NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The world, as a rule, is sceptical of sudden conversions. Nevertheless, several million people in this country were prepared last week to believe that Germany had suddenly seen the error of her ways. That fifty years of obsession by the notion that Germany was entitled to a world Empire by any means could not be dispelled in a week or two; that it was improbable that the considered plans and policy of a capitalist and militarist caste should be abandoned in a night; that there was any likelihood in the present circumstances that Prussia would be on her knees repentant—all this was more or less ignored or forgotten by the journals and readers, during the latter end of last week, who allowed themselves to think that peace was near. Peace of a certain kind, what, in fact, is called a patched-up peace, might, indeed, be said to have been brought nearer by the German offer; but a peace such as the Allies demand indeed, be said to have been brought nearer by the German offer; but a peace such as the Allies demand, and their peoples have a right to expect is almost as far off as ever.

The disposition to believe that the German proposals for peace might conceivably be serious rests upon two assumptions, both false, and both arising from popular ignorance of real public affairs. And the first is this: that the whole trouble between Germany and the Allies began and was contained in the dozen or so days that immediately preceded England's entrance into the war. Following upon this it is only natural to imagine that the settlement of the trouble likewise concerns only the events of those few days; and that German regret or German reparation for the acts committed then is sufficient apology for the breach of international law. As we have very often pointed out, however, the motives of the war are very different from the circumstances of its actual outbreak; and no amount of reparation for the immediate circumstances themselves will suffice to change or impress the motives of the war or to eradicate them as sources, still potent, of further wars. It is true, for instance, that the violation of the neutrality of Belgium was in a way the popular provocation of the war in this country. Thousands upon thousands of the English public who before that event had scarcely realised the existence of problems of foreign affairs, and certainly were not aware that England had ever guaranteed the integrity of Belgium, became at once violently anti-German, and were prepared to go to any lengths in the defence and restoration of a small nation. And for such as these, the promise to restore Belgium and to make reparation for the wrongs committed there, would appear to be almost, if not quite, sufficient vindication of the cause for which they took up arms. The further question, however, to ask is, why Germany, with her eyes wide open (on the admission of Herr Bethmann-Hollweg) to the "crime" she was about to commit, nevertheless committed it, and took all the risks of the consequent unpopularity of her act. It was not, as we can say with certainty, any actual fear of aggression from either France, Russia, or England. Each of these countries, as we have only too good reason for knowing, and as the German Foreign Office must have known much better than anybody else, was even more unprepared for aggression upon Germany than they have proved to be for defence against her. The plea of defence is, therefore, out of court. There, then, remains only the explanation that Germany had some other plan and purpose in her mind than mere defence; a plan and purpose of so large an importance in her eyes that it was worth the risk of alienating the world's opinion in order to realise it. And whatever it was, it was this plan and purpose, and no mere policy of needless defence, that led her to commit the breach of Belgium's neutrality as a necessary step in the accomplishment of her ulterior object. Now, can it, we ask, be expected that a simple withdrawal of that false step should in itself be enough to compel Germany to give up the object which led her to make it? Has her ulterior object been abandoned because her first means has been found to be badly calculated? It appears to us so improbable that we can only express surprise that, after all these months of popular instruction, so many of our public appear to have been deluded by it.

The second false assumption that assisted the spread of the belief that Germany's offer of terms might be
genuine was the supposition, endorsed to our astonishment by several of our Jingo organs, that a victorious Prussia or a Prussia confident of ultimate victory would not be offering terms on her own initiative. Prussia—so the argument ran—must have become aware that the game was up; but, on the other hand, considered advantage might accrue to her. At home among her "victorious" accommodation.

Created that, after all, Prussia was not so black as she had been painted, and that she intended peace against a world of implacable enemies. The moral advantage from this coup was, therefore, quite worth the little trouble it would cost to carry out; and, moreover, it was without prejudice to any of Prussia's plans. That this, and not the consciousness of defeat, was the predominant, if not the sole, motive, may be seen clearly in the Chancellor's speech in the Reichstag, still more clearly in the Kaiser's message to his troops, and most clearly of all in the proclamation of the King of Bavaria. For all our sacrifices of two and a half years, the King of Bavaria, we are entitled to expect as a reward "a peace of which we can be proud." And the Kaiser himself, it will be observed, somewhat incautiously, for a diplomat, referred to his "victorious" troops. But is this the language, or are these the sentiments, of a military caste that knows or even suspects itself of being beaten? They are not, and the supposition is, therefore, wholly false that only a Prussian apprehensive of defeat would offer terms of accommodation.

Most unfortunately for the state of public opinion in this country, the illusions of an approaching peace created by the Prussian diplomatic coup were powerfully reinforced by some ill-considered words—we hope, at any rate, that they were ill-considered—let fall by Mr. Bonar Law. Speaking in the House of Commons on Thursday, Mr. Bonar Law, in his new office of Chancellor of the Exchequer, had, only recently been in contact with the City where he had learned the actual facts of our financial situation which, in brief, are these: that the City is disinclined to raise another national funded loan at less than six per cent. or more; and that the Government, with an eye to public opinion, is disinclined to pay even so much. Under these circumstances of financial deadlock, what could a poor Chancellor of the Exchequer do but brood in his office and wonder whether indeed we should be able to carry on the war? And what more natural than that his reflections should slip into his speech? The position is, in fact, so serious that we shall not altogether regret the blunder if it leads to a discussion of the finance of the war, about which, as we all know, much too little has been publicly said. What are we to do about it to deliver the Chancellor of the Exchequer from the predicament in which he finds himself? Are we really to abandon the war and to accept the first offers of compromise made by Prussia because the City declines to accommodate the nation with the necessary currency? Is that the conclusion to which the nation will allow its Government to be forced? That at the first push threatening the full market price of their money our capitalists would begin to "squawk" we always knew very well; and we have many times said, in fact, that there would be no wars if their cost were compulsorily defrayed from capital as a matter of course. But the present war has gone too far to be brought to an ignominious conclusion at the moment when the fires are raging in the City. Capital should have been more prescient of the future than to suppose it could draw its five and six per cent. without even being asked to accept less—or none at all! The thing to say to Capital, faced as it now is with the prospect of compulsion, and horrified at the thought: "You did not hesitate to enforce service upon the lives of the nation, and to consent to the conscription of men at their own risk. Your view then was that the carrying on of the war to our last man and our last shilling was a necessary and a holy duty. Has its character so changed that when it comes to the conscription of money and the enforced service of Capital, the duty of service has ceased to be necessary and its discharge holy? We think not; but that as necessary and holy as ever the war was, it is, and, by Heaven, we intend to keep you to your word."

That all we have ever said about the imperative necessity of the conscription of Capital is true is beginning to be recognised in what the "Times" calls "responsible quarters." Why, however, a suggestion should be scouted when it issues from The New Age and worthy serious consideration when issuing from anywhere else? Mr. E. W. G. Asquith, for instance, in a speech published in the "Times" on "Exchange bankers," it appears, has put forward what the "Times" pronounces the most drastic suggestion yet offered for the solution of the Government's financial difficulty. It is that the new Government should suspend further borrowing altogether, and sub-
stitute a tax on capital to which every able purse should be compelled to contribute as every able body has been compelled to contribute to the fighting force. "Taking the capital of the United Kingdom at 24,000 millions a tax of 6 per cent. would produce 1,440 millions. If the tax were limited to a half per cent. per month it would cause little or no monetary disturbance, as Government disbursements would balance the tax payments. Just as former borrowings have caused inflation and a consequent rise in the prices of commodities so would taxation have the contrary effect. It would enforce economy of consumption, bring about a fall of prices, restrict imports and so help the exchange. To meet this taxation of capital people would either draw on their balances or borrow from their banks." The process appears to us simple, but its simplicity is not our first concern. Scores of more difficult operations have been carried out in the taxation of the lives of our able-bodied citizens; and the present interminable discussion be an elementary exercise in comparison with any one of them. What we insist upon is the justice of some such course, a justice, moreover, that appears now to be necessary if the war is to be carried on. And our only fear about it is that our capitalist classes will compromise upon the war rather than admit even this small application of compulsion to the service of their money. We shall see.

Reverting to the Prussian proposals, we have observed that several journals-the majority we should say-recommend as proper the return by the Allies of a disbursement which would balance the tax payments. Just as Germany is advisable we do not agree. Already, in the present, the matter might be allowed to rest, as far as Germany officially is concerned.

As far as we are concerned, however, it is another matter. And here should begin a discussion at home. Speaking after the news had reached us of Germany's "offer," three Government speakers have had occasion to refer to the matter; and their reply to Germany, when reduced to exposition of this: that the Allies require "reparation" for the past, "guarantees" for the future, and a definite end to "the military domination of Prussia." Now it is of the utmost importance that we in this country should know, even if Germany does not know, what meanings are to be attached to these phrases; for on their interpretation not only any forecast we can make of the probable duration of the war, but the estimate we must form of the value of the war itself. Does "reparation," for instance, include indemnities to the Allies in addition to the restoration of the territories they have conquered? The "guarantees" irrelitly not only an undertaking Never Again to commit armed aggression on a sovereign State, but the surrender of the means for this purpose? Is the guarantee, in fact, to be something more than a scrap of paper? And, finally, by what means is the military domination of Prussia to be destroyed when once it has been defeated? Is it by the limitation of armaments, by a League of Nations, or by any such machinery? Or is it by the severance of the umbilical cord that connects Germany with her infant Empire in the near-East—by the occupation, in short, of Constantinople by Russia and the restoration of the buffer State—a Balkan Belgium—of Serbia? If none of these conditions, or anything approximating them, is absolute in the Allied terms, we can safely say that as far as the main objects of the Alliance are concerned, the war will have been in vain. On the other hand, if any or all of them are absolute, the approximation of Prussia towards their acceptance is the exact measure of our approximation to peace. But let us not deceive ourselves. However we may define in particular the generalities in which Mr. Bnm Law, Mr. Henderson and Mr. Gordon Hewart made the Government reply to the German offer, the chance of peace contained in them is very remote. A victorious Prussia may very well offer terms, terms even apparently generous; but only a defeated military caste will accept the terms of the Allies, however they may be defined.

In the meanwhile it may be observed that the German manoeuvre has been partially successful in one, at least, of its aspects. It has caused the Allies to compromise upon the war either, we say, Mr. Asquith's Government, its members or himself, passes nevertheless for an attempt to radical reconstruction. We have always maintained that it was essential to winning the war to regard it as likely to continue indefinitely; and we have hitherto been opposed by optimists and capitalists, each of which classes, for reasons of their own, wished to look as little ahead as possible, the one from sentiments we share, but the other from fear of social reconstruction. Both classes, we are afraid, have drawn encouragement from the fact of the German offer to fortify their respective prejudices, with the consequence, if we are not mistaken, that not only will the real pacific movement in this country be strengthened, but sham pacifists, who hate an expensive war more than they fear a cheap peace, will renew their endeavours to convince public opinion that, after all, the war is as good as over and there is no need to turn our house upside down. Look, for only the most trivial proof of what we are saying, to the comments passed by the Press upon the parliamentary doings, or, rather, nothing-doings; of the past week. Had, we say, Mr. Asquith's Government, its members or himself, conducted affairs or given such replies as the New Instrument has in its first week of office, the Northcliffe Press, in particular, would have been bawling treason at the top of its posters. The fact that the new Government, for all that it gives the same replies and conducts itself precisely after the manner of its predecessor, passes nevertheless for an improvement on it, is evidence of more than Lord Northcliffe's new-found discretion—for the man, we repeat, is incapable of discretion—it is evidence that the
public under the fumes of peace is prepared to be content with less. Let us set out a few instances. Asked whether the German banks in London might not be closed down more rapidly, Mr. Bonar Law was not aware that there had been undue delay in the past. O tempora, O mores! Asked whether the Government was taking any action in regard to the Irish Railway strike, he replied that the Government was in negotiation. Asked what action was proposed in regard to the case of Captain Blaikie, Mr. Law replied that the Government "had taken the action which they thought necessary"—a meaningless statement of which, however, the "Times" remarked that "its significance will be widely recognised and will go far and wide." We trust our readers are reassured. Interrogated upon the same subject, Sir Edward Carson, that man of parchment corruagated to look like iron, replied that "the question must be faced with earnestness and determination." Asked about the arming of merchants, Mr. Macnamara replied that the Admiralty were considering it. Asked what he proposed to do as regard food-supplies, Lord Davenport, who never bent the knee to a starving striker, replied that he should not hesitate to use the powers the Government already possessed to that end. But were the recent tempest created to produce? But we know it was not; and the public satisfaction with six to-day when they quarrelled with half-a-dozen yesterday is due to other causes than simple stupidity.

