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CONTENTS.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Once again there is an opportunity for the Labour Party to strike a bargain for the honour of its class and country. Over a year ago, when it was a question of compulsory general military service, we recommended the Labour Party to require this measure to be accompanied by a similar measure for conscripting wealth. Money, as everybody knows, was as indispensable as men; and at least the same compulsion should be applied to its services as to the services of the latter; and we pleaded with the Labour Party to refuse its consent to the compulsion of the men of their class until the shirking shillings of their masters had been similarly compelled. But it was all in vain. The paid representatives of Labour, seated comfortably on the necks of their fellows, calmly assented to their compulsion without even requiring that the interest on the loans of money to the State should be reduced from its full market-rate; so that, in the end, it was their last man who was taken before the first shilling of their masters had been touched. It is by now an old story, and there is no satisfaction in being reminded of it. But it happens, as we say, that once again the opportunity occurs to correct the blunder that was then made and to deal a blow for Labour as well as for the State. For what is it now that the State is demanding of Labour? It is no longer military service, for of that the State has had almost as much as there is to be obtained; but it is industrial service. And the question, therefore, once more arises whether in consenting to the proposed mobilisation of labour (industrial conscription under another name), the Labour Party cannot this time make it a condition that not only Labour shall serve the State for nothing, but that wealth shall equally come under the yoke.

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The morality of this kind of bargaining is without exception. For it is not as if Labour would be requiring an exchange for its services which it would cause the State any loss to give. On the very contrary, the conscription of wealth which Labour might insist upon in return for the proposed conscription of Labour would be an additional and not a subtracted advantage to the State. The two main parties to society, in fact, would both be the better off: Labour by the relief of itself from Rent, Interest and Profit, and the State by its relief from the growing incubus of the National Debt. We all know that at this moment one of the serious difficulties of the State is the provision of money with which to carry on the war. Mr. Bonar Law has said as much in a speech for which, though he has complained that it was misunderstood, he has not subsequently offered any explanation. And the subject was again referred to by Mr. Asquith on Tuesday when he affirmed that the financial outlook was "very serious." But if this is the case— and we know now that it is— what is the conclusion but that the war threatens to be brought to an indeterminate end, not by the refusal of men to serve, but by the refusal of our financiers to submit to compulsion? Surely if there is a means of sparing the nation the ignominy of compromise at the dictation of the wealthy classes—and only after the other classes have offered their all—the means should be taken, and they are patriots who would take them. And that is precisely what we would urge upon the Labour Members of the Government who, it is known to everybody but themselves, have the matter within their own hands. They have only to say that they decline to impose further compulsion upon Labour until the equally indispensable and the much more reluctant Capital of the country has been brought under compulsion, to bring about one of two things, each desirable in itself: the equality of sacrifice of which so much has been talked, that would enable us to pursue the war to its end; or the frank admission by Capital that it would rather make peace upon any terms than consent to its own compulsory service. The ground, at any rate, would be cleared, and we should know, for better or worse, where we are.

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Another consideration applies to the proposed mobilisation of Labour that did not apply to military service. In the case of military service there was, at least, the assurance that the service, however perilous to the individual, would not entail a personal profit to the officers who would command it. But in the case of industrial compulsion and the services now to be rendered under it to the State, the very condition of them is that before the State derives any benefit from them, one or

other private employer is to make a private profit out of them. Industrial conscription has been often defined: but we confess that we can attach no meaning to it if this description does not cover what is now proposed to be done. Men are to be compelled to work for the private profit of employers by all the power of the State and only indirectly for the State itself. What is this if it is not compulsory profiteering and the Servile State? To reply, as Mr. Lloyd George has replied, that merely "excessive profiteering" is to be "even more drastically forbidden" is to misconceive the principle involved. It is to take the arithmetical amount as the cause of complaint when, in fact, the complaint is qualitative not quantitative. We do not in the least care whether profiteering is "excessive" or whether it is, in the opinion of the governing classes, merely "reasonable." What we object to is the principle of profiteering as applied to compulsory national service of any kind whatever. It is true that it seems impossible to eliminate profiteering from industries already in operation and from labour services that can be said, at any rate, to be voluntary. But when it is a question of extending the area of compulsion and of bringing under compulsory national service forms of labour that before have been quasi-voluntary, the elimination of private profit then becomes not only a matter of principle—which it always is—but a matter of practical possibility as well. Alone, however, among the Labour leaders, Mr. Robert Williams appears to have been the only one to see that since the State is introducing a new principle into its dealings with Labour, Labour is entitled to ask in return the establishment of a new principle for itself, the principle, namely, that no private profit shall be made out of its compulsory services. To consent to compulsory national service without requiring that it shall be national service and nothing else is, indeed, to consent to the establishment of State slavery for the benefit, first, of private employers, and only secondarily of the State itself.

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Unless some such bargain is made, we cannot see what value to their class or to the nation the adhesion of the Labour Party to the Government can possibly have. As our readers know, we tolerated, if we did not welcome, the support given to the new Government by Labour, but only upon the ground that the admitted indispensability of Labour to the State would give Labour the very right and power to bargain which we are just now discussing. If, however, the bargain is to be all on one side, and the Government is to procure in the services of private Capital the police-work of the Labour leaders who, in return, will require nothing of Capital, the sooner the Labour movement repudiates its leaders the better. There is an opinion apparently abroad in official Labour circles that honours and places given individually to themselves are of necessity reflected in an elevation of status for the men they represent. Labour *must* be improving its status, they seem to say, since Labour leaders are receiving more consideration at the hands of the governing classes. The very reverse, however, may equally be true; and appears now to be only too true. For at the very moment when half a dozen Labour members are appointed to the Ministry, and one of them is in the supreme Cabinet, the class whom they profess to represent is finding itself forcibly degraded from quasi-voluntary to compulsory labour and still under the old order of profiteering. Surely the Labour leaders will see that their own personal elevation is not of itself an automatic lever to raise their class or to lift them out of the wage-system. Its virtue is not passive, but it must be active. No doubt can exist in anybody's mind that, as we said a fortnight ago, the Labour group in the Ministry holds the balance of power. But we never said that to hold it without using it is in itself an effective exercise of the power. Like the rank and file of the Labour movement, we require (as they, we hope, will demand) that the powers conferred upon the Labour leaders shall be actually exercised and not worn as a personal adornment. In truth, these powers are not theirs, but they are a trust; and on the use made of them we shall judge the loyalty of the Labour leaders to the movement that has created them for its use.

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Our view that the creation of a Ministry of Labour is a long step towards a feudal labour system is not in the least changed by the discussions that have just taken place upon it. It is true, of course, that the Labour Party has agitated for this measure during the last thirty years; and hence that Mr. Lloyd George could make a measure so cunningly adapted to his own ends of setting Labour to catch Labour appear in the light of a concession. It is true, again, that even the Labour opposition, in the person of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, approves of the measure while disapproving of almost everything else. But when has ever the Labour Party or Mr. MacDonald been clear in their mind upon the means to bring about the ends they have presumably had in view; or quickwitted enough to change their demands when they saw in what form they were being met? The obvious circumstance that a Ministry of Labour, at this moment of all moments, is almost a necessity to the capitalist classes if they are to have the working classes mobilised for profiteering would, we should have thought, have struck Mr. MacDonald if even his intelligence had been unable to realise that a permanent Ministry of Labour implies a permanent status of Labour. And his opposition to the Government upon other grounds might even be supposed to have sharpened his wits. Nevertheless, we find him singling out this worst feature of the new Government's policy for exclusive praise. Everything else that Mr. Lloyd George has done, is doing, or is about to do commands Mr. MacDonald's suspicion; but the one irrevocable and deadly act of the new Government Mr. MacDonald whole-heartedly approves.

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We shall refrain for as long as we can from tightening the rope which we frankly admit we are allowing Mr. Lloyd George; but our readers should credit us with having provided a noose at the end of it. The position is really one of difficulty. On the one hand, in dealing with an opportunist like Mr. Lloyd George, there is no telling from day to day what he may do next, good, bad, or indifferent. And on the other hand, as we cannot repeat too often, the power of the Labour section of the Ministry, if only they choose to exercise it, is wellnigh absolute. There is thus something eminently squeezable in face of sufficient power to squeeze an economic revolution. And the practical issue of the political situation is the movement of the Government, Left or Right, under the pull or by the neglect of the Labour wing. That with our knowledge of the character and ability of the constituent Labour members we are in little doubt that in the game of pull-devil, pull-baker, Mr. Lloyd George will win—at the cost, however, not only of Labour but of the State—may be deduced from everything we have written. But while the smallest doubt remains the duty is upon us of giving the devil his chance. What if, under the impulse of the approaching Labour Conference, the Labour members of the Ministry begin to realise their power and therewith the obligation of exercising it? What if they were now to declare that the condition of assenting to the mobilisation of Labour is the concurrent conscription of wealth and the abolition of profiteering? We agree that the chances of any such revolution of mind are small; we sorrowfully confess that we cannot see Mr. Henderson, Mr. Brace, Mr. Hodge and the rest turning upon themselves in any such fashion. But let us wait and watch. There will be a time for reckoning, and it is not yet. While the body can move we will hold no post-mortem.

