and all that is certain is not that these things will be altered, but that the horrified reader will agonise at the spectacle. The contempt with which the word "humanitarianism" is used in this country is largely due to the fact that the appeal is made wrongly, that there is a touch of vengeance in the advocacy, a determination to add to the sum of preventable suffering. The propaganda of humanitarianism ought to aim at the increase of kindness, of generosity, of the perception of beauty; instead of which, it aims only at horrifying the reader, in the hope of exasperating him to reform the particular abuse. It is a fatal defect of method, and it reduces those who use it to the status of viragos, whose vituperation vilifies and revenges.

Pastiche.

THE RETURN OF THE WANDERER.

(Excerpt from that most successful revue, "With Harmsworth Round the World.")

Scene: Carmelite House.

First Porter: I 'ear as 'ow 'is lordship's coming 'ome to us to-day.

Second Porter: So they do say.

First Porter: 'Ome from 'is wanderings in wild Gorilla!

Second Porter: W'ere's that, Bill?

First Porter: I dunno; somew'ere in Hitaly hor the Halps.

Second Porter: Don't they read the "Mail" there?

First Porter: Not as I knows on.

Second Porter: 'Um! 'Ush! . . . 'Ere come's our noble lord! (Enter Lord Northcliffe, played by Mr. Will Evans.)

L. N.: Well, well, well, here we are home again!

Porters: Yus, me lord.

L. N.: Where's the staff?

First Porter: If you please, me lord, the heditors of the "Times" and the "Evening News" are bathing the heditor of the "Daily Mail" and puttin' 'im to bed. 'E 'as that fretted, poor boy, since you went away, some'ing awful. (Enter editors of the "Times" and "Evening News," in Eton suits.)

L. N.: Ah, here you are, boys! And here am I, home again, back to the dear old place! (Editors lick his boots.) And where shall I go to now, boys? I've led them to victory on 'two fronts; I've conquered at Verdun and Gorizia; I sigh for new fields of glory.

Ed., "Evening News": What about German South-West Africa, your majesty?

Ed., "Times": Or the Suez Canal, omnipotent?

Ed., "Evening News": I've heard there's a German been released from the Alexandra Palace, a grown-up German! We live in fear of our circulations! Why not a campaign to exterminate him?

Ed., "Times": Hush, impetuous kamarad! You forget! (Whispers.)

Ed., "Evening News": Oh, of course, that puts another complexion on the case! I thought he was a barber.

L. N.: No, no, no, no, no! I want wider fields to fail in, further bourns to gyrate in—I'll go to Russia! Look up Petrograd in Bradshaw; telegraph to our correspondent there to learn the language for me to speak in; pack me a change of adjectives; have all ready in an hour; and now—send for my broker!

(The scene dissolves.)

B.

FEDOR SOLOGUB: TRIOLETS.

(Translated from the Russian by P. SELVER.)

I.

The earth is marred with guile and woe,
Yet a true mother unto me.
Mute mother mine, I love thee so!
The earth is marred with guile and woe.
How sweet in earth's embrace to be,
Bowing to her when May's aglow!
The earth is marred with guile and woe,
Yet a true mother unto me.

II.

Church-spire, crucifix, and sky,
And around the sorrowing fields—
What more peace and radiance yields
Than this sheen of living sky?
And, my friend, I would descry
Where in holier fashion yields
Blissful secrets to the sky
This soft legend of the fields!

III.

What delight, from place to place,
With uncovered feet to fare,
And a scanty scrip to bear!
What delight, from place to place,
With austere and humble grace,
Weaving a melodious air!
What delight, from place to place,
With uncovered feet to fare.

IV.

Quivers the heart with joyousness,
The North afresh, return of rain,
And slender, tender moss again—
Anguish is turned to joyousness,

And torment to a sweet caress—
A dream of some calm wooded lane.
Trembles the soul with joyousness—
Beloved North! beloved rain!

V.

The earth, the earth, ye men, revere,
Green secrets of its moistened weeds.
Its secret ordinance I hear:
The earth, the earth, ye men, revere,
E'en its delights, where venom breeds!
Earthy, untaught, I hold it dear.
The earth, the earth, ye men, revere,
Green secrets of its moistened weeds.