How is the tendency to rot to be countered? "They fought with illusions, rumours, panics and offers of peace," says one of the oldest battle-stories in the world—"(there is nothing new under the sun)—but our weapon against them was Truth." In order to counteract the creeping paralysis induced in our social will by the illusions of an easy peace, it is necessary to remind ourselves of the following established facts, and to keep on reminding ourselves of them just when we are disposed to forget them. In the first place, that Germany has not made this war for mere defence or in apprehension of the non-existent aggression of her neighbours, but in pursuance of a far-reaching plan of dominion which nothing short of her complete defeat will persuade her militarist-capitalist classes to abandon. In the second place, that the defeat of Germany in this complete sense as far as the recent tempest was created to produce? But we know it was not; and the public satisfaction with six to-day when they quarrelled with half-a-dozen yesterday is due to other causes than simple stupidity.

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... ... ...

The "Evening Standard" writer goes on to point out that the Poles want to be independent and not autonomous under the suzerainty of a Great Power merely, and that they want the question of Poland to be considered and dealt with as a European question—not a matter to be settled as between the Central Powers and Russia, but as something that demands, the attention (and signatures) of Italy, France, and England into the bargain. I heartily approve of the demand for precise stipulations of policy, though I doubt whether there could be absolute independence of Poland without strong guarantees. And who will nowadays trust a guarantee in international affairs? Poland, under this arrangement, would consist of a large land State with a small coast line. As an independent State Poland would be liable to attack, or suspension of imports or exports, by Russia, Germany, and Austria. This is not an enviable position for a country; and Poland might find herself as Belgium did in the autumn of 1914. Personally, I should be disposed to form a Polish State under Russian autonomy; but I am aware of the objections to this plan. Many Poles of good education and training clearly prefer the large German cities to life at Warsaw—they have more freedom there. There were many ties between Poland and Germany—not merely for the Polish labourers who go over for the harvest. There are also the intellectual freedom of the German universities (relatively to the Russian institutions in Poland), the greater facilities for becoming wealthy and powerful, and the incurruptibility of the German official.

... ... ...

In view of the problems of defence that will necessarily arise—for Poland must become something—I suggest that the principle applied to Belgium shall apply to Poland. Let her territorial integrity be guaranteed; let England, Italy, and France be no more backward in guaranteeing this than Germany, Austria, and Russia. A vivid recollection of the war will enable the British from tearing up treaties in future in which the present Allies are associated—as an Alliance. At any rate,
Germany will think twice about it. I have always been of the opinion that the German design on France was formed with an eye to Belgium simply because no powerful group was interested—before the war—in standing behind Belgium. The agreement uniting Germany and Austria, the agreement in a modified form which had held them united since the year after the Berlin Congress (1879) was a strict document; much more strict than the agreement between France and Russia. Some such plan will be essential if Poland is to remain really independent. And now, I say, again, let us hear from the Allies about it.

* * *

We are thus familiar with Russia's two main objects in the war, and with one of our own. From Poland, Constantinople, and the Bagdad railway let us turn to Signor Boselli's speech in the Rome Chamber on the 5th inst. As indications of Italy's aims Signor Boselli, the Prime Minister, said:

Final victory will assure for us the command of the Adriatic, which signifies for Italy the securing of her legitimate and necessary means of defence, which, without overlooking the just demands of the neighbouring Slavonic development, will also secure for us our contestable rights on the opposite shore. He looked in the future to a confident and cordial collaboration between Italy, Serbia, and Montenegro in the political and economic spheres.

This raises the difficult questions which were considered but never decided when Italy was getting ready to join in the war. There are certain "unredeemed" districts, e.g., the Trentino and the Carso, where Italy really has rights, political, ethnological, linguistic. Few would question, for instance, Italy's right to a place like Monfalcone. Istita, I suggest, is more mixed, and as we go farther down the Adriatic coast we find Slav or Jugoslav development also secure for us our contestable rights on the opposite shore.

Let us halt at this phase in the development of the thing to consider certain other changes which were on the point of appearance, and why they were on the point of appearance.

In the first place, if advertisement had come to be the standby of a newspaper, the Capitalist owning the sheet would necessarily consider its advertisement before anything else. To that extent, therefore, its power of giving news and of printing opinion was limited.

An individual newspaper-owner might have the greatest possible dislike for patent medicines. He might himself have suffered acute physical pain through the imprudent absorption of one of these quack drugs. But he certainly could not print an article against them, nor even an article describing how they were made, without losing a great part of his income, directly; and, perhaps, indirectly, the whole of it, from the annoyance caused to other-advertisers. He would prefer to retain his income, poison his clients, and remain free (personally) from touching the stuff he recommended for pay.

As with patent medicines so with any other matter whatsoever that was advertised. However bad, shoddy, harmful, or even reasonable the matter might be, the proprietor was always at the choice of publishing matter which did not affect him, and saving his fortune, or refusing it and jeopardising his fortune. He chose the former course.

In the second place, there was an even more serious development. Advertisement having become the standby of the newspaper the large advertiser (as Capitalism developed and the controls became fewer and more in touch with the other) could not but regard his "giving" of an advertisement as something of a favour.

There is always this psychological, or, if you will, artistic element in exchange. In pure Economics exchange is exactly balanced by the respective advantages of the exchangers; just as in pure dynamics you have the parallelogram of forces. In the immense complexity of the real world material, friction, and a million other things affect the parallelogram of forces; and in economics other conscious passions than those of mere avarice affect exchange, and a million half-conscious and sub-conscious motives as well.

The large advertiser still mainly paid for advertisement according to circulation, but he also began to be influenced by less direct intentions. He 'would not
advertise in papers which he thought might by their publication of opinion ultimately hurt Capitalism, as a whole; still less in those whose opinions might affect his own private fortune adversely. Stupid (like all people given up to gain), he was muddle-headed about the distinction between a large circulation and a circulation small, but appealing to the rich. He would refuse advertisements of luxuries to a paper read by half the wealthier class if he had heard in the National Liberal Club, or some such place, that the paper was "in bad taste."

Not only was there this negative power in the hands of the advertiser, there was also a positive one, though that only grew up later.

The advertiser came to see that he could actually dictate policy and opinion; and that he had also another most powerful and novel weapon in his hand, which was the suppression of news.

It would be a great folly to exaggerate this element.

The power represented by the great Capitalist Press was a power equal with that of the great advertisers.

The same man who owned "The Daily Times" was a shareholder in Jone's Soap or Smith's Pills. There was no direct antagonism of one against the other. But what you got was a sort of imposition, often quite conscious and direct, of advertising power over the Press; and this was, as I have said, not only negative (that was long obvious) but, at last, positive.

Sometimes there was an actual struggle between the advertiser and the proprietor; especially when, as was usually the case, both combatants were of a low and unintelligent type. But minor conflicts of the sort are constantly taking place. Sometimes the victory falls to the newspaper proprietor; sometimes to the advertiser—never to the public.

So far, we see the growth of the Press marked by these characteristics. (1) It is in the hands of a very few men. (2) It is, in their hands, a mere profiteering enterprise. (3) It is economically supported by advertisers who can in part control it, but these are of the same Capitalist kind, in motive and manner, with the owners of the papers. Their power does not, therefore, clash in the main with that of the owners, but the fact that advertisement—not readers—makes a "paper," has created a standard of printing and paper such that no one—save at a loss—sees regularly and serious news and opinion which the large Capitalist advertisers disapprove.

There would seem to be a necessary limit in this, that no independent Press can be wholly unpacificed, because the public has been taught to expect for a d. what it costs 2d. to make—the difference being paid by the advertisement subsidy.

But there is a much graver corruption at work even than this always negative and sometimes positive power of the advertiser.

It is the advent of the Press as a governing power in the State.

VI.

During all this development of the Press there has been present, first, as a doctrine plausible and arguable; next, as a tradition no longer in touch with reality; lastly, as a common lie, a certain definition of the functions of the Press; a doctrine which we must thoroughly grasp before proceeding to the nature of the Press in these our present times.

This doctrine was that the Press was an organ of opinion. What is, an expression of the public thought and will.

Why was this doctrine originally what I have called it, "plausible and arguable?" At first sight it would seem to be neither the one nor the other.

A man controlling a newspaper can print any folly he likes. He is the dictator: not his public. They only receive.

But he is constrained by his public.

If I am rich enough to set up a printing press and print the news that the Pope has become a Methodist, or the opinion that tin-tacks make a very good breakfast food, my newspaper containing such news and such an opinion would obviously not represent the general thought and will at all. No one, outside the small Catholic minority, wants to hear about the Pope; and no one will believe that he has become a Methodist. No one alive will consent to eat tin-tacks.

It is perfectly clear that the Press in itself simply represents the news which its owners desire to print and the opinions which they desire to propagate; and this argument against the Press has always been used by those who are opposed to its influence at any moment.

But there is no smoke without fire. When people talked of the newspaper owners as "representing public opinion" there was a shadow of reality in such talk, absorbed as it seemed to us today. Though the doctrine that newspapers are "organs of Public opinion" was (like most nineteenth century so-called "Liberal" doctrines) falsely stated and hypocritical, it had an element of truth—at least, in the earlier phase of newspaper development. There is even a certain savour of truth hanging about it to this day.

That truth consists in the obvious-truth that newspapers are only offered for sale and that the purchase of them is not (as yet) compulsorily enforced. A newspaper can, therefore, never succeed unless it prints news in which people are interested. And though it can manufacture interest, there are certain broad currents in human affairs which neither a newspaper proprietor nor any other human being can control. If London were devastated by an earthquake no power in the Insurance Companies nor any private interest in real estate would prevent the thing "getting into the newspapers."

Indeed, until quite lately—say, until about the 80's or so—all the news printed was really news about things which people wanted to understand. However garbled or truncated or falsified, it at least dealt with interesting matters which the newspaper proprietors had not started as a hare of their own, and which the public, as a whole, was determined to hear something about.

There was (and is) a further check upon the artificiality of the news side of the Press; which is that Reality always comes into its own at last.

You cannot, beyond a certain limit of time, boycott reality.

In a word, the Press must for the most part deal with what are called "living issues." It can boycott very successfully, and does so, with complete power. But it cannot artificially create unlimitedly the objects of "news."

There is, then, this much truth in the old figment of the Press being "an organ of opinion," that it must in some degree (and that a large degree) present real matter for observation and debate. It can and does select. It can and does garble; but it has to do this always within certain fairly clear and strong limitations.

VII.

As to opinion, you have the same restriction.

If opinion can be once launched in spite of, or during the indifference of, the Press (and it is a big "if"); if there is no machinery for actually suppressing the mere statement of an abstract doctrine—then the Press is bound to deal with such opinion as just as it is bound to deal with really vital news.

Here, again, we are dealing with something very different indeed from the so-called "organ of opinion" to which the Press has in the past pretended. But I am arguing for the truth that the Press—in the sense of the great Capitalist newspapers—cannot be wholly divorced from opinion.
We have had three great examples of this in our own time in England. Two proceeded from the wealthier classes, and one from the mass of the people.

The two proceeding from the wealthier classes were the Fabian movement and the movement for Women's Suffrage. The one proceeding from the populace was the sudden, brief and rapidly suppressed insurrection of the working classes against their masters in the matter of Chinese Labour in South Africa.

The Fabian movement, which was a drawing-room movement, compelled the discussion in the Press of Socialism, for and against. Although every effort was made to boycott the Socialist contention in the Press, the Fabians were not strong enough to compel its discussion, and they have by now canalized the whole thing into the direction of their "Servile State." I myself am no more than middle-aged, but I can remember the time when popular newspapers such as "The Star" openly printed arguments in favour of Collectivism, and though to-day those arguments are never heard in the Press—largely because the Fabian Society has abandoned Collectivism—yet we may be certain that a Capitalist paper would not have discussed them at all, still less have supported them, unless it had been compelled. The newspapers simply could not ignore Socialism at a time when Socialism still commanded a really strong body of opinion among the wealthy.

It was the same with the Suffrage for Women, which cry a number of wealthy ladies got up in London. I have never myself quite understood why these wealthy ladies wanted such an absurdity as the modern organ of public opinion," that is, "an expression of the general thought and will," is not more practical in our plutocracy—to wit, by making their fellow-rich exceedingly uncomfortable. You may say that no one newspaper took up the cause, but, at least, it was not boycotted. It was actively discussed.

The little flash in the pan of Chinese Labour was, I think, even more remarkable. The Press not only understood from the twin Party Machines (with which it was then allied for the purposes of power) to boycott the Chinese Labour agitation rigidly, but it was manifestly to the interest of all the Capitalist Newspaper Proprietors to boycott it, and boycott it they did—as long as they could. It was the same with the Suffrage for Women, which the Fabians were 'at last strong enough to compel its discussion, but apparently permitted itself a certain timid discussion, but apparently permitted itself a certain timid support.

My point is, then, that the idea of the Press as "an organ of public opinion," that is, "an expression of the general thought and will," is not only hypocritical, though it is mainly so. There is still something in the claim. A generation ago there was more, and a couple of generations ago there was more still. Even to-day, if a large paper went right against the national will in the matter of the present war it would be ruined, and papers which supported Mr. Lloyd George's Cabinet intrigue to abandon our Allies at the beginning of the war have long since been compelled to eat their words.

We must, therefore, guard ourselves against the conception that the great modern Capitalist Press is merely a channel for the propagation of such news as may suit its proprietors, or of such opinions as they hold or desire to see held. Such a judgment would be fanatical, and therefore worthless.