Upon one matter, however, we can speak with confidence and without reserve. For ourselves we can frankly say that the proposed "nationalisation" of the coal-mines and of the mercantile marine, since it is to take the same form as the present "nationalisation" of the railways, is not enough to warrant the support of the Government by a single Labour vote. Everybody is aware that the "nationalisation" of railways has taken place in name only, and that except by limitation of war profits the railway capitalists have suffered no loss, present or prospective. Nay, more, they have gained far more than they have lost even in the matter of war profits. In the first place, the discipline of their labour commodity has been assured to them by the substitution of the State as temporary employer for themselves. In the second place, without further trouble they are secured in the dividends they made during peace. In the third place, they are guaranteed restitution, reparation and compensation at the end of the war as if they were some benevolent neutral Power. Finally, we know, they have had the dictatorship of labour during the whole of the war period. If, as Mr. Lloyd George announces, these same conditions are to be applied to coal-mines and to shipping, the arrangement is obviously in the interests of the capitalists in these industries, primarily and exclusively. We should not wonder, in fact, if they have not been suggested and insisted upon by them and only afterwards palmed off by Mr. Lloyd George upon the Labour Party as a concession. To disguise an injury as a concession is one of Mr. Lloyd George's tricks of sleight-of-tongue; and it appears to have been his intention in the present instance. That it will succeed we have unfortunately little doubt; for the gullibility of the Labour Party by words like "nationalisation" is endless; but that such nationalisation means anything hostile to Capitalism there is even less doubt. In the "Evening News" of Wednesday last it was openly reported that as a result of "much discussion" on the Cardiff Coal Exchange two views emerged concerning the proposed "nationalisation" of the coal-mines. One was "that Mr. Lloyd George's statement was largely meant to conciliate the Trade Unions"; and the other was "that the Government would do nothing that would endanger the money invested in such enterprise." And on Thursday the "Times" announced that the Government's proposal to nationalise shipping had only slightly depressed the shipping market. This evidence is surely conclusive that the "nationalisation" for which the Labour Party is selling its soul is worth no more.

"MR. BOTTOMLEY REVEALS HIMSELF."
"Daily Chronicle," November 15, 1916.

When the rude hand of naughty Mrs. P.
The robe from blushing Joseph rudely peeled,
He could have felt not half as shy as thee;
Albeit by thine own fair hand revealed.

Yes, this, observe, is Bottomley at last,
The bold bad Bottomley, so blunt and bluff.
"Confound the Coalition!" (Why not "Blast
The blackguards!" "Confound" is hardly strong enough.)

Did you not tell us once that you and N.,
The noble lord who runs the "Daily Mail,"
From the same office (almost I said "den")
With one accord pursued the Holy Grail?

Were you a watchdog? Did you bark too much?
Did modesty your pious progress clog?
Were you, perchance—we've heard of many such—
The caudal end that tried to wag the dog?

Is it a lion that you wish to wag?
Rather too much for Northcliffe and for you.
But when *he* roars and waves the British flag,
'Tis Bottomley can play the lion too.

Your hoof you showed (not cloven) years agone,
The ass's head you cherished on your shelf,
But now you've made your bow and put it on,
And "Mr. Bottomley reveals himself." L'HIBOU.

Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdad.

MR. LLOYD GEORGE made the expected references to the German peace offer. It is difficult for us to negotiate with a country which holds, with its partners, so much Allied territory, and a speaker on behalf of England could not do otherwise than make special reference to the triumphant manner in which the German Chancellor explained his proposals to the Reichstag. Nevertheless, the Prime Minister did not "bang the door," as he was expected to do, apparently, in some quarters. The comments of the Allied newspapers are what might be expected in the circumstances; and it is of great interest to turn to German and to neutral opinion. Undoubtedly the German people, who have had a comparatively small proportion of the truth told them during the war (especially of recent months), were led to expect, if not immediate acceptance of the offer, at any rate favourable consideration of it by some of the Allied Governments. There is much disappointment at the meagre result achieved; and the official and semi-official organs make no secret of their disagreeable surprise. The most notorious comment is that of the Berlin "Lokal-Anzeiger," which holds that if Mr. Lloyd George wishes to "put off the fulfilment of Europe's desire for peace until the Entente has been successful in conquering the German arms . . . that will mean eternal war; or would mean eternal war if it were not in the power of the German army to force peace sooner than he supposes."

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That, as the writer must surely know, is a ridiculous statement. The German army has been trying to "force peace" for two years and a half; and it is not now possible for it to do more than it has done. However badly the Allied leaders may have carried out their task, however unfavourable the prospects may seem for us, the fact remains that the German armies are beaten in the field so far as the forcing of a definite decision is concerned. *Indeed, the speeches just made by Scheidemann*, the Socialist "Majority" leader, by Stresemann, the leader of the National Liberals, and other prominent politicians, indicate clearly that the Germanic Federation proposes henceforth to rely upon other than military means for ending the war—upon "ruthless" submarine warfare, for instance, in order that England may be "starved out"; upon the possibility of a split in the Grand Alliance; upon the economic weakness of the Entente Powers, and the like; but not upon a military victory. Not even the spectacular invasion and occupation of Wallachia can hide the fact that the Germanic armies have been unable to force a decision upon the armies of the Entente Powers; and so long as they have been unable to do so they have failed in their aim. Sufficient particulars have appeared in the German papers, and in the unbiased reports of neutral observers, to show that the economic strain on Germany herself has become very acute. The food-card system has broken down; the national levy has proved to be impracticable; the mark continues to sink in the money markets of the world.

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One weapon for purposes of negotiation the Germans still hold. They are in possession of valuable Allied territory—several Departments of France, Russian Poland; parts of Russia; Serbia, Montenegro, Belgium, and so on. It is true that the amount of German territory held by the Entente Powers is also large; but, as

it consists for the most part of German colonies overrun by England, it is admittedly of less value in bargaining. But the enemy realises as well as we do that the seizure of Wallachia has all but exhausted the possibilities in this direction. Despite its weakening at several points in order that the Roumanians might be helped, the Russian line has held firm; the British and French lines in the west cannot be shaken; and a vast raid on the Allied fronts in Macedonia or in Northern Italy is hardly practicable. Our foes, too, are suffering from lack of men; and Hindenburg cannot indefinitely raise divisions for invasion by withdrawing men from regiments at full strength and forming new regiments with them. Day by day the amount of Allied territory in possession of the Central Powers is likely to grow smaller; day by day the economic situation in Germany and Austria is becoming more and more intense and difficult to surmount. It ought to be possible for the authorities, therefore, with the special information at their disposal, to decide which would pay better in the long run—to come to terms with Germany now, and perhaps risk the loss of some of our aims, or to go on losing men, money, and trade in order to make the inevitable peace more secure.

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Undoubtedly the Allied Governments have come unanimously to the conclusion that it would be to their advantage to continue the struggle. It is the realisation of this awkward fact which accounts for the bitter tone of the writers in the German papers. As a shrewd diplomatic move with the object of making a good bargain with the means at his command, the Chancellor's Peace Note has failed. It has simply had the effect of inducing neutrals to consider the possibility of peace a little more than they had been doing; and it has given Allied statesmen an opportunity (if they think it desirable to take advantage of it) of stating their terms more or less definitely instead of in the vague form to which we have become accustomed. Our own formula has now been expressed in alliterative form by the Prime Minister—we demand restitution, reparation, and a guarantee against repetition. Restitution is clear—that is, we demand the restitution of the conquered and invaded Allied territory; Belgium, Roumania, etc. It appears to be evident that it is not necessarily our intention to restore the enemy territory we have occupied. For one thing, South African statesmen have declared their positive intention of holding German South-West Africa; and Japan has indicated in as precise a way her intention of holding Tsing-tao. These are details. Reparation is also fairly clear. I take it to mean an indemnity for the material losses sustained by the invaded countries in consequence of the German attack. On these points, it appears to be believed in the United States and Holland, there is room for negotiation.

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It is unquestionable that such optimism as exists in neutral countries with regard to an early negotiated peace is largely due to the utterances of Count Bernstorff, the German Ambassador in Washington, who has many times recently professed to be very hopeful. His latest declaration as I write appears in the papers of the 21st inst. His belief is that the Central Empires will send yet another Note to the belligerents through neutrals on the subject of peace, and in this it will be stated that the Germanic Powers are quite willing to present their detailed proposals at a conference of representatives of all the belligerents involved. There may be more in this insistent demand for a "conference first" than is apparent. It is on record that the Chancellor flatly refused to give a Reichstag deputation his views on the peace terms—would they have been too unpopular in Germany, one wonders? Again, according to Count Bernstorff, while the Central Powers are not willing to outline specific terms in advance even in their second Note, they are willing to state in it "in general terms" the principles upon which they think peace should be discussed, "at the same time indicating the entire willingness of Germany and her allies to discuss the matters of reparation and disarmament which Mr. Lloyd George referred to as essential."

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This raises the third term in the Prime Minister's alliteration—the guarantee against repetition. One of the chief National Liberal leaders, Herr Bassermann, has stated in a speech (December 20) that Serbia must on no account be restored; and this is the attitude with regard to Serbia assumed by almost every section of the Reichstag. In other words, Germany wishes to become supreme in the Balkans, as I have been pointing out in these pages for six years and more. That, clearly enough, is a factor in the peace terms to which this country could not possibly agree. Nor could Russia. Nor could Italy. From the various inspired forecasts of the German terms, it is evident that there would be little difficulty in coming to a settlement with respect to the West; but there would be considerable wrangling over the territory in the East and Near East. Germany wants an independent province of Courland with the status of a German Kingdom, i.e., another Bavaria or Saxony on the Baltic, with Russia shorn of coast, power, and prestige to that extent; she wants an autonomous Poland under German suzerainty; she wants to divide Serbia between Austria and Bulgaria; she wants her undisputed right to the Berlin-Bagdad stretch acknowledged. A demand for Antwerp would probably be put forward and withdrawn under pressure; but Germany's real aim lies in the Balkans. Germany's demands on Russia would be made simply for the purpose of weakening Russia as much as possible everywhere, and thereby lessening her influence in the Balkan Peninsula.