THE DREAM.

Standing halfway up the Staircase of Mighty Dreams and looking down towards the Corridors of Little Dreams in the star-strewn distance, I heard the Heart of the Universe throbbing centuries. As I waited I was conscious of a mysterious light, and for the first time I seemed to see and hear clearly. The light increased and a low murmuring sound was heard, and the sound increased and took the form of a voice calling, ineffably sweet. Again the music changed, this time there were many voices and great gusts of spirit music struck me and set my heart aquiver. Turning round I beheld a staircase of light, shining with the glory of a thousand dawns, and at the top of this Staircase stood a glorious figure with a crystal Trumpet, and he blew three blasts on this trumpet, which shook the stars to the ends of Space, and when the last blast was finished a Mighty Choir took up the note and others joined in with the Second Note, which completed the Chord of Triumph. Suddenly, silence, and then the Heavens were flooded with Glorious Beings and all the Angelic Hosts commenced the First Secret of the Universe, and in an Ecstasy of Joy I listened while the Heavens were filled with Paeans of Glory, and a voice commanded me to write down what I had heard, "For," said the Voice, "it is the Secret of the Final Beauty," and having in my hand a golden tablet and a Crystal Stylo, I wrote.

Next morning I woke and, remembering my dream, was filled with great joy at the message I had for mankind. By my bed were pencil and paper, and on the paper was writ these words:

And those that I met
Wore red flannelette.

D. A. WEST.

THE GOLD GOD.

I am the Gold God—borrow the eagle's pinions,
You'll not discover the limits of my dominions.
Dive to the lowest depths of unfathomed ocean,
You still shall feel my swinging censer's motion.

I am the Gold God—ugly and false and greedy,
Mocking the rich and crushing the meek and needy.
My sacrament the body and blood of the toiler,
Spilt and broken by the hands of the despoiler.

I am the Gold God—sapphire and chrysoberyl
Have spells to lure men to their bodies' peril.
But for me only—to beg me or steal or inherit,
Can men be found, to damn their immortal spirit.

I am the Gold God—my priests may kneel at the altars
Of other gods, but their fealty never falters.
They prophesy strange doctrines of grace and election,
But I forgive—for is there not a collection?

I am the Gold God—hungry and wild-eyed sages
Have railed at me and my yellow magic for ages.
Yet still I rule and shall till a generation
Shall rise to combat my poisonous fascination.

MARCUS TYDEMAN.

ANOTHER PROLETARIAN.

A toiler mid the city's gloom,
A prisoner in a living tomb,
I sigh for freedom, but in vain,
My soul in fetters must remain;
Condemned to suffer gladly fools,
I weave upon fate's ghastly spools
My drab, monotonous design—
A proletarian's life is mine.

P. A.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

PEACE.

Sir,—Many of your correspondents desire universal peace. The aim is admirable, but it will never be achieved without greater candour and intellectual honesty than usually belong to pacifists. The most contemptible of human beings is he who will not look every fact in the face. Any man who believes that the conditions now exist for universal peace is a mere fool.

One of the essential conditions of peace is a fair division of the unoccupied lands of the world. All emigrants desire, if possible, to go where they can speak their own language and retain their home customs. An Italian does not enjoy having the Jewish Sabbath thrust down his throat, nor does a German like to be either prohibited from drinking beer or compelled by taxation to pay seven times the Munich price. Let us see how the requirements of emigrants are met by the existing situation.

The rising Power of the world is Japan. She has over seventy million people, including those of Formosa and Korea, and no country is growing so fast in wealth. Her ships have practically all the trade of the Pacific that is not British. She dominates China almost as completely as we do India. She is about to build sixteen battleships and sixteen battle-cruisers, all of the largest size. Yet she does not own a square inch of the unoccupied lands of the world. Her people can go nowhere without being among strangers, and being insulted and disfranchised.

Germany has sixty-seven million people, and we know her resources. Yet a German emigrant who wishes to retain his language has to choose between a desert in South-West Africa, a tropical swamp in the Cameroons, and a tract of East Africa situated almost on the equator, and so densely populated with negroes that there is little room for poor whites.