Our interest is in the degree to which news can be suppressed or garbled, particular categories of interest to the common weal suppressed, spontaneous opinion boycotted, and official opinion produced. (To be continued.)

President Woodrow Wilson.

I.

More than any other man now living, Woodrow Wilson is likely to receive and to hold the world's attention. Deeply, and with broad and shrewdest kindness, he broods the human problem. He sees far into the future, and he has clear ideas as to some of the things to be done. He knows, too, how to dispense with banalities, and how to accord his most revolutionary measures to the "still small voice." His largest intentions are hid within himself; he tells as little as possible beforehand; he prefers to let his mind be revealed by results rather than by promises. He knows that, in some crises, men are too slow and doubtful, too double-minded, to respond to the great appeal. They must be started in the new direction with a kind of divine stealth, and without being told whither they go. It is only after they enter the better condition, the larger freedom and the fairer faith, that they discover they have been led more wisely than they knew, and are able to perceive the nobler human prospect.

Such is the quality of Wilson's leadership. It is this spiritual adroitness, this union of extraordinary political idealism with an equal degree of political cunning, that is his chief characteristic; and it is this that persuades the people to trust and to follow him, even when they cannot see where he is taking them.

Woodrow Wilson was re-elected to the presidency by an unprecedented popular majority. He received a million votes in excess of the number cast for Roosevelt at the time of that President's greatest popularity. And he was elected, despite the most powerful interests ever allied against an American Presidential candidate. He defied the world's bearded and boldest financial organisations, now centred in New York, and equipped for command or for massacre. The whole German race, from Potsdam to San Francisco, worked tirelessly and malignly for his defeat. With equal industry and intrigue, the Roman Catholic Hierarchy laboured to prevent his re-election. And yet, notwithstanding the venomed and united efforts of his opponents, he was the choice of the American people. Now that he is elected, even many who decried him are relieved by the prospect which his election presents to the world.

II.

Among European peoples, especially on the Continent, there is a curious and incredible ignorance regarding the relation of President Wilson to Germanism. In the "Journal de Genève," for instance, I have just read the astounding information, given by a supposedly authoritative writer on American affairs, that the pro-Germans of America voted for Wilson's re-election. It would be difficult to make a statement that is more completely the opposite of the truth. Mr. Hughes, the opponent of Wilson, was notoriously nominated by German influence. In America the fact is: scarcely questioned or disputed. The German-American Alliance, claiming the political control of three million citizens, officially instructed them to vote for Hughes. The German Catholics of America, by their Congress in New York City, likewise demanded Wilson's condemnation and rejection. The German newspapers of the United States, with hardly an exception, vindictively strove for the same result.

Then, on October 9, before a vast audience in Phila-
Philadelphia, Mr. Hughes publicly committed himself to a course of action that could come to nothing else than obedience to the behest of Germany that America should break, or try to break, the British blockade. If Mr. Hughes had been elected, and if his words meant anything at all, his administration inevitably would have brought him into conflict with the Allies, thus ranging America on the side of Germany. As the "Herold" (German), of New York, said: "Of all the declarations which the Republican candidate has thus far made, that of Monday in Philadelphia is by far the most important. . . . He did not actually mention England by name, but his words left no room for doubt about his meaning. . . . Every citizen of German origin should cast his vote for Hughes."

Mr. Norman Hygeood, in "The Independent" (New York), of November 6, and Mr. Frank Perry Olds, in "The Atlantic Monthly," of September, have well and carefully summarised the German attitude toward Mr. Wilson. If there are readers of THE New AGE who would like to look further into the subject, I would suggest a perusal of these summaries. I can only quote briefly in this article, but the examples I give are representative and typical. Said the "Staats-Zeitung," the organ of the most powerful German-American financial interests: "German-Americans, who, as citizens of the United States, were received by Mr. Hughes, to whom he, as an American, declared that the interests America stand before all others, are thereby firmly obedient to the behest of Germany that America should to the Presidency of the United States will be a blessing." The "Chicago Abendpoet," which bitterly opposed the re-election of Mr. Wilson, and favoured the election of Mr. Hughes, made the following pronouncement: "For many years back, the German-Americans have been flattering themselves with the hope that the founding of the National German-American Alliance might become the point of departure for a healthy political activity. That was at least one reason for founding the National Alliance; for a great number of Germans who took a greater interest than usual in the public affairs of the country. It is better to say right out, Yes, we favour a policy which will be advantageous to Germany." Consonant with this, the Press Bureau of the German-American Alliance issued the following declaration: "In unity is power, and the pover of American citizens of German descent and their political significance is centred in the preservation of their unity, which is the goal of the German-American Alliance. Every attempt to break it up and to destroy it amounts to treason to the cultural mission of the German race in the United States of America."

The "St. Paul Volkszeitung" declared that President Wilson's foreign policy had resulted in uniting all German-Americans at last, and in uniting them against his administration. The "Deutscher Correspondent," of Baltimore, considered that, in opposing President Wilson, Germans were preventing the Anglicising of the American people. The "Milwaukee Germania Herold" urged that Lutherans and Catholics, and "all citizens in whose veins German blood flowed," should unite in opposition to Wilson, and in favour of Hughes. The German leaders in America expressed their hatred of Wilson as one who had never known "Kultur"; as one who had always been an Anglo-maniac and an agitator for the return of the United States to the English Colonial system. Any good Republican could win against Wilson, thought the "Cleveland Waechter und Anzeiger," and the "Germania Herold" proclaimed that the German-American displeasure with Wilson was shown especially in his campaign. An independent German paper, in an Independence Day editorial, asserted that America had again become, under President Wilson's administration, a British vassal State. Said the "St. Louis Westliche Post": "Because of his one-sidedness, nothing which Democratic leaders can say or do will make German-Americans friends of Mr. Wilson again."

"The great mass of the German-Americans," said "Amerika," another German Catholic organ, "are through with him, and only circumstances now quite unforeseen could bring about a reconciliation. They cannot be talked down." And, again, the "Excelsior," speaking of the American pro-Allies, had this to say: "They are only Anglo-Saxons working on Cecil Rhodes' testament, to the end that the proud, independent United States may again be brought under the yoke of Old England. And at their head—intentionally or not—stands Woodrow Wilson, who still calls himself President of the United States, but who really is nothing more than a British Colonial director."

Still more emphatic and hateful were the words of another German-American organ, which denounced President Wilson as a lackey in Britain's livery, "kissing the hand of His Britannic Majesty," while the latter "kicks him like a dog. The "Waechter und Anzeiger" proclaimed that "to speak of a crime on the part of Germany in the 'Babiyania' case is the most foolish cant conceivable. Our munition exports, America's wallowing in blood-money, America's self-deception—these are crimes also on the conscience of our own people."

The criticism finishes with the statement that President Wilson ought to have been Czar Wilson again. "The great mass of the German-Americans," said the "Staats-Zeitung," the organ of the most powerful German-American financial interests: "German-Americans, who, as citizens of the United States, were received by Mr. Hughes, to whom he, as an American, declared that the interests America stand before all others, are thereby firmly obedient to the behest of Germany that America should to the Presidency of the United States will be a blessing." The "Chicago Abendpoet," which bitterly opposed the re-election of Mr. Wilson, and favoured the election of Mr. Hughes, made the following pronouncement: "For many years back, the German-Americans have been flattering themselves with the hope that the founding of the National German-American Alliance might become the point of departure for a healthy political activity. That was at least one reason for founding the National Alliance; for a great number of Germans who took a greater interest than usual in the public affairs of the country. It is better to say right out, Yes, we favour a policy which will be advantageous to Germany." Consonant with this, the Press Bureau of the German-American Alliance issued the following declaration: "In unity is power, and the pover of American citizens of German descent and their political significance is centred in the preservation of their unity, which is the goal of the German-American Alliance. Every attempt to break it up and to destroy it amounts to treason to the cultural mission of the German race in the United States of America."

III.

There is an equally curious European misconception of the part of Theodore Roosevelt in the Presidential campaign, and of his ostentatious espousal of the cause of the Allies. Serious Americans have long since divested themselves of the Roosevelt superstition, but the superstition still prevails in Europe—at least, on the Continent. Yet even Europeans ought to know, by this time, that there was never a promise that Roosevelt could be expected to keep, or a principle he could be depended upon to pursue with fidelity or permanency. Roosevelt is one of the examples—and history has many of them—of the temporarily successful charlatan. He belongs with Louis Napoleon and Boulanger, but without any of their redeeming generousities and fidelities.

Roosevelt's participation in the campaign against the President had nothing to do with the issue between Germany and the Allies. In previous years, he had been able to get up a vote out of the possession of the Kaiser's friendship. When the war began, he pompously protested against any inter-
vvention of America on behalf of Belgium. His attitude then was the precise opposite of what it is now. His part in the Presidential struggle, his characterization as the more mental instrument, as to America's duty to Belgium and France, were due to his Satanic jealousy of President Wilson.

Each of these two men is the exact antithesis of the other. Roosevelt filled the nation with blatant words against predatory wealth, and remained the most servile tool that sought to make himself the supreme figure. President Wilson said little or nothing directly against capitalist aggression; yet he has done more to undermine its foundations than has hitherto been done in the entire course of American history. Roosevelt talks much and does nothing, while Wilson does much and says little. Wilson has laboured, blindly and blunderingly, if you will, yet effectually withal, for the redemption of American democracy; while Roosevelt's participation in American politics has been solely with reference to making himself the supreme figure. And now, instead of attaining his goal, Roosevelt is rather a continuously lessening figure, while the stature of Wilson is steadily enlarging, even to the proportions of the President Wilson alone. There has been no time when either his

IV.

My appreciation of President Wilson may seem inconsistent with my position as one of the signers of the recent "Message of Americans Abroad to Americans at Home." I think, however, if all the facts and forces with which Mr. Wilson has had to work were considered, my inconsistency would prove unreal. I could wish, it is true, that the President had protested instantly against the violation of Belgium. I could also wish that he had broken with Germany at the time of the sinking of the "Lusitania." I would rejoice if America were now battling for the democratic principle, in fellowship with England and France. I deplore our national neutrality. I believe this neutrality is both a spiritual and political failure on the part of the American people. If it continues throughout the war, the moral and intellectual disaster to America may be far greater than the like disaster to Europe.

But this neutrality is not to be charged to President Wilson alone. There has been no time when either his Cabinet, the House of Congress, or the body of the American people would have supported him in a declaration of war against Germany. We know, now, how unsupported he was by his Ministers in the affair of the "Lusitania"; how reluctantly the House of Congress consented to his "Sussex" message. We must remember, too, how many of its members are of German birth or descent. We must also consider that war with Germany meant, in all probability, Civil War in America, and, possibly, a state of unprecedented national anarchy, savagely inspired by the German agents who are active throughout the United States.

Mr. Wilson is not the Government; he is not the people; and he could only do the best that national circumstances would allow. We must not think that the protest of the elect souls of New York and New England represents the national mind. These do not articulate the feeling of will, numerically speaking, of even a large minority. The great body of the nation—especially of middle America—is solidly opposed to an American entrance upon war. It was left to Mr. Wilson to interpret, as wisely and effectually as he could, the people's wish and choose him to be the spokesman and executive of their will.

(The to be concluded.)
system; they will have seen the light beyond the trees.
The struggle to reach it may become a stampede, or it may be an ordered search for the true paths. In either case, they will have been broken. That spell is the "wage slave morality" which the profiteer has so far succeeded in imposing on the worker.

The Munitions Act extended a State sanction for forced labour in the interests of profiteering. It definitely created the industrial serf who might not leave his lord, but must labour for him in whatever manner he dictates.

No more decisive advance to industrial autocracy has been made previously in this country. Henceforth we have to reckon with a State system; they will have seen the light beyond the trees.

Labour movement, the class struggle might be said to have ended in a decisive victory for Capital. There is no power of Capitalism, but to its philosophy. The "red

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would appear as more than a dangerous and self-seeking conspiracy. The Trade Union movement has much to gain by taking the public into their confidence against the capitalist, and demonstrating that their effort is not a selfish but a crusade. The political success of the Labour party must be based not merely that the Trade Unions should pitch their aims high, that they shall make those aims clear. The conscious resolution to fit itself for the responsible role of a National party, and participate in the political struggle in the main theatre of operations—the sphere altogether and participate in national affairs only as much to gain by taking the public into their confidence (right of rejection is already enjoyed in some instances), and in securing that foremen are enrolled in, and will consequently proceed from, the same associations as the workers themselves.