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Mr. Lloyd George said he preferred to rely upon an unbroken army rather than upon Germany's broken faith. I take this to mean, as most people do, that no trust is henceforth to be placed in merely written guarantees. The Hague Tribunal is shelved as definitely as The Hague Conventions. If, however, guarantees are not to be written, they must exist in some tangible form; presumably in the form of strategic possessions. For example, it would be regarded as no guarantee if Germany gave a written undertaking to respect neutrality and international law; but it would be regarded as a guarantee if Russia held Constantinople and the Straits; if France held Alsace-Lorraine; if Italy held Vallona. These would certainly constitute effective guarantees of Germany's future good conduct; but a reference to such strategic points inevitably brings up again the question of the different aims of the Entente Powers. I have already mentioned the aims of Russia and Italy, and shown how the attainment of the chief Russian aim in this war (the possession of the Dardanelles and of Constantinople) would incidentally achieve one of our own aims, the cutting of the Bagdad line half way. What we should all like to hear now is some official German comment on these officially expressed objects. Up to the present none has been forthcoming, though it is, of course, equally true that no definite aims have been officially outlined on behalf of England and France.

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When we speak of the Allies' peace terms it is well to recollect what our own responsibility is with regard to them. In Giordani's little book on "The German Colonial Empire" (Bell, 2s. 6d. net) it is pointed out that the war has now developed into a struggle between England and Germany. Italy, as Giordani frankly acknowledges, had herself been victorious in the first year of

her participation in the campaign, but Germany nevertheless remained the triumphant Power on account of her incursions in France and Russia. But England had cut off the German colonies and all the overseas supplies, so that Germany's "excessive military power, which has stretched forth the gigantic tentacles of its armies into France and Russia, is at present, thanks to England, a pent-up force, and consequently condemned to exhaust itself and come to an end; a force that cannot effect anything against the British Isles." This is a factor which is recognised by Continental statesmen as the chief difficulty in preventing us from laying down a specific table of terms. It is the British Fleet which has thrown the German colonies into "the common patrimony of conquest." Is each of the Allied nations to have an equal right in the division of this territorial spoil? Or shall the German colonies be used simply for purposes of negotiation, with the possibility of reversion to the enemy? Giordani evades a definite answer to the questions which he himself suggests; but his remarks indicate that the fate of the German colonies depends largely on the progress of the war on land.

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Nevertheless—and this is a point which is often overlooked—the progress of the war on land is itself dependent upon the British Fleet as much as upon the ingenuity of Falkenhayn and Ludendorff. In the present primitive form of the "Central Europe" scheme—which, even at its best, can never compensate Germany for the loss of her overseas trade—it is essential for German industrialists and bankers to look to North and South America and the Far East for adequate scope for their energies. But they cannot do so in safety until the British blockade has been raised; and not even an intense submarine warfare will result in that. The campaign might be lost altogether on land; the French, Russian, and Italian armies might be utterly defeated and scattered; but the complete victory of the enemy could not be admitted so long as he was cut off from his overseas markets. "The power of England is omnipresent and intangible," says Giordani, who is more familiar with the work of our Navy than many writers abroad, "since from the sea it dominates the Continent, and is present on every ocean—where Germany cannot compete, where she can achieve nothing more than the imperceptible injury inflicted by her petty treachery, and where, above all, every means of recuperation is for ever closed to her." This, if not altogether new, is well put; and is all the more desirable at a time when we find the "Morning Post" saying (December 21) that the command of the sea is of even greater importance for us than a victory on land, and then proceeding to demonstrate at some length this most self-evident fact! Decidedly we cannot overlook the importance of sea-power in the peace negotiations, though its application undoubtedly does make it difficult for us to commit ourselves to definite peace terms before the land campaign has been decided.

AFTER ANDRE FONTAINAS.

He who sets sail for that far land made bright
With hot desire of Eldorado's ore,
Thro' polar ice and sea without a shore,
Steers ever onward to the shifting light;
Toward that quenching fount of mystic sight,
Faith-piloted, his strong hand sets the prore;
While from his shoulders he shakes off the store
Of sweet delusions that were youth's delight.

And I thus pricked with wild desire to taste
The Lethe-wave that waters my heart's waste,
When shall I feel the unchained power o'er-ride me
To fly afar beyond the poles and seas,
The eternal phantom of vain hope's disease,
Toward the Promised Land where I would hide me?

WILFRID THORLEY.

The Present Position and Power of the Press.

By H. Belloc.

VIII.

I say that our interest lies in the question of degree. It always does. The philosopher said: "All things are a matter of degree; and who shall establish degree?" But I think we are agreed—and by "we" I mean all educated men with some knowledge of the world around us—that the degree to which the suppression of truth, the propagation of falsehood, the artificial creation of opinion, and the boycott of inconvenient spontaneous opinion have reached in the great Capitalist Press, for some time past in England, is at least dangerously high.

There is no one in public life but could give dozens of examples from his own experience of perfectly sensible letters to the Press, citing irrefutable testimony upon matters of the first importance, being refused. Within the guild of the journalists, there is not one who could not give you a thousand examples of deliberate suppression, deliberate falsehood and deliberate artificiality both as regards important national news and as regards great bodies of opinion.

Equally significant with the mere vast numerical accumulation of such instances is their quality.

Let me give a few examples. No straightforward, common-sense, *real* description of any professional politician—his manners, capacities, way of speaking, intelligence—ever appears to-day in any of the great papers. We never have anything within a thousand miles of what men who meet them *say*.

We are, indeed, long past the time when the professional politicians were treated as revered beings of whom an inept ritual description had to be given. But the only substitute has been a putting of them into the limelight in another and more grotesque fashion, far less dignified, and quite equally false.

We cannot even say that the professional politicians are still made to "fill the stage." That metaphor is false, because upon a stage the audience knows that it is all play-acting, and actually *sees* the figures.

Let any man of reasonable competence soberly and simply describe the scene in the House of Commons when some one of the ordinary professional politicians is speaking.

It would not be an exciting description. It certainly would not be wrong in morals. The truth here would not be a violent or dangerous truth. Let him but write soberly and with truth. Let him write it as private letters are daily written about such people, or as private conversation runs among those who know the politicians, and who have no reason to exaggerate their importance, but see them as they are. Such a description would never be printed! The general Press has become as incapable of turning off the limelight and making a brief accurate statement of these mediocrities, as the modern gentleman is incapable of appearing without clothes.

Take a larger instance: the middle and upper classes were never allowed by any chance to know beforehand the basis of a strike or a lock-out.

Here is an example of news of the utmost possible importance to the commonwealth, and to each of us individually. The event always came upon us with violence and was always completely misunderstood—because the Press boycotted the men's claims.

I talked to dozens of people in my own station of life, that is, of the professional middle classes, about the great building lock-out just before, and after the outbreak of, the War. *I did not find a single one who knew that it was a lock-out at all!* The few who did at least know the difference between a strike and a lock-out, *all* thought it was a strike!

Let no one say that the disgusting falsehoods spread by the Press in this respect were of no effect. The men themselves gave in, and their perfectly just demands were defeated, mainly because middle-class opinion *and a great deal of proletarian opinion as well* had been led to believe that the builders' cessation of labour was a *strike* due to their own initiative against existing conditions, and thought the operation of such an initiative immoral in time of war. They did not know the plain truth that the provocation was the masters', and that the men were turned out of employment, that is of food and all else, wantonly and avariciously by the masters. The Press would not print that enormous truth.

I will give another general example.

The whole of England was concerned during the second year of the war with the rise in the price of food. There was no man so rich but he had noticed it in his household books, and for nine families out of ten it was the one pre-occupation of the moment. I do not say the great newspapers did not deal with it, but *how* did they deal with it? With a mass of advocacy in favour of this professional politician or that; with a mass of unco-ordinated advices; and, above all, with a mass of nonsense about the immense earnings of the proletariat. The whole thing was really and deliberately side-tracked for months until, by the mere force of things, it compelled attention. Each of us is a witness to this. We have all seen it. Every single reader of these lines knows that my indictment is true. Not a journalist of the hundreds who were writing the falsehood or the rubbish at the dictation of his employer but had felt the strain upon the little weekly cheque which was his *own* wage. Yet this enormous national thing was at first not dealt with at all in the Press, and, when dealt with, was falsified out of recognition.

I could give any number of other, and, perhaps, minor instances, but still enormous instances, of the same thing which have shown the incapacity and falsehood of the Press during these few months of white-hot crisis in the fate of England.

This is not a querulous complaint against evils that are human and necessary, and always present. I detest such waste of energy, and I agree with all my heart in the statement recently made by the Editor of THE NEW AGE that in moments such as these sterile complaint is the *worst* of waste. But my complaint here is not sterile. It is fruitful. This Capitalist Press has come at last to warp all judgment. The tiny oligarchy which controls it is irresponsible and feels itself immune. It has come to believe that it can suppress any truth and suggest any falsehood. It governs, and governs abominably.

IX.

I say that the Jew newspaper controllers govern; and govern abominably. I am right. But they only do so, as do all new powers, by at once alliance with, and treason against, the old: witness Harmsworth and the politicians. The Press, an oligarchy, "in with" the parliamentary oligarchy.

For there has developed in the great Capitalist papers, and particularly in this country, a certain character which can be best described by the term "Official."

Under certain forms of arbitrary government in modern times the regime in power has made use of picked and rare newspapers to express its views, and these newspapers came to be called "The Official Press." It was a crude method, and has been largely abandoned even by the simpler despotic forms of government. Nothing of that kind exists now, of course, in the West of Europe—least of all in England.

Nevertheless, there has grown up a whole Press system of support and favour to the governing minority which colours the whole of our great Capitalist papers to-day in England, and gives them so distinct a character of conventional falsehood, and that falsehood dictated by the convenience of the governing powers as to merit the title "Official."