Austria has fifty-one million people, and not an inch of the unoccupied lands of the world. Russia looks big on the map, but most of Siberia is either too cold or too dry for extensive settlement. China has one-fourth of the human race, and a Chinaman can go nowhere without being insulted and despised. China has not yet got an army and navy, but her gradual absorption is adding enormously to the strength of Japan.

Almost every piece of good unoccupied land in the world belongs to the English, the Spanish, or the Portuguese. These peoples number only one-eighth of the human race, and possess only a small fraction of the military power of the world. In an age of universal navy building they cannot long retain more than a fraction of the naval power. Very little is being done to populate these vast areas. When Froude visited Australia in 1885, he was told by everybody that in fifty years Australia would have fifty million people. Thirty-one years have gone by, and she has four millions.

Professor Hugo Münsterberg, who is no fool, says that this war will be followed by an alliance between Germany, Austria, Russia, and Japan. If so, the question of the unoccupied lands of the world will be dealt with very summarily.

Two things are needed for universal peace, the fair division of the unoccupied lands of the world and the limitation of the birth-rate in all countries. The second is coming fast enough. The pacifists will be wise if they hurry up the first.

R. B. KERR.

FROM "JOHN BULL" TO BAYLE.

Sir,—As one of your correspondents has bought "Zadkiel's Almanac for 1917," I thought I might with propriety buy a copy of a paper called "John Bull." In that journal I find an article by one named Bottomley. Bottomley commences by crying "Curse the Coalition"; he calls Earl Grey a pompous ass and the Home Secretary a smug, self-righteous prig. He wants a Man to do everything, and when I read other portions of the paper I find that the Man wanted is Bottomley. Bottomley finishes up by predicting a great social upheaval unless his suggestions are considered. From this I suppose that Bottomley wrote the other portions of the paper. When reading, I had a vague notion that Bottomley wants to tear the mighty from their seats and press the cushions himself. I wondered whether Bottomley was alive. I was told he lives. I wished him a thousand years off so that I could have made a judgment. Sick of think-

ing about the mystery, I threw "John Bull" into the coal-scuttle and for recreation I opened Bayle's Dictionary, of which I have a battered edition. In this wonderland I came across an article on William Hacket. Bayle takes his information from English sources, Camden and Fitz Simon. A gist of Bayle's article may interest you. William Hacket lived in Elizabeth's reign. He was in his youth a scoundrel who stole on the highways. Because of some disagreement, in very spite and naughtiness he bit off the nose of his employer's son. Years afterwards he experienced a divine influence and then he ordained himself as local preacher of a religion in doctrine his own invention, in name a Christianity. What is the good of the truth if you can't propagate it? William, therefore, went from town to town preaching his faith: at last he arrived at London. By this time, he had a reputation. It appears a bad reputation is better than none when one is propagating a religion or publishing a novel. William possessed a marvellous facility of preaching, had extraordinary confidence in himself and was able to inflate his balloon with his own wind. He was most confident of the value of his prayers and curses. He said "If all England prays for rain and I pray contrarily, it will not rain." Bayle remarks "Pauvre esprit humain, quels sont tes égarements et quelle est leur efficacité!" Bayle should have pitied England not William. "Thou," William cried to God, "hast the power and I have the faith: therefore the thing is done." (To-day, William would say, "the Government has the power and I have the impudence.") On another occasion, he cried, "Father, I know thou lovest me as much as I love thee." He had two disciples whom he called the Prophet of Mercy and the Prophet of Judgment, and they called William, Jesus Christ. There was no anti-Christ about this bravo. The two prophets left the public house where the saviour resided and shouted in the streets of London that the Judge and Saviour of Humanity had come, or in modern English, "We have found the Man!" The poor fellows were arrested and then William was rounded up. He was sentenced to be hanged, drawn and quartered. On the scaffold, William uttered blasphemies which Bayle dare not write in French, but which he makes readable in Latin. William said that he would tear God from his throne when he got to the skies. He cursed everybody, including the coalition, I suppose. But worse still, he refused to take off his hat before the judges. William died and was buried in Camden, Fitz Simon and Bayle. I read all this, sir, and it did not seem so ancient as "John Bull." I began to understand. I saw why William was a failure. He mistook God for the Government, and he had not got a paper with a circulation of more than a million. Oh, the pity of it! Think of the self-confidence, the intellectual abandon, the magnificent powers of boasting and the execratory ability which were absolutely wasted! Let us thank heaven for the progress of printing and cheap journalism.