In regard to politics, the participation of Labour should be decided upon only after three considerations have been clearly taken into account and understood. First, that the wage system cannot be managed by political means. Secondly, that the Labour movement can afford to spare the men—and the energy and the organisation necessary to return them—without impairing the efficiency of the class struggle in the main theatre of operations—the sphere of industry. And, thirdly, that the political effort Labour movement is taking to make itself in no way bound up with the machinery of Trade Unionism. It is dangerous both to Trade Unions and to the State that organisations with a definite sectional purpose and interest should interferent problems that are of concern to the State only. If they do so, moreover, the worker is likely to lose his status as a citizen altogether and to participate in national affairs only as a subordinate "industrialist." The principal efforts of Parliament today are directed not to the promotion of liberty but to its extinction, and, while this is so, what is needed in Parliament is a group of absolutely disinterested and tireless persons whose chief task it will be, not to promote legislation, but by exposure and criticism to amend and prevent it. Such work is not likely to be performed by Trade Union representatives thinking chiefly of the sectional interests of their own industry and liable to overlook the interests of the people as a whole. Their labour will be of far more value if devoted to the industrial future of the State. The thankless task of acting as sharpshooters in defence of freedom in the House could then be left to those members of the middle class who have the courage for it, leaving the Trade Unions to make up the leeway in the industrial sphere that their twenty years of political "pot-hunting" has rendered necessary.

The best policy to be pursued by Capital (or rather by capitalists) is to prepare by every means for the extinction of profiteering and the replacing of it by National Service in industry. It is only necessary to state this to perceive the absurdity of the best policy from the best point of view of seeking to establish Capitalism more securely would be to accept all the demands made by this year's Trade Union Congress, and obtain a "trust," or rather a complete surrender, in return. Whether the leading capitalists will have foresight to take this step is fortunately very doubtful.

If an employer sincerely desired to make his branch of industry the nucleus of a future guild, he would do much by co-operating actively with the Trade Union or Unions catering for his workers in every stage of production, handing over such experiments as "Welfare Work" to the hands of the unions. Only, introducing Scientific Management in the form not of slave-driving but of task-setting in conjunction with shop committees of the workers themselves, and with the object of improving the vehicles of the capitalist, but of increasing efficiency. He would not call into existence a guild where the workers were not prepared to consider the prospect of entering it in such a development merely to be secondary to theirs. But he could set before them the ideal, and smooth the way to every step by which his transition from profiteer to servant of the guild would be made. A point might be reached when conditions and organised workers might approach the State with the claim to be recognised, not as a profiteering corporation, but as a responsible partner in the national service of industry.

So much is possible. It is sufficient to say that, not only is such an idea not being followed by the modern employer, it has never occurred to him. He is thinking not of National Guilds but of National Trusts. These latter might well allow of the recognition of subordinate workers' associations based on the Trade Unions of to-day, of which the employer would participate in the only, way in which a Trade Union could rally to its right of rejection is already enjoyed in some instances), would. In the meantime the unions would be justified in striving for the right to the election of foremen (a view of seeking to establish Capitalism more securely in the industrial sphere that their twenty years of political thinking chiefly of the sectional interests of their industry. It is only necessary to state this to perceive the absurdity of the best policy for the capitalist; it reveals the importance of this point should be seized, for there is an increasing danger of the State extending what would amount to a charter to the principal capitalists of to-day in return for a guarantee from them that they would maintain certain standards among their own workpeople. Such a "shortening" would be accompanied probably by some sort of less official recognition of Trade Unionism. It is some such idea which is in the minds of most people when they talk of "National Reconstruction after the war." But the time is far indeed from being ripe for any reconstruction which would simply be regarded as final, and the workers will need to be careful that they do not assent to any such system being imposed on them. For, if once their consent to such a system as finally satisfactory were given, it would be impossible to improve their status, and thus to interfere with such a "settlement," would be made to appear as a breach of faith and a social crime. If the State proposed to confer Chartered Capitalists, the employer is in the step taken in defiance of them and that they will seek by every means to undo it.

While it is probable that in the majority of cases the State will rest content with leaving industry to the control of the present owners of capital, it is not unlikely that in some cases the economic pressure to which the State—with its huge burden of debt—will find itself subjected after the war may lead the industry to try profiteering on its own account, and add to the services it already controls the nationalisation of one or more of the great industries. It is very unlikely that such nationalisation will even approximate to complete socialisation. But though such nationalisation will
not alter in any fundamental way the status of the worker, it may be made to serve as the 'halfway house to producers' control.' Nationalisation is certainly no end for which Trade Unionists should strive; they must be ready to criticize, combat, and drive out any external authority which claims autocracy over their working lives, whether that authority be private or public. But nationalisation may mean the loss carry with it certain consequences favourable to the development of National Guilds. It provides a unified management which is likely to prove valuable in calling forth a more intelligent organisation of the workers in order to cope with it. Further, by replacing the personal control of the capitalist by an impersonal authority, it removes the danger of the 'personal touch' of the 'benevolent employer,' creating a false loyalty strong enough to extinguish the true allegiance which the worker owes to his fellows and his cause. And, finally, the worker finding himself an employee in the nation's service may find himself an employee in the nation's service may be expected to speculate in a manner he has not before upon the status a national servant has a right and even a duty to demand.

The best policy for the State after the war, then, will be to nationalise each industry in turn as it becomes susceptible of nationalisation—as at least the half a dozen leading industries now are. In doing so it should approach every grade of the workers in the industry, from the managers to the unskilled labourers, demand that they form a joint council to represent each one of their associations from the 'highest' to the 'lowest,' and hold this council responsible for the proper working on of the industry at rates of pay jointly to be agreed upon. Any grade which deliberately refused such a demand, openly made, would thereby brand its members as social outlaws, and it is highly improbable, to say the least, that, in face of the public opinion raised against them and the danger of finding themselves permanently banished from their positions and their posts handed over to men of greater political spirit, any considerable number even of the managerial grades would refuse. Few men are really "indispensable" and, even if the defiance of a handful of social traitors among the governing class led to a temporary friction and dislocation, the inconvenience would be compensated for by the exposure of the criminals and the supplanting of them by the establishment of a more perfect machinery.

He got out somewhere or other, and I fell into conversation with two Scotchmen, a sergeant-major and a corporal, both wounded and back from Flanders. They were going to Sligo to take in charge an English absentee from military service who had been arrested there.

At Enniskillen we passengers for Sligo had an hour or two to wait for our train. The Scotchmen and I decided to see the sights. We discovered a public garden overlooking the town, and in it was convincing evidence that Enniskillen had not always been the dull, sleepy little place we found it. I was at last in a position to realise the lawless and inflamed condition of Ireland; for, right in the middle of the garden, was a notice offering a reward for the discovery of "the person or persons who stole three geranium plants from these gardens on the night of July 27, 1916."

Returning down the hill, we fell among thieves in a dirty parlour, and were sadly overcharged for tea. The Scotchmen, who ought to know, said that the Irish were even more extortionate than Belgian farmers. I recollected an anecdote told by Mr. R. G. Knowles.

A Jewish comedian, he relates, ran on the stage of a Dublin music-hall, making signs and gestures of distress, and said, "It's a terrible thing, I've just escaped from Ireland!" The audience rose with a roar, and he had to make another escape. Actually, many people do deny the alleged open-handedness of the Irish—not least of these, my Scotchmen.

We wobbled off in the afternoon towards Sligo, passing a number of dreary little places, all provided, according to Murray's guide-book, with "courthouse, lunatic asylum, infirmary, gaol and workhouse." We were getting into the west now, whereof an Irish poet of an older generation sings:

In her sun, in her soil, in her station three blest,
With her back towards Britain, her face to the West,
Erin stands proudly insular on her steep shore.

Unhappily, as things are, nearly all the west of Ireland comes in the category of Congested Districts. These are parts where there are more inhabitants than can be supported locally. The term is rather misleading; it suggests actual spacial overcrowding and congestion. Nothing is more unlike the truth: Congested Deserts would be a far better description. Two families on a thousand acres are "congested" if only half an acre is cultivated, and that badly. That is more of Ireland; for, right in the middle of the garden, was a notice offering a reward for the discovery of "the person or persons who stole three geranium plants from these gardens on the night of July 27, 1916."

As we know, Dublin city itself has a far larger population than it can provide with a livelihood, and it is, therefore, in fact, though not in name, a Congested District. Here in the west there are whole counties whose inhabitants are not self-supporting but depend for their existence upon voluntary contributions. In both cases the cause is the same: lack of capital. A hundred years ago Ireland supported twice the number of people she has now. During this period she has lived through a sort of Malthusian nightmare—she has seen her population lessen by simple subtraction and her resources decrease in a geometrical series. The decrease is not really due to English oppression—though I agree that in bygone days English industries

Letters from Ireland.

By C. E. Bechhofer.

If only my readers took as much delight in hearing as I have in telling my experiences in Irish hotels, I could freeze their blood with an account of the first hotel I patronised at Belfast. I learnt afterwards that it had formerly been used as a consumptive's home, which speaks better for its conveniences than I should have credited. My second hotel was in reality not Irish at all, but a colony of Glasgow. Still, not the best Scotch

...
often obtained legislation against competition from Ireland. But this is ancient history. So long as the rich Irish send their capital abroad, and the poor Irish send their men-folk, Ireland will remain what she need never have been—a Congested District.

The Congested Districts Board has been established to develop these parts sufficiently to support their scanty population, by organising and reviving agriculture, fisheries and cottage industries. Meanwhile, poverty, filth and despair are the marks of the west of Ireland.

Sligo is, I believe, rather more flourishing than most towns in the west. Yet, to walk through it, you would think you were seeing the almost obliterated ruins of an ancient city, peopled by a colony of beggars. There is, to be sure, a brand-new Catholic cathedral, modelled upon a church at Rome, but—or, shall I say, and—the streets are deep with filth, with leeches squabbling for rations between the rows of tumble-down hovels. Perhaps Sligo most resembles a farm-yard after rain. Yet it lies in the midst of some of the most admired scenery in Ireland.

This, if you please, is the Yeats country. At one spot just outside the town the river is barred across by the high stone walls of an old mill. There I think I see the background of the fantastic earlier art of Mr. Jack B. Yeats, with its dagoes and daggers and golden doubloons. There is a tale that the father of the two scanty population, by organising and reviving agriculture, Jack is the poet of the family. And rightly, I think. While I stand by the barmaid or by the barmen grey.

And leave alone this lemonade.

And I shall have some drinks there, for they’re stopping slow,
Stopping from the veils of the morning till the hour of midday rings,
Here midnight’s all a ginger, and noon on H₂O,
And evening full of sugary things.

I will arise and go now, for always night and day,
I hear teetotallers tapping on tip-toe at the door,
While I stand by the barmaid or by the barmen grey,
And hear them sadly say, “No more.”

You may call this irreverent; but, I retort, since when have Mr. Yeats’ poems been accounted the major of the mysteries? Take away their cunning vowel and consonantal alliterations, and there is far less sense in them than in the opening chorus of a musical comedy. And this reminds me. I had always understood that Mr. Yeats’ name is pronounced “Yeats.” But in one circle in Dublin I heard it pronounced “Yeets.” I asked the reason, and was told to consider the analogy of “Keats.” I arose and went then.

Drama.
By John Francis Hope.

That we should at last be able to see the work of Mr. A. Neil Lyons on the stage is one of the unexpected blessings of the war. His gift was obviously dramatic, not descriptive; each of his stories acts itself, the situation being expressed in colloquial speech and characteristic action. I believe that it is a fact that Mr. Lyons has never written a novel; “Arthur’s,” “Sixpenny Pieces,” “Kitchener Chaps,” and the rest, are all collections of single incidents usually handled with masterly skill. He is essentially a humorist, and humour cannot be described, it can only be expressed. When Mr. Lyons has failed, it has been because he has departed from his own practice and attempted to impose a moral or express judgment, because he has tried to become a satirist. Humour implies acceptance, but satire implies resistance; and it is only when Mr. Lyons accepts the Universe (“Gad! he’d better,” as Carlyle said in a similar connection) that his real gift can operate. That the Socialists ever adopted him is only another instance of their confusion of thought; for a humorist belongs to the public, a propaganda can only effectively use a satirist. All that Mr. Lyons can reveal is the essential kindliness of human nature and its adaptability to circumstances, the courage of endur-ance rather than the courage of performance. Of the two conflicting principles of permanence and change, a humorist is really a supporter of the first; not hope, but enjoyment, in his habit of mind, and if the satirists, like the Irish, try to live on one another’s sufferings, the humorists live on the enjoyment of the vital inconsistencies of the human race—but I am babbling beyond my text.

“London Pride,” which is now being played at Wyndham’s, and promises to be as successful as “The Great Adventure,” is a characteristic performance of Mr. Lyons. Miss Gladys Unger is associated with him in the authorship, but the only trace of feminine craft that I could discover was the absence of those peculiar profliciencies that Mr. Lyons delights in. For instance, Private Blood, in “Kitchener Chaps,” began his dramatic narrative with the words: “Well, marm, I’ve lorst the perisher! Yus, begord, I’ve lorst ‘im”; to the amazement and horror of a dignified lady in the railway carriage. But there is none of this unexpected vigour of expletive in “London Pride”; Cherry Warters certainly “dams” a few times, but “damn” is high, not low, comedy since Miss Genevieve Ward used it at the St. James’s. Miss Galluds Unger is evidently determined to be in the fashion, and to “dilute” the humour of the lordly beast. We are not like Sisera, we do not ask water of Mr. Neil Lyons; but Miss Unger undoubtedly “gave us milk; she brought forth butter in a lordly dish,” and the soldiers, particularly, talked with about as much local colour as the King’s Regulations allow. “I confess that I have never made any observation of what I apprehend to be true humour in women,” said Congreve ; and “London Pride” is only another proof of the truth of the observation.