The regime under which we are now living is that of a Plutocracy which has gradually replaced the old Aristocratic tradition of England. This Plutocracy—a few wealthy interests—in part controls, in part is expressed by, is in part identical with the professional politicians, and it has in the existing Capitalist Press something almost identical with that "official Press" of foreign nations in the past. But there is this great difference, that the "official Press" of Continental experiments never consisted in more than a few chosen organs the character of which was well known, and the attitude of which contrasted sharply with the rest. But *our* "official Press" (for it is no less) covers the whole field. It has in the region of the great newspapers no competitor, indeed, it has no competitors at all, save that small Free Press, of which I shall speak in a moment, and which is its sole antagonist.

If anyone doubts that this adjective "official" can properly be applied to our Capitalist Press to-day, let him ask himself first what the forces are which govern the nation, and next, whether those forces—that Government or regime—could be better served even under a system of permanent censorship than it is in the great dailies of London and the principal provincial capitals.

Is not everything which the regime desires to be suppressed, suppressed? Is not everything which it desires suggested, suggested? And is there any public question which would weaken the regime, and the discussion of which is ever allowed to appear in the great Capitalist journals?

There has not been such a case for at least twenty years. The so-called "opposition," criticism apparently attacking some portion of the regime, never deals with matters vital to its prestige. On the contrary, it deliberately side-tracks vital discussion forced upon the public, and spoils the scent with false issues.

One paper, not a little while ago, was clamouring against the excess of lawyers in Government. Its remedy was an opposition to be headed by Carson!

Another was very serious upon secret trading with the enemy. It not only suppressed all reference to the astounding instance of that misdemeanour in connection with a very prominent professional politician some *months ago, but actually suppressed the single reference* made to it in the House of Commons!

Another clamours for the elimination of enemy financial power in the affairs of this country, and says not a word—nor do any of his colleagues—upon the auditing of the secret Party Funds!

Another professes to find the profits made by war contractors a scandal—and then sells a whole page of advertisement to the most scandalous Monopolist of all, thereby debarring itself from so much as mentioning the concrete case which would convince every one.

Even in the petty passing details of the day that official character comes out; that permanent and unfailing support of the clique that governs. We had the very interesting example of the "Daily Chronicle," for instance, in the matter of Schlesinger. The "Chronicle" attacked Schlesinger, thinking that it had got hold of some uninfluential scamp who was fair game. Schlesinger wrote to the "Daily Chronicle," using his alias of "Sinclair," and pointing out that he was a close blood relation of the Home Secretary's cousin—and there was an end of *that*. I admit that I am here dealing with an exception! The humour of the incident, in my eyes, did not consist in the terror from which the owners or editor of the paper suffered; it was rather in the shocking ignorance of our public life which was shown in not knowing that Schlesinger was a Samuel: and a typical Samuel.

I say that the big daily papers have now not only those other qualities dangerous to the State which I have described, but that they have become essentially

"official," that is, insincere and corrupt in everything concerning the support of that existing complex which, in the decay of aristocracy, governs England. They are as official in this sense as were ever the Court organs of ephemeral Continental experiments. All the vices, all the hypocrisy and all the peril that goes with the existence of an official Press is stamped upon the great dailies of our time. They are not independent where Power is concerned. They do not really criticise. They serve the few whom they should watch, and denounce and betray the generality—that is the State—in whose interests public servants should be perpetually kept in control.

The result is that the mass of Englishmen have ceased to obtain, or even to expect, information upon the way they are governed. They are beginning to feel a certain uneasiness. They know that the power of observation over public servants has slipped from them. They suspect that the known gross corruption of Public life, and particularly of the House of Commons, is entrenched behind a conspiracy of silence on the part of those very few who have the power to inform them. But, as yet, they have not passed the stage of such suspicion. They have not advanced nearly as far in the discovery of the great newspaper owners and their system as they have in the exposure of Parliament. They are still, for the most part, duped.

* * *

This transitional state of affairs (for I hope to show that it is only transitional) is a very great evil. It warps and depletes public information. It prevents the just criticism of public servants. Above all, it gives immense and *irresponsible* power to a handful of wealthy men whose wealth is an accident of speculation, and whose characters have, as a rule, the weakness and baseness developed by that sort of profiteering adventure. There are, among such, thousands whose luck ends in the gutter, a few dozen whose luck lands them into millions. Even were adventurers of this sort known and responsible (as they are in professional politics) their power would be a grave danger. Possessing as they do every power of concealment, and, at the same time, no shred of responsibility to any organ of the State, they are a deadly peril. The chief of these men are more powerful to-day than any Minister. Nay, they make and unmake Ministers, and they may in our worst hour decide the national fate.

* * *

Now to every human evil of a political sort that has appeared in history (to every evil, that is, affecting the State, and proceeding from the will of man—not from ungovernable natural forces outside man) there comes a term and a reaction.

Here I touch the core of my matter. Side by side with what I have called "the official Press" in a great Capitalist society there has arisen a certain force for which I have a difficulty in finding a name, but which I will call for lack of a better name "the free Press."

I might call it "the independent Press" were it not that such accurate description would connote as yet a little too much power, though I do believe that its power is rising, and though I am confident that it will in the near future change our affairs.

I am not acquainted with any other modern language than French and English, but I read this free Press French and English, Colonial and American regularly, and it seems to me the chief intellectual phenomenon of our time.

In France and in England, and for all I know elsewhere, there has arisen in protest against the complete corruption and falsehood of the "great" Capitalist Press a crop of new organs which *are* in the strictest sense of the word "organs of Opinion." I need not detain English readers with the effect of this upon the Continent. It is already sufficiently noteworthy in England alone, and we shall do well to note it carefully.

THE NEW AGE was, I think, the pioneer in the matter. It still maintains a pre-eminent position. I myself founded the "Eye-Witness" in the same chapter of ideas (by which I do not mean at all, as I will explain later, with similar objects of propaganda). Ireland has produced more than one organ of the sort, Scotland one or two. Their number will increase.

With this I pass from the just denunciation of evil to the exposition of what is good.

I propose to examine the nature of that movement, which I call "The Free Press," to analyse the disabilities under which it suffers, and to conclude with my conviction that it is, in spite of its disabilities, not only a growing force, but a salutary one, and, what is more than all, a conquering one. It is to this that I shall now ask my readers to direct themselves.

(To be continued.)

President Woodrow Wilson.

V.

And, then, if the truth were discerned or revealed, I suspect we should find that Mr. Wilson, after all, has taken the course most contributory to the cause of the Allies; and this he has had to do quietly and covertly. The world-war has staged for him many theatric opportunities, but he has avoided the dramatic in order to accomplish the essential. Between his exasperating patience and open conflict there was no middle ground. To have protested against the violation of Belgium would have meant war, and that very shortly. The same was true in the case of the "Lusitania." And war between America and Germany meant cutting off supplies upon which the success of the Allies depends. Submarines would have blocked the American coasts; the shipments of munitions to Europe would have ceased; America's resources would have been absorbed in her own military and naval preparation. Thus, Mr. Wilson could not have kept open the door—as he certainly has—for England and France to obtain money and supplies from America. And the European War would probably have ended before America could render any effectual military aid.

Indeed, Germany would be altogether the gainer, so far as her European conflict is concerned, by war with America. At the same time, and in everything that practically counts, the Allies would be the losers. Germany knows this so well that she persists in trying to force the hand of President Wilson; and President Wilson knows it so well that he persists in his nominal neutrality—and persists, in spite of the fact that he can make no explanation, nor speak the words that would expose the hypocrisies and brutalities of Mr. Roosevelt and his followers.

Mr. Wilson has also, in each crisis that Germany has precipitated, looked beyond the present war's immediate issues. Longingly and hopefully, he peers into a future wherein the questions between nations are settled without war. If America should now take up arms, with the whole world thus involved, soon every semblance of international law would end. Mr. Wilson has felt it to be the mission of America, at this time of diplomatic anarchy, to stand for a public law and justice based upon international agreement. He has tried to make every crisis an opportunity for the enunciation and development of a new international righteousness. Wisely or unwisely, he used the case of the "Lusitania" to wrest from Germany some confession of public sin, some acknowledgment of international principle. We should also remember, in our discussion of Mr. Wilson's administrative conduct, that his message to Congress, at the time of the sinking of the "Sussex," was the completest arraignment of Germany that has yet been made by diplomacy. The condemnations of English writers and diplomats weigh lightly in comparison with the words of judgment

passed upon Germany by that message. Never in the history of the world, so far as I can recall, has the ruler of one great nation held up another nation to such final and universal reprobation. Not in a thousand years can Germany erase the record thus written against her by President Wilson.

VI.