I am sorry there is no connection between Bayle's article and "John Bull." I don't know why I have mentioned them in the same letter. Bottomley has bitten off nobody's nose, and I am certain that when he worked for his living he would not have done such a thing to his employer's son.

JOHN DUNCAN.

THE BIRTH RATE.

Sir,—I said that your correspondent "C. W. E." did not deal worthily with Miss Macgregor's article. I see now that that was not his fault but his misfortune.

He has been to the war so he knows what it really means to be a soldier. He claims that women desire to be soldiers because of the exhilaration of the training! What, pray, does soldiering mean—the exhilarating training or a year or so of the "butchery in the trenches"? Does "C. W. E." hold that women hanker after that same butchery any more than most men?

He is just ill-informed when he says "there is nothing exhilarating even in the preliminaries to motherhood, leave alone the actual experience." And what a curiously unimaginative, unobservant sort of man he must be to think that! I beg him to ask any thoughtful mother who, in happy circumstances, has borne a child and cared for it in its infancy if she has known any greater exhilaration in life. It is comparable only to an artist's labour and preparation for, and joy in, an artistic achievement. It is the most complete satisfaction; the most boundless, unfathomable reward for having been born that life can

offer. "C. W. E." is simply ignorant when he states otherwise.

When he says that there is no parallel between the mother's and the soldier's undertaking because the associations of motherhood have a different kind of status in public opinion from the associations of fighting I begin to see what he means by "public opinion." He means the opinion of women who want to be soldiers—those highly-strung ones who would follow a brass band like a crowd of slum children, but who disregard the "butchery" in the trenches. I thank thee, "C. W. E.", for teaching me that word.

Compulsory motherhood for women would not be more outrageous than compulsory suicide for men, and legislation could order the one as it has ordered the other—if the circumstances arose which demanded the sacrifice.

If the nation were in danger of extinction through the sheer unpopularity of motherhood, compulsory service could be enforced comparatively easily, and would be justified. At present, I admit, it could not be. Women don't mind making shells to be blown to blazes, but they would strenuously object to making citizens for the same purpose.

In the same way discerning men have objected to conscription—apart from the industrial aspect of it. If this were a war to preserve the freedom of, and produce a higher social standard for, the people of Britain, conscription would have been justified.

Guildsmen (and when I say that I mean the type of knight that a few years' study of THE NEW AGE has conjured for me) would need no conscription to defend the society they could create. So, Guildswomen would not wait to be compelled to bear the citizens to people such a state.

The writer of "Notes of the Week" is valiantly and persistently telling us how the birth-rate problem can be solved. Not by legislation exactly, "C. W. E.", no, but Nation Guilds.

Miss Macgregor's appeal was a parallel to Lord Kitchener's. Many would follow, but those who think look around and justly say: No, it's not worth it.

GLADYS F. BISS.

* * * VIEWS AND REVIEWS.

Sir,—I will concede to "A. E. R." that war is unlikely to destroy mankind utterly. It will not, because it will not be pushed to its logical conclusion. If only a handful of English and Germans remained, they would forget their quarrel and repeople the earth. But the fact remains that war can bring us very near destruction, and, still worse, it diverts the best of our brains, our science, and our wealth, and retards all progress, producing and perpetuating the species as we know it to-day. My faith that man will find a solution to war as he has to other plagues is bound up with a fear that still worse will follow if he does not. "A. E. R." sees only the fear and misses the faith, preferring his own faith, which philosophically admits each peace to contain the germ of the next war. It is this insensibility to the tragedy of war which makes us pacifists apply the term "crude" to the state of mind of "A. E. R."

R. E. DICKINSON.

Sir,—I must apologise to "A. E. R." for having put the word "joys" in "the joys of war" in inverted commas. It was not, of course, a quotation from "A. E. R.", although it may have looked like one. It was an inexcusable mistake.