But the play is, as I have said, a characteristic performance of Mr. Neil Lyons. It is a string of “Sixpenny Pieces” rather than a play; there are two scenes in every act, and Mr. Lyons helps himself liberally to time, for the whole play compasses one year, twenty-nine days, three and a half hours. Not unity, but continuity, is the only principle by means of which Mr. Lyons can expand to fit the stage; he tells the tale as
long as your arm, or pulls it to the length of your leg, in a series of the short sketches in which he excels. The first scene is Sunday morning in Bunter’s Row; where Mr. Mooney plays “Scenes That Are Brightest” on the trombone while his audience shells the peas for dinner; scene two is Monday morning in a greengrocer’s shed. The second act shows a dug-out in France and a café; the third act, a hospital ward and a summer-house in the grounds; the fourth act, an orderly room at regimental headquarters and a presentation in Bunter’s Row. Each of these scenes is practically complete in itself, and there is a breach of continuity between the first and subsequent acts that is only bridged by the fact that some of the same persons re-appear. It was easy enough to get Cuthbert Tunks to France, and to show with real humour how these people re-acted to the declaration of war; but how to get him back again, how to continue the action with the same people (which is the dramatist’s task), was really beyond the capacity of Mr. Lyons. He thinks in single incidents.

The device that he adopted was reminiscent of “Antony and Cleopatra,” Cleopatra, it will be remembered, fled from the battle of Actium, and Antony followed her. Cherry Walters, like Cleopatra, had been left in the rear, to manage the greengrocery business; and perhaps Cuthbert Tunks would have submitted to the loss of his seven days’ leave if he had not heard from Will Mooney, whom he met accidentally in the café, that Cherry had disappeared. The Antony of Silverside deserts, changes his identity disc for that of a friend just killed (this incident so disgraced a Canadian soldier who sat next to me that he walked out), and is wounded just as he steps off the barge at the port of embarkation. Knowing the seriousness of his offence, he pretends to have lost his memory when he is taken to the hospital, but the identity disc of the dead man is discovered in his pocket; and, for a few days, he bears that name. Cherry, of course, happens to be a wardmaid at this hospital, but he has to deny his knowledge of her; and it is only when he meets her again in the summer-house that he explains why he deserted. But when the dead man is awarded the D.C.M., Cuthbert refuses to maintain his deception, although Cherry now begs him to do so; and there is a race between the two to the regimental headquarters. Cherry arrives first, to beg the sergeant-major not to believe Cuthbert’s story; she reveals his identity, but tries to get the sergeant-major to believe that whatever story Cuthbert tells is a delusion due to shell-shock. But if Menzies has been awarded the D.C.M., Cuthbert has been awarded the V.C.; and the sergeant-major promptly arrests and marches him to Silverside to receive it from the hands of the Mayor. When Cuthbert discovers that he is a hero in his own right, he wants to assault the Mayor, who is also his landlord; but he is forcibly prevented, and the play ends with the promise of marriage, the dowry being the purse of money voted by the local authority.

But the story hardly matters; it is the individual scene and the characterisation that make the play memorable. Mr. Lyons is fortunate, very fortunate, in his actors; de Maurier has never done anything better than Cuthbert Tunks, and Miss Mabel Russell gave a perfect performance of Cherry Walters. The difference, even in her walk, between her appearance and behaviour when in the wardrobe’s uniform and in private clothes was extraordinarily well shown; and, throughout the play, the subtle effects of clothes upon behaviour was marked. Tunks and Cherry, at the end, drop into their old style as they resume their old position, like Cincinnatus returning to his farm; they put off the glamour of glory, and resume the fustian of everyday life. It is a remarkable achievement, to which the actors do full justice; and Mr. Lyons is not only delighting the public, but is educating them in the art of human nature.

Readers and Writers.

Mr. de Maeztu’s reply in last week’s issue has stimulated me to so many reflections that I have neither time nor space to arrange them in proper form. All I can do for the present is to copy out several pages of my Notes on Reading Mr. de Maeztu’s Article.

KINDNESS.—Observe that Mr. de Maeztu is cognisant of, and grateful for, the kindness he is kind enough to attribute to me. This reciprocity of personality in the relation of kindness is something I have always been conscious of; the sentiment of our partnership in The New Age. The two ties may co-exist; they may also exist separately; in short, as I maintained, they are two and not one. I am free to say, however, that I shall think myself more kind and more deserving of gratitude if I disable Mr. de Maeztu’s mind of certain fallacies than if, as seems hitherto to have been the case, I merely confirm him in them. Once more, over and above kindness, there is our partnership in ideas to consider, and I would establish the latter upon the former, if I could.

ECONOMIC POWER.—Mr. de Maeztu’s argument against The New Age dictum that economic power precedes political power, runs thus, I think. All wealth is property, property and wealth being convertible terms. Economic power consists in the possession (presumably, in the secure possession) of property. But the secure possession of property implies the possession of the power to maintain and defend it; that is, economic power can only co-exist with military and political power. Co-existing with them, and, of necessity, implying them, economic power cannot, therefore, be said to precede political or military power, but is merely with them one of the sides, aspects or surfaces of power in general.

What is Wealth?—If wealth and property are exactly convertible terms, there is nothing more to be said, and I must submit (speaking for myself: the National Guildsmen may have another defence) to Mr. de Maeztu’s reasoning. But are Wealth and Property, in fact, identical terms? Watch me closely in a matter of so much importance while I attempt to show that all property is a form of wealth, as all kangaroos are animals, but that property no more exhausts all the forms of wealth than kangaroos exhaust the concept of animals. And may I draw attention, before opening my case, to an inconsistency—perhaps only apparent, but we shall see—in Mr. de Maeztu’s presentation? On the one hand, who is more insistent than he upon the largest possible conception of the “goods” of society, including in them, as he does, truth, beauty, virtue, and the like? Yet, on the other hand, we find him here excluding from his concept of “wealth” all those superior goods, and equating “wealth” with personal property simply. But are not these goods, as well as personal property, forms of wealth, and are they not included in the meaning of “commonwealth”? But this is by the way. My proper case against Mr. de Maeztu is as follows. In contradistinction to Mr. de Maeztu, I define wealth as the sum of human values. And a value I define as the estimated capacity of a thing to satisfy a human demand. Note that I particularly limit value to the estimate formed of an ability to satisfy; whether it does so satisfy, and whether it satisfies as much as it is estimated to satisfy are matters into which I need not enter. Wealth being thus the sum of values, and valuing the capacity, in some form of the ability of things to satisfy us, wealth may be summarily defined as the sum of things in demand, or, in brief, the sum of things we need, want, and desire. But what is this ability in things to satisfy a demand if not a power, since by virtue of our wanting it the thing itself becomes a value for us? And what is this power but economic power? My definition of economic
power, therefore, amounts to this: that it consists in an ability to satisfy a demand.

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THREE KINDS OF VALUES.—I distinguish three kinds or orders of value: arising respectively from being, doing, and having. Note Mr. de Maeztu, however, it would be unnecessary to distinguish more than two. Remembering that to be a value is to be in demand; and, again, that to be in demand is, by that very fact, to possess economic power—the conclusion appears to me to be certain that from being something of value (namely, an ability to do something) an ability to satisfy a demand may come to exercise economic power—to be, in short, a form of wealth—quite as surely as from being in possession of an ability to do something in demand, or from possessing a "property" in demand. Being a value, in fact, is no less than doing or possessing a value, a form of wealth; and I, therefore, add to Mr. de Maeztu's "property," which consists exclusively in what we have, these other forms of property, which consist respectively in what we are and in what we can do. Both these must be included in the concept of Wealth, which, therefore, not identical with property in Mr. de Maeztu's use of the word.

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PROPERTY AND LAW.—Property, as Mr. de Maeztu defines it, implies not only the existence of a value, but the capacity to transfer things; and, in the sense in which he transfers the value becomes property in Mr. de Maeztu's sense. But that even such transferable wealth is not all wealth is obvious from a consideration of the different values above mentioned. In addition to the wealth that a man may have—and consisting of transferable objects, of which for the moment he is the proprietor—he may have wealth in the form of a personality (as we say), or of ability, neither of which forms is necessarily "property" à la Mr. de Maeztu, for the simple reason that neither is transferable. But it follows that if neither is transferable, Law is not needed to ensure their possession; and, hence, that the economic power they imply—that, namely, of ability to satisfy demand—does not depend upon military or political power. The economic power of being in demand, or of doing what is in demand is, in fact, independent of Law, whose function is with neither, but only with the economic power of having or being in possession of objects of demand.

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THE FORMULA AGAIN.—If Mr. de Maeztu's "property" alone constituted Wealth, and such Wealth were the sole condition of economic power, the absurdity of exhorting the proletariat to employ their economic power for the purpose of acquiring more economic power (and more political and military power as well) would be apparent. For of property in Mr. de Maeztu's sense they have between them only a drop of an ocean; and its power being proportioned to its relative size their effort to make by means of doing the distribution of economic power, which Mr. de Maeztu urges upon them, would be doomed to hideous failure. Assuming, however, that this form of property is not the only form of wealth, and that having is not the only source of economic power; and admitting to our definition of Wealth the other values above named—those of being and of doing—the exhortation ceases to be ridiculous when we remember that though lamentably deficient in Wealth in Mr. de Maeztu's sense, the proletariat are wealthy in the values—economic values—of being and doing. Both what they are and what they can do are in demand, hence having value, and hence the possession of wealth. And all that it is urged upon them by the formula to do is to convert their present economic power, which consists in being and doing only, into the particular form of economic power which is associated with having or possession. And the means, it is contended, are likewise economic, though the forms become military or political. By giving or withholding such economic power as they do possess—the power of being and of doing—the proletariat can, in fact, obtain the other form of economic power to which Mr. de Maeztu refers, namely, property; and by then employing political power they can make such property or possession secure. The steps, it will be seen, are orderly. From being of value, there comes the doing or making of values; from the making of values the possession of values; and from the possession of values the maintenance in possession of values. Each step is a power, and the exercise of each power is the condition of the succeeding power. The economic power of being precedes the economic power of doing; the economic power of doing precedes the economic power of having; and the economic power of having precedes political power which is merely economic power turned to the defence of economic power.

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THINGS AND PERSONS.—Why is it that Mr. de Maeztu has overlooked the personal element in economics, and has confined his concept of Wealth to objective things? Is it not because in his new zeal for objectivism he has been carried to an extreme? In reaction from the school that would improperly subordinate all things to any person, he appears to be willing to subordinate all persons to anything. There is presumably a truth to be discovered about the matter; and our discomfort in the presence of Mr. de Maeztu's conclusion is evidence that our minds have not settled down to it. Moreover, by its fruit it begins to come under suspicion. Not only, as we have seen, does Mr. de Maeztu find himself compelled to exclude the power of the person from his concept of Wealth, but he is driven to strange metaphysical supports for his notions of partnership and fellowship.

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FELLOWSHIP AND PARTNERSHIP.—A fellowship, he says, is still a partnership in a common thing, the common thing being the idea of fellowship. And he quotes Mr. Bertrand Russell very aptly as proving that even in the simple statement "I like this," the word "like" denotes a universal; that is, an absolute and objective idea or thing. So fully do I recognise the fact that I am willing to strengthen the case for it. The rules of Good Fellowship, I can say, are as objectively fixed as the rules of Good Cricket. They are not, that is, determinable by the idiosyncrasies of the "fellows," but pre-exist in nature to be either obeyed or disobeyed at the discretion of the fellows. Very true, but have we not here the means of distinguishing between a partnership and a fellowship, on the one hand, and between Things and Persons on the other? To take the latter pair first, the characteristics of Things and Persons respectively are that things do not change their nature, cannot be other than they are, and cannot be without choice or discretion; while, in the case of Persons, their nature can be changed, they can become other than they are, they have choice and discretion, and hence are subject to sin and merit. But this profound distinction really settles for me the controversy between Subjectivism and Objectivism, in
favour of neither, but in favour of both. There is no need to discuss whether Things or Persons have primacy—the question is no more than a dilemma. We may say simply that both are primary, but that the one is fixed and the other is subject to change. The question then arises which can be said to exist for the sake of the other—for to admit their equality in point of value is not to admit their equality in point of primacy. The one is fixed and the other is subject to change; and historically and traditionally and upon every other ground the conclusion is supported by the universal opinion that changeless and absolute Things all exist for the sake of the changing Soul.