Woodrow Wilson does not believe in war as a method of civilisation. He does not believe in military might as a mode of justice or progress. He does not believe that things are really settled by war. He sees war as rather a means of confusing old problems, and of precipitating needless new problems. He concedes to the strong nations no right to impose their will upon the weak. He stands for a universal politic so new, so revolutionary, so creative of a different world than ours, that few have begun to glimpse his vision, or to apprehend his purpose. His eyes are fixed upon a goal that is far beyond the present faith of nations. His inaugural address before the League to Enforce Peace was perhaps the most pregnant utterance of a national chief in two thousand years. I know of no man so responsibly placed as Mr. Wilson who has spoken words so weighted with the world's destiny. He proposes a literal and working brotherhood of nations, issuing in an ultimately co-operative world, a concordant mankind. He announces the use of force to prevent instead of to create war. He declares that it is the business of strong nations to be the saviours and not the exploiters of the nations which are weak or small. He overthrows the whole evil conception upon which Imperialism is based. The use of Governments by the dealers in national debts, by the great concessionnaires, must, according to Wilson's pronouncement, come to an end. Acting by this international ethic, would Europe and America co-operate in assisting China to develop her own resources, her own institutions, her own freedom and social redemption; England would pour such resource and service into India as to enable India to become a vast and self-governing nation in herself; America would help Mexico to free herself from both Mexican landlords and American concessionnaires. The ethic has been well expressed by President Wilson himself in explaining to Ida Tarbell his actions towards Mexico. "Do you remember," he asked, "the angry crowd that was worked up in Ephesus by a silversmith who told his workmen that Paul would surely spoil their trade of making shrines for Diana, if they did not stop his talk of there being no gods made by hands? The men filled the streets, crying, 'Great is Diana of the Ephesians,' until the town clerk came out and said: 'You idiots, nobody is hurting Diana. If you have a complaint against any man, take it to the courts, but stop this uproar, or you'll get into trouble.' That episode in Ephesus is very like what is going on to-day in the country in regard to Mexico. A few men who have property down there have worked up a claque to cry: 'Great is order in Mexico.' But it is order not for the Mexicans, but for some of the foreign investors. . . Never, in all of their appeals to me, has one of them mentioned the fifteen million Mexicans. It is always our investments." Speaking of the same subject on another occasion, the President said: "I am more interested in the fortunes of oppressed men and pitiful women and children than in any property rights whatever. Mistakes I have no doubt made in this perplexing business, but not in purpose or object. More is involved than the immediate destinies of Mexico and the relations of the United States with a distressed and distracted people. All America looks on. Test is now being made of us whether we be sincere lovers of popular liberty or not, and are, indeed, to be trusted to respect national sovereignty among our weaker neighbours."

VII.

I ought now to say—perhaps ought to have said at the beginning—that I have no shadow of authority for interpreting Mr. Wilson. There has never been speech between us, nor yet have I looked upon his face. And, I am sure, were he choosing an interpreter, it would not be such a one as myself. Besides, I belong not to his political party: I am, and shall be till I die, a Socialist—even though I know of no political party, at the present time, that has more than a phantasmal and nominal relation to Socialism.

But ought not all this to give value to my appreciation of America's Chief Servant? Whether it be so or not, my perception of the man I must proclaim. For I perceive—or certainly seem to perceive—that Woodrow Wilson is not only the greatest statesman that has appeared in the world for many years—great, indeed, beyond comparison with any save Lincoln. He is also a determined and tremendous radical. He is revolutionary beyond anything his words reveal, beyond anything his contemporaries have discerned. He has accomplished a complete change of direction in the course of American history—in the course of the world's history as well. He has, indeed, been extraordinarily shifty in the accomplishment of the things he believes basic and right; but the shifts he has made have been linked together in a divinely democratic processional. Whenever and wherever the issue between property and the people was clear, in not a single instance has he stood for property, but in every instance for the people. Without proclamation, with none of the jargon common to radicals, he has shown himself more profoundly conscious of the working-class than many of the working-class leaders; and this notwithstanding his previous academic career and associations. As compared with Woodrow Wilson, there are Socialist leaders in America who are Bourbon in their understanding and sympathy. As contrasted with America's President, the Parliamentary leaders of German Socialism are eighteenth century reactionaries.

Wilson believes in the whole length and logic of democracy—democracy in political relations, democracy in industry, democracy in things intellectual and spiritual. His consuming purpose is to head the people's international in the democratic direction. He would like to get America started in a truly revolutionary way before the nation really knows what has happened to it. In the Federal Reserve Bank, as well as in other legislative achievements, he has knowingly undermined foundations upon which the capitalist society rests; at the same time, he has been preparing foundations for a truly democratic society.

If we could see deep into Woodrow Wilson's soul, I think we should find there the ideal of a world at last arriving at a universal and democratic communism in production and distribution, with a common and unfettered freedom as regards the right of each individual to choose the way in which he shall go, and grow, and give himself. Has he not well hinted this ideal in the immortal words spoken at his dedication of Lincoln's birth-place? "Is not this," he asked, "an altar upon which we may forever keep alive the vestal fire of democracy as upon a shrine at which some of the deepest and most sacred hopes must constantly be rekindled? And only those who live can rekindle them. The only stuff that can retain the life-giving heat is the stuff of living hearts. And the hopes of mankind cannot be kept alive by words merely, by constitutions and doctrines of right and codes of liberty. The object of democracy is to transmute these into the life and action of society, the self-denial and self-sacrifice of heroic men and women willing to make their lives an embodiment of right and service and enlightened purpose. The commands of democracy are as imperative as its privileges and opportunities are wide and generous. Its compulsion is upon us. It will be great and lift a great light for the guidance of the nations only if we are great and carry that light for the guidance of our own feet. We are not worthy to stand here unless we ourselves be in deed and in truth real democrats and servants of mankind, ready

to give our very lives for the freedom and justice and spiritual exaltation of the great nation which shelters and nurtures us."

And Woodrow Wilson beholds this vision, he follows this faith, because he is both sturdily and mystically Christian. The uttermost democracy, the democracy that scales the whole human octave, is to him the certain issue of the idea for which Jesus lived and died. This man conceives, with John Milton and Alfred the Great, with John Stuart Mill and Joseph Mazzini, that the mind of mutual service, the law of collective love or affection, is the only practicable social basis, the only national security, the only foundation for universal peace. He believes that the Sermon on the Mount is the ultimate and natural constitution of mankind; and he intends, by hook or crook, if you will, by the wisdom of the serpent and the secrecy of the priest, to get this foundation underneath the unaware American nation. He cunningly hopes, he divinely schemes, to bring it about that America, awake at last to her high national selfhood and calling, shall become a colossal Christian apostle, shepherding the world into the kingdom of God.

GEORGE D. HERRON.

Message from Americans Abroad to Americans at Home.

[The following is the "Message" referred to by Dr. Herron, of which he was a signatory.]

FELLOW-COUNTRYMEN,—It is often said that Americans staying abroad lose their right to counsel those living at home, since foreign residence directly affects their opinions and sympathies. The latter part of this statement is true; but we should also remember that residence abroad gives many opportunities of observation, and that those who follow the course of events close at hand are in a better position to get direct impressions of fact upon which adequate conclusions can be based.

While, therefore, not at all concealing our sympathies, we Americans at present abroad, venture to present certain considerations on the war to you, our fellow-countrymen. We speak for hundreds of our fellow-citizens abroad, who share our views.

I.—NEUTRALITY.

In the first place, we consider moral neutrality impossible; for it is the attitude of one who either refuses to obtain knowledge or fails to act on his knowledge. In either case certain disastrous effects follow.

This attitude results in placing all the parties to the controversy, whether innocent or guilty, on the same footing. There is no discrimination between the bad and the good: as, for example, between the Germans' and the Allies' methods of conducting submarine warfare, or between the Germans' and the Allies' treatment of the neutrality of Belgium. To say that all the Powers have "gone mad" is to do infinite injustice to devastated Belgium and to invaded France.

Another result is that the moral sympathies are dried up and the conscience blunted. We feel that the official counsel of neutrality made by the Administration at the outset of the war had these effects.

Such neutrality, further, does violence to American ideals. Americans of all people cannot be content to remain ignorant of the causes and effects of such a world conflagration, or, understanding them, fail to sympathise with those who are fighting for ideals identical with their own.

We do not ask you to take sides because you are Anglo-Saxon, or French, or Slav, but because the facts are so clear, and the principles at stake so important that their appreciation carries with it the duty of allegiance to one side and the right to condemn the other.

We see in Americans—we feel it in ourselves—the lamentable effects of two years of constrained neutrality. The country has been again and again galvanised by a message which seemed to promise a vigorous policy, only to fall back into indifference when a compromise had been effected in the interest of neutrality. What seemed to be clarion calls of liberty and justice have died away in the rumble of commercial wheels and the clang of factory bells. The public heart has been seared by a weak and ineffective diplomacy, and the public conscience dulled to the charge of commercialism. The statement that the United States stands for the "rights of humanity" excites everywhere, in Germany no less than in England and France, a melancholy or ironical smile. No satisfaction has yet been secured for the murder of Americans on the "Lusitania."

We, Americans equally with you, deplore this degradation of the popular conscience, this blunting of the nation's sensibility. For this reason we seek to inform ourselves as to the facts, and then to examine our hearts as to our duty.

In considering the case judicially, we find two relatively distinct topics forced upon us: first, the war itself considered as a European conflict; and, second, its repercussion upon the United States.

II.—THE MEANING OF THE WAR.

There is place here only for a summary of the conclusions to which careful study has led us.

As to the immediate causes of the war the following statements are fully proved by diplomatic records and official reports.

England entered the war only after hesitation up to the last minute, and only when every diplomatic resource was exhausted. The German march into Belgium was the deciding factor in British opinion and the immediate cause of British action. The British were absolutely unprepared for war, except on the side of the navy, which was at its customary plane of efficiency.

Can we blame England for honouring her signature to the guarantee of Belgian neutrality?

France acted purely on the defensive, being exposed to attack as the ally of Russia. The official German charge, that French aeroplanes dropped bombs on German territory—on the railway lines near Nüremberg—on the second of August, 1914, has now been declared unfounded by Schalbe*, the man who made the original report. Those who have lived in France during the last decade know—and have fully demonstrated—the pacific attitude of the French, even toward the Germans, and the unmilitary character of French civilisation. The thought of revenge for the loss of Alsace and Lorraine in 1870 had largely died out; France wished only to be let alone. The increase in 1913 of the term of compulsory military service, from two years to three, was due to the increasing signs of German aggressiveness; and as it was, the "law of three years" was passed only after a campaign which threatened to disrupt the country, so violent was the opposition of a pacific people to any increase in the military burden.

Can we blame France for resisting invasion and for keeping faith with Russia?

Russia took up arms in defence of a small State of kindred race, Serbia, and this only after making the suggestion that the Austrian demands be arbitrated. These demands, accepted by Serbia to the point of national humiliation, would have annihilated Serbian sovereignty; they were based upon the unproved charge of Serbian official complicity in the murder of the Austrian Crown Prince.

