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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Two years and more ago we advised that a General Election should be held. Then it was, we said, that our first expectations of the duration of the war had been disappointed and the country should be given the opportunity of electing a war-parliament in place of the peace-parliament which had already shown itself to be unequal to the new situation. If a General Election, we argued, were not held while the war was still in its opening phases, it would become at once more necessary and more difficult to hold as the war advanced. The Coalition, moreover, we knew to be no practical solution of the problem. Composed, after all, of the same group of persons and energised by the same House of Commons, nothing new except in appearance could possibly be expected of it. And, what was more, it was certain to make enemies of those sections of the Press that had before been the supporters of one or the other group of party politicians. Lord Northcliffe, in particular, we ventured to prophesy, would be driven, for want of personal allegiance to a party, to become a wrecking opposition in himself and to attempt to destroy the work of his hands. And we should see a Government without a friend in the country, but with more enemies to face than its predecessor. What the outcome of all this would be, of a Government divided against itself and itself divided against the Press and the nation, there was never any doubt. And its record of bungling has now been pretty nearly brought to a climax in its own collapse.

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That any Government selected from the present House of Commons, and owing its creation to the power of Lord Northcliffe, will be much of an improvement upon the late Governments we have every reason for doubting. What is the virtue in numbers that five men, tried and found wanting, should suddenly work a miracle that twenty-three of the same kind could not? It is ridiculous to suppose that any one of them has not in the past put forward all his strength or that one particular group or another could have done more if unimpeded by the rest. The fact is that all the members of the present Government have done their best, and that no mere re-arrangement of their numbers or relations will enable them to do any better. You cannot get a quart out of a pint-pot; and no amount of shuffling will increase the value of the cards in the same hand. The conclusion is inevitable that, provided the personnel of the Government remains the same, we can expect to see at best only variations of the old themes, and, at worst, new themes played to the old tunes. The dependence of the new Government upon Lord Northcliffe, moreover, will introduce a new factor of weakness. Inevitably he will expect to control a Government which he has himself brought into existence. And how will he do it? By requiring its members to carry out his behests on *their* public responsibility, but to *his* glory if they succeed and without any danger to himself if they should fail. The spectacle, indeed, of the new Government in the position of office-boys to Lord Northcliffe is one for tears. Imagine these tired men, with no fresh sources of energy and with no new men to support them, promoted to a position in which they must wield heavier instruments of power than ever before, and under the direction of a master who himself is irresponsible. The end can only be the breakdown of their remaining health and with it the form of Government they represent. Perhaps only then shall we have a fresh Election.

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We cannot pass the occasion without a comment upon the situation in which Lord Northcliffe finds himself. This man is now become one of the greatest superstitions of England. Actually in himself a man of comparatively small real ability—his dispatches from the Front prove him to be one of his own less able journalists—he has got himself taken, by a species

of hypnotism, for a kind of civilian Napoleon. Nobody, or only a fool here and there, really believes in his private mind that Lord Northcliffe is more than a most ordinary man; but at the public séance of his Press, wherein Lord Northcliffe is the "medium," nobody, on the other hand, dare speak his private mind from fear lest the rest of the company should turn and rend him. Each is thus in terror of the rest, and none dares to say what is in the minds of all. Take the case of the "Times," the "Daily Mail" and the "Evening News," for example. We make bold to say that the vast majority both of the men who write them and of the readers who read then have no real faith in the truth and substantiality of the statements they make or read. Nevertheless, since to the private astonishment of each of them everybody else appears to be taken in by them, writers and readers alike continue to profess belief in what in their hearts they know to be a fiction. Lord Northcliffe has thus become in this country what Mrs. Eddy might have been in America if she had devoted herself to public instead of to "spiritual" affairs: a powerful myth, a potent superstition, a public bogey. And the amazing thing is that as well as the public the governing classes have also allowed themselves to be imposed upon. Secretly conscious of weakness in themselves, they have credited Lord Northcliffe with all the power he claims; and it must be said for them that the evidence appears to be complete; his bluff is gigantic. His large circulations, the apparent unanimity of his readers, the ineffectiveness of any criticism of him—all these go to show that Lord Northcliffe must needs be as strong as he looks. And the governing classes themselves surrender at discretion without ever having called the bluff of the hand against them. What Lord Northcliffe in the privacy of his chamber must think of it all we can only guess. The man who began by writing upon how to construct a rabbit-hutch for "Answers" is now a maker of Cabinets, which, after all, are no more to him than rabbit-hutches. He must surely smile! Unfortunately we can see no end to his smile; for though we believe that a Government that laid him by the heels would at once become popular, we can see no Government that dare break the spell of his hold upon England.

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The foregoing note has not been altogether a digression. For it illustrates what we have often maintained, the fact that public opinion has lost its sense for public men. There is still, we believe, in the English mind the virtue of practical judgment which has always distinguished us as a nation; but for many years now it has been withheld from public affairs; with the effect that we now see, that public opinion is unable to rid itself of the creations of its past neglect. Look at the men who now compose Parliament, and, again, at their nominees in the Government. Any one of us is acquainted with men who from every point of view are superior in character and ability to almost anybody in these offices. Yet for every member of Parliament the votes of thousands of the electorate were cast who thus expressed their consent to being governed by the tenth-rate. It is something foolish, therefore, for the public now to turn round upon the men of its choice and to denounce them for incompetence. The incompetence was in their choice and is not the fault of the chosen. Moreover, it appears likely to continue, as the selection of a man like Mr. Kennedy Jones to become an official candidate for Parliament clearly proves. Is Mr. Kennedy Jones the sort of new blood needed to invigorate the expiring House of Commons? Is he the expression of the nation's fresh will to victory? We cannot believe it. We can only believe that he is the sign that the nation is not yet awake to its dangers. Unfortunately, the re-education of a nation in public spirit is slow and sometimes fatal. The number of plausible fools to be successively tried and found out is almost unlimited; and before we get to our wise men the world may have run past us. Nevertheless, we can say that until, man for man, our ruling Executive is superior to the ruling Executive of our enemies, all the valour and sacrifice of our soldiers and workmen will be in vain. Look well, we beseech our countrymen, at the men whom you are consenting to elect and to be governed by. On our choice depends our life.

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As the first of the speeches in the Ministerial campaign Mr. Henderson's address at Northampton deserves notice. His principal admission was that as far as he or the Government could see the war would continue for a long time and would become increasingly onerous. Now that we have this official forecast, the obligation to set our house in order for permanency and not merely for the "duration of the war" is clear; and we must make it the criterion of value in our estimates of any proposed legislation whether it is designed to last. From this point of view, Lord Crawford's proposals for dealing with our agricultural production can only be said to be ludicrous as well as criminal. What are we to believe of the good faith, or, alternatively, of the good sense, of a Minister of Agriculture who, when faced with the possible starvation of this country, proposes as a remedy the utilisation of waste, vacant and common land only? You cannot feed forty million people on back gardens and the mere leavings of the landlords. It is a measure, however, of the depth to which, after twenty-eight months of war, public spirit has yet penetrated, that even the prospect of starvation (for high prices mean starvation to thousands) has not induced our landlords to part with their private control for their private profit of a single acre of land. Agriculture presents at this moment the same wretched spectacle that it presented while we still had the world to draw upon and the means of drawing upon it for supplies. There are the landlords, jealous of their feudal rights and rents; and there are the farmers leagued with them against the public; and not a Government authority that has come into being has dared to infringe the privileges of either. But if we are not very much mistaken, the longer the war the more certain will be the day of reckoning as between a private supply of food and a public demand to be saved from starvation. Starvation means revolution; and if the nation wishes to be spared the horrors of both, revolution had better be taken in hand while it can still be called reform.

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We must leave aside for this week the subjects of finance, shipping and other matters to deal briefly with the response to be made to the new German challenge that has come in the form of the "mass levy." Mr. Henderson put his finger somewhere near the spot when he affirmed that we should need to organise as well as Germany if we hoped to overcome her. The fact, however, is that in a war of national organisms such as the present an equal organisation will only result in a compromise; it is essential that our organisation should be superior to that of our enemies. Admitting its virtues, which must on no account be minimised, what, we ought to ask, are the defects of the German organisation which we must, if we are to be superior, avoid? They are, we believe, that under the German system all the initiative will be that of the bureaucracy, and hence, that the result can be no greater than the product of the bureaucracy acting upon inert bodies of men. In a word, its defect is Prussianism. How, then, are we, while preserving the virtues of the German system, to obtain the qualities it misses? Mr. Henderson himself indicated the reply, though in terms too vague to be generally understood, when he

said that in this country the State in its organisation of Labour should take the Trade Unions into an executive partnership, and no longer into a merely advisory partnership. And this principle, we believe, properly and thoroughly applied would indeed place our national organisation beyond the hope as well as the actuality of the German. But how is it to be applied? Mr. Henderson begs the country to "cease playing in this business." Is it, however, the fact that the country (meaning by the country the actual and potential workers in it) is disposed to play at the business? On the contrary, it is common knowledge outside the Government that the "country" is prepared for a hundred times more seriousness than any that Parliament has yet put into the business. The work of organising industry nationally is in theory and in practice the easiest in the world in the present state of public opinion: but only upon one condition, namely, that the directing Executive will not consider the private interests and private profits of the small class of present owners. Nationalise capital, mobilise industries, confide to joint executives of managers and workmen the practical direction of each of the great industries; in a word, create National Guilds—and at once we have an organisation capable of carrying on the war for a century if need be. What is more, its value for peace would be no less.

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The timidity of the Government in the presence of capitalists, however, is to be seen in the steps taken to put an end to the "unrest" in the Welsh coal-fields. It is true that the Government has "taken possession" and, therewith, control, of the mines; it is true that it has conceded the demand for an increase of wages to correspond with the prevailing prices. But the conditions of the "nationalisation" are left undefined; and even the fact of nationalisation is rendered precarious by the clause which allows of a revocation of the whole action at any moment. This is, indeed, to play with the business, as anybody can see: for not only does it allow the men's suspicions to be aroused that the "nationalisation" is designed as a temporary soporific, but it conveys the impression that the Government is not convinced that the conduct of the masters has irrevocably alienated the men. That, however, is precisely what the men's action signifies: the final breach, we mean, between men and masters under the old conditions. To assume, as the Government appears to have assumed, that the breach is temporary and due merely to special and recent circumstances, is to misunderstand the character of the recent "unrest," and to attribute to what was really the last straw the effects due to a burden grown intolerable. But let there be no mistake about it: the grievance of the South Wales miners is no sudden inflammation of anger to be healed by temporary separation of the parties. It is rooted in reasoned, supported, confirmed and proven experience. All the more unsatisfactory is it, therefore, that when the Government has at last been compelled to take the reins out of the hands of the owners, it should promise to restore them when the men cease to be restive. They will never again cease to be restive under private employers. But how then will it be under public employers, it may be asked? The excellent "Times" correspondent—to whom, in passing, we offer our congratulations—replies that the Government must win the men's confidence as the masters certainly never did; and they must win it as a condition of being more free from trouble than their predecessors were. This is true, but the means remain to be indicated. Let the Government form a Guild of Miners, guarantee them pay according to function, and entrust the whole body with the production of coal in partnership with the State. Not only should we obtain coal, but content and much more than content with it.

Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdad.

FROM time to time a great deal of tiresome and frequently pointless discussion has been raised on the subject of England's aims in the war. Mr. Asquith's various statements and pledges have been examined with terrifying minuteness, and more than one interpretation has been given to them. Let me recall the substance of Mr. Asquith's chief pledge (Guildhall, November 9, 1915, and elsewhere):

> We shall never sheathe the sword, which we have not lightly drawn, until Belgium—and, I will add, Serbia—recovers in full measure all, and more than all, which she has sacrificed; until France is adequately secured against the menace of aggression; until the rights of the smaller nationalities of Europe are placed upon an unassailable foundation; and until the military domination of Prussia is wholly and finally destroyed.

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When this declaration was made in 1914 Serbia was omitted, not having then been overrun. Otherwise this "pledge" is the same; and other statements, either by Mr. Asquith himself or by other Ministers, are mere glosses of the version I have quoted. The principal variant is that in some cases "Prussian militarism" has been mentioned instead of the "military domination of Prussia," and there is room for a variety of interpretations because the abstract ideas conveyed in the various pledges have never been clearly defined. Everybody has a more or less clear conception of Prussian militarism; but Mr. Asquith has not defined it closely; and the world will not know his mature opinion of it until the war is at an end. For no statesman with an historical training, alive to the fortunes and mischances of war, would go so far as to lay down a programme in detail to be achieved once the sword is drawn. The ultimate interpretation of Mr. Asquith's terms will depend upon the issue—the military issue—of the campaign. Military power, in this instance, must precede political definitions and shape economic policies. The terms may, so to speak, be interpreted in anything between a minimum and a maximum sense, varying with the extent and nature of the victory secured. I notice that some members of the Labour Party propose to ask this week ("Manchester Guardian," December 2) for an exact geographical definition of our aims. This, of course, it is impossible to give. Indeed, the very simplicity of some of our Ministerial statements appear to have perplexed not a few. In last week's NEW AGE, for instance, Professor E. V. Arnold makes the remarkable statement that "this country took up arms . . . for Belgium and for the common law of Europe, which was violated by the attack on that country. . . We stand for a United States of Europe, with a common law and, therefore, to that extent a common governor." We stand for nothing of the sort, and we have never professed to do so. There is no such thing as a "common law of Europe," and there will never be any such thing as a United States of Europe with a common law and a common governor. What Sir Edward Grey has emphasised from time to time is the need for obtaining recognition for the accepted principles of international law, the law of nations—a very different thing, affecting not only Europe, but every other continent.

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The whole point of this war is that Germany has acted as the great violator of international law as accepted by practically every nation in the world. She is, to use Viscount Grey's expression in his recent speech to the foreign journalists in London, the great anarchist; and we cannot attain our object of securing respect for international law unless and until Germany has been weakened—until, in other words, the mainsprings, the essential motives, of German policy, have been discredited; until, that is to say, the military

domination of Prussia (from which German policy arises) has been "wholly and finally destroyed." For this reason much of Professor Arnold's article seems to me far from the point. If we were to reach the end of our national tether next week we might retire more or less gracefully from the conflict murmuring that by our chivalrous intervention we had "vindicated" international law, though not "securing" it. Germany would be only too glad to yield certain things —to give back the occupied French Departments and Belgium, and even a bit of Alsace-Lorraine. But she would insist on having her colonies, most of Courland, and large concessions in the Balkans. She could afford to make concessions herself in the west without the prestige of Prussian militarism being affected. Therefore, although we might, if we were hard pressed, string together a felicitous formula to explain our retirement from hostilities, we could not possibly stop now, at this moment, for we should leave "German militarism" as strong as we found it (much to the surprise of the Liberal intellectuals) in 1914.

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But assume a few more Allied victories; assume that the Russians save Roumania and that Mackensen and Falkenhayn are forced to retreat; that Hungary and Austria gradually fall into the power of the Russian armies; that Bulgaria is humbled and Serbia restored to her independence. In that case, even if we could never invade Germany from the west, and had to stop before trying, before freeing Belgium, it follows that we should be in a much stronger position to negotiate. Assume even greater victories; assume that our armies advance in such a way as to lead the Germans to shorten their western line by giving up Belgium; assume a Russian invasion of Silesia and East Prussia and a determined Italian invasion of Hungarian territory. In that case we could negotiate and secure practically our own terms. And I venture to suppose that Mr. Asquith's pledges could be interpreted by the Cabinet (and will, if and when the need arises, actually be interpreted) in such a manner as to cover any one of these hypothetical cases.

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Apart from that point, I do not quite see why Prof. Arnold's article—I mention it particularly because it is familiar to NEW AGE readers, and because it represents a point of view which may perhaps not be uncommon—lays such a stress upon Pan-Slavism and the creation of new States. I wholly agree with Mr. Arnold in saying that you cannot draw a map showing the frontiers of such potential States as Bohemia, Croatia, Poland, and so on, as I also agree with him in thinking, or, rather, knowing, that these countries have no characteristic political institutions and no unity. It may be that Mr. Arnold argues from our support of an independent Poland that we have committed ourselves to the Pan-Slav or Greater Russian programme as a whole. There can be no greater political error. Our desire to preserve small States is due to the instinct of self-preservation and not to sentimentality or to reasons of abstract justice. We know that certain small States —Holland, Denmark, Spain, Norway, Sweden, and, possibly, Greece—would become dangerous to us (for strategic reasons) if they ceased to be independent; and so long as we can fight we shall strive to assure the continued independence of these States. But that does not commit us to the founding of new States not within our purview—Bosnia, Croatia, etc.—and if we support an independent Poland, that is only because a buffer State of this kind is essential to support our Ally Russia and to weaken the power of Germany. We are not committed to the Pan-Slav programme, and we are not likely to be. The Allies have promised Constantinople to Russia, and there our connection with Pan-Slavism comes to an end.