Plato would have agreed with Mr. de Maetzu and Mr. Bertrand Russell in admitting the idea of Fellowship to the category of self-subsuming realities. I, too, agree. But Plato did not on that account subordinate in value the Soul to the Ideas. On the contrary, Ideas, he said, exist for the sake of Soul, and are to be obeyed or disobeyed in their nature at the discretion, but also at the peril of the Soul. What I understand him to mean is that "in the beginning God created the heavens and the earth"; in other words, Ideas and Things, which in their nature should be unalterable by man's will, are assumed as the permanent conditions of the Soul's progress by their means. Their fixity, in short, was a condition of the Soul's progress—for you cannot mount a moving ladder. But is not all this enough of Objectivism to satisfy the critics of modern Subjectivists? I, who understand it, assert the variability and essential unreality of Ideas and Things while postulating the fixity and reality of the Soul? Is it not enough to have turned the tables and to have restored Ideas and Things to their proper reality without going on to deny to the Soul its proper reality? Things may once more be set in an hierarchy of permanent and absolute values; and so far, I am with the modern Objectivists. But the Soul or Person whose procession is through them, and by means of them—for whose sake, moreover, not though (as the Subjectivists say) by whose means or what they exist—must also, I think, be admitted to reality; nay, more, to a superior reality. The Person, in short, though not more real than Things, is of more value. The Primacy of Persons!

Same continued.—As in the case of Wealth and Property, words which Mr. de Maetzu equates by the omission of everything personal from Wealth, so here in the case of Partnership and Fellowship we find Mr. de Maetzu equating them by the same means, namely, by the omission of everything personal. The restoration of the person is, therefore, necessary in both instances if we wish to arrive at the truth, and as I have done it for the former, I may now hope to do it for the latter. The crucial question is the nature of the "thing" for which the fellowship or the partnership is created. Now, is it not fact the that a fellowship exists for just those "things" which Mr. de Maetzu has turned out from his concept of Wealth; while a partnership exists for the only things—namely, property—with which he identified Wealth? A partnership we may define as a common being or doing for the sake of being; but a fellowship we may define as a common being or doing for the sake of being. In the case of the partnership the thing is the everything, the partners are nothing. In the case of the fellowship, the fellows are everything, and the thing is nothing without them. The one involves a community of goods as a precept rather than an effect of their own; the other involves a community of goods, but only as a consequence. Friends have all things in common; but not all who have things in common are friends. They are then only partners...

R. H. C.

The Climatic Climax.

Professor Gale pushed his chair back from the table and went over to the door, opening it carefully.

"That you, Wilson?" he asked, in a guarded voice, peeping cautiously round the door, which he held open about four inches.

"It's me, all right," came a voice from outside.

"Let me come in, Professor, it's perishing cold standing out here."

"All right," exclaimed the Professor, opening the door wide, and beckoning his visitor into the room. "Come in at the women, you've arrived at a psychological moment. I've just tested that last cylinder you made."

"How's it go?" asked his visitor, anxiously.

"Splendidly," replied the Professor, rubbing his hands together. "But sit down by the fire and get warm. I was only thinking just now of what a saving in coal and artificial heat my invention will accomplish," he chuckled.

"And that's only one virtue of your invention," interrupted the visitor. "I only hope it turns out all right."

"There's absolutely nothing to fear," remarked the Professor, reassuringly. "I've got it all down on paper, and my initial experiments were satisfactory."

"Let's see that cylinder work," said the visitor, going over to the farther end of the laboratory, and placing his hand upon a long steel barrel, which seemed to hang suspended in the air without support.

"Pressure all right?"

"Perfect."

"What about the special valve you spoke of?"

"Works without any friction whatever."

"And the oil spray?"

"Quite all right."

"Let me show you. Just stand back a few feet."

The visitor retreated to the other end of the long laboratory, and watched with intense interest. The Professor placed a steel helmet upon his head, and took up a small lever.

"Just have a look at that thermometer before I relieve the pressure." The visitor examined the thermometer, and made a note on his cuff. "Right O."

"And that's only one virtue of your invention," he exclaimed, excitedly. "The temperature is less in here."

The Professor approached the cylinder.

"You will observe that I have contrived an atmospheric adjustment," he explained, pointing to an aluminium shaft connected with a sort of chimney which was built through the wall. "I noticed the patent ventilator," said the visitor. "Does that absorb all possible climatic reaction?"

"Exactly," said the Professor. "It occurred to me in extreme cases—hurricanes, etc.—this spray might be strained beyond its normal capacity. The ventilator minimise all such possible strain." Professor Gale then approached the steel cylinder, and inserted two large plugs which came through the floor, so as to prevent any possibility of a possible climatic reaction. A great humming noise became audible; sparks issued from the end of the cylinder.

"It's much warmer already," exclaimed the visitor, unable to remain silent.

The Professor held up his hand, as if to silence him. The visitor said no more, but watched the Professor closely. The old man allowed the steel lever farther round until the cylinder commenced to get red hot.

An almanac standing upon the table announced the fact that it was December 3, but the room was so hot that the visitor removed his coat and waistcoat, then his collar and tie. Then he went to the door and opened it. A warm wind came into the room, and although it was seven o'clock the street became lighter. The
Professor moved away from the cylinder, and took off his helmet. He then consulted a large dial, which was screwed into the wall—and called his visitor over.

"See!" he exclaimed, excitedly, "the hand points to summer heat. If we leave the cylinder as it is now, we shall produce a thunderstorm in ten minutes."

"Don't do that," said the visitor, in a whisper, "We don't want to create a panic in the village. They'll be pretty disturbed as it is. How far does this control extend?"

"Forty miles square," answered the Professor. The visitor whistled. "You'd better switch it back again to Winter-time, else you'll have the population down here smashing the thing up."

"The people shall have what weather they want," said the Professor, with dignity. "I have no desire to give them summer when they want winter, nor autumn when they desire spring." As he spoke, there was a noise of voices outside. People were running about in the street, staring at the sky, and gesticulating with amazement. The Professor snatched his helmet up and adjusted it; then rushed over to the cylinder and pulled back the lever. Slowly the sky grew darker; the temperature fell rapidly, and in two minutes it was freezing again. The Professor removed his helmet, and smiled triumphantly. His visitor was too astounded to say anything. He replaced his collar, tie, waistcoat, and coat, and sat down by the fire.

"There's going to be trouble over this," he said.

But the Professor took no notice. He was oiling the cylinder.

Six months later, the "Farmers' Political Party" was a recognised thing. William Studd stood for Spring, George Shandy for Summer, Albert Burrell for Autumn, and Will Nook for Winter. Each member was elected by farmers and their agricultural labourers. When Farmer Bushey wanted fine weather in February he voted for George Shandy; when Farmer Heywood wanted wet weather in July he voted for Albert Burrell; when Farmer Heydon wanted a cold snap in June he voted for Will Nook, and so did all his "hands." Each particular farmer's claim was contested at by-elections. Six months later, the "Farmers' Political Party" was a recognised thing. William Studd stood for Spring, George Shandy for Summer, Albert Burrell for Autumn, and Will Nook for Winter. Each member was elected by farmers and their agricultural labourers. When Farmer Bushey wanted fine weather in February he voted for George Shandy; when Farmer Heywood wanted wet weather in July he voted for Albert Burrell; when Farmer Heydon wanted a cold snap in June he voted for Will Nook, and so did all his "hands." Each particular farmer's claim was contested at by-elections.

Sick of the world. . . .

Arthur F. Thorn.
Aye, William. And what think you I found when I went to a famous Glee Club? I heard 'twas the finest exant, and looked forward to joining in a chorus. But there were too elderly men of affluence who sat round smoking cigars to hear a picked professional choir sing glees to them. I could have cried. Think of our six-part anthems!

And the glees we did.

When I went to my first Symphony Concert, I was filled and thrilled by expectation. I looked for the old pleasure to be increased, not realising—ass that I was—how we had then the very essence. It was the Fifth Symphony; I looked for the solemnity to be brought out; and sat waiting like some devotee in a Cathedral. Never was anyone more disgusted! They played it as a cross between an Irish jig and a light Italian Opera, lighting speed. As for the "Knocking of Fate" on the door! Why!

Poor fellow!

But what about our great pianists? Did you hear them all? They murder music, William! They destroy it! Without soul, they exhibit their immense virtuosity to indiscriminating females, playing the most difficult feats of—of—jugglery! When I knew what they played, note by note, I could follow it—with distaste—but otherwise they were meaningless. William! There is more music in one man fumbling over an old piano, threshing it out piece by piece, than in all these virtuosi strung together.

But their technique now—surely that appeals to you?

It is immense! The thousands of hours of practice required! The endurance! The effort of memory! 'Tis prodigious! But—not music.

I remember, Henry, you never did admire technique, and always you abused the violinist.

I still do. The violin recitals I was too foolish to attend, I can only class with Ballad Concerts as a torture of cats! The Zoo is musical and true beside them! Of course, there have been touches. At an Opera I once heard a man's chorus, off the stage, that swayed me. Oh, yes, I have had moments. Debussy dawned on me like a fawn in a thunderstorm.

I wondered how you would like him. There is a great divergence.

I took him to my heart.

Despite your old-fashioned ways and ravings of Bach and Scarlatti! He said things to me. Then came Caesar Franck—

You liked him?

Of course, there have been touches. At an Opera I once heard a man's chorus, off the stage, that swayed me. Oh, yes, I have had moments. Debussy dawned on me like a fawn in a thunderstorm.

I wondered how you would like him. There is a great divergence.

I took him to my heart.

Despite your old-fashioned ways and ravings of Bach or Scarlatti!

He said things to me. Then came Caesar Franck—a Great One—that.

You liked him at once?

There was no need to hear him twice, William; I have no prejudices—I fancy—and have been as ready for new music as old. When I heard 'Jardin sur le pluie' and 'L'eau d'eaux' something sang within... Those orchestras, too, can do things, especially Concertos—one of Saint Saëns isn't so bad, and there is the old Emperor, and one of Rachmaninoff's, and Max Bruch's masterpiece.

Did that give you dreams, Henry?

One day, William, I was seized by a giant and whirled in the air—I heard Bach's Sonata played on a great organ, as it should be played. And then—

Yes, Henry, you, too, have taken hashish.

That's the wonder, William! Why,Hashish, takers are these concert-goers. They take life at second-hand; they remind me of the spectators who watch others play football, deceiving themselves the while. Music, William, of all the arts, is a personal matter, a thing to be done. The ploughboy whistles the furnace, expirying, all unconsciously, the surrounding birds; the waggoner singing to the horses over the high road, and the labourer in the pub joining the jolly chorus, are more truly musical than all these dilettante devotes.

The only honest folk here are the performers. The others want their sentiment second-hand.

But what can they do?

Play their own music.

Music is hard, and many there are, Henry, who can never perform what they wish to hear!

So much the worse for them. Let them play pianolas—or abstain. That old Greek who would have banished music was no fool!

You are developing with a vengeance! I have thought much, William.

But it is the most innocent amusement after all!

It is not innocent. It degrades its practitioners, as all such things must. Others take their sentiment from poetry, and myths in England and Americes from novels—hence, the saccharine output of Ella Wheeler Wilcox and John Oxenham.

What of the opera?

The sweetest depth, where—like Nietzsche acutely noticed—Wagner poisons his tens of thousands! Bah! How innocent were we, William, at home? Dost remember we helped the Methodists to sing anthems?

And those old hymn tunes!

You never went to our chapel, William! Father had the finest tenor voice, and they all sang their parts—John Creasey, Joe Bailey, Uncle Potternott, old Crawley, and the rest, all mingling in perfect tune and time. Passers-by used to stop at the window and listen! Never have I enjoyed myself as then. They sang with such heart! I say, William, that music must come from within. It must swell in the breast like a tide!

...You must return to your village, Henry.

Gene is the old joy, William, gene are old Potternott and Joe Bailey, and a harmonium leads the choir! None lingers at the window now. Even the labourers are losing their old songs.

'Tis the spread of education and the end of the old order. I often think, Henry, that Music is dying in our white races. It may be carried on by Chinese or Zulus: the Hindoos have strange melodies and ears for tones beyond our ken. The Western world gathers into cities and leaves music behind with the plough and the lark. Bach lived his quiet life—and died—and those only can extract his gold who work alone; who dig by inches; who earn him by sweat; note by note. These modernists—even the great Strauss—are men of cities—of complexity. Not with them lies the future of music but with some Brazilian or Malayan. But not in our time, Henry! Your imagination has too great activity. Be content to consider your own lifetime and—return to your native soil.

For what?

Be another Bach! Write music for your fellows and your peasants! You are ripe for it, and have the root of the matter. Shun the city; live alone like Tolstoi, Bach or Flaubert, and that Spirit which descends so rarely may bless your dwelling. Like the wind—where it listeth, no man knowing whence or why—found neither by prayer nor fasting—it may come to you. I believe it would—and music should spring again.

THE TRUCE.

("No more Strife!"

THE STATESMAN said, "Thou shalt not strike; This wasteful strife must end.

You must not fight the master class—Your master is your friend!"

So there was peace throughout the land: Yes, everywhere he went, The rich grew richer day by day: The poor men were content.

But that peace was the peace of death—England was one great grave:

For Labour had become a fool—Each worker was a slave.

T. W. M.
Views and Reviews.

A PECULIAR PACIFIST.