I must apologise to "A. E. R." for having written the Rule of Force instead of the Rule of Violence. That, also, was inexcusable.

I must thank "A. E. R." for some interesting facts of early English history which I have not studied. I feel accordingly humbled.

I submit that these deeply interesting historical facts make no difference to my argument. The Rule of Law is no longer "forced" on man "by the king"; it is no longer "for the benefit of the Crown only." It could not endure for a moment, unless, I repeat, man had "grown up," etc.

I might add that I had not forgotten that Law rests on Force, for I said that "the rule of Law . . . finds its power in the latent force," etc.

"A. E. R." must not forget that there are other ways of forcing a man to do something than by using violence.

"A. E. R." paid me the compliment (or the reverse?) of ignoring the greater part of my letter. I admit, on

reading it over, it might be sarcastically described as "a stream."

It flowed naturally, though, from the whirlpool of inconsistent statements which provoked my reply.

As to misquotations, I have admitted one, which was unintentional. The others I deny.

As to quotation, I am sorry "A. E. R." likes not the memory of his own words. How very unfortunate—for him!

But for all my many errors of "gibe, quotation, misquotation, and question," I lay the blame on that scalp which other new contributors, "A. E. R." tells me, have sought in vain.

I am not surprised. I, too, own myself defeated. The owner's opinions have danced away from me like a will-o'-the-wisp. I am out of breath with chasing them, and I rather suspect that, if one got close enough to grab his scalp, it would only turn out to be a wig.

W. A. Y.

MR. SHACKLETON'S PICTURES.

Sir,—War has its consolations no less than Peace. It serves to bring out into strong relief merits which in peace-time are apt to pass unnoticed. I do not say this in order to justify war, but to suggest that, while it is about, we should make the very best of it, and cease making the worst of it. Let us kill it with its own confectionery. Let us remember that it calls forth the said merits, which are to be sought, conciliated, and united for its own destruction. I said, when referring to Mr. Nevinson's futurist prancings, artists are particularly constituted to deal war the deadly thrust, or to butter it till it is smothered. Mr. Nevinson, for once, mislaid the artist in him. Though provided with a very good recipe for manufacturing a certain form of biting war-picture, he, nevertheless, preferred to indulge in exercises of cheap patriotism, little short of ridiculous. Apparently he hoped to make out a case against war by offering feeble hints without proof, and violent censures without conviction or dignity. Since writing about his pictures, I have seen some by Mr. William Shackleton at the Twenty-One Gallery, Adelphi. These pictures are of a totally different order, and for this reason, if for no other, deserve mention. Whereas Mr. Nevinson's pictures might be said to be petitions for continuing the war, Mr. Shackleton's are certainly petitions for peace. And this not from any present peace design on the painter's part, but because he has never left the path of peace. It is his natural path. He lives, indeed, in a world of his own, which has prevented him from reaching the war zone, and the continuance of the peace mood simply rests upon the condition of his remaining in his own world. So successful is he in doing this, in getting his world into his pictures, so restful are, in fact, his subjects and their treatment, that soldiers from the front, when confronted with his productions, at once pass from the trenches and experience the unaccustomed emotions of an entirely opposite experience. It may be fairly argued that pictures such as these, proceeding from an individual vision that has more than glanced at, indeed gained strength and direction from, the great masters—pictures so reverent in feeling, so sincere in intention, exhibiting the best qualities of colour and general workmanship—that is, altogether so refined as to have the effect of refining away the grossness of war from all who experience their emotion—these are not the sort of pictures to have about the house at a time when powerful stimulants are needed to lead us to exert the whole of our strength in the service of the war. And, of course, it is as fair to argue that such pictures will be urgently needed after the war, when every signpost will be needed to direct our steps to lasting peace. But I am not going to admit that Mr. Shackleton's pictures are entirely out of order at this moment. If there is one thing more than another that we should undergo just now, it is brief courses of meditation. We each, in fact, require an ante-chamber, so to speak, where we could retire in order to purge the soul of the gross iniquities which surround it, thereafter emerging with clearer vision and an increased capacity for going about our war business with good sense. This particular office of severing us at moments from the odious and contemptible, and admitting us to the Holy of Holies of our nature, is just what Mr. Shackleton's pictures fulfil.