There are other surprising features in Mr. Arnold's article. He tells us not to oppose "Central Europe," because it is, he alleges, a halfway stage to "All Europe." This shows a complete misunderstanding of the essential principles of Naumann's scheme, which is meant to be an independent entity, isolated, and (in times of peace) even waging economic war with the rest of Europe. "Central Europe," adds Mr. Arnold, "exists to-day, and cannot be destroyed; Berlin-Bagdad also exists, and it would be a crime to destroy it." What precisely is meant by this? The route from Berlin to Bagdad is now open to the Central Empires and closed to the rest of Europe; in time of peace it was open to everybody. Does Mr. Arnold imply that it would be a "crime" to destroy this German monopoly? I assume not; but that is what he has said.

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Again, the diplomatic and military situation has been badly bungled; but it is too much to say that "we can never win the war with our armies." We can do so; and, granting the proper direction, we shall certainly do so. It conveys a half-truth to say, as Mr. Arnold does: "The failure . . . has brought to light fundamental weaknesses. . . . England lacks leadership, discipline and organisation; France lacks population; Russia lacks science." Certainly, English leadership has been lacking; but we can provide a certain amount of science; and in military matters France can still lead the world. The missing French population can be supplied by Russia. Only one element is lacking for victory. We have the material resources, the human resources (by "we" I mean the Allies), the finance. What is lacking is co-ordination, which is a good deal more important and difficult to attain than mere organisation. But I think it will come—is, indeed, coming. The pro-German elements (about which I shall have something to say), have been for the most part eliminated from the Russian Cabinet. Give the Russian Army a chance—which, let me add, it has had only once throughout the war, when, in June last, Brussilov was for the first time provided with a supply of guns and shells, and was able to make amazing progress so long as the supply lasted.

AFTER AUGUSTE ANGELLIER.

Like royal galleys be my verse here written
That trail their golden trappings thro' the deep,
Where under a silken dais with lilies litten
Upon an ivory bed the Queen doth sleep;
And set proud words like gonfalons appearing
Triumphant from their cordage as they go;
May lutes and cymbals make melodious hearing
With Love's own viols on their decks below;
May it be all a-shine, with loud rhymes blended
Like salvoes from the bulwarks; may it drift
With tumult of immortal airs attended;
May every mast green laurel leaves up-lift:
For through Time's spaces and its deeps uncharted
It bears thy dear name on, O royal-hearted!

WILFRID THORLEY.

SONNET.

From the Portuguese of Luiz de Camoens (1525-1580).

Within this Babylon, the fetid spring
Whence every evil of the world outpours;
Here, where pure love is but the jest of whores,
Where lust supreme debauches everything.
Here, where men cursing good to vices cling,
Where tyranny turns honour out of doors,
Here, where a sightless monarchy explores
A world of phrase to cheat the heavenly King.
Here, in this labyrinth where nobleness,
Valour and learning creep in poverty
Beneath the gates of greed and idleness;
Here, in this black confusion which for me
The fates ordained t'accomplish my distress,
Can I, O Zion, lose my thoughts of thee?

TRIBOULET.

The Re-creation of Property.

I READ in THE NEW AGE a week or so ago a letter upon Re-construction after the war by Professor Robieson, in which the writer makes a far too flattering allusion to myself, and incidentally doubts my having "a constructive plan." I further see from what Mr. Chesterton wrote in the "New Witness" a little later that Mr. Sidney Webb has done me the honour to allude to what I think he regards as my isolated and singular doctrine of Property.

If the little that I have written and the much that I have spoken upon such matters is worthy of so much public attention I shall not be wasting the reader's time in trying once more to make myself clear upon the whole affair.

The first principle, then, underlying all the rest, is that the institution of private property not for consumption alone but spread indifferently over all things—the means of production as well as the rest—is normal to man. Man without it will not long remain a citizen. He falls beneath other men. Man without it is not complete at first, and later is degraded. It is on the economic side the natural mark of man. As is deductive reason (the only sort of reason there is) on the intellectual, and the sense of justice on the ethical. When private property among citizens (not slaves) ceases to be the fundamental institution of the State that State will decay.

This first principle I find attacked by two criticisms, both of the same type, and each taken from the most time-worn of controversial tricks.

The first criticism is to ask where private property ceases and public property begins. The second is to ask what number of men or families, or what other sub-units in the State being possessed of what property and in what degree, establishes Property as an institution.

Both those criticisms are dialectical tricks as old as "the argument of the accumulating heap." Neither has value.

Neither of these questions can be answered with precision. Both of them can be answered at once by common sense—that is by integration.

If someone lays down that it is normal to man in this climate to be clothed and to live in a house, you will never discover an exact definition of the word "clothes," or of the word "house." You will never be able to draw an exact line between sufficient and insufficient clothing, or between sleeping out of doors in the rain on the one hand, and living in a palace on the other. But you know perfectly well what is meant by wearing clothes and living in a house. You know perfectly well that in this climate a man must wear clothes and must live in a house. You further know perfectly well that an insufficient house, or insufficient clothing, is bad for him, and you also know when too many citizens badly clothed or badly housed arouse indignation, and affect the health of the State.

It is just the same with Property. Private property is distinguished from public in this: that the control over public property is vested in the officers of the community, while the control over private property is vested in individuals or corporations less than, and forming parts of the community. Were private property re-established as an institution here, you would find individuals owning it everywhere, but also families owning it and also—as an extension rather jealously regarded—guilds and colleges and religious bodies and clubs owning it. It would mark the whole State. You cannot say exactly how many individuals or families enjoying it suffice to establish it as an institution. Only your common sense—that is, your power of integration—can seize organic generalities like that. But your common sense does equally well tell you that in modern England the whole thing has disappeared. Property is no longer normal in England, to the individual citizen or to the family. So far as the determining mass of the commonwealth is concerned, the institution of property has disappeared.

It is equally idle to discuss exactly what the limits of private control may be. One may own a little river that goes through one's land and yet be sorely pestered by a neighbour higher up the valley who says that one's sluice floods a meadow of his. On complicated special cases of which this is the simplest type, and on the necessity and limits of restriction by public powers whole libraries of law books turn, and have turned for thousands of years in all languages. It is necessary that they should be written, and that codes, precedents and particular instances should be quoted. But all that does not interfere with the point at issue: Shall Society stand on Private property or no?

There is a state of society in which private property is the *general* institution. I say that state of society is normal to man and makes him happy, healthy, and strong. Then does he write well, think well, build well, sing well and reach his end.

There are other states of society in which, either through an economic *tyranny* or an economic oligarchy, private property is no longer so distributed as to be the determining economic institution of the State; and I say that where this is the case the State is in decay, and the mass of men are not happy and not healthy.

I say, therefore, that painful efforts should rightly be directed towards the (at first) artificial reconstruction of the institution of Property when, as in modern England, it has disappeared.

Is all that quite clear? It ought to be. At any rate it cannot be made more clear; and I think that most men who use words in their ordinary sense, and do not chop logic, will regard such a statement as sufficient, will accept it, and will next direct themselves to considering (1) the truth of the proposition, and (2) whether, if it be true, the ideal it postulates can nowadays be approached.

(1) As to whether it is true or not no argumentation will advance you. You have a certain appreciation of man. It is a first principle. If another person regards the animal differently you must call him mistaken, and there is an end of it. It is no good citing periods when Property was well distributed and saying those were happy periods, because your opponent is always free to say that in his opinion they were not happy—because the vile thing property was present; and that he prefers living as a proletarian to living as an owner. All discussions of good and evil are ultimately a discussion of taste or of the palate, for faith is an affirmation.

The nearest thing to a convincing argument which I know in this connection is the truth that men around us—when they are really *quite* free to choose—do as a fact nearly always choose property and apparently satisfy an appetite normal to their race in so doing.

The wealthy families in England, for instance, do as a fact buy land and own it, rather than lease it. The middle classes do, as a fact, value the independence given them by private Property, and safeguard it anxiously. They prefer a fund to a wage.

But there is really nothing to prevent one's opponent saying all this is distasteful to him, and that he would far prefer territorials to live in houses hired of the politicians and the middle classes to be content with salaries alone, and to forgo all their stocks and shares.

Where argument comes in and where it is worth while spending energy upon it is in the matter of *feasibility*. Can the ideal of well-divided property be approached, or can it not, under the economic conditions of modern England? Can we again get people in this country to own and to desire ownership?

Can he who desires to restore property be "constructive," and, if so, how?

It is obvious that the word "constructive" means nothing save in connection with some particular ideal, that is, with regard to some phantasm of the mind which a human being proposes to realise as nearly as may be.

If I want a big cedar tree in my garden and plant a sapling, then it is constructive to keep that sapling healthy and to try and arrive at the big cedar tree which I have imagined, and which I have made my ideal. It would be destructive to cut it down with an axe. And if I took the wrong means for making the cedar grow, or if I confessed my ignorance of how the thing could be done, then I could be properly accused of having no constructive policy with regard to the cedar tree.

But if the picture in my mind which I desire to realise in action is a plank of cedar wood, then for me to cut down the cedar tree is the first act in the constructive policy, and to sit looking at it like a fool and saying that I dared not or could not cut it down would be the very opposite of a constructive policy. The better my instruments for cutting it right down, the more *constructive* my policy might be called.

Now, relative to the ideal of private property just enunciated, it is perfectly obvious what a constructive policy would be. I have said and written it over and over again, and I must repeat it here.

The laws aiming at the reconstruction of property would penalise large accumulation, subsidise small accumulation and conserve existing property where it was of an average or moderate size.

The law would offer artificially higher interest to the beginnings of accumulation. It would punish with the utmost severity fraudulent substitution of small men covering great ones. It would tax transactions in proportion to the *wealth* of the wealthiest transactor therein. Not in proportion to the size of the transaction. It would restrict jealously the growth of public salary to the advantage of private ownership. It would favour at the expense of large accumulations the prompt, expeditious and cheap settlement of disputes engaged in, or imposed upon, the small man. It would so canalise every effort that every tendency to accumulation beyond a certain boundary in the hands of one man, one family, one Guild or one college would get more and more difficult, and, conversely, distribution of such wealth more and more easy.

There is nothing mysterious or subtle about all this. It is as plain as eating your dinner. A policy for the reconstruction of property—for one small instance—would offer artificially high interest for the first accumulation in the savings banks. It would pay for this out of the money now spent upon an exactly contrary principle—the perpetually increasing salaried posts given away by the professional politicians. It would penalise the withdrawal of accumulations and subsidise those who left them to grow. It would make the purchase of £500 worth of land free when it was undertaken by a man worth but a few thousands.* But it would make the purchase of £40,000 worth of land always expensive, and particularly expensive when it was undertaken by a man himself worth £100,000. In general, of the two transactors to any bargain it would tempt the smaller man to buy the enduring thing, and the larger man to sell it. It would tempt the rich to dissipate, the poor to accumulate.

* The average family capital in Great Britain is more than £4,000.

One might go on for ever saying things as obvious as that. If in the generation now growing elderly (the Oxford and Cambridge of my youth) things so ludicrously simple were not appreciated it was because men in that world never consented to fatigue the brain. They shirked the effort of stating a first principle. It must be confessed that their brains were easily fatigued.

(2) So much for what a constructive policy would be. But there comes the very much more serious objection: *Can* you inaugurate it?

What is the meaning of that word "can"?

It is clear that everything in human relations which is not constrained by physical limits or by the unseen power lies within the compass of the human will.

There is such a thing as the will of the community: the common will. And when the common will in a community demands a thing not forbidden by material circumstances, that thing can be and is done.

For instance, the common will in Europe to-day demands a certain minimum method of clothing. It is so outraged if that minimum standard is not reached, even in the case of one individual, that it will not tolerate the indecency even for a moment. If by some catastrophe the materials of clothing suddenly came to be lacking we should be constrained in spite of ourselves to another method of clothing. We might have to go about in blankets. But so long as we have the physical means of dressing in coats and trousers, in coats and trousers will we dress. The common will of Europeans demands the expensive fashion, and it is obeyed.

The discussion upon Property, therefore, really turns upon this point. Is the common will of the nation such to-day that the effort to reconstruct Property would be rejected?

We all know that the common will is apathetic upon the matter. Is it in practice *more* than apathetic? That is the general question which must first be answered before we proceed to another subsidiary question more practical still.

Here we are in the domain of mere tentative judgment. We are talking of something which we have to appreciate, and which it is very difficult for any individual to appreciate. It is like judging whether the English people would stand the prohibition of honest beer, or whether they would, as some pretend, welcome such a revolution. One can only judge those things by one's individual experience of men's desires and of the strength of those desires, to which one must add a judgment of the corporate character of the desire, that is, of the extent to which each man would back up his neighbour.

Personally, I have long maintained that the general will in England to-day, after four centuries of, first gradual, and latterly rapid, decline in the institution of Property, is not only apathetic, but in practice and detail antagonistic.

Though the human instinct for Property remains, yet the details of private life have come to be such that any policy of reconstruction works against the grain. To put it in a simple formula: Most men, I think, would, in England, now rather have a good "berth" at £500 a year under a large corporation than £250 drawn from a salary and £250 from Property; which property they would have to manage, and watch, and which, as is the very nature of Property, would be subject to fluctuation in value. In other words, the conception of enjoyment in consumption now dominates. The conceptions of freedom and of honour do so no longer.

That is the moral root of the whole affair.

I should answer, therefore (but purely as a personal judgment, and subject to correction by other men whose experience is larger, or to correction by my own experience when it may be larger), that the re-construction of private property in modern England had odds

heavily against it upon this general ground of the common will. That is why I have recently maintained —and continue to maintain—that our *domestic* chances are very strongly in favour of the Servile State, and that any reaction against it will come from without.

So much for the most general consideration of feasibility. But to conclude with the more particular point, which I have also called the more practical. Can the machinery be captured whereby a public policy shall be, in practice, to-day, in England, inaugurated?

Constructive policy in modern London means "a constructive policy of social reform," that is, half a dozen rich women, a couple of Jewish company promoters, a newspaper proprietor, six parasites, and a skunk of all work. You see it going on all round you from the Society for the Burial of Dead Cats to the National League for Anything You Like. It is taken for granted, and rightly taken for granted in our oligarchy, that you act upon the mass in spite of the mass : you operate on them as on wood or stone, and merely have to consider the limit beyond which dangerous resistance might arise.

The classical example of this, of course, is the legislation, promoted by wealthy families (who wish to advertise themselves, or some of whose members suffer from dipsomania), to prevent the drinking of fermented liquors. The tiny minority who run this show have kept a steady eye on the breaking point where the populace might turn nasty; they have so far satisfied their vanity and hypocrisy with complete success. They have come very near to the point where they shall be able to compel the mass of Englishmen to give up healthy drink and to conform to the standards of disease.

Now can those who desire to re-establish Property in modern England get hold of the machine? Remember (I repeat), we are an oligarchy, and a plutocracy at that. No man who counts will deny that fundamental proposition. Well, under such conditions I honestly believe that the capture of the machine for the purposes of restoring property to be impossible. Personally, I would not even attempt it. I should think it a sheer waste of time *until some shock from without may afford the opportunity.*

As things are, and following the curve which our society has pursued for so long, I can see no avenue of approach whereby any one of the factors necessary to capturing the machine can fall into our hands. All the factors are departments of the plutocracy: the great newspapers, the subscribers to funds, and, above all, the omnipotent law courts.

Parliament is, of course, negligible. The House of Commons will never again direct the affairs of this country.

I can see no instrument of action that is not in the hands of a few very rich men, nor among these any one who could so much as understand what the reconstruction of Property in the masses might be.

What I do think is that the unexpected shock from without is always turning up in history, and that (as Britain is but a province of Europe) this shock will sooner or later (probably sooner) come, and permit the re-establishment of wholesome things.

As for the argument that private property, once established, is an unstable condition of affairs, it is not worth discussing; it is childishly ignorant. All history is against it, all mathematics—and all sense. Nay, all contemporary travel. Useful discussion in our diseased Society only turns upon the three points I have mentioned: (1) Whether men in England to-day can desire property sufficiently to make its restoration possible as a policy; (2) whether the very base—but only available—machinery for inaugurating any public policy nowadays can be captured for such an end; (3) whether a shock from without will permit such action. As to (1) I doubt much; (2) I think beyond praying for; (3) I think probable.

H. BELLOC.

Truth.

An address delivered by UPTON SINCLAIR at a dinner of the Southern California Women's Press Club, Los Angeles, October 24, 1916.

I SPENT last year in Mississippi, and was struck by an experience that befell me in a certain small town. I was walking through the town square on Sunday morning, when I saw an automobile stop, and a handsome and distinguished person stand up in it. Soon he was surrounded by several hundred people, black and white, listening to his eloquence. I discovered he was talking about life, in a moving and pathetic way, the oratorical Southern style. He would talk about "the ladies, God bless them," and "our boys," and "our noble flag," and "our grand country." But he wasn't talking about politics, nor about religion, and I wondered what he was driving at. Presently, he began to discuss the woes of humanity, how much mankind suffered, and the great benefactors of the world—so, gradually, it became clear that he desired to relieve the woes of his audience at the price of one dollar per bottle!