Mr. BERTRAND RUSSELL has been so roundly abused in The New Age, and so liberally treated in England, that I expected to find something monstrous in his work. One would naturally think that a man who was not allowed to lecture in Glasgow, and was allowed to lecture in Manchester, would be a man beyond the pale, a barbarian, a fish-fed savage. But Mr. Russell writes like the Apostle Paul; in his highest flights, he is elaborating the text: "If ye be led of the Spirit, ye are not under the law." All his preliminary psychologising about impulse and desire, his demonstration that few men desire war but most men are impelled to make it (sound psychology this), his demonstration of the practical impossibility of perpetual peace so long as men are vigorous, all this is only the exordium to an argument in favour of lowering the thresholds of consciousness, and allowing what he calls the creative impulses a more spontaneous expression. The problem of civilisation, as he states it, is not the suppression or the diversion of impulse, but the development of the means of its expression, not the imposition of a system, but the recognition and approval of exceptions. Briefly, he regards life as an adventure, and criticises that cautiousness which, by denying expression to vital impulses, actually diminishes life and makes a man as mechanical as a steam-engine. The new commandment, which is not really new, that he states is: "Try it."

I am aware that this statement simplifies Mr. Russell's teaching almost to caricature, but he has been so misunderstood that it is necessary to understand the tendency that he wishes to encourage. Although he, like Señor de Maeztu, is objectivist, his tendency is exactly opposite. Señor de Maeztu is searching for a principle of limitation, Mr. Bertrand Russell for a principle of liberation; Señor de Maeztu wants to limit the man in the thing, Mr. Russell wants to express the man in the thing. It is the difference between discipline and technique; discipline is imposed, but technique is developed. Señor de Maeztu wants to check, Mr. Russell wants to encourage; the creative powers of man; Señor de Maeztu wants functions to be allotted by tribunals, Mr. Russell, on the other hand, argues that "the positive purposes of the State, over and above the preservation of order, ought, as far as possible, to be carried out, not by the State itself, but by independent organisations, which should be left completely free as long as they satisfied the State that they were not falling below a necessary minimum." Señor de Maeztu, desiring limitation, has been obliged to prove that liberty does not exist, is a "thing"; Mr. Russell, like M. Faguet, argues that "all strong associations which embody a sectional public opinion, such as trade unions, co-operative societies, professions, and universities, are to be welcomed as safeguards of liberty and opportunities of initiative." Señor de Maeztu, being a democrat (which in its positive aspect is a despot), would reduce all men to an equality as functionaries; Mr. Russell, being an aristocrat, would give all men liberty in voluntary associations. Señor de Maeztu's principle works out to uniformity, Mr. Russell's to variety.

The difference is most marked in the case of justice. Señor de Maeztu has elevated justice (there is no such thing; there are only judgments) to a position that seems Divine. Men must be governed by, or in accordance with, Justice, has been Señor de Maeztu's contention; but Mr. Bertrand Russell thinks: "that justice, like law, is, by itself, too static to be a desirable political principle; it does not, when it has been achieved, contain any seeds of new life, or any impetus to development. For this reason, when we wish to remedy an injustice, it is important to consider whether, in so doing, we shall be doing the actual destruction of a form of vigorous action which is, on the whole, useful to the community." Señor de Maeztu's "things" are very flexible, and I dare say that when he next writes on Justice he will have discovered that it will tolerate anomalies.

Mr. Russell's principle of reform is really a determination of direction; he states it in three words, "liberation of creativeness," and expounds it in a series of chapters. At the present time, most people are arguing that law is better than force for the settlement of disputes; and if the chief purpose of man were settlement instead of dispute, the phrase might pass without comment. But Mr. Russell suggests that law is not the best way of settling disputes. "Law," he says, "is too static, too much on the side of what is decaying, too little on the side of what is growing." It maintains the status quo, it does not encourage the life to come. Mr. Russell insists that force is a primal fact to be recognised, and not repressed; and "the function of authority should be to render the appeal to force unnecessary [by finding an outlet for it], not to give decisions contrary to those which would be reached by force." Until we have a world-State, he thinks that this function cannot be properly performed; but until it is, and "so long as law is in theory supreme, it will have to be tempered from time to time by internal revolution and external war."

To the objection that this view is immoral, he replies: "It may be said that the object of civilisation should be to secure justice, not to give the victory to the strong. But when this antithesis is allowed to pass, it is forgotten that love of justice may itself set force in motion. A Legislature which wishes to decide an issue in the same way as it would be decided if there were an appeal to force will necessarily take account of justice, provided justice is so flagrantly on one side that disinterested parties are willing to license the quarrel. If a strong man assaults a weak man in the streets of London, the balance of force is on the side of the weak man, because, even if the police did not appear, casual passers-by would step in to defend him. It is sheer cant to speak of a contest of might against right, and to hope for a victory of the right. If the contest is really between might and right, that means that right will be beaten." Right that is not right is not even right; it is probably one of Señor de Maeztu's "things," and does not exist.

For the rest, Mr. Russell examines the institution of property, and the institution of marriage, religion, and education, to show that their reform should tend to encourage the creative and to discourage the possessive impulses. This means the practical abolition of property, ownership being vested in the State; it means a radical reform of marriage, possessive marriage resulting not only in the decrease but in the actual decadence of the population; in education, he advocates the methods of Madame Montessori instead of "the passive awareness of dead facts" that is at present forced upon children; and his religion is inspiration, not dogma. Perhaps Mr. Russell over-estimates the quantity of creativeness that can be liberated, but that criticism would only establish the value of his case.
Reviews.


(Foulsham. 3s. 6d.)

The dogmatic determinism that Mr. Blatchford adopted has found another exponent in Mr. Frings. Heredity and environment determine everything; "man is the product of a biological law over which, individually, he can himself exert no influence." That no one is not even a biological law, ever produced anything, is a fact that seems to have escaped Mr. Frings' attention. When he deals with economics, he says that all wealth is produced by labour; but it is quite obvious that he would have said that all wealth is the product of an economical law. We could go on to say that all morality is the product of a moral law, all psychology the product of a psychological law, all religion the product of a religious law, and that all laws are the product of a legal law. The premise is absurd; a character of the child is indeterminate; "the child sees," he says in one place. "It could hardly be expected to do otherwise. And so its character is formed, unconsciously by the child itself, more or less consciously by those who are engaged in the direction of it." And if the child does not become a true son of a true father, that is because another law has been at work—the law of atavism. The absurdity of this reasoning is its only justification; it amuses, if it does not instruct. We could continue our study of the child's progress on these lines without Mr. Frings' assistance; we could discover that, in obedience to the laws of speech, the child begins to talk, in obedience to the laws of motion, the child begins to walk, in obedience to the laws of economics, the child begins to spend money, and the laws of bio-chemistry make it spend its money on sweets. The laws of education compel it to go to school, the laws of hygiene compel it to stay away from school when it suffers from infectious diseases, the laws of Nature (let us say) keep it to play truant, and the laws of mechanics and morality combine to make the schoolmaster administer corporal punishment for this dereliction. The argument is a joke, and nothing else; and in such matters as economics, politics and ethics only elaborates the joke. Man is responsible neither for his heredity nor his environment; says Mr. Frings; something called Society is responsible for the environment. A man may be a fool, but there is no merit in that; he may be a genius, but there is no merit in that. Heredity and environment take all the credit or discredit of these things; and as for man's will, it is simply the stronger of two impulses. Something called "reflection" enables man to be determined by the stronger of his impulses, and to follow the line of least resistance; and when he arrives at his destination, behold, that is Democracy. Democracy is another of the things to which man is subject; he is not responsible for Democracy, for that is the product of environment. A certain amount of environment acting upon a certain amount of heredity has produced monarchy, aristocracy, oligarchy, plutocracy, and will produce democracy. Then there will be no men of merit; the genius will say: "I was born like it"; the idiot will say: "I cannot help it; my heredity determined it." But let the race of man join in the chorus of "Non nobis" when Society seeks to bestow its rewards. Heredity and environment will have temples built to them, and their laws shall be inscribed on tablets on the altars; and irresponsible, unmeritorious man will live happily ever afterwards, at least, we hope so.

The Russians and their Language. By Madame N. Jarintzov. (Blackwell. 6s.)

By combining information which might be found in a Russian grammar (but is not) with items of informal gossip which should be found in some of the handbooks on Russia (but are not) Madame Jarintzov has contrived to appeal both to the student of language and the general reader. Her analysis of Russian pronunciation, for instance, is as good as anything yet written on this subject in English. Although her method of transliteration is not free from blemishes, only a singularly dogmatic and ill-informed person would continue to quibble about that difficult subject, as the recent correspondence in the "Times Literary Supplement" amply shows.

The idea of interpreting national character in the fight of national speech has been discredited, especially lately in regard to Russia, by sentimental exaggeration. On the whole, Madame Jarintzov keeps within the bounds of reason, and outside the New Age, a pioneer venture of interest. Thus, her remarks on Russian words with no equivalent in English, and vice versa, on Russian epithets of appreciation, on prefixes and on diminutives, deserve to be read carefully.

In general, however, she seems apt to overrate the richness of Russian as compared with English, especially in the matter of synonyms. Like many Russians, too, she curiously ignores the other Slav languages. Much of what she says about the Russian construction and powers of expression applies to the kindred languages in an equal degree, and although she was not bound to emphasise this fact, there is no reason why she should assert:—"Just in the same way as Modern Russian, the Old Slavonic has no grammatical shortcomings, which it is the critic's duty to indicate. Thus, on p. 53, there is a triolet by Sologub with the seventh line missing. On the following page the silver birches are made to tremble "sweetly," when the original says "tenderly, languidly" (nyezhno, tomno). If the translator had been reproducing rhyme, there might have been some reason for the discrepancy, but she makes no attempt to do so. Then on p. 190, where she translates a poem by Zinaida Hippus in a version which sometimes has rhyme, sometimes assonance, sometimes neither (why the mixture?) she makes the setting sun "large and round," merely to rhyme with "ground." "Indifferent," too, in the same poem, is an indifferent rendering of "blyednym," and in the original the poetess does not complain that sadness is "gnawing" her. Then one whole verse of the original, "No platchu bez slyoz," etc., has disappeared, and in verses 4 and 5 there is a confusing transposition of lines. Why all these deviations? Such careless slips are remarkable in a book which otherwise produces an impression of good workmanship.

God's Remnants: Stories of Israel among the Nations. By Samuel Gordon. (Dent. 6s.)

The scenes of these stories are laid in London, New York, Poland, Russia, Galicia, Austria, and Eastern Prussia; but they tell us nothing but Jewry. They have one unvarying thesis, the return of the apostate to the faith and the ceremonies of his fathers; and Mr. Gordon will stick at no literary device to arrive at his foregone conclusion. The long arm of coincidence is very hardly worked, particularly in "The Nameless Grave"; and it was certainly convenient that there
Purim-player, to obtain by stealth his father's blessing; rattlesnake! but we shake the rattle not in reproof, Judaism commonplaces will redound to the greater glory of sentiment; and we doubt whether his literary commonplaces will redound to the greater glory of Jewry. He will probably find his readers among juvenile orthodox Jews, and his work is more likely to confirm believers in the faith than to convert apostates.


This is the last volume of stories that Mr. Graham will design to write for us, and we say farewell to him without a catch in our voice, or a curse in our beard. He meant well, God knows, he meant well; but it was unfortunate that his Arabs all suffered from ophthalmia, and his prostitutes from philosophy and pleurisy. In this volume, it seems that the horses will all suffer from the war, and the Gauchos from admiration of the horses. A number of those sketches have neither beginning nor end, and some of those that seem like stories have no point. However, Mr. Graham has 'charm,' as the "Athenaeum" once said; and congratulates himself at the beginning of his preface in these words: "Luckily the war has made eggs too expensive for me to fear the public will pelt me off the stage with them." Charm? The phrase makes us feel like a tailor without a catch in our voice, or a curse in our beard. We will deign to write for us, and we say farewell to him without any thought of injustice or pleasure.

Lloyd George, he was for England, and Joffre was for France;

Sing Honi soit qui mal y pense.

Lord Haldane, a philosopher
Of mighty learning legal
(Tis said that he translated the Philosophy of Hegel),
In Whitehall, at the War Office,
Made most surprising changes,
Inspected armies in Berlin,
And opened rifle ranges.
He had no other thought beyond
Old England immortal,
He cut down her artillery,
And raised the Territorial;
When he became Lord Chancellor
He reckoned it but small work,
And so unto the Government
Became the Maid-of-All-Work.
Till busier than the busy bee,
In robes and raiment gorgeous,
He flicked his fine Hegelian dust
In all eyes but Lloyd George's.
Lloyd George said to the "Daily Mail,"
"Be quick, get out your comb;
For Haldane says that Germany's
His spiritual home;"
Lloyd George, he was for England, and Joffre was for France;

Sing Honi soit qui mal y pense.