Can we blame Russia, a great State, for championing Serbia, a small one, of kindred race, whose existence

* Declaration made May 18, 1916. This false statement, corrected after two years, was made use of officially by the German Ambassador at Brussels, August 2/3, 1914, by the German Ambassador in Paris on August 3, and by the Chancellor in the Reichstag on August 4. The declaration that French troops had crossed the Belgian border was equally false.

was unrighteously threatened? Did we have equal justification for entering the lists against Spain in the interests of Cuba?

It results that the immediate causes of the war were the Austrian humiliation of Serbia and the German violation of Belgium. We have here the first indication of the fuller conclusion that Austro-German forces of aggression and conquest forced the war upon Europe. Germany could have avoided war by adopting any one of three courses: by counselling Austria to accept the adequate concessions of Serbia, by agreeing to the Czar's suggestion of arbitration, or by accepting Sir Edward Grey's proposal of a conference of the interested Powers. Rejecting all three of these courses, Germany declared war upon Russia, and then on the basis of false charges, upon France. Later on, Belgium, the innocent victim, was charged on the most absurd evidence—now thoroughly exploded—with having violated her own pledge of neutrality.

We cannot avoid the conclusion, therefore, that the present war with all its horrors is actually due to Germany. But for the two initial crimes committed against the liberty and integrity of small States, the Allied armies would not be to-day in the field.

But one may say that there are deeper causes, that Germany and Austria represented a type of culture and a theory of government, which were bound to bring them into collision, sooner or later, with the other Powers of Europe. This is the contention of many German writers. It is undoubtedly true. On further study, we find ourselves compelled to view the present war as a conflict of human and cultural forces acting through different forms of government. But, far from freeing the Germanic Empires from the responsibility for this war, this only fixes it more firmly upon them, for it shows the absolute necessity the enemies of imperialism and militarism were under—in this case, as always—of resisting to the death the aggressions of such Powers. The struggle thus becomes the most typical and tragic contest in the history of human liberty.

III.—The War and the United States.

The American State, founded in democratic freedom, under traditions received from England and France, *has never had to vindicate its liberties against foreign* aggression; it fought for them once for all in the Revolution, aided by France. But it has exercised its moral influence and put forth its military force to defend the liberties of other States which were oppressed or threatened. What is its duty now?

Never in our history have the forces of aggression and dominance of autocratic government shown such efficiency, brutality and "will-to-power" as in the Germanic Empires of to-day. German writers, in theory, and German soldiers in practice, agree in reasserting certain old claims long since exposed—claims which have made the scenes of the struggles for liberty charnel-houses of heroic patriotism and valour. The "divine right of Kings," the mission of a "chosen people," the "right of might" by which a powerful nation, invoking the biological law of "natural selection," crushes its feeble neighbour, the pretension to be the "superman" and the "super-State" exempt from the obligations of ordinary morality, the assertion that "military necessity" justifies moral wrong—these are some of the unblushing claims put forth by the German military State.

In practice we see these claims made good. The treaty guaranteeing neutrality becomes a "scrap of paper," the oath of allegiance is the screen for intrigue, the passport is the means of espionage and forgery, the conventions of the Hague are targets for irony as the hospital ships they are intended to protect are the targets of gun and torpedo fire, diplomacy is a system of subterfuge, dishonour on the battlefield as in the Cabinet is justified as means to the end of the spread of pan-Germanic culture. We see clearly what the "master-morality" of Germany means and the sort of "culture" it seeks to impose upon the free nations of Europe.

This, fellow-Americans, is not mere hear-say or unconfirmed report. Our Government itself, in spite of its policy of careful neutrality, has been forced to recognise the real character of German aims and methods; for the United States has been made the theatre in which these aims and methods have been exploited. We need no further proof of German diplomatic duplicity after the revelations which led to the dismissal of von Papen and Boy-Ed, we need no further proof of German barbarity and cruelty on the battlefield and in the ravaged cities of Belgium and France, after the submarine assaults upon passenger and hospital ships. The explosion of German bombs on American territory and on innocent merchantmen leaving American ports is enough to open our ears and consciences to the muffled noises which betoken the destruction of churches and ambulances in Europe. That we need no further evidence as to the sort of enemy the free nations of Europe are fighting may be judged from the words penned by the President in his note of last April to the Imperial German Government demanding the cessation of submarine warfare against passenger ships. He convicts the German Government not only of crimes of the most brutal inhumanity, but of violation of its pledged word and of deliberate lying in the matter of the "Sussex." Caught red-handed the Imperial Government admitted this last charge.

The platforms of both the political parties agree in exposing the traitorous and baneful activities of the Germans in the United States. This is what the Germans do in a country with which they are at peace; imagine their methods in Belgium and Serbia, where they are free to exploit their "culture" without restraint. Written by their own agents, in letters found on prisoners and in official proclamations and military orders, the record is one of sickening and unspeakable savagery.

IV.—Conclusion.

This, then, is the spectacle presented to us. We see a gigantic military autocracy, beside which the armies of the past were mere toys, forcing its system and its rule upon the most free and democratic peoples of *Europe. Its preparation has been complete, its science* is unrivalled, its organisation and solidarity perfect. Do we realise that this power has grown to its present stature by a series of wars of conquest; that it has already in this war crushed out the life of no less than three small and flourishing States, Belgium, Serbia, and Montenegro, besides devastating again its old victim, Poland; that the sinister Turks are its tools in Armenia and through the Orient; that if the war should end in the status quo of to-day all these peoples and territories would be subject permanently—and with them large portions of Republican France and Liberal Russia—the birthland of the Hague Conference—to the rule of the Hohenzollern House which represents and imposes this theory of government and this form of culture? What would be the limits and results of the next war when a victorious or unconquered Germany saw fit to declare it? Can we believe that her submarines would visit American ports only for purposes of commerce? It is in our own interest, as it is in the interest of public right, that the power of Germany should be broken or reduced.

The humiliating attitude of neutrality is therefore unworthy of us. Our sympathies should be open and pronounced for those who defend what we approve and love. Our fathers died for the democratic liberty in which we live to-day; and the cause of Washington has become the world-cause for which the Allies are making the extremest sacrifices. Those who die for this liberty to-day will pass it on to our children of to-morrow. We were in the vanguard of liberty; now that the main hosts of democracy are engaged, how can we remain indifferent?

We are called upon to forward the consummation of an alliance of wills, if not of States, with the other enlightened Powers, in the interests of democratic liberty and international right.

Let us tell them plainly, then—the Nations Allied in this struggle—of our desire to aid in the triumph of the cause which has always been ours, but which in this crises, our Government, declaring that the war does not concern us, has failed to serve.

Let us tell our Government that it must, if it would live, revive the high traditions of honour and action which have made our nation great.

We must have a government which will take the lead among the neutral nations, standing for the inflexible enforcement of international agreements, and for the vindication at any cost—not merely by verbal threats—of the elementary principles of humanity.

Let us choose such a government; let us tolerate no other.

Let us tell our fellow-citizens everywhere that this war does concern us, that it affects our deepest interests and involves the vital principles of our political life.

Note the generous action of a sister American Republic. In July, 1916, the Brazilian Congress adopted in both Houses the discourse pronounced by the Ambassador Ruy Barbosa, its official delegate to the celebration of Argentine Independence held at Buenos Aires. The motions to adopt this discourse, as the official pronouncement of Brazil, were made by men of opposing political parties. This pronouncement was described, in an official French parliamentary note of appreciation, as making the day of its passage "an historic date." The following words are from this discourse :—

"It is not allowed to neutrals to reward by their abstention those who have planned this aggression. As between those who destroy the law and those who observe it, no neutrality is admissible. The tribunals of public opinion and conscience cannot rest neutral between law and crime."

We did not take this initiative, but we can follow this example. We did not create the "historic date," but we can make the date doubly historic. Let us adopt these words and do our utmost to enforce them—every-one of us who loves his country and believes in prin-*ciples of American Independence.*

An Industrial Symposium.

Conducted by Huntly Carter.

WITH a view to pooling the practical wisdom of the nation upon the main problems of the after-war period, THE NEW AGE is submitting the two following questions to representative public men and women :—

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

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

(25) MR. C. R. ASHBEE, F.R.I.B.A.

Your questions as phrased really admit of no answer. The industrial situation, and the policy to be pursued in regard to it after the War, depend upon the issue of the War. On the hypothesis that we win, there is one answer; on the more probable hypothesis that the war is a draw, in which both sides save their face, there is another answer; the third hypothesis, defeat, no Englishman could entertain. I shall assume the more probable hypothesis of a draw.

1 (a). Labour will for many years have to face a formidable reaction. Only such labour as is organised will be able to assert itself, and only such labour as shows intelligence and a broader outlook, and that can throw up leaders to voice the new idealism, will have any chance of success. I have been led to this conviction from observing the relations between Labour and Capital in the United States—e.g., in the conferences convened by President Wilson three years ago, where the representatives of Labour seemed to me to show more power and vision than the representatives of Capital. The re-election of the Democratic Party, essentially the party of Labour, as against the party that represents the great Trusts, is evidence of this. One of the disappointments of the War to thoughtful men in England is that Labour has so far thrown up no leaders of power or imagination. Nor has it formulated any policy of its own. Labour after the War will have to start thinking; it will have to shape a new ethics, and not be content with the old catchwords and cries of higher wages, shorter hours, and better working conditions. Labour has needs that go deeper than this.

1 (b). Capital will be considerably reduced, in many cases by 25 per cent. to 50 per cent. of its pre-war market value, in some cases wiped out altogether. It will in self-defence seek to co-ordinate, to avoid internecine competition, to follow the American and German lead of making pools, trusts, and combines, and the advantage of such co-ordination is that it brings brains to the top.