The episode lives in my mind as an example of what I understand by the prostitution of art. The purpose of art is to communicate emotion to other persons. The real impulse of great art is an overflowing heart, an emotion about life so intense that we are unable to contain it in our own bosoms. Where the artist is really moved, the art which results may be worth while. But if the man has only studied the machinery of moving other people's emotions, without having any emotions of his own, we call him a technician, and place him on a lower plane. And if he cares nothing about the emotions which he seeks to convey, if his only purpose is to bring dollars to his own pocket, we call him a charlatan.

Now, we are taught to believe that one of the necessary conditions of human existence is economic competition. "The devil take the hindmost," "Do others as they would do you, but do it first"—you know these *sayings of "David Harum," "The Letters from a Self*-made Merchant to his Son," and such Bibles and textbooks of our bourgeois civilisation. As a result, we have people arrayed one against the other, we have classes and groups living in opposition—and each group evolving its own particular falsehoods, war-cries, pretences and devices, like the protective colouring of animals, or the hidden weapons of predatory beasts.

In this warfare of doctrines and ideas, Truth fares badly; the various group falsehoods take precedence all the time. You agree that the patent medicine man is a charlatan. And in the same way, when a store advertises in the newspapers that it has the "only genuine wool garments in the city," you recognise that as a particular kind of group falsehood. But how about the newspapers themselves? The news they print, and the policies they advocate in their editorials? Suppose a newspaper were the organ of the associated predatory interests of a city—the traction, the gas interests, the Real Estate Exchange, the Chamber of Commerce, the oil companies, the railroads, and the banks? Then the opinions expressed in that newspaper would have no relationship to Truth, or to real human welfare—they would be simply the falsehoods of those who desired to get or hold business advantages, and were resentful of change.

Such things might possibly be true of a newspaper, of a church—they might even be true of a writer, who imagined he was free, but in reality was bound by the prejudices of his readers. If he wrote what they disapproved of, he would soon find himself without a living; he might even find himself lied about by those

he had offended. This is something I happen to know from intimate experience. I don't suppose many people in America have read more falsehoods about themselves in newspapers than I have read. I go about the world conscious of the fact that I am a double personality—my real self, and the thing which the world has been taught to believe me.

I listened to Mr. Ordynsky; really, I didn't recognise America as he portrayed it. I didn't recognise the picture he drew of American hospitality to foreign visitors. I almost hesitate to tell him what I have seen America doing to the peasant people from his Russian home. These people have not found America to be home; they have found it to be hell. They have not been invited to luncheons and dinners; they have been shut up in bull-pens, they have been starved and beaten in jails, they have ridden about in box-cars hunting for jobs, they have been mobbed by Citizens' Alliances and other gatherings of eminent respectability.

My soul is blazing with experiences I had in Colorado in the last three years. A lady told me this evening that she is acquainted with the Rockefellers, and that they are most lovable and humane persons. Another lady told me that she knows the charming militia general with whom, in Colorado, so many of my Russian and other foreign friends came into contact at the wrong end of the bayonet. For a year and a half I watched that Colorado strife, for a year and a half more I have been trying to put it into a book. And oh, the lies that were told about those Russian immigrants—class lies, lies told directly under the superintendence and for the interest of these kind and gentle Rockefellers!

For example, some friends of mine, Labour Leaders in Colorado, were getting a salary of $2,200 a year, and, with their expenses while travelling, got in all about $2,800 a year; and in their annual report these figures were duly listed for all to read. The system which was engaged in trying to put down the Colorado strike took those figures and made them read as the men's salary during nine weeks of the strike—figuring it out that they had received some $40 a day. They published this deliberate falsehood in bulletins which they sent over the country, to kind and good professional people like yourselves. Perhaps you received some of them. When their attention was called to the falsehood, they failed to correct it, and not even when the United States Commission on Industrial Relations brought out the facts did they make any apology or correction. That is one small illustration of what I mean by the prostitution of the Press.

Of course, I can say impolite things about Colorado, because Colorado is far away; but suppose I were to go on and name some of the groups of interests that are powerful in this city, and are struggling to repress the truth? When you venture to speak in the service of truth in any part of this country—you open the newspaper next morning, and are horrified at what you read about yourself!

And not only is the Press controlled. Let me tell Mr. Ordynsky that his art of the theatre is controlled; it is dominated by the two dollar seats. I have written eleven plays. I have the judgment of critics that some of them are good. Yet none have been produced in America. The managers invariably say, "They wouldn't please the two dollar seats." So I published the plays in book form, and none of you ladies and gentlemen have ever heard of them. I know many theatrical managers, and have amused myself listening to persons who use the language of art to make money for themselves. I know one of the "great" managers, who can rave about the emotions of art in a way to bring tears to your eyes; but he never feels any emotion which could offend the two dollar seats—nor even the gallery.

We have heard lovely things to-night about the moving pictures; and I know that I must be careful what I say about the "movies," with D. W. Griffith by my side. I was once invited to give a talk at a dinner of the Moving-picture Exhibitors' Association in New York, and had fifteen or twenty minutes to plead with these gentlemen; I pleaded with them to keep the pictures democratic, not to forget the people. The "movies" don't have to have two dollar seats; they have come out of the people, and the men who are making them were among the people only a short time ago. So they haven't had time to forget the common feelings of humanity, which have long since been forgotten by the two dollar seats. But I wonder, with the enormous sums of money and the power they are gaining, how long will it be possible for the pictures to remain humble? You see, I distrust the automatic effect of large sums of money. The man who can own and use large sums of money for any great length of time and not be morally and intellectually disturbed by it, is a very rare individual. And you will soon see, I fear, the "movies" being used to set forth class ideas.

At present, it would appear that they are constructed for the purpose of containing as few ideas as possible, and those few ideas of the most commonplace nature. When I go and see such a mass of misinformation about life being sent out to the people wholesale every day, I shudder to the depths of my soul.

My particular business in the world is trying to spread a little knowledge about our industrial problems. What have the pictures to say about such problems? Invariably one thing—"God's in His heaven; all's right with the world!" Take, for example, prostitution. Would you ever dream from the "movies" that this is a country in which every year a hundred thousand women are driven into the slavery of their bodies by want? What would you gather from the "movies" to be the fate of the girl of beauty, charm and intelligence, who finds herself working in a sweatshop and living in a slum? Invariably the same thing. She meets the son of the rich owner of the sweatshop; she suffers heroically and pathetically—with her hair always in beautiful and perfect curls—through five reels; and at the end you see her in a bridal veil and orange blossoms, going to the altar. Well, as a solution of the Labour problem, that doubtless would be acceptable to many factory girls; they would be willing to do their part; but are you sure that the sons of the owners are all willing to accept that way of ending the class war?

We face in this country terrible social problems, and we have got to put our minds upon them, unless we wish to go down in the pit of blood that Europe has already gone into. And where can we look for Truth? Not in the newspapers—you know it as well as I. In the magazines? A few years ago the magazines began "muckraking"; but the interests became frightened, and bought them up, and now you can't get "propaganda" into the magazines, they tell you; the magazines exist for art! But I noted that when the ammunition-lobby wanted to get propaganda into them, they had no difficulty in starting a campaign all over the country, in favour of military "preparedness."

I have talked about most of the arts, and shown you how they are perverted. The only art that is left is for a man to go into a hole somewhere by himself, and let his heart blaze and burn, and pour out his tears on the ground, and write a book, and tell the Truth by means of the art of the novel. They haven't bought all the publishing-houses yet; and when they do, I will do what I had to do with "The Jungle"—publish the novel myself.

I have offended against your rules this evening; I have brought politics and religion and social problems into your chaste presence! But I hope I haven't shocked you too much. I hope you will ponder this difference between Truth and class ideas, and realise what a peril it is to society that the means of presenting Truth through the arts are blocked.

The Social Priority of Property.

II.

THAT "nationalisation," as generally understood, escapes the obstacles which would rise in the way of a suppression of the institution of private property is probably true, but the facility of collectivism is anything but a proof of its effectuality. In fact, collectivism has never really come to grips with the real nature of property. In considering capital as not essentially property, it has only taken account of the second form of capitalistic property we noticed, corporate ownership. The collectivist is accustomed to expatiate on the way in which capitalism has de-individualised the ownership of the instruments of wealth-production. But he has never proved—and the onus of the proof is upon him—that the transference of this type of "ownership" to the "State" affects the first, or shareholding type, in the least. Collectivism is, in the first instance, merely a new kind of economic administration or enterprise (or lack of it). The first step in collectivisation gives to the shareholders (by no means the same thing as the citizens) an interest of precisely the same type as that they had in the "private" undertaking. But the stage is never indicated at which the disappearance of the shareholding form of property first becomes practicable. Unless, indeed, the knot is cut by the assumption of action of some kind by which the general property right is itself infringed. But this is supposed to have been ruled out.

But without taking account of the private shareholding aspect of "capitalism" there can be no understanding of the character of capital in what is owned. It is in that that the interest involved in capitalism resides. This would be maintained equally according to the economics of the Marxist school, which bases capital on "exploitation," and by the classical doctrine, which explains it by "saving" or "waiting." Nor need we see in this any theory as to the source of the motive of capitalistic production. It may be pointed out that the individual in the course of changing his investment from one concern to another is taking advantage of the enterprise of other people, or acts under expert guidance, or even has his interest transferred by a corporation which invests his resources here and there, combined indifferently with those of others also committed to its care. To say, as we must, that his is the interest is not to say that this interest is eo ipso either intelligent or creative. As we shall see, there may be reason to doubt the view that capitalism as such specially involves or introduces an "economic rationalism," as is sometimes held. But the shareholder's is still the requisite interest. In so far, then, as there is capital there is private property in the means of production. Nothing is to be gained but confusion from the simple identification of capital with those actual instruments which are technically and economically necessary in modern production. Capital is rather a mode in which these are acquired, owned, and directed. Thus capitalism has by no means undermined the social importance or stability of private property.

What it has done is something else. It is pointed out that while property continues to be an institution characteristic of the present order, yet, as a result of the capitalistic nature of that order, the majority of men are not enfranchised thereof. This state of affairs is specifically connected with the lack of freedom and the class-domination which prevails and spreads. There are two possibilities alternative to that society. (a) There is a society in which there is no capital. Such would be collectivism if it were somehow to succeed in extinguishing the shareholder. But it must be borne in mind that it is implied that the means of production are not "owned" at all. This must be remembered, for it is customary for certain advocates of a guild society, which, like ideal collectivism, has dispensed with capital in the proper sense of the term, to solve certain problems and difficulties likely to arise, for example, as between producer and consumer, by pointing to the power of the State as owner of the instruments which the guilds administer. Here it is simply assumed that this collective "ownership" is exactly the same kind of thing as the ownership of capital which is private. But property it is not. (b) The other possibility is a society in which property is universal. This would, indeed, admit of capital as property. For in property that cannot be capitalised there is no free ownership. Furthermore, it has to be borne in mind that the economic system known as capitalism is one which affects the whole nature of society and all its institutions; in fact, property which is not capital has very little importance in present-day society. So if this second alternative type of society implies conditions which do not permit of the existence of a proletariat, these conditions must be looked for elsewhere.

This latter is taken by distributivists to be the only real alternative to capitalistic society. It would seem to be an error to regard Distributivism as being primarily concerned with the distribution of wealth; it rather tries to universalise the institution of property. But, again, it would appear that we must not fall into the too plausible error of imagining that Distributivism is a doctrine which makes a moral fetish of property. The distributivist position would seem to be no more than this, that it recognises the social priority of property as a fact, and points out that any attempts at the institution of a free society which do not leave scope for property are impossible in practice. This is perfectly compatible with a view that property is no specific perfection of humanity, but rather a necessary evil consequent on original sin. It is further to be noted that distributivists do not prescribe or commend any particular practical line of action, whether political or economic, by which freedom is to be brought about and class-domination ended. It is certainly not by individual proletarians becoming capitalists (the only way in which, in present-day society, anyone can become a real owner) that emancipation for the class can come about. In fact, it is generally recognised, except by ameliorationists for whom class-domination means nothing, that the various schemes for making small capitalists of proletarians tend rather to intensify that domination. Mr. Chesterton remarked a few years ago—and the statement has done anything but lose its point since—that the proper business of real Socialists in these days is to oppose Socialism. But might we not also say that on the same grounds it is incumbent on Distributivists to oppose present-day "distributivist" tendencies? While peasant proprietorship may be allowed to be a somewhat different question, are profit-sharing, co-partnership, or even war-savings certificates, we may ask, really of the Faith? They are certainly perfectly compatible with the Servile State. In effect, the only recognisable means to the distributivist alternative to servility is the presence of a certain religious setting for social activities, which should prevent class-usurpation. That, however, is rather a miracle than a method. It is something which cannot be derived from the order of facts under consideration.

From those alternatives, on the other hand, which really imply the disappearance of capital, we have this to learn, that the ownership of the means of production, private and capitalistic as it is, can only be reasonably expected to disappear on condition of a state of affairs in which that ownership is, generally speaking, not worth anybody's while, or, in any event, does not occur in any considerable degree as a temptation to men to adopt it as an alternative mode of life. This is conspicuously not so in the case of collectivism. But it is a result contemplated by Socialist theory in a great many of its forms. Marxist Socialism, regarding capital more consistently than some of its successors as simply a certain historical form assumed by certain kinds of wealth in human hands, which it held was not

intrinsically necessary to production at all times, was satisfied to look for its disappearance in the results of an historically necessary fall in the rate of profits. As this necessity has not yet culminated in the sphere of actual operations, we may consider the ways in which the same result is made the object of deliberate and organised efforts. These differ according to the place they give to the organised activities of the proletariat acting as a class; the view they take of the relation of that class to society and of its social capacities.

(1) The "Syndicalist" programme of "direct action" proceeds to make the operations of private industry as intolerable as possible to controllers and proprietors alike. If this succeeds nobody is in the least likely to want to be a capitalist, or will only do so in fear and trembling. He may still wish to make profits, but he will have given up the hope of doing so. Thus, his ownership will be of no use to him.

(2) In the proposals of the sponsors of National Guilds the industrial organisation of the proletariat is also a necessary element, but it is not all. As in the previous case, the organised industrial bodies are contemplated as being in a position to inform the "shareholder" that he is not required. We are now told, however, that this can only be expected to happen when the nation is enabled to direct the same remark to the same quarter. That such may be the event, though, there must have grown out of the proletariat an organisation of producers which can commend itself by its superior determination and capacity to carry on industry in a spirit of responsibility, in a really national purpose. It is here, again, believed that in such circumstances investment, as generally understood, no longer suggests itself as offering an advantage, or forms the basis of a class in society. The assumption underlying this belief is that there is a national interest of this kind, which can become decisively operative in such circumstances, and which receives from them that opportunity of expression which it does not now receive. It is further assumed that there are possible modes in which the responsibility of producers can be brought into the service of this national interest. The syndicalist, on the contrary, fails to see anything in the latter but a glorification of the consumer, who is, in any event, well able to look after himself. This criticism certainly is given point by those schemes of "guild" polity in which the State appears simply as the special guardian of the interest of consumer as against producer.

The methods of these two policies, then, are alike in that they are specifically directed upon the control of industry rather than upon the ownership of capital which is, in whatever way, correlated with the form of modern industry. They both enjoin the formation of a monopoly of labour supplies in the hands of working-class industrial organisations. The syndicalist, however, has no care for questions of the stability of any resulting social arrangement, he does not think it even needs to be proved that industry can become unprofitable—he is only concerned to show that in the class war we have an ultimate social fact, and that the action he advocates is the proper outcome of the recognition of that fact. He shows in support of this position that there is at least quite as much to be said, on general grounds, for the prosecution of the interest at present dominated as for the prevalence of that now dominant. Thus, no one is justified in impressing general social standards upon the activities of the proletariat; the present state is capitalistic through and through, while of a producers' "state," or the conditions of its possibility, we must and can proceed as if we knew nothing. Thus, it is strictly the activities of the proletariat alone that interest the syndicalist. The advocate of a guild organisation, on the other hand, is under an obligation to consider, not merely a class, but the general conditions of a stable society. For he is a "Utopian," in so far as he assumes the possibility of social stability.

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?

(18) MR. STANLEY M. BLIGH.

My experience only qualifies me to reply to your inquiries as far as rural conditions, mainly farming and vegetable growing, are concerned, and is mostly confined to this locality. With these qualifications I reply:

1 (a). The average farmer seems to be of opinion that agricultural labour, once taken into the Army, will be "ruined"—that is, will tend to find the old conditions of farm service intolerable. In my view, if labour is to be drawn back to agriculture after the war, something of the following conditions will be needed:—

(1) Shorter hours for all, except shepherds, cattlemen, and horsemen, who must of necessity work rather long hours.

(2) A higher scale of wages for shepherds, cattlemen, and horsemen. This should preferably be paid on some premium-bonus system.

(3) Larger opportunities for learning the business side of farming, with a view to taking small holdings on their own account.

(4) Gradation from whole-time work for an employer to part-time work for an employer, with part time on a holding of their own.

(5) In all cases some land cultivated by employer, but planted by the workman with produce for his own use.