H. C.

Memoranda.

(From last week's NEW AGE.)

Never in any period of history has there been an Executive with greater power than ours, or a people more willing to acquiesce in its effective exercise.

High prices stimulate the production only of commodities on which the highest profits are to be made.

Without a social revolution—radical reconstruction here and now—the war will never be completely won.

A Food Controller who does not institute a National Guild of Agriculture for the provisioning of the nation will be a despot without a justification.

It will be interesting to count the number of failures it needs to make a Prime Minister of Mr. Lloyd George.

Peace meetings are meetings for prayer rather than for political counsel.

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.—"Notes of the Week."

It shows a certain poverty of mind not to be disposed to see in defeat one of the masks which life can put on.—Quoted by R. DE MAEZTU.

England has always been the land of mystics.—R. DE MAEZTU.

Politics and industry do not mix, and ought not to mix.

It is not compromise; it is our pioneers going over the parapet.—S. G. H.

If the abstractions of "Capital" and "Labour" are finally successful in rending this country into two warring factions, not all the heroism of our soldiers on the Somme will avail to save us from becoming the helpless appanage of a European combination of States.—PROFESSOR ED. V. ARNOLD.

The German Government, far from being atheistic, is the most dangerous organised hypocrisy that has existed since the times of the ancient Jesuits.—DR. OSCAR LEVY.

Only the strengthening of Trade Unionism offers any hope to Labour of permanent deliverance.

The most obvious and certain policy for Capital to pursue is to offer the Unions almost anything they like in return for the abandonment of the right to strike.—M. W. ROBIESON.

Do what you like, but glorify God, is the Christian method of placating Destiny.

When the spirit is not willing, the words are weak.—JOHN FRANCIS HOPE.

Here in Belfast I am beginning to appreciate Dublin.

Only by maintaining intact her economic connection with the Nationalist provinces can Ulster save herself from becoming the slave of England.—C. E. BECHHOFFER.

The Labour Party are evidently determined to live up to their nickname of "the dashing Ruperts."—A. E. R.

It is the fate of England always to fight barbarians.—Review.

In dealing with the question of the birth-rate we are confronted with a psychological problem which no legislation can solve.—C. W. E.

The nightingale is related to the mocking-bird.—ROEN.

The final criterion of an artist's work will always be his achievement in the field of tragedy.—E. G. GILBERT-COOPER.

PRESS CUTTINGS.

WEARDALE STEEL.

The balance-sheet shows a remarkable increase in profits, for the figure has jumped £102,915 to £200,053, and this after making all allowance for excess profits duty. Consequently the deferred ordinary get 13½ per cent. £80,000 goes to depreciation and £41,824 is carried forward. Last year only £40,000 was deducted for depreciation. Cash and Treasury Bills have increased from £43,907 to £258,476, and debts due to the company are a shade higher, having risen from £102,309 to £130,372. Stock is a few thousands down. The company has earned 13 per cent. on the book value of its assets. There is very little doubt that as long as the war lasts Wear- dale will continue its prosperous career. The result is the more remarkable because no less than 1,814 workmen have joined the colours.—"New Witness."

Speaking at Luton on Sunday, under the auspices of the Central Counties District Council of the N.U.R. upon "Trade Unionism and the Future," Mr. G. J. Wardle, M.P., said he had come to the conclusion that those Trade Unionists who saw ahead and believed in obtaining a monopoly of labour in industry were the wise men of the future. One of the problems to be faced was that of compulsion, but he would not shrink from it when they had so organised industry that only a few remained outside. Real liberty was liberty when all worked together for a common object. Men had no right to take advantage of the privileges and rights of civilised society without they were willing to meet its obligations.

I am a Socialist, said Mr. Wardle, but I don't believe Socialism will be the next stage. The next stage will either be a partnership between Labour and Capital ruled over by the State, or a partnership between Labour and the State, in which Capital takes a subordinate place. At the present moment I believe the first is the most likely development. At the earliest possible opportunity I want to squeeze out all profit-making, but that is too big a bite at this time. You can, however, have a say in the terms, and one of the things that must be in those terms is that there must be a gradual assumption of partnership and control by Labour. We must have some say in the conditions of the workshop, the conditions of the industry, and the uses to which the industry will be put, and you can do it if you will. That I believe to be a really vital and important step for Trade Unions to take, because I am convinced that Labour will never return to the conditions which were operative before the war.—"Railway Review."