Both Labour and Capital will have learned by the conclusion of the War that all the old values are changed, that all the old policies must be reformulated, and that there has, both in the ranks of Labour and Capital, been a great shifting and changing about of wealth—e.g., munition-makers, shipbuilders, farmers, the makers of cheap jewellery and of photographic apparatus, have done well; architects, builders, farm-labourers, corrugated iron makers have done badly. The reasons for this have to be studied. It is often wrong and wasteful that it should be so, and it is not enough to babble of supply and demand, and assume that in doing so we solve the ethical difficulty.

The assumption often made by Labour that Capital is always a hostile force to be fought and defeated is as unethical and stupid as the assumption made by Capital that Labour is and always should be marketable.

1 (c). The Nation as a single entity. By this I presume you mean Great Britain and the self-governing Colonies, but not the Dependencies; or do you only mean the United Kingdom? If, as I assume, the former, it will undoubtedly be drawn more together; some Imperial reconstruction on the lines of the "Round Table" seems to me to be inevitable, and of this reconstruction Ireland is probably the key. We are bound to listen more to the Colonies and to the Colonial Labour point of view, and, above all, we are bound to reconsider the whole question of English Agriculture and the sweated labour on which it at present rests. This question, the great town constituencies, the landed interest, and the Socialists have each in their way consistently burked. If the Nation is to act as a "commercial entity," it must have some way of feeding itself other than the present wasteful and life-destroying way. It cannot have such a plan without first considering its actual food producers. Such are neither the capitalist farmers nor the landed gentry, though each may have their place.

2 (a). If such is the forecast, what is the policy to be—always on the hypothesis that the War is a draw? We shall have learned that war is a matter of Mechanism and the control of mechanical power; we shall have learned that, whether in war or in peace, the limitation of this power, how it ought or ought not to be used, is an ethical question. New capital is, owing to the vast resources of mechanical power, comparatively easy to create; but much of the product, as well as the using of this power, will have been shown to be wrong. We see, for instance, how monstrous is the folly of spending five millions pounds a day in war when the technical schools of our country have to be shut up and labourers' cottages cannot be built because a grant of half a million a year cannot be made. We have found out the stupidity of the arguments we were faced with before the War as to the relative importance of housing, clean cities, education, and preparedness. We shall have learned, because of the success of the Germans in the War, how important all these things are. But we shall also have found out that machinery must be controlled, that there is a boundary-line between the things that ought and the things that ought not to be made by machinery, and that workshops and factories must be ordered according to that distinction. The new objective must be to

socialise mechanical power, and in order to do that we must find out how much of that power is "righteous." It has been the false assumption of Socialism—what I would call the Fabian-cum-Sidney Webb assumption—that it is not necessary to make any such distinction, that all things can be made in factories, or adjusted by municipalities, irrespective of whether they are good or bad in themselves. What form this control of mechanical power is to take as a matter of adjustment, first in the workshop itself, and then in the co-ordinated workshops and factories throughout the country.

The new policy for Labour should imply such a co-ordination as against the old competitive methods or the old internecine quarrels—a reconstruction on Guild lines. In the Trade Unions we already have types of Guilds dealing with the great standardisable industries, of "quantitative" production. But Labour also needs the "qualitative" makeweight. It needs Guilds for all the other occupations of man that are not standardisable —e.g., Agriculture, that moves according to the seasons and not the factory bell; the Arts; the personal or human occupations; the things of the home that cannot properly be carried on in factories, and that have in an industrial society to be protected against destructive mechanism, or mechanism used anti-socially in the interest of individuals. Labour instinctively knows that there is a right and wrong in mechanical production, but so far has not seen its way through. The War, however, has brought us to the end of the experimental stage in many of our mechanical productions. We now know that many of them are wasteful, harmful, or unnecessary. It should be the policy of Labour to see that the machines that make these things are taken out of private and put under group control, and their "righteousness" tested. Further, Labour needs a new Land policy in the real interests of the labourer, and this policy should be combined with one for the establishment throughout the country of small co-ordinated experimental workshops, where power is only used under group control, and where good standard work can be produced. Lastly, use should be made of us Artist Craftsmen who have for the last twenty-five years been experimenting in this line of work. We should be given a chance of putting our practical experience at the service of the community. The Art Education of the country should be put unreservedly in our hands, and, in order to do this, the existing Art Schools should be decentralised and turned into productive Guilds for the creation of work of high standard only, and made up of men and women working under endowment, much as endowed scholars work at Universities, supported, if need be, on a minimum wage.

2 (b). The policy for Capital, since it must also be touched by the new ethics, should be to "place itself intelligently." The great fact to be learned from American Industrialism is that "Big Business" is being more and more managed by the highly paid expert manager, and that the owners of businesses are becoming moneylenders rather than owners. The wise policy for Capital will be to increase the skill and the payment of the expert, and at the same time to split up the few large moneylenders into a multitude of smaller ones, much as the steel magnates have been doing in Pittsburg. But the "placing of capital intelligently" must mean that investment must be sought less, as of old, in industrial exploitation abroad than in qualitative production at home—e.g., in such an agricultural reconstruction as I referred to above, and with it all those human avocations that make for quality and personal excellence in the product and in the producer. If Capital consistently did this, it would be less subject to attack from Labour. There would be an ethical co-operation between them. With such a reconstruction we should have a system of Raffeisen banks based on the personal honesty of individuals, guaranteed by their respective groups, and not only, as now, a banking system resting on easily marketable securities, by which the little man gets no chance.

2 (c). The policy for the State, or, let us say, the Empire—in which case I prefer the "Round Table" title of the "British Commonwealth"—should be to adopt unreservedly the new ethics of standard of quality in product and producer in regard to its citizens. The State or Commonwealth needs fine men and women—nothing else. A policy of Standard within the Commonwealth necessarily means the tightening up of all material and political ties among the English-speaking communities. To achieve this it must secure the peace of the world. This world-peace, it seems to me, will be best brought about by the development of a league such as is outlined by the American "League to Enforce Peace," with the British Empire as one of its constituents—a League, therefore, that is not formed in the manner of the old Balance of Power, or having as its object the exclusion or crushing of Germany, but of making war more difficult in the future.

Permanent peace once achieved, free of the militarist incubus that has weighed on us for forty years, the State's policy should be to free the Individual from the Machine, and from conditions under which man enslaves his fellow-men with the aid of machine power. Further, the State should give him every possibility for forming new groups that may bring this about. The War has had two curious results—it has shaken our belief in the State, and it has made us doubt the final righteousness of nationality and patriotism as guiding principles of conduct. The new policy for the State must consider the larger life outside the nations, and give more scope to the Individual, through whom alone the larger life can be attained.

(26) Mr. G. K. Chesterton.

I hope you will not think I mean to dismiss your very important questions too crudely, if I make my answer as compact as I can. I think I could answer all six points at once by saying that, within some measureable time after the War, I think there will be either a revolution or slavery. Even the last three questions are covered; for, while the completion of Capitalism I anticipate would be nothing short of slavery, any alternative I can anticipate would be little short of revolution. For instance, my immediate advice to Labour would be to stick to its strict rights of combining and striking; and certainly not to sell them for any plausible and partial "participation" in management. I distrust the latter because it is in line with the whole oligarchic strategy by which democracy has been defeated in detail. The triumph of Capitalism has practically consisted in granting popular control in such small quantities that the control could be controlled. It is also founded on the fact that a man who can be trusted as speaking for the employees often cannot be trusted for long when speaking with the employers. He can carry a message, especially a defiance; but, if he prolongs a parley, it may degenerate into a parliament. The parley of partners would be lifelong; and I fear the Labour partner would be a very junior partner and rather like a Labour member. A complete transfer of power (whether along Syndicalist, Guild-Socialist, or Distributive lines, I will not here debate) would doubtless be a different thing; but the completing of it, in the face of the other Capitalist purpose, is exactly where I find myself within sight of revolution. A revolution for good is always, I think, the frustration of an evolution towards evil.

I have no advice to Capital, in the sense of Capitalism, except that it should declare why sentence of death should not be passed on it. But it cannot, and that is exactly the doubt and the hope. It is impossible to predict whether it will be revolution or slavery, because the contrary forces are on two different planes. I am certain the ruling classes are making chains for the people much more busily and systematically than munitions for the Army. But even in those classes, as well as in the others (thanks to a few forces, certainly including The New Age), there is, I think, an even rapidly increasing number of those who know what they are doing, and even hate what they are doing. There has never been less belief in the mere Capitalist among intelligent people. The riddle is, what happens to a thing when it is apparently gaining control and losing credit?

(27) Dr. M. D. Eder.

It is, of course, the necessary and legitimate task of everyone interested in this country, to speculate upon the probable trend of affairs in the next years. But speculations are based upon our reading of past history, our estimate of present-day affairs, coloured by the varying factor of personal temperament, of our hopes and likes, our fears and dislikes. You ask for my

opinion. I give you not what I would like to happen, but what I fear is likely to happen.

The Industrial Situation.

It will be more so after the war. That is to say, as regards :—

1 (a). Labour. We shall shelve rather precipitately into the Servile State—into what the Socialists of my day called wage slavery. Labour will receive oats and a warm stall, that is, security in exchange for the surrender of freedom, the power to strike. The surrender will be called nice names—compulsory arbitration, good relations between employer and employed, technical education, continuation schools, maternity schemes, dinners for pregnant mothers, day nurseries, crèches, and so on. There will be more factory inspectors, many of whom will be Trade Unionists; there will be joint boards (by law) to regulate wages, and further insurance against unemployment; more men and women will have votes. (Are not Lord Salisbury and Sir E. Carson already concerned about the voteless munition worker and soldier?) In short, to Labour will be given the symbols of power, whilst the real thing, economic freedom, which is the basis, though not the whole, of freedom, will be denied.