(6) Generally. An opportunity for the agricultural labourer to change his status gradually into that of a smallholder as he grows older and more experienced.

1 (b). Capital.—(1) Owing to the profits of the last few years, the farming industry has a larger capital than it has had for a generation. Most of this will probably continue in the industry.

(2) As regards the influx of further capital from outside, this will depend upon the probabilities with regard to prices keeping up.

(3) For some little time after the conclusion of the war it is likely prices will keep up, and labour may also be obtainable. It would thus for a time be commercially profitable to reclaim land which has gone out of cultivation. When reclaimed, it would be able to be worked without loss during the harder times which must eventually result from the great destruction of capital due to the war.

1 (c). The Nation.—The nation as a whole is becoming more alive to the importance of a progressive and prosperous agriculture, but the degree of information on this point amongst the urban electorate is so imperfect that there is always a danger that showy but unsound policies may be undertaken.

2 (a). Labour.—Agricultural labourers should concentrate their efforts upon altering their status into a partly land-holding, partly land-owning class. In other words, they should make it their aim that the normal life of a man should be to work for the best possible grade of farmer to the age of 30 or 35, thus getting the widest experience, and after that age should ordinarily be to take a holding of his own, small at first, but gradually enlarging as capital and experience increased. The difficulty is that, so far, few labourers have studied the technicalities of how this can most easily be done. For success, very close study is needed.

2 (b) Capital.—For the time being, whilst prices are at their present level, the application of capital to land, particularly unreclaimed land, gives very good profits. A great deal of money could be made in this way, with enormous advantage to the country at large, by anyone who had studied the subject. It is, however, a kind of business which proves a trap for the unwary or in-

experienced. The chief danger is that an insufficient sinking fund may be retained for the writing down of original capital outlay. The right way to do the business is to take unreclaimed land having a nominal value, to pay off out of profits all capital outlay till it is completely written off and the land is thoroughly reclaimed. The further returns can then legitimately be treated as interest, subject to the necessity of keeping up fertility. The objection to this is that the return on the capital is deferred for some time. In my experience, however, the ultimate profits should justify this course. Reclamation will only be commercially possible as long as prices keep up.

2 (c) The State.—State ownership of land seems to me to have no advantages. There is little, if any, evidence that State-owned land is, on the whole, more productive than privately owned land.

The ideal to aim at is clearly the maximum of productivity coupled with good social conditions.

With this ideal in view, the State should interfere most sternly when any privately owned land was below the average level of productivity of the district. In the case of land farmed by a tenant, if no improvement resulted from a cautioning, the landlord should be compelled to give the tenant notice to quit. In the case of an occupying landowner who failed to reach the normal level of productivity of the district, he should also, after warning and failure to improve, have to give up possession to someone who could produce more, receiving in return a reasonable rent. In either case, the question of the productivity of the land should be decided on publicly given evidence on oath, and before a jury, if demanded. As little as possible should opening be given to jobbery and favouritism, such as too often happens in similar matters.

Owners, occupiers, or districts whose areas were above the average in respect of productivity should receive rewards and recognitions.

The State should extend its present service of expert assistance and advice. It might with advantage be further popularised so as to reach those with a lower grade of education. Much more attention should be paid to the teaching of the principles of agricultural science and agricultural economics of a simple sort in rural primary and secondary schools.

(19) MRS. VICTOR V. BRANFORD.

I agree with those who have pointed out the difficulty of foreseeing the industrial situation after the war, but it seems to be our duty to endeavour to foresee various contingencies, so as to be prepared to meet them. It seems likely, owing to the greater and more varied use of women's labour, that labour will be plentiful and somewhat disorganised. On the other hand, a higher standard of living has become prevalent among the working classes, owing to the war conditions, and, unless the length of the war and difficulties of supply reverses this state of things, this should tend to prevent general reductions in wages. Further, capital has been very largely invested in factories turning out war material, which presumably are capable of being transferred to peaceful industry, and which it will certainly be the interest of that capital so to transfer, therefore we can look forward to a large demand for labour. On the whole, therefore, the prospect is one of industrial struggle of a somewhat pronounced kind between the various interests involved, since this is our traditional way of settling these matters.

As regards 1 (c), the question appears to embody what is, under the present condition of things, the protectionist fallacy that the nation is a single commercial entity. Under our competitive system, however, if we make this assumption, we shall soon find that we are handing over not only the consumers but the bulk of the producers (i.e., the working men concerned in industry) to rings of capitalists continuing to put up prices and put down wages for the increase of profits. An instance of this is the small ring that would have profited had the Government confined the purchase of the enemy estates in Nigeria to British subjects. This would have assumed that the nation was a commercial entity, but the profit would, as a matter of fact, have gone to the ring, who were putting up prices against the native producer and the public at home. We should not treat the nation as a commercial unit until we have made it a commercial entity, and we should first consider very carefully what would be the advantages and drawbacks of such a state of things which would certainly be very different from the present.

2. This question is an invitation to the making of Utopias, an exercise far too much disregarded in this country, in spite of the noble example of Mr. Wells. We do not realise enough what kind of society we wish to aim at, or what kind we are tending to produce. Even Mr. Belloc could not rouse us to see the danger of the development of the "Servile State," but I rather think the war has done it, and that we shall have a considerable "anti-Statist" reaction after the war. But we need not only an anti-Statist reaction, but the positive ideal of co-operation instead of competition. The trade unions should determine that they will unite, not to fight capital, but to control it. With this object in view, they should insist on a general opportunity of industrial training, for boys or girls entering a factory or workshop, in all sides of the work, including some insight into the book-keeping and office-work, and a similar training for clerks and office-workers, so that all the workers in their different branches would realise their real unity and develop the Guild spirit and something of the Guild organisation. Then, if the trade unions, instead of looking askance upon the sharing of profits and the right to invest, insist upon the general adoption of such a system, it will be possible for the control of industry to pass into the hands of the body of workers in each industry, and they can ultimately organise National Guilds when and as they will. For such, an industrial education, if of a sufficiently broad kind and combined with some continuation of general education beyond its present age limits, would enable the workers (using labour co-partnership to become owners of capital and credit) to pass to the control of industry and to the form of the Guild system which they might prefer or find most practicable.

The capitalist is now typically (1) an investor whose interest is in safe returns on which he can count; (2) a gambler in stocks and shares looking for increased increment. He hands over the management to a board of directors and a paid manager, who look on themselves as in the position of trustees for the shareholders—i.e., they are bound to act in their interests alone. The management of British industry, therefore, is in the hands of the "economic man" of the older economists. We are cheerfully told now that he does not exist, and this is true of any set of persons, but as trustee for shareholders he does exist and controls industry. What is wanted is to reverse the situation and let labour control capital instead of capital controlling labour, for life is more than raiment, and its interests should be supreme. Or if we go back rather to Kantian ethics, each man should be treated as an end and not as a means. It is the deliberate reversal of this maxim which is the characteristic of capitalism, no less than of slave industry. The central fortress of capitalism is the banking system, but to discuss its overthrow would need more space than can be spared, but we should note that a system of "people's banks" is both possible (as Italy shows us) and highly desirable, for the development of labour co-partnership and for all forms of co-operation in agriculture as well as in industry.

2 (c). The State has been essentially the descendant of the conquering tyrant who demands tribute, rather than the development of the village commonwealth or free city.

The wars of Europe, since the development of the modern State during the Renaissance period, are the best proof of this assertion. Whether the leopard can change his spots and the State its tendencies remains to be proved (probably as a human institution it is ultimately capable of such change, though not easily so), but in the meantime it would seem the wiser course to diminish the functions of the State and to substitute for the ideal of a gradually increasing bureaucracy with gradually enlarging powers of keeping us all in order, inspecting and regulating us on the Prussian model, that of an educated people increasingly able to regulate their own affairs by co-operation in various directions, not led away by politicians to scorn the "politics of the parish pump," but full of interest in the problems of their own towns, villages, and districts.

Drama.

By John Francis Hope.

A DRAMATIC critic who did not accept every opportunity of seeing "Hamlet" performed would not be worth his salt. He will never see *his* Hamlet, of course, but it should be an article of his faith that in a flash, in the twinkling of an eye, his Hamlet will appear before him. So when I discovered that "Hamlet" was to be played at the Artillery Theatre, Woolwich, I recited my credo: "I do believe that Hamlet lives, as far away as Woolwich is": and went. The actor was Mr. Henry Baynton, whom I noticed last Christmas when he appeared at the Court Theatre in Benson's production of "A Midsummer Night's Dream." The company is the same, I believe, although now playing under the direction of Miss Florence Glossop-Harris. Whatever may be the case with London, the provinces have not been deprived of their Shakespearean repertoire by the war; and the gallantry of the attempt to keep the company in being while Sir Frank Benson is with the Red Cross is worthy of all praise. The war, of course, has affected this company; we had to endure a female Horatio, a female Guildenstern, and if Rosencrantz were not a woman, it was a most colourable imitation. Whoever he was, you could see that, like Sir Willoughby Patterne, he had a leg, which I admired rather more than his performance.

If it is fair to sum up a performance in a phrase, I should call it a recitation rather than an impersonation. All the players except the Ghost and the gravediggers achieved a rapid delivery, which is quite proper; unfortunately, they forgot that the dramatic pause is also quite proper. Polonius, for example, rattled off his precepts to Laertes as though he were reciting the Ten Commandments, instead of recollecting with some difficulty the proverbial expressions of the wisdom gathered in a lifetime. In this scene Polonius, like Hamlet in the soliloquies, is "thinking aloud," in Hazlitt's phrase; and although we do not want him to travail for his phrases, he must convey the idea that he is thinking them and not repeating them by rota. A word, too, about the Ghost. He must not enter by the lower left entrance, and stand left centre in the full glare of the footlights and of an unchecked lime; it makes him look as solid as a sarcophagus. He must appear at the back in a mere shimmer of light, and he must pass right across the stage. Horatio says that the Ghost "appears before them, and with solemn march, goes slow and stately by them"; Mr. Richardson seemed afraid of losing his way, and would not budge beyond left centre. But I must say that he used his voice magnificently in his speeches, although he, too, did not give the period its full dramatic value.

After seeing Mr. H. B. Irving's Hamlet, I protest against all Hamlets who appear before the King says: "But now, my cousin Hamlet, and my son." Why should Hamlet honour the King by punctual presence at his Court? He detests the man, speaks in this scene only one line to him, and that in reply to a direct question. Besides, the first soliloquy, with its complete breakdown of self-control, cannot be effectively delivered by a man who had enough control to sit through all the preliminary business of the Court. Hamlet must be unwillingly drawn into the Court by his uncle's question; and the King, too, should be almost fawning in his attempts to be friendly. He is a usurper, and knows it; and Hamlet's very aversion to him only quickens the ill-at-ease feeling that he disguises by his ceremonial opening speech and his subsequent attempts to show the beneficence of his royalty.

I have a theory that no man can give a satisfactory rendering of Hamlet until he is forty. A young actor like Mr. Henry Baynton, vigorous, of good presence, and with a voice that has some remarkably beautiful tones, cannot immediately forgo, or see the necessity of forgoing, his physical advantages for the sake of character. He must make Hamlet's melancholy romantic, instead of neurasthenic; he must forget that Hamlet said: "The devil hath power to assume a pleasing shape; yea, and perhaps, out of my *weakness* and my melancholy, abuses me to damn me." There is a marked difference, as any nerve-specialist will tell Mr. Baynton, between the full-blooded, bellicose temper of a healthy man and the futile rages of the nervous weakling. Mr. Baynton was as vigorous as Laertes, with whom he should contrast; and he made it difficult to understand why Hamlet, as well as Laertes, would not "be revenged most throughly for his father." This defect is, of course, a defect of conception; it means that Mr. Baynton was not playing my Hamlet, but his own; and he played his own Hamlet with remarkable effect. He dominated the stage (which my Hamlet ought not to do), he delivered his speeches with so much beauty of tone and such simple gesture, even in the graveyard scene, that he must have forgotten that Hamlet said: "Nay, and thou'lt mouth, I'll *rant* as well as thou." In the scene with his mother, too, Mr. Baynton overlooked the marked change in Hamlet's feeling towards his mother after the appearance of the Ghost; the Ghost does "convert his stern effects," his anger towards his mother subsides, and he becomes passionately tender to her. Remember his phrase: "And when you are desirous to be bless'd, I'll blessing beg of you." "The queen, his mother," said Claudius, "lives almost by his looks"; and first and last, their relations have the quality of passion. I found Mr. Baynton's Hamlet too healthy for my taste, a Hamlet without a mystery, and one not really interested in his own mental difficulties: a Hamlet, let me say, more melodramatic than dramatic, but one that promised well. Mr. Baynton is an actor to watch. It is something of a feat to play Petruchio on Monday, Shylock on Tuesday, and Hamlet on Wednesday, as Mr. Baynton did; his versatility will, I hope, train him to perceive and express rather more of the subtlety of Hamlet than is at present apparent or possible to him.

For the first player and the gravediggers there is nothing but praise. The comedians showed none of that "pitiful ambition" that Hamlet deplored, but they got the full comic value of their lines expressed by the simplest means. Mr. Richardson, who played the Ghost, delivered the first player's speech "with good *accent and good discretion*," *and with a wealth of pas*sion in his voice. It was as Hamlet desired, "a passionate speech." Miss Glossop-Harris made Ophelia so very charming that she forgot to mark the difference between Ophelia sane and insane. There is no need to go to the extreme of some German critics, and to regard Ophelia as a sensual wanton; but it is a fact that her songs are bawdy songs sung with what Goethe finely called the "innocence of insanity." Miss Glossop-Harris' insanity was not innocent, but shame-faced; she slurred these passages into propriety, as though Ophelia were quite conscious of the equivocal nature of her thoughts. She certainly turned everything to "favour and prettiness," but she forgot to be frank.

Horatio is never played satisfactorily, and perhaps it is unfair to expect a woman to do with a man's part what men never do with it. True, he is only a "feeder," but he is a "feeder" with a quite marked development. He begins as "the good friend," but he loses faith in Hamlet as the play progresses, and in the scene with Osric comes very near jeering at him. "I knew you must be edified by the margent, ere you had done," he sneers, and Hamlet swallows the insult. Just previously, Hamlet had almost pleaded with Horatio to agree with him, to take his point of view, had pressed his argument and his evidence (the King's commission) upon Horatio's notice. That development from friendliness to coldness, if not aversion, Horatio must show; and perhaps Miss Gertrude Gilbert will attend to the point, and make her Horatio more intelligible than that of any man that I have seen in the part. Now I am done with criticism; I am obliged to

these players for the opportunity of seeing "Hamlet" again, and that I think well of them. I prove by my criticism, for one does not waste criticism on people who are incapable of improvement. They play better than they did last Christmas, and if they do not let the London managers snap them up, they will be worthy of Sir Frank Benson before he returns from his war service.

Readers and Writers.

"THE SHORT STORY" by Mr. Barry Pain is the first of Messrs. Secker's "Art and Craft of Letters Series" that I have seen; and I do not owe *this* to the publishers. If the rest are—well. . . (Dots are very useful, I find). Mr. Barry Pain is a good short-story writer; and I have read with pleasure many volumes by him. A complete edition of his stories is, in fact, in process of publication. But what he understands of the practical craft he certainly does not owe to his grasp of the art and theory of the form; for a summary of his principles amounts to no more than this: that a short story is good art when you like it, and bad art when you don't. Who the "you" in the case may be and what becomes of the criterion when several "yous" fail to agree Mr. Pain does not trouble his head to consider. That a story might be perfect though only one critic at a time in the world should think so (and even if nobody should think so!) would appear to Mr. Pain to be impossible. Yet such are the canons of absolute art that perfection must needs be independent of the opinions formed of it. Rightness is absolute and with the absolute there is no bowing to majorities or minorities. What, on the other hand, Mr. Pain essays is a catalogue, almost, of his own favourites among short stories, and these, I am pleased to see, include Meredith's exquisite "Tale of Chloe." But *why* this story is exquisite and on the road to perfection Mr. Pain does not attempt to make us understand. *We* know why, I hope. It is because (the fault of length aside) Meredith gives us in the "Tale of Chloe" just what the ideal short story must contain: to wit, an episode which, like a nugget of gold in quartz, can be detached from its context and mounted as something complete in itself. The essence of the short story is its natural completeness. A short story must leave no margins for interrogations; it must not raise any speculations concerning what preceded or followed the episode contained in it; but it must present itself as an accomplished fact without ancestry or offspring. Mr. Pain's taste is good enough to survive the trial of this objective criterion. And if he cares to look at his favourites again in this light, he will see that they are not good because he likes them, but that he likes them because they are good.