To the Editor of the "Times."

Sir,—It is unquestionably the truth, as you have more than once stated, that the Government is responsible for the present food crisis. Apart from their terrible blunder in regard to German submarines, Mr. Asquith's two Administrations have refused from the first to adopt any policy which would lessen the risks of shortage. In October, 1914, the National Workers (War Emergency) Committee suggested to "the authorities" (a) that all stocks of grain in the country should be commandeered at the prices then ruling; (b) that farmers should be guaranteed a remunerative price for all wheat they might grow thenceforward, thus encouraging extension of wheat area, and that other steps should be taken by the Government to increase the home food supply; (c) that large purchases of wheat should at once be made and shipped by the Government from Argentina, Canada, Australia, etc. In order to keep down freights it was proposed that shipping should be taken over as a whole and placed, like the railways, under Government control. The committee was jeered at by the Ministers and their officials as a collection of Utopians and "criers for the moon." This although we represent all the trade unions, co-operative societies, organised women workers, and Socialist bodies in Great Britain; or at least 4,000,000 heads of families, say, 17,000,000 to 18,000,000 of the population. Practically speaking, nothing has been done for more than two years. The committee has now passed *nem. con.* a resolution to the effect that the Government should keep the price of the quartern loaf and its equivalent in flour at 6d.,

any loss to form a portion of war charges. More will be heard of this resolution and of the Government remissness throughout. Mr. Runciman's proposals do not meet the difficulty we are in at all.—Yours faithfully,

H. M. HYNDMAN.

To the Editor of the "Times."

Sir,—In addition to the introduction of new blood at the Admiralty, one of our most pressing needs at the moment is for the better organisation of the mercantile marine, so that every ton of it may be utilised up to its maximum capacity. And it seems as if the best way to attain this end would be for the Government to assume the same sort of control over the shipping trade and ports as that which they already exercise, to great advantage, over the railways of the country. A committee of representatives of the leading shipping concerns and port authorities might be appointed, who would assume general control, and would act through the existing managements of the different lines, or through local sub-committees in the case of the smaller owners. The ship-owners and port authorities would be guaranteed a fixed return on their capital, and freights would be settled in the public interest. It would also be possible to limit the importation of superfluous luxuries, etc., by merely declining to carry them. The management of the ports would enable work to be distributed to the greatest advantage, and would furnish an opportunity for exercising a certain amount of control over neutral shipping. The committee should have first call upon any shipbuilding facilities not required by the Admiralty, and might initiate the construction of standard types of vessels; they could also purchase ships from neutral countries.

J. G. CAREW-GIBSON.

There are sinister rumours as to the establishment of great trusts or combinations in various trades, which are to be backed up by Government action or support. There is a very definite report that one of these enormous combinations is in connection with the steel trade, and there is reason to believe that the scheme in this instance is all prepared, and ready to be launched as soon as peace is declared, the capital running into tens of millions. The excuse, of course, will be that it is necessary to have a larger native production of steel in preparation for another war, and the policy may itself facilitate another war. This pretext can be made to apply to every commodity—steel and iron, oils and fats, nitrate of silver, copper, etc.—and the man possessing at least a bowing acquaintance with the economics of industry and commerce will ask why especially should the steel people form a trust. The answer is, probably, because it is possible in this way thoroughly to exploit the nation, steel and iron being in universal use. The developments which are surely coming, unless men of moderate and disinterested views take action, threaten the supremacy of the country in the industrial and commercial world, and especially imperil the merchants, who have created and upheld this supremacy for the last three hundred years.—"The Statist."

"Profiteer" was first grafted on to our language by Mr. Richard Orage, the editor of THE NEW AGE, who must by now have written thousands of columns about "Guild Socialism." Whether Mr. Orage will succeed in grafting his revolutionary ideas upon the British Constitution is a very open question. "The profiteers," at any rate, would not welcome such a new age.—"Daily Mirror."

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