Winston Churchill a scion was
Of Marlboro's mighty race,
With pen and sword and spoken word
To all he set the pace;
He saw the fiery Soudanese
In Kitchener's fierce grip,
And left his party far behind
The Parliamentary ladder,
As soon as he came home;
The "Daily Mail" his bludgeon was,
The "Times" his curry-comb;
When Germans made a sudden raid
On an evening hazy,
England immemorial;
Lord Haldane, a philosopher
Of mighty learning legal
(Tis said that he translated the Philosophy of Hegel),
In Whitehall, at the War Office,
Made most surprising changes,
Inspected armies in Berlin,
And opened rifle ranges.
He had no other thought beyond
Old England immortal,
He cut down her artillery,
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When he became Lord Chancellor
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"Be quick, get out your comb;
For Haldane says that Germany's
His spiritual home;"
Lloyd George, he was for England, and Joffre was for France;

Sing Honi soit qui mal y pense.
Lloyd George, he was for England, and Joffre was for France;
Sing Honi soit qui mal y pense.

When Ulster raised her battle-cry
"No Pope and no Surrender!";
She sought among her Warriors
A Hero to defend her;
She found the choice unanimous
Of Freshwater and Parson,
Had lighted on the lantern-jawed
Attorney-General Carson;
With wooden guns and Orange drums
They made a noise around him,
And if they could have found a crown
No doubt they would have crowned him.
He issued threats of civil war
The Liberals to warn,
And with his trusty Volunteers
He ran the guns at Larne.
When war put politics aside,
He joined the Coalition,
But, being a man of action, soon
Relinquished his position;
Still, in the Cabinet or out,
He pulled his strings so well
That neither friend nor foe could doubt
"Tous but to rise he fell.
Lloyd George, he said, "Come hither, Ned;
Take any job you please;
You friguated as not long ago,
Why not our enemies?"

Lloyd George, he was for England, and Joffre was for France;
Sing Honi soit qui mal y pense.

Now is there jubilation in
The pleasant land of Wales,
For joy and hope illuminate
Her mountains and her valleys;
Rejoicing that her well-beloved,
Although of lowly birth,
Holds high authority among
The mightiest on earth.
The Welsh were loyal to their Chief,
Nor ever did they doubt him,
And in their hearts they little cared
What others said about him.
"Tis true, but now forgotten,
That once upon a time
He said that hen-roosts might be robbed
And latterly he taxed us all
He said that hen-roosts might be robbed
And if they could have found a crown
No doubt they would have crowned him.
He issued threats of civil war
The Liberals to warn,
And with his trusty Volunteers
He ran the guns at Larne.
When war put politics aside,
He joined the Coalition,
But, being a man of action, soon
Relinquished his position;
Still, in the Cabinet or out,
He pulled his strings so well
That neither friend nor foe could doubt
"Tous but to rise he fell.
Lloyd George, he said, "Come hither, Ned;
Take any job you please;
You friguated as not long ago,
Why not our enemies?"

Let Britain's enemies beware,
That once upon a time
He said that hen-roosts might be robbed
And if they could have found a crown
No doubt they would have crowned him.
He issued threats of civil war
The Liberals to warn,
And with his trusty Volunteers
He ran the guns at Larne.
When war put politics aside,
He joined the Coalition,
But, being a man of action, soon
Relinquished his position;
Still, in the Cabinet or out,
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"Tous but to rise he fell.
Lloyd George, he said, "Come hither, Ned;
Take any job you please;
You friguated as not long ago,
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THE LIVERPOOL STRIKE.

Sir,—Your excellent criticism last week of the wisdom of a Ministry of Labour could scarcely have been dry on your pen before events brought the proof of it. Here is Mr. Hodge compelled, as his first act in his new office, to suppress a strike. The situation is most paradoxical in which a member of Parliament who owes his seat to his Trade Unionism finds himself as a member of a Government required to defeat the very object for which he entered Parliament. Was it, I wonder, the intention of Mr. Lloyd George to set the Labour Party where they would at the same time defend the Government and crush Labour and ruin themselves? If so, the success of the manoeuvre appears to be probable. You suggest that the Government, when in doubt, will be driven to move towards the Left; but not, surely, towards a Left which is more and more approximates to the extreme Right? A Labour Party that undertakes to work the wage system on behalf of a capitalist Government will have only itself to thank if the rank and file kick it out at the first opportunity.

R. D. HORNER.

THE SCHOOLMASTER ABROAD.

Sir,—In the first of his "Letters of a Schoolmaster" in the "Full Mail Gazette" (December 9), Mr. John Edwards complains that the "riveter on the Clyde" informs a sympathetic public that he is starving on 41 a week, while the "average assistant master is counted overpaid on a salary of £70 a year." The parallel is not exactly one we should expect from a schoolmaster; and when we get it, the reflection must occur to everybody that he needs another school than his own to teach him a lesson in logic. If I were to compare the average wage of the workman with the salary paid to the Headmaster of Eton, even Mr. John Edwards, I imagine, would see the injustice of the parallel. Yet he does not hesitate to suggest that the £47, perhaps, earned in a week by one single workman, by overtime and under special circumstances, is a fair standard for comparison with the average wage of the assistant schoolmaster.

D. V.

THE NEW DRAMA.

Sir,—I saw that Mr. William Archer received a copy of The New Age that contained my letter about Mr. Green's dramatic competition. His silence signifies that he endorses the action of the lady who rejected my twenty-one plays without giving me any evidence that she had read them, but who confessed that she herself "couldn't write a play for anything." It seems to be a law of nature that the pioneers of one generation become the ultra-conservatives of the next. That is why the people who glorified Ibsen are now jumping on my head, think-and the profession was not overcrowded. The theatres are giving England softening of the brain, and Messrs. Archer, Grein, Shaw, Zangwill, and Whelan are doing their best to murder my spirit. Probably they will succeed, for physically I am a good deal below par. I thought England wanted a new mythology, but I was wrong. England wants no new myths, but only old lies. There is an important difference between a myth and a lie. A lie is private trading, but a myth is invented for the good of the commonwealth.

D. R. T.
The only creed with any life in it is Malthusianism, and that, paradoxically, is the creed of death. Malthusianism is a device for bringing about the survival of the worst. It is popular because it pays; it is a commercial proposition. Every district now has its Holywell Street.

If it lasts another fifty years, Schopenhauer’s dream of universal suicide will be near realisation. There is already something like a baby famine in the brainiest parts of Britain. Scotland does not stand where it did, and, if Edinburgh drinks much more whisky, she won’t be able to stand at all.

We must now face the possibility that we have reached the top of the evolutionary tree and are now beginning the descent; there is plenty of evidence to support the alarming idea.

I remember the time when you could stroll along the Old Kent Road on a Saturday night and witness a dozen street-fights; now you seldom see one. This is a sign of decadence, because it means there is no surplus energy.

Then there is the alarming growth of the belief in spiritualism and telepathy, which signifies muddle-headedness, credulity, superstition, and fraud. If telepathy were true, we should all go mad in twenty-four hours, because we should all know one another’s thoughts, and, if spiritualism were also true, it would make the confusion a thousand times worse-confoundedly because we should know the thoughts of the dead as well as the living.

But the strongest evidence of all is the rise of women. This might be called the Age of Women, and, as women have about ten per cent. less brains than men, it follows that everything they do must be second-rate.

Modern democracy practically means the government of women for women by women. Hence the Flogging of women for women by women. Hence the Flogging Act of 1912. If a man kills a child, he is hanged; if a woman kills a child, she is given a halo. I am not in favour of more women being hanged, because hanging a woman, to say the least, is a piece of vandalism. What I want is more free play in hanging matters.

In Shakespeare’s time no women were allowed on the stage; now the stage is flooded with them; hence the decline of the drama.

Spiritualism and sex-equality are the two greatest degradations of the age.

My own intellectual damnation is further proof of British stupidity. Now that Mr. Bernard Shaw is becoming sere and yellow and prosperous, I have probably the most vivacious intellect in Europe, yet I am practically unknown!

The world’s greatest need is a machine for measuring ideas. At present a man with an idea has to bribe, beg, bully, wheedle, and coax to get his idea known, and the better the idea the bigger the struggle.

The above would provide some splendid themes for the New Drama. The idea of one man fighting against universal decadence is a subject worthy of a Shakespeare, a Euripides, and an Aristophanes rolled into one. I might have a go at it myself, only there is nothing to prick the ribs of my intent.

But, after all, this is the New Drama. I am my own hero; super-trilogy is my fundamental theme; the New Age is the stage; and the villain is the swinish multitude of insert fools. My case is worse than Nietzsche’s, because even he found a final refuge in the Stock Exchange.

Fourteen nations at war, and not one Good European among the lot! William Marrer.
PRESS CUTTINGS.

Many are the projects of Government finance that are being suggested and discussed in the City. The most drastic we have seen, emanating from responsible quarters, is the suggestion of an expansion of war funds even greater than the new Government should suspend further borrowing altogether, substituting a tax on capital so that every able able body is compelled to contribute to the fighting force. "Taking the capital of the United Kingdom at £3,400,000,000, a tax of 6 per cent. on the ability of invested funds even as every able body is compelled to contribute to the war forces"—so runs the suggestion—"would produce £2,040,000,000. If the tax were reduced to 5 per cent., it would cause little or no monetary disturbance, as Government disbursements would balance the tax payments. Just as forced borrowings have caused inflation and a consequent rise in the prices of commodities, so would taxation have the contrary effect. It would enforce economy of consumption, bring about a fall in prices, restrict imports, and so help the exchange. To meet this taxation of capital, people would either draw on their balances or borrow from their banks."—"Times." 

Mr. Hodge has issued the following statement regarding the work of the new Department over which he presides:—

Ministry of Labour, Whitehall, S.W.,
December 14.

Dear Sir,—For 30 years or more the trade union movement has insisted upon the institution of a Ministry of Labour. It is unnecessary to repeat the arguments which were put forward in support of that demand. The Ministry is for the moment sufficient to know that last the demand has been conceded.

The success of the Department is vital both to employers and workmen; to be a success it must receive the whole-hearted support of employers as well as of the Labour movement.

The policy of the Department will be one of impartial investigation, with a view to deciding equitably upon conflicting claims. It will be readily understood that it is almost impossible for the Ministry either to investigate or conciliate successfully once a cessation of work has taken place.

I therefore appeal very earnestly not only to the leaders of the workmen, but to employers as well, to consult with me before a crisis is reached. In face of the gravity of the national situation, and the dangers resulting from any stoppage of work to the Allied cause, as well as to our lives and limbs and to the funds which are maintaining the national interests by land and by sea, I feel confident that this appeal will not be in vain. Sincerely yours, 

JOHN HODGE.

To the Editor of the "Times."

Why not form at once local farming committees for each parish or rural district and throw on them the responsibility of raising a necessary proportion of food crops for the nation? If the event of farmers not producing their allotted amount, a heavy tax or levy should be imposed upon them. We are all aware of the difficulties brought about by want of labour, machinery, seeds, and fertilisers; but proper organisation, the use of prisoners of war, the cessation of all industries catering for non-wartime purposes, the conscription and mobilisation of all available manpower, the establishment of the Ministry of Labour, and the supply of coal and electric power; and takes virtually into a limited partnership the strong and well-organised Trade Unions of relatively well-paid operatives in those industries, leaving the lowlier two-thirds of the wage-earning population in what may justly be called a servile state. He would probably carry with him, in any such policy, at least a large section of the Labour forces that he is now rallying to his support; whilst the Liberal party would attract to itself, with an alternative policy of raising the Standard of Life (necessarily by collective action) of the downtrodden mass of the population, the remainder of the Labour forces. The slowly developing political influence of Labour as a whole would, in such an issue, be eliminated.—"The New Statesman." 

A Ministry of Labour is surely a false idea. The term suggests that Labour can be made a separate department of Government, and treated as a separate interest, whereas democracy should take as its motto for Labour that which the French Revolution gave to the Third Estate. With what department of Government is Labour not concerned? What about education, or local government, or justice? Labour cannot be isolated from other aspects of industry and life. The Guild Socialists seem to us to be on much more hopeful and constructive lines in their conception of the place of Labour in the new State. We are not inclined, therefore, to be particularly enthusiastic over Mr. Hodge's new Department. But we hope that Radicals will perhaps settle down into some reasonable relationship with this new Department. But we hope that Radicals will beware of letting that Ministry become stereotyped as a symbol of class differentiation.—"The Nation." 

Silk stockings with real lace fronts are being sold in London for 3½, 6½, and to gingham a pair. Can Germany show such riches?—"The Drapers' Organizer." 

If for any reason the Cabinet cannot secure the support of the House of Commons, there must be a General Election. But that, it is generally felt, would at the present moment be a great evil. It is very difficult to envisage a parliament elected at a time when our soldiers and sailors—the flower of the electorate—could not vote would not be as unrepresentative as it sounds. As a matter of fact, however, persons disfranchised by circumstances would be disfranchised roughly in equal proportions in all classes and political groups. But though a General Election is clearly not desirable, we can imagine circumstances in which it would be inevitable. To provide for those circumstances we hold that a short Act of Parliament ought at once to be passed, making it obligatory to hold all elections on the same day, as is done in every other civilised country.—"The Spectator." 

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