* * *

Mr. Barry Pain is much more generous to editors than they deserve. It is not my opinion that editors are, as Miss Rebecca West thinks, cretins—a merely novel term of abuse, fast becoming a cliché. But neither are they to be absolved, as Mr. Pain would have them, at the expense of the public, for their publishing of stupid stories. The plea of circulation is commercial, not literary; and becomes the manager, let us say, but not the editor of a magazine. It is true that "it is no part of the business of an editor to indulge his personal preferences"; but the apparent alternative of indulging the personal preferences of his readers is equally no part of his business. His readers, after all, no more deserve to have their preferences considered than he his. What, on the contrary, is his business is to publish good stories—such, that is, as are good in themselves—and to leave his readers to like or lump them as their perception of what is good allows them. The ideal editor is the conscientious connoisseur of what is good; and it is merely his misfortune and not his fault if what is good fails of sufficient appreciation (as it very well may!) to enable him to keep open his shop.

* * *

There is awaiting the Western world—if I dare to prophesy—a revelation within the coming quarter of a century of a national psychology of immense potentiality for good *and* evil—the national psychology of Japan. Hitherto we have considered Japan seriously only from two points of view: the artistic and the Liberal. On the one hand, the art of Japan pleases while it fails to move us. And, on the other hand, we are under the comforting illusion that Japan is fast becoming a Liberal nation in the Western sense. Both aspects, however, need thorough revision of our judgment; for as certainly as Japan is not and never will be Liberal in our sense of the word, so certainly is Japanese art a far more profound pursuit for the Japanese than that of simple æsthetic pleasure. What then is it? I have just been reading with an eye to this question "The Heritage of Hiroshige," by Dora Amsden and J. S. Happer (Harrap, 7s. 6d. net). Hiroshige, as you know, was a contemporary of Hokusai, whose last confession I recently commented upon in this column. He was, if anything, an even greater artist than Hokusai, and his intensity was something demoniac. Do not tell me that two such artists, so blazing with energy, are an accident in Japan; or that their popularity, amounting to public reverence, has no more significance than that of our skilful draughtsmen. They are rays of the rising sun of Japan; and the skilled historical meteorologist (if one exists) may foretell from their work the world-day that sun portends. I dare not myself name my guess; but oh, for an art critic who can read drawings as we others read print! The drawings in this exquisite volume would be eloquent of a national psychology yet to be displayed in action.

* * *

Writing of art, I am reminded inconsequently of the recent announcement made by the Goupil Gallery that "this Gallery is not open to enemy aliens, conscientious objectors, pro-Germans, advocates of an immediate or inconclusive peace, nor [*sic*] to persons engaged in any work or propaganda the success of which would (in the words of the Home Secretary) 'discourage our friends and hearten our enemies.'" I am none of the things here described; nevertheless, I confess that an effect of this announcement is to discourage one friend; and I fear that another is to hearten our enemies. When will patriots learn that to be patriotic in fact and in effect requires more consideration than an impulse of the moment is likely to suggest? To love one's country is easy; really and truly to do her a good service is sometimes dangerous, often unpopular and always difficult. Has the Goupil Gallery, I wonder, got beyond a good intention? But I do not wonder.

* * *

"Perfection is not excellence"; "Beauty—what crimes are committed in thy name!" "The heroes of fiction are scapegoats who take away the sins of Israel." A critic who can throw out such sentences in the course of writing is a man to be reckoned with; and I must commend the work that contains them: "Five Masters of French Romance," by Albert Léon Guerard (Fisher Unwin, 6s. net). His study of Anatole France is, in particular, an illuminating piece of criticism, and leaves the subject in much the same place into which I myself would put him. What he omits, however, to make is the apologia of Anatole France, the spiritual confession of a fine spirit that lost its way in irony. Irony, as I have said before (or have I not?), begins as a disguise and ends as the reality. It begins as Voltaire and ends as Anatole France.

R. H. C.

Letters from Ireland.

By C. E. Bechhofer.

I AM becoming more Irish every day. Hardly a morning passes but I wake up with a Chimaera. Luckily I am un-Irish enough to test my fancies by the light of reason, so that I can still claim hospitality as a stranger. Yesterday morning, for example, I had a Chimaera that the Ulster workers might become the saviours of Ireland! Let me explain how I arrived at this.

My inquiries at the Ulster headquarters, where I was told the greatest boon the Union had conferred on Ireland (and particularly on Ulster) was the Insurance Act, taught me what I might have known already, namely, that the Carsonite leaders are, as a class, profiteers. I remembered how I had been told in Dublin that Carsonism was maintained by the Belfast manufacturers to divert Labour from considering its own affairs. Passages also suggested themselves to me from Connolly's "Labour in Irish History." Connolly's ideal, of course, was that "the Irish toilers from henceforward will base their fight for freedom not upon the winning or losing the right to talk in an Irish Parliament, but upon their progress towards the mastery of those factories, workshops and farms upon which a people's bread and liberties depend!" My Chimaera was that the Ulster workers should make the first step in this progress towards economic independence.

First, who are Ireland's enemies? Not, as dull Sinn Feiners suppose, English politicians. These are anything but hostile towards Ireland, but, what is little to their credit as statesmen, they profess concern and remain indifferent. They are not Ireland's enemies, but her slack and forgetful friends. (Besides, be it whispered, power is not theirs, but theirs that sent them.) Connolly—himself, by the way, an Ulsterman—was right when he said, "Capitalism is now the enemy." He corrected those of his followers who began to abuse capitalist England by reminding them that the Irish propertied classes long ago "became more English than the English, and have continued so to our day!" A capitalist may be English or Irish to-day, but to-morrow he and his shares are in America. Connolly showed that the future of Ireland lies in freeing the country from the paralysing influence of profiteers; neither politics nor race matters.

The enemy, then, is the capitalist. How to commence his destruction? Here my Chimaera enters, designing to clear Labour's decks for action by hurling overboard the silly political lumber of the Home Rule squabble.

Every Dependency has the Government its economics deserves. If Ireland wants an Irish Parliament, let her have it. Its power will be precisely limited by the measure of Ireland's economic independence. Ireland has one path to freedom and one path only; this is by its own economic progress. Of this the only true gauge will be the rise of Labour, since only the economic power that belongs to the workers themselves will be permanently Irish. Profiteers are migratory as the cuckoos, but Labour endureth for ever.

The Home Rule controversy has long obscured what is really important in Irish affairs. When the Redmondites and Carsonites (profiteers all!) are by the ears, how can any Irish worker, caught up in the dust and din of their fighting, understand that both of them are his enemy. Is all their contention designed perhaps to postpone the awful day of the workers' disillusion? They may have drawn instruction from the "Arabian Nights." There the Vizier's daughter prolongs her little life by telling long, never-ending tales. The Irish capitalists also may be putting off the executioner with long, never-ending contests—Home Rule Entertainments. Belfast employers say they do not know how they will stand with Labour when the Home Rule controversy is ended. Undoubtedly, then, with the sham fight over, the real battle between the Irish workers and the capitalists will begin. We have seen a similar thing happen in England. Until the war an employer could with impunity provoke a fight between two of his workmen about Free Trade or Protection, or even about Home Rule for Ireland. But now, for the moment, the industrial conflict towers above all the mere matters of politics, and Labour leaders have to make their own illusions—there are none in the air. The pressing thing, then, in Ireland is to settle Home Rule. What still stands in the way of settlement? Carsonism—so Carsonism must cease!

And my Chimaera was this. In my mind's eye, I saw the Ulster workers, through their Trade Union leaders, saying, "We are weary of Carsonism! Purposely or not, it diverts us from our own industrial affairs. We renounce it. We declare ourselves anxious to see Home Rule instituted, and the whole squabble at an end. Then we shall pass directly to the matters that concern us—and you!"

They could be as good as their word. The defection of the Ulster workers would kill Carsonism in a moment. Not Mr. Bonar Law, not Sir (or "Major") F. E. Smith, not even the whole Anglo-Irish Unionist party was able to stop the last progress of Home Rule. Nor could Sir Edward Carson and his counting-house captains have hindered its progress for an hour, had not a hundred thousand Ulster working men armed to resist it. Let these draw off, and Carsonism will collapse like an unfee'd lawyer. Is it not the Carsonite boast that the chief opposition to Home Rule comes from the workers? Theirs is not only the chief, but it is the only effective opposition. Let them remove it, and Carsonism is dead.

Two conditions, I realised, are indispensable if my Chimaera is to be practical: Labour in Ulster must be organised and intelligent. It needs the first to be capable of action, the second to know how to act. At once I wrote to a prominent Belfast Trade Union leader to whom I had introductions. I have just received his answer. I was told that he was more sensible than most Labour leaders, and this is true. He has understood my Chimaera, welcomed it, and clearly, precisely and completely crushed it. Neither of the conditions I held indispensable exists; Labour in Ulster is neither organised nor intelligent.

Only the shipyards in Belfast are at all well organised. A few other trades are partly organised, but they include merely a few thousand men. Against these is the vast mass of the workmen, not organised. Even the unorganised women workers of Belfast are twice as many as the whole number of the organised men. In the rest of Ulster, except in a few shipyards at 'Derry, you may whistle for Trade Unionism. So much for organised Labour in Ulster!

When I spoke of intelligent Trade Unionists, I meant that these should be able to see their future in industry, not in politics or Heaven. They should put aside party bias and sectarian bigotry. I remembered that some of the Belfast Trade Unions are affiliated with English Unions, others with those at Dublin. This is as it should be; neither Parnell nor the Pope is concerned with the future of Irish Labour. Would the rest were silence! The letter before me says, "A good proportion of the Union officials are inclined to favour the establishment of Home Rule, but are not active or open adherents, because their men are generally opposed. The opposition is easily organised through the Orange lodges, etc., which are set in operation to displace an official who is openly 'disloyal,' as he is termed."

The Orangé lodges are branches of the gigantic Protestant secret society whose rallying-cry is "To Hell with the Pope!" The Nationalists, with their knack of doing the wrong thing, have put the far older and more powerful Orange lodges in countenance by forming a rival Ancient Order of Hibernians on the same lines.—(The Nationalists made a similar erro-

when they formed the National Volunteers, thus tacitly approving the Carsonites' foresight in arming. Are these errors, I am beginning to wonder, designed to protract the Home Rule Entertainments?)—These two secret societies, the Presbyterian Orange lodges and the Catholic Hibernians, work with the methods and secrecy of the Freemasons and Jesuits. Each stands for bigotry and booze. A. E. is the first man who ever found the organic difference between them. The Orange lodges, he says, represent the light of Christianity filtered through whiskey, while the Hibernians represent the light of Christianity filtered through porter.

These two loathsome associations hold the silly drink-sodden Irish wage-slave in their toils. They have only to point at an obnoxiously intelligent Trade Union official, and his career is ended. As a result, of the officials who realise that politics and religion are no affair of the proletariat, the worse fear to lose their livelihood and say nothing, and the better try, by avoiding the matter altogether, to carry on the task of organisation. The very best speak and are ruined for their pains. And I had dreamed of Ulster Labour as intelligent!

My poor Chimaera! Rabelais said that bacon and beans was a good dish spoiled between Moses and Pythagoras. My Chimaera had required Labour in Ulster to be organised and intelligent, and all it found was Orange lodges.

More Short Cuts to Literary Success.

BEFORE proceeding further with the literary researches which, it is hoped, will prove a source of profit and interest to an ever-increasing circle of readers, the author feels himself urged to venture upon a few words of a more personal nature, such as appear to be warranted by the cordial and sympathetic attitude of his readers. A number of letters bear generous testimony to his unpretentious efforts; nor has it escaped his notice that a number of recently published books bear, on almost every page, traces of the artistic principles he has ventured to advocate. Such discreet and silent tribute, which is, perhaps, the most eloquent of all, has occasioned the author particular gratification.

It would therefore appear that this is a fitting moment to cast aside the formal diction of indirect speech, and to proceed with these disquisitions in the more intimate phraseology of the first person.

ON DEDICATIONS.

Among the letters I have received, one from a reader in Upper Norwood touches on a matter of vital literary importance which calls for immediate discussion. After a few eulogistic generalities, to which modesty compels me to make no reference, my reader broaches the topic of dedications. He has deserved well of the cause of literature by calling my attention to a subject which is too often regarded as being of such secondary consideration that it can be safely relegated to the vagaries of personal whim. That this is by no means the case, I will endeavour to show in a few cursory notes which do not aim at being final or exhaustive.

A dedication consists of a message or inscription placed upon the fly-leaf of a volume. The various styles in which it may be couched depend upon the purpose it is intended to serve: roughly speaking, they may be classified under the following heads:—

(1) *The Direct.*—This expresses the author's intention in a straightforward manner, thus:—

To Cuthbert Ramsbotham.

—from Gerald Babman's novel, "The Lure of Cleopatra."

Occasionally a few additional words will relieve what might otherwise appear too bare and curt. Thus:—

To Ephraim Tobias Hickey, of Puddleford Manor, Berks,
this volume is dedicated as a mark of
deep regard.

—from Ethelbert Biddle's poems: "Communings with Eternity."

With this type of dedication it is also possible to remove the stiff and formal element by following the example laid down by Mr. Paddington Benbow in his volume of delicate impressionist sketches, "Nights with Eros." It is dedicated thus:—

To my Aunt Caroline,
as a sincere token of affection.

The advantages of this type of dedication are obvious. It enables the reader to obtain quite a discreet glimpse of the author's domesticity or of his associates. If the dedicatee is judiciously chosen, it will be found that the reader is very favourably impressed with the author's personality. Often, too, the dedicatee will not be slow to appreciate the compliment that is paid to him by associating his name with what may perhaps be a literary work of considerable significance. But no attempt should be made at elegant or elaborate phraseology; the simpler and plainer it is, the better. At the same time, it should keep well within the bounds of discretion: nothing equivocal or extravagant should be ventured upon.

(2) *The Mysterious.*—This is often extremely effective: a favourite device is the copious use of initials. Observe the following, from Miss Virginia Tugg's "Through Somaliland in a Wheelbarrow":—

To B.A.K.
F.E.P.
M.U.S.
my eternal comrades.

This method has the advantage of arousing curiosity, and if circumstances are favourable, the book may develop into what is known as a literary event. In this case, the Press, whose beneficent influence in literary affairs is a factor for the aspiring author to reckon with, may be induced to take the matter up. For such an occasion, headlines of this type may be suggested:—

MYSTERY OF NEW BOOK.
ROMANTIC DEDICATION.
AUTHOR RETICENT.

As a rule, however, a development of this sort is best left in the hands of the publisher. A novice may do more harm than good by tampering with the Press without expert guidance. Moreover, should this device be decided on, it is advisable to employ purely imaginary initials in the dedication.

(3) *The Piquant.*—This is similar to (2), except that the addition of a few discreetly selected words produces a touch of romance or sensation which the public will not be slow to appreciate. Thus:—

To T.O.F.,
in memory of idyllic spring days at Herne Hill.

—from Joachim Blather's drama, "The Suicide of Cambyses."

Another good example is taken from "Unconventional Rambles in Bolivia," by Nahum Flytch:—

T. G.,
in undying gratitude for nights of inspiration,
Camden Town, 1913.

Sometimes a more facetious note is struck, as in Adrian Winkworthy's successful volume of essays and sketches, "Lavender and Laughter," which is dedicated thus:—

To Flossie with the laughing eyes,
these laughing pages are dedicated by their
laughing author.

This dedication is particularly admirable in that it has so thoroughly caught the spirit of the volume itself—a standard which should always be striven after. The co-

operation of the Press is often as desirable and efficacious here as with the preceding kind.

(4) *The Discursive.*—The following, taken from Mr. Crimpton-Tegg's collection of essays entitled "Baubles and Bawbees," is a characteristic example of a dedication, which by the spirit of geniality and bonhomie with which it is pervaded cannot fail to establish the most cordial relations between author and reader :—

To Jethro S. Tumbkins,
bookman, gourmet, and good fellow.

My dear Jethro,—

You may remember that during our innumerable walks and talks together amid the fragrant arbours of your garden at Walham Green you once expressed the desire that my first volume of essays, in the composition of which you were pleased to take an enthusiastic interest, whose fervour was delicately tempered by your unfailing fund of good sense and friendly criticism, should bear your superscription as their sponsor at the font, so to speak. On that gusty morning in early April (how many years since !) we little imagined, as we inspected the latest addition to your well-kept rabbit-hutch, that the promptings of your exuberant fancy would ever blossom into reality. Now that a long-fostered dream has at length taken palpable shape, the token whereof you hold in your hands at this moment, nothing can afford me greater gratification than to see the title-page of these modest first-fruits adorned with the name of him to whom I owe more than I ever can or shall repay.

Believe me, my dear Jethro,
Yours in perpetuity,
THE AUTHOR.

The student should take careful note of this example, which is an incomparable model of its kind, and pay special attention to the quaint and old-world style of stately courtesy in which it is couched, the neat and playful sallies with which it is enlivened, the graceful gesture which at once marks the writer as a man of taste and distinction—in short, as a personality who, by virtue of his obviously illuminated intellect, is sure of the public ear whenever and on whatever he chooses to speak.

Dedications of this kind do not always assume the epistolary form. Here, for instance, is the neatly phrased dedication to Mr. Ambleton Chutney's "At the Bar: Recollections of Fifty-five Years Spent There" :—

To Mrs. Christopher Bagley, who
by her unalloyed sympathy, human insight, and feminine graces,
has endeared herself to three generations
of literary aspirants,
whose failures she has solaced,
whose ambitions she has nurtured,
whose triumphs she has crowned.

(5) *The Pathetic.*—This should be rarely attempted, and then as a rule only by lady authors. Miss Esmeralda Whiffling's "Three Hundred New Lenten Discourses: with an Appendix containing the Christian Woman's Spiritual Guide," presents an admirable example :—

To the memory of darling little Fluff,
the most faithful Skye terrier I ever had.

(6) *The Learned.*—Occasionally the author may wish to establish a reputation for ripeness of scholarship which he could hardly derive from his writings alone. A dedication in the Latin tongue will often prove a useful aid in this respect. Thus Mr. Brumbleberry Pyng's "Half a Century among the Sioux. Meanderings of a Missionary," bears this elegant dedication :—

Eduardo Blenkinsoppo, Artium Magistro,
Viro Doctissimo,
Dedicavit Hoc Libellum, Amicitiæ Causa,
Auctor.
"Anni mutantur, nos et mutamur in illis."

Such a dedication as this, with an appropriately chosen classical quotation to complete it, invariably sets the hallmark of polished dignity upon any work to which it is prefixed. Care should, of course, be taken to obtain the advice of someone who has studied Latin before venturing on a dedication in that language, as an error in syntax or phraseology might attract the attention of a certain sort of reviewer, who, alas, is only too pleased if he can discover some trifling flaw in an author's work on the strength of which he will not hesitate to produce a column or two of derision and even abuse. I propose on a subsequent occasion to discuss in greater detail various methods of coping with refractory and scurrilous critics. For the present I will merely suggest the overlooked misprint as a safe line of defence, should any regrettable slip on the author's part be made the occasion for carping and disparagement.

P. SELVER.

Sic Semper Tyrannis.

By Dikran Kouyoumdjian.

I CHANCED upon an idea—the simplicity of which caused me some anxious deliberation, lest it should be but some bastard of my fancy and conceit, to be disowned rather than allowed to develop—by which I might attract you, reader, to follow, where otherwise, had you come to my subject without the check of this digression, you might have turned away. The idea which I weighed so carefully was simply candour : so original a quality in the submitting of MSS. as might in itself prove efficacious with an editor : but candour of such a kind as to disqualify its being dubbed "an engaging simplicity," a virtue unrecognised as such by any but those reviewers who find admirable the incompetent lispings of many contemporaries : yet without the excesses of that candour which would parade itself as the very antipodes of hypocrisy (and which, so I think, has been so wrongly ascribed to Dr. Johnson), but is in itself, by the conscious effort of its upkeep, an hypocrisy without hypocrisy's excuse of good manners. It will be seen, then, that my candour—which I may, or may not, have needlessly advertised—is rather of the stuff that autobiographies are made of ; in their best form a happy mixture of literary craftsmanship and moral defects.

I had written some three months ago an article which was at that time of so decidedly a topical interest that an important journal at once accepted it by return of post : a "first sight" decision which, so I thought, was considerably flattering to myself. Perhaps it was this that made my disappointment more acute as week after week passed and my essay—for such I graced it—looked to become as topical as Queen Anne. Night after night I looked eagerly and vainly in the columns of that journal till expectation dwindled to nothing and futility alone remained. My essay was dead as the Yellow Book—and how ill would its quiet tone have suited those garish yellow covers !—but without the decent burial of a publication : in realising this I gained only in resentment, for its philosophy will be lost on me till I have attained that literary eminence which will warrant my relating it as "advice to young authors." However, in the hope of some kindlier journal acting—to continue my depressing simile—as its hearse to the cemetery of forgotten sincerities, I re-wrote it as well as I could from a distractingly rough copy : confessing, in a short preface, its past history, as I have already related, and adding, to disarm any natural criticism as to its second-hand nature, that if he—the reader—considered it well written (and I had no more pretensions to good writing than he, I hoped, to judging it), at the same time, thinking as I did, that a page well writ is that page's best excuse for existence, then, topical or no, he would have less cause to grumble than I at his grumbling. If, on the other hand, he considered it badly written, then still less cause would he have for grumbling at the defects of an essay the tenor

and writing of which he had had ample time for discovering from the unpardonably long preface: a preface long enough in proportion to the thing prefaced to allow of my being accused of plagiarising Mr. Shaw, to which I replied, in advance, as did Coleridge, perhaps anticipating that a few months after his death De Quincey would accuse him of wholesale plagiarisms, that "to admire on principle is the only way to imitate without loss of originality."

Perhaps the reader will already have guessed that this which he is reading is that essay whose history I have related: that the imaginary reader to whom the preface is addressed is himself, and that I am now writing what I said I had re-written. But little enough of the original remains: nothing indeed, and it is even now in that sacred corner of my drawer which holds what will one day be called my "literary remains." For I had written thus far hoping to find some opening in which to insert my soi-disant topical essay: but then I realised that the disproportionate length of the preface —would that I had left candour to the candid!—had killed it even more than time and an inconsiderate editor. Quickly, then, I turned to my first page and changed my heading: and if you expected some denouncement of oppression, some sentimental comparison between might and right (which only Heine could treat without sentiment by depriving might of its coxcomb strength and right of its eternal plaints of merits unrecognised), then I have disappointed you. For it came to me that thus could writers of things topical be revenged on time and careless editors—Sic semper tyrannis—that when the thing became not topical with the writer's views on the subject unread and unappreciated, then, by way of revenge, should he sit himself at his desk and write about what he had written and the manner of its writing, write, in fact, an essay about an essay, as others have written books on much less interesting subjects.

Perhaps, reader, you have never thought of this subject of topical essayists—so only they have merit, of course—and the injustice to which they are so often subjected. They have no fund, no John Galsworthy: that, by the very tedium of hearing about them, as you do, of social injustice, you might give at least of your sympathy if not of your help. Give me but the reins of your fancy and I will take you to strange places, to strange thoughts. You may have read lately of a "huge wharf fire in Upper Thames Street": by some fortunate chance a young essayist, worthy to carry on the tradition of Charles Lamb, of the spirit of Mr. Street rather than of Mr. Lucas, has seen this blaze: many hours of that night he spends in writing an essay of, say, a thousand words on this fire: it is accepted. A week, two weeks, go by, and the MS. is returned with a "regret" from the editor that he had had no room for it, and that it was now not of topical interest. There, reader, is a case of injustice. Fortune me no "fortunes of Fleet Street," no "commonplaces of ironic destiny": it is not every essayist who can afford to have his superannuated essays published in book-form.

Again, in the greater current interests: imagine the injustice to those strategists who put pen to paper on the declaration of war, if in two days war had fizzled into craven bickerings! Imagine the injustice to Mr. Belloc if "land and water" were as free to be crossed as the air to be breathed! Imagine the injustice to the "New Witness" if all England became Semitic, or if Mr. E. D. Morel proved that he had not boiled his mother's, father's and aunt's Christian names (but I forget the christening details which Mr. Chesterton has unearthed) into his present "suspicious" one! You will see, then, that a fund for Disappointed Topical Essayists would not be amiss: nor would it be unpatriotic, so only the essayists did not admire Carlyle, whose statue, I believe, is even now to be interned on the ground that he was in dim Victorian days a pro-German.

"The Round Table" and "The Times."

CONFLICTING VIEWS ON LEGAL RECONSTRUCTION.

"THE COMMONWEALTH OF NATIONS," Part I, has appeared recently, and we welcome a work of exceptional merit. It consists of a series of contributions from "Round Table" "groups." With one exception they are to be congratulated on performances of great ability, painstaking research, and well-balanced judgment. Past blunders are unsparingly exposed and new adjustments are indicated. The product of many minds, these chapters read as smoothly as if they emanated from one source. It is a triumph of editing.

The exception is the too ready acceptance of the stereotyped legal view that the influence of the Norman Conquest on the English system of law was superficial, transient and negligible. The truth is it was insidious, pernicious and permanent.

At the first glance it seems idle to combat an interpretation of events eight centuries old; but so completely have our authors associated themselves with the official view that no adjustments are suggested in the legal domain. This is a comfortable but unwarranted inference from our pre-Norman superiority in law which is undisputed. Surely a deplorable attitude when we are about to enter a new epoch of strenuous rivalry demanding a severe reassessment of values, and nowhere more imperatively than in the vital province of law.

It is encouraging to find that view entertained by another coterie of thinkers whom we may call the "Times" Group. In that journal a series of articles has recently appeared under the title, "The Elements of Reconstruction." In the concluding article, under date August 4, the following programme is insisted upon:—"Any scheme for a policy of Imperial re-organisation must necessarily fail if it does not include a thorough revision in the light of modern needs of the procedure, organisation and qualifications of the legal profession, and all the circumstances of the politico-legal career." A sufficiently wide reference in all conscience!

"All is well," replies the other Group, "English, instead of Roman law, now being administered at Melbourne, Vancouver and San Francisco."

A quaint non sequitur this: the question is whether English law can be regarded as a boon and a blessing to regions Cæsar never knew. Is it a boon and a blessing to India? To England? No jot or tittle of contemporary evidence is adduced in support of the affirmative. This Group deems it sufficient to assure us that the legal system which the Normans found in England "was adopted by William's son, Henry I, as the law of the land."

This circumstance is mentioned as conclusive evidence. It is nothing of the kind. Henry's promise to his people was probably made in good faith. It was known as the Little Charter. It helped to allay the growing discontent; but it remained a dead letter as far as its general application was concerned.

We must remember that precisely the same promise was made in all solemnity by William himself. "The people of England cried with one voice for the laws of good King Edward and for none other. . . . Those laws were then put into the shape of a Code and published by order of King William as the only law of his

Kingdom." (Freeman's "Norman Conquest," Vol. IV, p. 323.)

It was customary in those times to promise the restoration of the laws of a revered sovereign. But a legal caste accompanied William to England. A foreign judiciary put a premium on advocacy. Law became an appanage of the expert. His interest and prejudice had to be reckoned with henceforward. They have been sharply opposed to the interest of the laity from that day to this.

"Chicane is in the Norman blood" says Max O'Rell in "John Bull and his Island," "and just as criminal procedure in England is prompt and decisive, so civil procedure is dilatory and expensive." William himself was a master of chicane. "His whole system of government, his confiscations, his grants, all he did was a logical deduction from one or two legal principles" ("Encyc. Brit."). The evil done by this crowned pettifogger lives after him, and is an incubus upon us to this hour. He and his lawyers appealed to legal principles to justify a series of crimes. "He gradually found," says Freeman, "that there was no way for him to govern England save by oppressions, exactions and confiscations, by the bondage or the death of the noblest in the land."

It was in this darkest England, when forms of law glossed over the most infamous practices, that a new orientation was given to the beneficent system which Norman lawyers found in this island. In outward form it was retained; but its whole spirit was subverted. It became parasitical in ceasing to subserve the public welfare. "The old assemblies were carefully kept up, if only because it was found that they could be turned into means," says Freeman, "for increasing the King's profits, as well as for extending his authority."

When subsequent Kings made few or no demands on the lawyers for the defence of irregularities, their liberal education in outraging the spirit while revering the letter of the law was, by a perfectly easy transition, placed at the service of the profession itself. The invaders who introduced witch-burning and the various ordeals, which were a portion of their benighted system, perceived at a glance the incomparable superiority of English law. But, trained in William's school, they naturally asked: Where does the King, where do we come in? What can we get out of this system? Observe that there was no purpose of benefiting the conquered race in the King's mind or in theirs. On the contrary, the invaders' one idea was to exploit them.

That policy persisted; when Henry I (1100-1135) granted the Little Charter, it was rendered nugatory by the deliberate inertia of the lawyers. Nor has the Great Charter fared any better at their hands. The sacramental undertaking, "To no man shall we sell, or deny or delay Right and Justice," made as little headway against professionalism as the promises of William and Henry.

The true origin of this professional incubus is thus described by a great authority, the late Professor Maitland ("Collected Papers," Vol. III, p. 467): "The conquered Englishmen," he writes, "had a considerable mass of written law ending with the Code of Cnut. The official theory tells of unbroken continuity. . . . And yet, despite the official theory, the whole law is being rapidly changed. The honest books of this confused and confusing period try their best . . . to reconcile theory and fact, and then people who are not scrupulously honest begin to tinker and to tamper, to forge and to fudge in the interest of classes and professions and programmes. A wild hinterland, it is full of gins and snares." And so it remains in Théophile Gautier's phrase about Spain, "A land of noble sentiments and ignoble actions."

Subsequent history amply confirms this view. Had the laws of Edward the Confessor been restored, not only in appearance but in reality, the country would have enjoyed the inestimable boon of a progressive system. On the other hand, if parasitism persisted, degeneracy was inevitable. That is precisely what occurred. Under Edward III (1327-1377) the legal caste had become a source of danger to the State; it was decreed that practising lawyers were ineligible for seats in the House of Commons. Not only so, but Parliament was removed to Coventry for a time, to escape the intrigues of the legal fraternity. But on loud asseverations of zeal, new-born zeal, for the interest of the laity all disabilities were removed and the old abuses were resumed.

So widespread was the popular discontent in the year 1381 that the Inns of Court were raided, and the denizens threatened with massacre. There was much tinkering, but the Norman virus persisted, and the Inns were raided once more in the year 1450. The next four centuries tell the same tale with a wearisome monotony. Despite our regard for appearance the ruthless egotism of our Norman invaders still pervades our legal system, and occasionally finds expression in cynicism which is unparalleled in any other age or country. "My greatest delight," says Lord Brampton, in his "Reminiscences," "was the obtaining of an acquittal of someone whose guilt nobody could doubt." Cynicism here is unconscious; it has become a second nature. It is a judge who boasts of his early triumphs over Justice! All other forms of egotism pant after this in vain. Nor is it exceptional; on the contrary: "Every single tale that the judges told," says Sir M. E. Grant-Duff, "turned on some funny miscarriage of Justice. I went home sad and heartsick, like the poor suitors."

That is to say, we have gins and snares where our neighbours have a highway in which the wayfaring man, though a fool, can hardly err. These gins and snares are maintained, and all efforts to remove them are resisted, because they are at once a source of income and a source of merriment to the servant, when the master tumbles about distracted among them. This is a record in triumphant parasitism.

When we take stock of the Anglo-Norman system after eight centuries this is how the balance stands:— In the year 1066 we read in "The Commonwealth of Nations" that "The English were the one branch of the Teutonic race which had developed their native customs into a legal system." In the year 1911 we read in Dr. Gerland of Jena's standard work "Die Englische Gerichtsverfassung" that this great authority considers us so hopelessly backward that he entertains grave doubts as to our capacity for rising to grasp large generalisations in law! We are a full century behind our neighbours, with the United States—joint sufferer from our system—to keep us company.

This is not the place for an exhaustive list of legal shortcomings. The programme of the "Times" Group suggests their extent and significance. The qualifications of the legal profession are to be judged by comparison with their congeners on the continent, not by the vapourings of special pleaders who have their own axes to grind.

Last, but not least, the circumstances of the politico-legal career demand the closest scrutiny. We still shudder at the peril we escaped by a hairbreadth. We now perceive, to our dismay, that snowing facts under by sonorous insincerities is a trick by which verdicts and elections may be won and an Empire may be lost. We perceive to our chagrin that we have too long applauded successful advocacy in any cause. In our chastened mood we perceive that, like other formidable weapons, advocacy must be judged by the use to which it is put. It is imperative that we submit our estimate of the advocate to a thorough revision. This would tend to give our legal system a new orientation.

W. DURRAN.

Views and Reviews.

DEMOCRACY AND EMPIRE.

ALTHOUGH the editor of the "Round Table" delivered one of these lectures,* the purpose of the series is not the statement of the programme of the "Round Table," which is, by now, practically complete. The lecturers here are more concerned to induce the students to "think Imperially" than to accept any cut-and-dried scheme of federation, such as the "Round Table" has formulated. Sir Charles Lucas, for example, confessedly plays with the two words "democracy" and "Empire." Of the Holy Roman Empire, Voltaire said that it was neither holy, nor was it Roman, nor was it an Empire; of the democratic British Empire, Sir Charles Lucas says in effect that it is not democratic, nor is it really an Empire, and I am not quite sure that it is even British. Democracy he defines in the terms of fact, not of theory; "in modern Democracy, the few govern the many. It is true that the many choose the few who shall govern them; but none the less it is the few, not the many, who make and administer the laws of the State." Aristotle would not have called that system "democracy," but Aristotle was not an Englishman; and so many words change their meaning with use (even "let," which used to mean "hinder" now means "permit") that no harm is done provided that we remember the actual and not the original meaning of the word. The representative system and the permanent Civil Service have given to democracy what it never had before, a political structure, have raised democracy from the invertebrate to the vertebrate class of government; and the people, like the King, reigns—but does not govern.

But Sir Charles Lucas recognises that there is "a New Democracy," which he describes in this passage. "It is represented by the rise of the Labour party, which grows in strength in Great Britain, and is at this moment governing the British Commonwealth of Australia. The New Democracy means the rule of the manual workers. It is avowedly class rule. It comes into being in virtue of the numerical preponderance of the class, but its basis is, as its name implies, not so much numbers as kind. In this class rule, again, the few govern the many. However much representatives are reduced to the position of delegates, in the intervals between the general elections the power is in the hands of the few." To the question asked by Sir Charles Lucas: "Can this New Democracy govern this New Empire": an answer was unconsciously given by a Master of Balliol College in his lecture. He tells us that "when Mr. Shackleton was Chairman of the Labour Party and of the Trades Congress, he made a striking appeal to the University of Oxford. 'There is a wonderful stir among our workers, a movement for our own higher education. We learn we are on the eve of real Democratic government, but we feel we have not the requisite knowledge either of social laws or of foreign and Imperial problems. Help us to acquire this knowledge. Without it we must make a terrible failure.'" That was said nearly nine years ago, and it is understood that by now Mr. Shackleton is perfectly acquainted with social laws and foreign and Imperial problems; for Mr. A. L. Smith answers the question: "Can a Democracy govern an Empire?" with an emphatic affirmative. Mr. Shackleton must have impressed him.

But Sir Charles Lucas is not so confident as Mr. Smith; perhaps he does not know Mr. Shackleton. "How in conjunction with inevitable democracy indispensable sovereignty is to exist, certainly it is the hugest question ever heretofore propounded to mankind"; so he quotes Carlyle. Certainly, the French Republic is managing an Empire, and the British Democracy is managing an Empire, and managing it successfully. "But it will be urged that the French Empire is far less complex than the British, that it contains no element answering to our self-governing dominions; and, as regards the British Empire, that Democracy is not yet full blown in the United Kingdom; that adult franchise is even now not yet the law of the land; that the New Democracy, the rule of labour, is still some distance away; that we are still reaping the benefit of the principles, the traditions, and the practice of the old regime, which is only by slow degrees being diluted."

The example of France does not help us, and we have no experience of the governing capacity of the new democracy except in Australia, which is not called upon to govern the Empire. But to the question: "Can a class government permanently manage an Empire?" Sir Charles Lucas gives a negative answer; for the labouring class is no more immune than any other class from the defects of class government. Class government "never has stood against time in Great Britain," says Sir Charles Lucas. "It has always yielded to slow broadening out. It never has stood, because class is the enemy of the State; the basis is radically unsound." For Democracy, which is always tending to despotism, is more despotic than a despot, because, being itself an abstraction, it can deal only with abstractions. Mr. Smith says truly that "you can appeal to a Democracy on these big ideas; it is not idealism that it lacks, but rather the qualities required to translate ideas into facts, the patience, the study, the power to choose the right leaders." It is idealism always that demands uniformity, that tends to produce uniformity; for the characteristic of idealism is that it regards all exceptions as enemies to its rule, and in the name of an abstract Justice it perpetrates the perpetual injustice of an average. "Uniformity, rigid rule, is characteristic of the New Democracy as it fights its way up, but it is a two-edged tool. Democracy and Uniformity cannot go hand in hand in permanence; they are mutually destructive, if Democracy means freedom. Democracy runs no little danger of hanging itself with red tape."

But the good fortune of the British accompanies us even in Imperial matters; for the practical question is not: "Can a Democracy manage an Empire?" but: "Can several not homogeneous Democracies combine to manage an Empire?" The diversity that each Democracy tends to defeat in itself becomes manifest again in the Empire. Democracy may be democracy, as Señor de Maeztu would say, but one democracy may differ from another; and Sir Charles Lucas concludes: "It seems to me that the natural and inevitable result of the size and the incongruities of the new British Empire, combined with the widening influence of Empire upon Democracy, and the widening influences of the various Democracies upon one another, as they compare, contrast, and try to harmonise the different shades of Democracy, will be and must be, from the simple instinct of self-preservation, to increase public confidence in the leadership of the few. The process is going on already, for, pari passu with the growth of Democracy in the United Kingdom, there has been a growing tendency to withdraw foreign policy and Imperial questions more and more from ordinary party politics. We have seen that it was only in very small areas that the rule of the multitude by the multitude was ever even tried; the larger the area, the more impossible it is found to be. The more complex questions become, and the more enlightened the many become, the more clearly they must see the necessity for the guidance of the few. If this is the case when one Democracy is concerned, much more so when more than one. Whatever machinery may be devised to meet the needs of the coming time, it is certain that each territorial addition to the Empire, and every new

* "The Empire and the Future: A Series of Imperial Studies Lectures." Delivered in the University of London, King's College. (Macmillan. 2s. net.)

Democracy within the Empire, means adding to the necessity for entrusting the management of the Empire to the trained and chosen few." "Whence it follows," says M. Faguet in a passage that I have quoted so often, "that a democracy can live only on condition of producing aristocracies, or permitting aristocracies to produce themselves. That seems strange, but nothing is more certain. The vitality of democracies is measured by the amount of power they have to generate aristocracies." A. E. R.

Reviews.

Towards a Sane Feminism. By Wilma Meikle. (Grant Richards. 3s. 6d. net.)

Miss Wilma Meikle has taken advantage of the Suffragist truce to consider whether the pre-war policy was tending to gain the real objects of the movement; and she has done it remarkably well. She never mentions the phrase: "Economic power precedes political power": but it informs all her criticism of the higher education and political enfranchisement propaganda. Women, she declares, began at the wrong end; they wanted the symbol before it signified anything. Commercial and industrial power is the basis of political strength in England, and if the women had devoted half of the time, money, energy, and brains that they wasted in trying to give us more barristers (as though anybody wanted more barristers!) to training themselves for the more responsible positions of commerce and industry, to raising the economic status of women by enhancing their economic value, she contends that even political enfranchisement would have been nearer than it is, although she imagines that it may come next week. If women had taken all labour for their province, instead of hammering at the doors of the Universities, beating about the Bar, and trying to storm the High Court of Parliament, she contends that all the other things would have been in process of being added unto them. The industrial order that she contemplates is a bi-sexual capitalist order, the despotism tempered by Trade Unionism that we already know; and we hope that she will devote more attention to her economic proposals than she has given them here. For the rest, the book is a very balanced criticism of the feminist movement, illuminated by some witty phrases. She attacks the ideal of "The Lady" with real gusto; she holds the balance fairly between the virgins and the hetairæ of the Suffragist movement, says that "the battered marriages and the cowardly spinsterhood of the older suffragists and the soul-destroying promiscuity of the new hetairæ and the literary failure of Mr. D. H. Lawrence are all part of the widespread, stupendous tragedy of an imperfect understanding of the obligations and the beauty of sex." Her attack on "the Great Domestic Cant of Good Wifehood and Good Motherhood" is lively reading; she concludes that "quite frequently it happens that all the beauty of motherhood lies draggled in the mud of renunciation. Because Puritanism took a sensual pleasure in sacrifice, a relationship which is naturally a very pleasant one has been starved and disciplined till it is often little better than sacred." We think that she is preposterously sane when she argues that because the passionate relationship between mother and child does not last beyond the period of suckling, the child can be better cared for by professional nurses in crèches than by its mother; and her conception of a home where the housework and cooking of the substantial meals is done by a professional class of women with a talent for housework is another example. At the root of the dissatisfaction with domestic service lies the objection to doing housework for other people; and Miss Meikle's proposal would not remove that objection. But the value of her book does not lie in its positive suggestions, but in its criticism; she does make it possible for women to sit back and be reasonable, and to look at life not as a romance or a melodrama, but as a practical adventure. She insists that the feminists have been losing their life in the struggle for distinction, whether political, academic, or merely spiritual, that a decent, reasonable, happy life is possible now to those who will qualify themselves to live it, neither denying nor exaggerating their sex nor seeking merely to do what men can do, but will not. Her conception of industry, with an in-and-out clause for women during periods of maternity, is not immediately intelligible to men; and her picture of regiments of babies, children of the students, toddling over the lawns of Newnham and Girton only delights by its incongruity. But the general sanity of the book pleases; if women are ever to begin to think, they will have to attain to Miss Meikle's state of mind, and to remember that good humour solves quite as many difficulties as intelligence does. We speak precisely when we describe this book as the first essay in feminist literature.

Jean Jaures. By Margaret Pease. (Headley Bros. 2s. net.)

Mrs. Pease has left us wondering whether Jaurès was anything more than a fluent debater. He bulked so largely in the imagination of Socialists that it is difficult to believe that this sketch does justice to his memory. Even the attempt to realise his oratorical power is baffled by the descriptions of this account; we are told, on p. 33, for example, that his voice was "monotonous" and "harsh," but on p. 39, when Mrs. Pease wants to gush about his kindness, we are told that "Jaurès spoke in his beautiful grave voice." Mrs. Pease exonerates Jaurès' action with regard to the *bloc* by asserting that Jaurès was disinterested; and always when we expect something like a judgment of the man, we get an excuse. The writing of a memoir of Jaurès ought to have been the occasion for an authoritative statement of Socialist theory and policy, for his death coincided with the end of an age; but we get instead a re-hash of Jaurès' writings on the Dreyfus case, and a sketch of his scheme of a citizen army, and of his propaganda of international peace. Mrs. Pease conveys the impression that Jaurès was a Republican with a gift of ranting, and that he had faith, and sanity, and enthusiasm, and all the rest of it; but we want to know if he had Socialism, and, if so, of what kind.

The Flogging Craze. By Henry S. Salt. (Allen & Unwin. 2s. 6d. net.)

The case against flogging has been stated so often in pamphlets and letters to the Press that there is nothing new to be said. If ever a case had been proved, this one has; and flogging, as Mr. Shaw says so frequently, can only be advocated by those who prefer abnormal manifestations of sexual passion. But although the case has been proven, it has not yet won the verdict; we are still liable to those moods of virtuous indignation that always, strangely enough, find their most characteristic expression in the demand for the lash. It is only four years since England was stampeded into prescribing the lash for souteneurs; and on that, as on every other, occasion all the old fallacies were revived. The Bishop of London, who then led us to suppose that flogging would purify London, now tells us that London is worse than ever. How soon we may be plunged into another purity propaganda, with demands for the lash for someone or other, it is impossible to prophesy; but it is well to have here in convenient form the summary of the arguments against flogging. Mr. Salt has dealt very soberly with the subject, and this, "the first book, as distinguished from pamphlets, which has been written on the subject of corporal punishment, as practised in this country," should be in the hands of all those who believe that the body is the temple of the Holy Ghost.

Sons of Canada. By Augustus Bridle. (Dent. 5s. net.)

This is a series of sketches of thirty-four notable Canadians, including politicians, professors, painters, sculptors, and musicians, military men, millionaires, and Sir Max Aitken. They are written with considerable gusto, and little criticism, and most of the criticism is directed to French-Canadians, and of these Henri Bourassa, the "Parochial Patriot," has the largest share. Mr. Bridle has a trick of describing a man in two or three words; but apparently he finds the Duke of Connaught indescribable. He calls Sir Wilfrid Laurier "the Chevalier [does he mean Albert?] of Quebec," Sir Robert Borden is "a gentleman Premier," Lord Strathcona is "the land-son Viking," Sir Max Aitken is "the Keats of Finance," Sir Clifford Sifton is the "Sphinx of Public Life," and Sir William Vanhorne is simply "Prodigious!" He is banal in his description of soldiers; for instance, General Steele has only "Courage" to his name, Sir Sam Hughes is scantily clad in "Hob-nailed Boots," and Colonel George Denison with "Spurs and Sentences" is not properly equipped for a full-dress parade. Why not have called him a talking fighting-cock, and have done with it? Professor James Mavor as "a mutable mentality" seems tautological, and the "system and temperament" of Baron Shaughnessy would apply almost as well to Archbishop Bruchesi, who is fobbed off with "a sociological prelate." Dr. Vogt, "the chorus-master," lacks imagination, and why Mr. Bridle should equate "Two Pères de Musique" with "Deux Pères de Musique" puzzles us. If he must write polyglot, why not "Deux Fathers of Music," or "Deux Musical Fathers"? He might well have cut "le peintre" from the name of Aureole Suzor Cote, and "foil and counterfoil" for "two painters of Ontario" is a cliché. Browne's use of the moon entitles him to be called "tin-foil." However, here they all are, the livers of the strenuous life, the men who have made Canada what she is, and have been duly punished with knighthoods. Mr. F. S. Challoner has drawn sixteen portraits which convince us that these men do belong to the petty nobility.

Superhumanity. *By Isabelle de Steiger.* (Elliott Stock. 2s. 6d. net.)

So far as we can understand this book, Miss de Steiger argues that man can become superman, that this mortal can put on immortality, only by the actual pouring out of blood that does not contain what she calls the gluten of death. That blood, she contends, was poured out by Christ, for the redemption of the world, in the most literal sense; she understands the Incarnation to have been the necessary condition of Regeneration, that man could not be born again in the spirit without an actual influx to this planet of blood made Divine. To this end, she quotes copiously from the literature of magic, alchemistry, and mysticism; apparently assuming that three Incomprehensibles can establish one truth. She believes that this war is a fulfilment of prophecy, and that Armageddon has yet to come, and that a New Era will begin when the sign Aquarius rules the heavens and the earth. Apparently God will water His Garden Himself instead of leaving Adam to do it. Everything, including Eugenics, is tending towards the production of the Perfect Man; Miss de Steiger suggests that the discovery and use of electricity and the radio-active metals is actually purifying and vivifying the atmosphere, and making possible the existence of more finely constituted, more spiritually informed people than those who lived in the dark ages, or even in the nineteenth century. Miss de Steiger writes an illiterate English, and her use of quotations and current knowledge does not lift her book above the level of the farrago.

Pastiche.

MASTER GRIDLEY'S BRAIN-WAVE; OR, SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

"Poppa, there's a soldier going by."

"Willie, bring me the 'Times,' and don't stand there, gaping out of the window."

"Where is it, poppa?"

"I last saw it on the drawing-room table—that's where *I* left it, any way. Run along."

Mr. Gridley wiped his pince-nez, sighed, patted his waistcoat, blinked his watery eyes, and twiddled his fingers. For two minutes it seemed that he had ceased thinking altogether.

"Here you are, poppa," said Willie, handing the "Times" to his father.

"Hello! Who's crumpled it up like this?" demanded Mr. Gridley. "I left it neatly folded. Can't keep a blessed newspaper for two seconds in this house."

"There's another soldier going by, poppa."

"Tut, tut, my child. Keep quiet."

"Poppa."

"Yes, my child."

"Does soldiers read the 'Times' like you, poppa?"

"Of course not. They read the 'Daily Mail' and the 'Daily Mirror.'"

"Is they like the 'Times,' poppa?"

"They are printed by the same printer and written by the same editor."

"Why doesn't soldiers read the 'Times' like you, poppa?"

"I've just told you, my child. They read a ha'penny paper—not a penny one. The 'Times' is a——"

"Poppa."

"What is it, my child?"

"There's another soldier over the road, talking to Mrs. Stevens' nursey. What's he talking to her for?"

"Don't ask stupid questions."

"Does that soldier go to the war, poppa?"

"Of course he does. Now keep quiet. I'm reading."

Mr. Gridley settled himself comfortably in his arm-chair, and Willie flopped down on the sofa, picking the cushion buttons with his finger-nails. Mr. Gridley sighed deeply several times as he turned the pages of the newspaper, glancing rapidly from headline to headline without reading anything in particular.

"Dear, dear!" he would murmur. "Fancy! Goodness gracious!" etc.

For several minutes his eyes roamed unintelligently over the pages, then suddenly a heavy frown settled upon his countenance. He bent the paper in two, folded it, and, despite his adipose tissue, leaned forward. The frown upon his face deepened; he drew his head back sharply, then thrust it forward with a jerk, as if incapable of believing what his eyes conveyed to him. "Labour problem after the war." The words dribbled out of his mouth slowly. "Labour and the State." Mr. Gridley's eyebrows elevated into his hair. He peered closely into the page and gripped it tightly with both hands.

"Poppa," exclaimed Willie. Mr. Gridley made no reply. "Poppa," repeated Willie insistently, "why doesn't you read the 'Daily Mail' like the soldiers?"

Mr. Gridley threw an angry glance towards his child and ignored the question. His watery eyes returned in a dazed condition to the "Times."

"Guild Socialism!" He muttered the words several times almost under his breath. "Am I reading the 'Times' or a Socialist rag? Can this be the ——? No. ——."

"Poppa," exclaimed Willie, "is the 'Times' more than a ha'penny?"

"The 'Times,' my child," replied Mr. Gridley sternly, "is one penny. *Now* are you satisfied?"

"Why is it a ha'penny more, poppa?"

"Because, my child," snapped Mr. Gridley, "the 'Times' is, or was supposed to be, the premier paper in the world, reliable, safe, certain, patriotic, and level-headed." Mr. Gridley stopped to regain his breath. "But I'm afraid that this war will corrupt it—spoil it. Always a consistent opponent of the Red Peril, a fearless enemy of all sloppiness—bah! what are we coming to?"

"Poppa."

"Yes, my child."

"Why doesn't you buy the 'Daily Mail' like the

soldiers? Then p'r'aps *I* could have the other ha'penny, and you wouldn't be cross any more, poppa."

Mr. Gridley's eyes lit up with a strange light. He flung the "Times" upon the floor and opened his arms wide to his little son.

"Willie, my boy," he cried, "you've got brains! That's just what I *will* do! No more Socialism—no more weak knees! I'll have the 'Daily Mail' from this day onwards, and I'll put the other ha'penny in your money-box. Then, when there's five shillings, I'll invest it in the War Loan for you."

Willie danced excitedly.

"*Oh*, pops, *how* lovely!"

"Run away and play now, my dear. I want to finish reading the 'Times.'" ARTHUR F. THORN.

THRENODY.

To Two Murdered Civil Servants.

Not with the proud consent of willing sacrifice,
Facing, content, your ordained fate,
The shrilling bugles thrill the world in these great days,
You hear them as you lie disconsolate.

Not with the knowledge absolute of duty done,
The ends of life achieved, and rest,
And that sweet sense of acquiescent calm that marks
The gilded drooping of life's sun i' the west;

Nor did you lie in pangs excruciate,
Each slothful hour a bitter strain
Of pinching horror, praying for God's anodyne—
The blessed surcease and escape from pain;

Not on the easy couch of sure enfolding death,
Your friends around you whose sad eyes
Shun yours fast dimming and gaze furtively beyond
The intolerable moment when you rise

Triumphant, passing o'er time and tide, and cleave
Through the vast ether, with strong wing,
To that immanent God, whom, faltering, you served—
Omnipotent Creator, Lord and King;

Sudden, death hurled his shaft insensate at your heart:
The jubilant sun at noonday.
Flashing its scintillant rays into those brave eyes
So swiftly to be socketed in clay.

If, in the bravery of our strong coursing blood,
We doubt the signature of God
Upon the merciless writ that called you hence,
Hoping that God, perchance, like Jove, may nod,

Little it aids us; for our doubts (long since dissolved
By you beyond the margent deeps)
Melt wholly into that great azured dome, sceptered
By God, who neither nods nor sleeps.

Yet, haply, "if from out this bourne of time and space,"
Across the void, inviolate,
Our thoughts and hopes can carry to those happy groves,
Through which henceforth you walk immaculate,

"Be of good cheer," we hail you; "not in vain you died;
Not vilely futile was the assassin's stroke;
You lived, and life seemed smooth; you died, and then we knew
Grim Fate stands near, with dagger in his cloak."

No consolation this to those you leave behind,
Who face the travail of the years
Uncomforted. "Not this our heritage," they cry;
"We asked for life and love; you leave us tears."

The circling orbs their destinies obey, and fly,
Winged with celestial fire,
Spilling their golden splendours down the dizzy space,
As men spill tears, who fain would cleanse the mire

And mirk of gangrened earth from their sore-riven souls.
Unhappy contrast! Yet still glows
The immortal spark within us, warranty ours
Of everlasting life that from God flows.

Oh! You, who, broken-hearted, mourn your stricken dead,
Stand not too long beside the grave;
Life beckons you across this interlude of gloom
To seize the richer things that sorrow gave.

S. G. H.

THE SNARE.

O, child of my remembrance, heavenly wise,
Whose heart was full of schemes of Paradise,
How art thou fallen! tripped 'neath death's dark ban,
Ensnared and fall'n, a self-imprisoned man!

E. H. VISIAK.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

INDUSTRIAL SYMPOSIUM.

Sir,—Sir Robert Hadfield's proof-slip was not received till THE NEW AGE was going to press, and therefore it was not possible to transfer its corrections to the page-proof. Sir Robert's additions, modifications, and corrections are as follows:—The full titles should be F.R.S., D.Met., D.Sc., M.Inst.C.E., President of Iron and Steel Institute, 1905-7; President of Faraday Society, 1914-16; Master Cutler of Sheffield, 1899-1900; Hon. Foreign Member of K. Svenska Vetensk, Akad, Stockholm; also member of Munitions Inventions Board; Board of Invention and Research Arbitration Panel; Member of Senate of Sheffield University. As to corrections, etc., for "April, 1914," read "1894." After "considerable difference" add "but no one can foresee." For "between enemy countries" read "between ourselves and enemy countries." After "the post-war industrial situation" add "at any rate I shall not try to do it." After, "deposits of natural wealth there" add "we must not blame the foreigner, but ourselves." For "Germans" read "the enemy." After "within our Empire" add "we may reasonably regard these resources as belonging properly to the British people." Delete "not from the Capitalist point of view." After "most reprehensible" add "nay, they have indeed helped to bring about the present unsatisfactory state of affairs as regards the position between Capital and Labour." For "attempts are" read "have been." After "done away with" add "to bring about progress and betterment." For "similar views to those I am expressing" read "now expressed." For "a subject which bordered" read "did it not border?" For "presidential address" read "opening address." For "this month" read "last month." After "the same subject" read "and quoted from Burke, who, in 1775, said." After "make them happy" add "it is this very point of view of Burke, the human point of view, so rightly quoted by Sir Maurice, which I most strenuously urge upon the consideration of those who represent 'Capital.'" For "required" read "requires." After "have to be solved" add "I have quoted freely, because on some occasions I have been upbraided for my well-known views on Labour questions. The opinions of these two eminent men show that the subject is very much in the minds of many of us, and must in the future receive broader and more human consideration than in the past, or the Ship of State may be wrecked. Therefore with," etc. For "scientific and technical society" read "technical organisation." For "a solution between what is known" read "a solution of the trouble existing between what is termed." For "one human being" read "set of human beings." Conclude with "Friend and foe, ally and neutral, all will have to study this important problem of modern times." HUNTLY CARTER.

* * *

THE LOCAL I.L.P.

Sir,—Many moons ago—twenty, to be exact—you printed a letter of mine describing the reception of a lecture on "National Guilds" which I gave at the local I.L.P. I compared myself to a poor lion in a wild rabbits' cage, or to Tartarin of Tarascon, or something of that sort, but the substance of what I told you in that unremembered past was that my lecture on Guilds benefited the universe and the local I.L.P. as much as a discourse on the toes of Cæsar's horse delivered at a mothers' meeting. Well, Sir, I must do my duty now, and tell you that last Sunday a friend persuaded me to attend a lecture at the local I.L.P. The room was crowded; every face was new. An old gentleman discoursed on his "Recollections of the Socialist Movement." But listen, Sir, listen! While he was proud of the past, he said the only hope for the future was the development

of the idea of control of workshops by workmen, leading to a system of industrial management by the democracy. He insisted on it, and we all agreed. Now, Sir, who is to be blamed for this? Not I, for this audience knew me not; the group I addressed died from shock. You are the culprit. Like the law's, your arm is long. Your naughty, naughty paper that nobody reads disturbs the inner mysteries of the universe, the local I.L.P. Oh, how could you? D.

* * *

THE BIRTH-RATE.

Sir,—Miss Biss appears to be one of those unfortunate people who endeavour to answer a case before they have seized the point of it. In my first letter I explicitly confined my remarks to a very small section of women. Miss Biss replies as though I had referred to women in general. Discussion is impossible. C. W. E.

* * *

VIEWS AND REVIEWS.

Si,r—Your correspondent, Mr. R. E. Dickinson, now "concedes that war is unlikely to destroy mankind utterly because it will not be pushed to its logical conclusion." That was the contention of my article, which he set out to refute. But he still thinks that "war can bring us very near to destruction," which I deny. I go back to the time of the blood feud, of the tribal feud, of the war between city and city; I add to war the ravages of plague and famine, and I see that mankind has survived more manifold, more pressing dangers than any that mechanical science can invent. I refuse to be scared by any bogeys of extermination, because I remember that Nature, with all her resources of pestilence, wild beasts, famine, flood, and the savagery of men, has not been able to prevent the race from persisting and perhaps multiplying. Man may, nay, does devote some of his efforts to finding what Mr. Dickinson calls "a solution to war," but all those solutions contain war as a final threat. I do not remember one proposal for the federation of Europe, for example, which does not threaten war to the death against the nation which should break its bond. I have said more than once that war is the last word of diplomacy; force is the sanction of law. For example, most of us pay our debts without demur; but, as Dicey says somewhere, the fact that there is a legal machine which will enforce payment of the debt should not be overlooked. I am not an advocate of war, any more than Mr. Dickinson is an advocate of peace; we both of us accept government as the "solution to war," but I recognise that government only makes war under another name. For example, the English Government did not declare war on Dublin; it suppressed an insurrection. I suggest to Mr. Dickinson that it is possible that I have agonised over the horrors of war at least as much as he has; also that I may have agonised over the horrors of peace. I have seen people die; I have seen them suffer accident, and the slow poisoning of some of our industrial processes; but I do not therefore jump to the conclusion that the race is in danger of extermination by peace, and accuse Mr. Dickinson of insensibility to its tragedies. The argument must be lifted out of these generalities of war and peace into politics; what we are all really arguing about is a question of government, and we may debate either the principles or an actual project without diving to fundamental questions of Life and Death.

I need only remind "W. A. Y." that he is supposed to be writing from the trenches, and should try to maintain the character of a soldier. I do not accuse him of intelligence, and he scores no point against me by declaring that he cannot understand me. A. E. R.

* * *

QUESTIONS.

Sir,—As among the words of his contribution to the discussion of Mr. William Watson's "Pencraft" is the phrase "such a one," may I ask "R. H. C." which is more correct: "such a one" or "such an one," and if the distinction between these twain, though it be but the nth distinction, may not be taken to prove his point concerning the Scriptive and the Loquitive forms of written speech? BIPP.

Memoranda.

(From last week's NEW AGE.)

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.

The Welsh coal-owners are among the worst exploiters the world has ever known.

It is by no accident that it is in Wales that the Syndicalist theories are most extreme and the Labour unrest most profound.

Let us remember that Lord Rhondda is Welsh Capitalism.

What would even our soldiers say if every fresh division added to the Army lowered the rations and pay of the men already in?

A national system of industry and the commodity theory of wages are incompatible.

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 actually engaged, will need to remain in a state of war.

Every workman engaged in private service must first make profit for his employer as a condition of performing any national function.

All the reconstruction that will be necessary after the war is necessary now.—"Notes of the Week."

After the war we cannot escape from a dreadful and probably a prolonged period of acute unemployment.

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?

Every Reconstruction proposal that ignores or minimises the probabilities of unemployment is in the nature of a dishonest gamble.—S. G. H.

Every journal includes among 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.

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.

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.—PROFESSOR ED. V. ARNOLD.

Whatever else they may stand for, the Carsonites are first and foremost profiteers.—C. E. BECHHOFER.

It is almost blasphemous to assert that everything that can be said about the war has been said already. The event is well-nigh as significant as the fall of Lucifer.

In abandoning reason—which, also, is an impulse, and, perhaps, in the end, the most masterful—Mr. Bertrand Russell certainly avoids the need for the discussion of the rights and wrongs of the present war, but he avoids at the same time the need to discuss anything.

It is a matter of indifference to the spirit of classic tragedy whether its persons are kings or dustmen; for the true hero is the epitome of mankind.—R. H. C.

"Your talk may get somewhere as a sentiment, but, as an argument it loops the loop."—OLIVER ST. JOHN GOGARTY.

If you cannot make men sober by Act of Parliament, neither can you make them civilised by conquest.

Good government, but not self-government.

The art of a free people is as deep as its soul; the art that is above its head is the art of tyranny.—A. E. R.

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.—R. B. KERR.

PRESS CUTTINGS.

The broadness of view taken by the authors of this volume is well shown in their treatment of the subject of Syndicalism and Guild Socialism, which appear to be a growing tendency amongst the younger workers in certain coalfields. The authors refer to the notions now being put about by Mr. Cole, Mr. Mellor, and THE NEW AGE, and largely supported by sections of the workers. It is not enough, they claim, that these men should be merely snubbed and ignored. Although their views are couched in terms of class hostility, and in the irritating and militant manner of Karl Marx, it is contended that they are worth attention, and are in fact constructive rather than destructive in their practical tendency. We confess to some astonishment at the leniency with which this branch of the subject is handled. Our authors, it is true, have no sympathy with the revolutionary change of control advocated by these Syndicalists, but they comfort themselves with the conviction that new social classes cannot be suddenly created, and any efforts to do so will break down at the first attempt. But surely even the attempt would do incalculable harm to industry. We believe, nevertheless, that the views here expressed are inherently sound, and the correct way to guard against the results of such doctrines is not to ignore them or to snub their exponents, but to guide the new forces into their proper channel, and endeavour to utilise them for the furtherance of the great national reconstruction that must be kept in view if the Empire is to achieve its true destiny.—"Colliery Guardian."

Scullery-maid required immediately, town and country; wages £18; some experience required; good reference; 16 servants kept; family three.—Write fully, Housekeeper, Dunstall Hall, Burton-on-Trent.—"Times."

Against State-Socialism, at all events, he is in revolt, and inclines rather to Guild-Socialism, with its promise of autonomy for the producer. He revives, as no modern Liberal has done, the dread of "positive institutions" which was so vocal in the whole school of Rousseau. The individual is dwarfed in the modern State by the sense of his own impotence. The State, as he puts it, in a phrase which echoes Godwin and his pupil Shelley, prevents men growing to their full mental stature. It gives only to the very few, and those not the best, the scope for will and creation. The school of Rousseau would have gone back to the city-State of antiquity. Mr. Russell finds the solution in the devolution by the State of common activities to a great variety of voluntary organisations, for education, for example, but above all for industrial production. So highly does he value initiative, experiment, and invention as the expression of our creative impulses, that he will even tolerate the survival beside controlled productive guilds of some capitalistic production as a check on the tendency of great organisations to become stereotyped and mechanical.—"The Nation."

There are certain classes of offences which, if committed in war time, ought to be punished by death. We punish a soldier by death for shirking his duty in the field. Surely there is stronger, not less strong, reason for inflicting the punishment of death on a contractor who from dishonest motives makes it difficult for a soldier to discharge his duty. For example, if any contractor were to be found guilty of supplying Army boots with paper instead of leather soles, he most certainly ought to be shot or hanged. The man who betrays the interests of his country from the desire of gain and exploits her agony for his sordid and selfish ends is a far worse man than the poor creature who yields to a fit of terror on the field.—"The Spectator."

THE NEW AGE in a recent issue published quite a terrible outburst concerning the proposal that Russian-born eligibles in this country should be compelled to serve in the British Army. Mr. Herbert Samuel is held up to scorn as an anti-Semite who has proved "that in the persecution of Jews a Jew can be worse than the Russian Government," and then in a fine frenzy our contemporary goes on:—

"Is it with the consent of English national opinion that more than a scrap of paper—the sacred tradition of England and the right of asylum—should be torn up for us by a Jew in office, who, in order to curry favour with the ignorant mob, should hound his fellows into military service for a country they hate, or for a country they have yet no reason to love?"

In this our contemporary is doubly wrong, for it makes two errors. The Russian Jew does not hate Russia, quite the contrary. What he hates is the system of Bureaucratic Government as carried on by the retrogressive element in the land of the Tsar, and which persecutes Jews as part of its regime. To obtain an alteration of this we are convinced the best way is a defeat of the Germans whose influence and policy are so largely responsible for Russian retrogression and the chief supporters and upholders of which in Russia are now so distinctly pro-German. Thus the Russian Jew is fighting his own battle for freedom—and that of his brother Russian Jews—when he takes his place among the contending hosts of Britain. Nor is it true to say that the Russian-born Jews in England "have yet no reason to love" her. They had, the moment their feet trod on this land of freedom which received them as refugees flying from the cruel disabilities of their native land. As to the genial observations which our contemporary makes of the "Jew in office" as Home Secretary, as Jews we prefer the "anti-Semitism" of Mr. Samuel to the pro-Semitism which it so frequently admits to its columns. Indeed, we cannot avoid wondering whether this perfervid anxiety for the Russian-born Jews is not influenced less by the love of Mordecai than by the hate of Haman, and that, after all, it is the Government of which the "Jew in office" is a member that it is really anxious to get at.—"Jewish World."

It is obvious that any attempt by the Government to compel membership would involve some responsibility for the conditions of membership. This would mean interference with the internal affairs of the Unions, which will be well advised to regard with grave suspicion any legislation which gives its numbers only to destroy its constitution. Organisation is imperative; it is difficult, unpleasant, and costly, but it is better and cheaper to essay the task from the inside than to accept, in this connection, the dangerous aid of the Government.—THE MANAGEMENT COMMITTEE, GENERAL FEDERATION OF TRADE UNIONS.

"COMING OUT" TEXTILE WORKERS.

The latest revision in the list of certified occupations will make a further inroad upon textile mills with regard to male labour. It is impossible to say what the result of the drain will be if the war continues. The effect in cotton mills, for instance, will be felt for years. Military training will not tend to make efficient cotton workers, and, apart from that, many of the factory youths and young men who survive the war will not return to the spinning and weaving mills. The industry will have to depend more than ever upon women, while special methods will have to be devised so as to induce children to enter into the occupation.—"Textile Mercury."

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