1 (b). Capital will become concentrated in a few powerful hands, the profiteers or financiers, who will have the real control of economic and political power.

1 (c). The Nation will travel from wage slavery to slavery, and will be without power of initiative apart from the dominant financial class. This country, such as it has grown to be during 2,000 years, will be destroyed in the next war which will take place in the not remote future.

Britain will repeat the history of Peru under the Incas who governed the country, securing moderate well-being and security for the people who were left in servile security. The people, once deprived of their Inca governors by the Spaniards, had no power of organisation.

The Best Policy to be Pursued

By 1 (a) Labour is to prevent this repetition of history. A unique opportunity presents itself. It is for Labour to put forth all its energy to destroy Germany, the source of the bureaucratic system which we have been imitating for the past decade, to destroy Germany in a military political sense as Poland was destroyed. This does not mean the extermination of everything German, nor does it mean that Prussia will never be resuscitated. It means to deliver a blow that will paralyse Prussia for a generation. Having defeated Germany, Labour —which means the Army—should turn round and utterly exterminate the profiteers of Britain. This is the unique opportunity. Never before have there been hundreds of thousands of Britons and Britons' descendants—Australians, New Zealanders, Canadians—trained to work co-operatively, disciplined, and understanding the need of discipline. If the Army, which is in essence the whole young and energetic Labour population of Britain and her Colonies, does grasp that, Germany crushed, it can use its power to crush the British profiteers, it will be an irresistible force.

2 (b). Capital seems to be doing remarkably well with its present policy. I should like it better were it content with milking the nation dry without also claiming that this is a highly patriotic action. I should like the firm of Sir Something Jackson, Ltd., better were it satisfied with its profits on hut construction without having a commission which is to tell us that this was in the highest interests of the nation—but this is a mere matter of personal taste. I can imagine capitalists, wholly patriotic, who would, at least in a war, restore their capital to the nation and place their intelligence at the service of the State.

2 (c). But the best policy for the State is to take no heed of my imaginary capitalists, but to eliminate capitalists, and use their capital by leaving it to the industrial and technical and professional Guilds. (See "National Guilds.") The capitalists to be brought into the various Guilds where their services can be best used. Whilst capital is confiscated, private property should remain. The difference is capable of sensible and legal definition. The State should directly concern itself with very little—defence, foreign relations, political rights, the rights of the individual (e.g., against the Guilds), general education.

The State would thus abolish capitalists and wage slaves; it would increase capital and labour.

Pessimistic as I am as to the future, it might seem worth while that Labour should endeavour to sell the pass as dearly as possible, getting in return for the liberty it is about to surrender as much beef and beer as possible. That side of the problem does not interest me. No doubt by a little political chicanery a bit more might be squeezed out of Capital, but, if freedom goes, does the rest matter overmuch?

Readers and Writers.

WONDERING what new book to send to a friend this Christmas, I fell across Mr. Arthur Symons' "Figures of Several Centuries" (Constable. 7s. 6d. net). The first essay upon "Saint Augustine" pleased me; but the second upon "Charles Lamb" more than pleased me, it delighted me. Written, as I see from the date of the essay, ten years ago, Mr. Symons' appreciation of Lamb appears to me almost final. There is very little in it, at any rate, that I would revise after a long study of Lamb. My readers know my view that Lamb was the surest critic English literature has ever had. Well, here is Mr. Symons, himself a judge of judges, writing of Lamb that "he was the only man of that great age .... whose taste was flawless." And this was proven not only in his criticisms of the dead, wherein we all walk on beaten paths of comparative safety, but in his judgment of his contemporaries. Admiration of Coleridge and Wordsworth did not, for example, blind his sense of values, but he had the right words for them both of appreciation and criticism. Of Blake, too, he had on the instant the judgment which we must still pass upon him: that he was "one of the most extraordinary persons of the age." Mr. Symons' insistence upon the perfection of Lamb as a critic is very gratifying; and, being beautifully done, I think it will stand. If the rest of Mr. Symons' studies are anything like as good as this, his book is one to send to one's friend.

* * *

In noticing recently Mr. Watson's admirable essay on "Pencraft"—which, by the way, must have disappointed him by the welcome it has received—I omitted to take up his challenge on the subject of Blake. For upon Blake Mr. Watson is not only a heretic, but, if I dare say so, a militant Philistine. No doubt he has been driven into Adullam by the attitude towards Blake of critics who can read with appreciation no other poet; and he says, in fact, that he cannot tolerate people who read Blake, and yet are content to be ignorant of Dryden. An excellent sentiment; but does it need for its support the contrary error of reading Dryden and being content to be ignorant of Blake; still less that of dismissing Blake's prophetic works as "those impenetrable banks of prose fog?" A writer whom Lamb found one of the most extraordinary of an extraordinary age is not to be set below even Dryden in all respects; and, in fact, in some respects he is as much above Dryden as in others Dryden is above him. What Blake had was inspiration; what Dryden had was art. And if inspiration without art is formless, art without inspiration is dead. Needless to say, however, that in attributing inspiration to Blake and art to Dryden, I deny to neither the quality of the other. That Dryden had inspiration is as certain as that Blake had art; but their values were reversed, that is all. Mr. Watson's view of pencraft necessitated perhaps a valuation of craftsmanship above that of the spirit that makes craftsmanship worth its labour; but such a view needs to be balanced.

* * *

As the war proceeds the need to raise the atmosphere of the terrible and tragic debate appears to me imperative if civilisation is not to go down with this generation. What we need, above all, is a realisation, as Mr. Belloc has observed, of the fatality of the great event. By looking upon the whole tragedy as an enormous

work of divinely dramatic art, I think it may be possible to eliminate or, at least, to keep in a subordinate place, all the petty sentiments of hate that are so incongruous with the dimensions of the events themselves. Did Michael hate Lucifer? Or was not the "sin" of Lucifer too great for hatred, and only to be regarded with a dreadful admiration? Something of the kind of attitude I would see taken in this country towards Germany is to be found in Mr. J. W. Headlam's "The Issue" (Constable. 2s. 6d. net). While maintaining our right and duty to fight, Mr. Headlam does not fall into the vulgar error of thinking that there was anything mean or ignoble in the ambition of Germany to overthrow England. On the contrary, it was, he says, an ambition natural enough to a nation conscious of power and full of longing for great deeds: for what greater or more heroic task could be conceived than the attempt to wrest the challenge cup of the world from its present holders? That there is something "epic"—which implies something fated—in the war nobody who has breathed the spirit of the great epics of the world will deny. Look at your Homer, again, for example, and contrast the spirit of the men who defended and took Troy with the judgment of the seer upon both them and the event in which they were at once actors and victims. Or, better still, read the "Mahabharata," the first and greatest, the unsurpassable epic, in the world. It concerns a war which began in much such a crime as the crime of Germany. Right was as certainly upon one side and wrong as certainly upon the other as they are in our real and latter-day epic war. At the end, however, when right had conquered, even the heroes of the wrong were honoured; and, if I remember, went to heaven for their virtues—to the surprise only of the lesser heroes of the right. The indulgence of this view, you may say, would weaken our arms, for how would it be possible to fight without the motive of hate? It is, however, a vulgar notion that hate is an incentive to combat; and I am a little surprised to find so philosophic a thinker as Mr. Bertrand Russell concluding that combat would cease if hate were overcome. The exalted ethic of the "Bhagavad Gita" (price sixpence, you know, and you have not yet bought the greatest book for its size ever created) rises to a combat above hate, and in which the antagonists are beloved friends and blood relatives. The epic spirit will alone save civilisation from extinction during the present war.

* * *

With commendable thoroughness German critics are now turning their guns upon Demosthenes. I would that there were as free an exchange of ideas between the belligerents as of shot and shell. Nothing would please men of letters better than to be allowed to take part in the war with their own weapons, and to dip their swords in ink. The reply to the attack on Demosthenes, for example, would, if it were effective, dispose of a number of belligerent German professors to the glory of the Allies and to the defeat of Germany with much more certainty than a reply by fire and iron. Unfortunately, when the necessary soldiers are engaged, their first inclination is to suppress the no less necessary men of letters, and to monopolise all the combat to themselves. Strafe them for doing the pen out of its job, and robbing it of its share in the patriotism of the sword! I could myself put up as pretty a defence of Demosthenes as any German could bring an attack against him. But what is the use? No German will ever see it, and my pen would be years out of range. I gnaw my quill in impatience, and look forward to the war when men of letters will be ranged on opposing sides with all the ceremony of artillery; and when the freedom of exchange of thoughts during war will be even greater than its freedom during peace. Think of the exhilaration when, in addition to troop-ships, ships laden with books are sent against us, and men of letters are mobilised to reply in kind. I feel ink-thirsty at the prospect.

R. H. C.

Letters from Ireland.

By C. E. Bechhofer.

I FEAR that my journey to the west will not appear very glamorous. But, as my first object is to describe Ireland as I find it, I am bound to avoid sentimentalities. Some would like to read, I am sure, that the hills are wreathed with impenetrable mists, and the cry of the leprachaun resounds o'er the bog. I regret to say that a bright sun is shining, and the air is crisp and bracing. Besides, nothing is stimulating me to throw a web of rubbish over the west of Ireland. This which might be a rich, happy agricultural land is actually a poverty-cursed, rotten and drink-sodden little hell.

Of course, the police stand out in wonderful contrast with the nasty peasantry. So many travellers and officials have told us that the finest feature of Irish life is that fine, intelligent body of men, the Royal Irish Constabulary. I came into close touch with it when I left Sligo. I was waiting for the train, and asked a constable when it was due. I realise now that this was a very foolish and a very suspicious act. No one acquainted with Ireland ever asks an Irish policeman for information, unless it is to know if he has left off beating his mother, or who fears to speak of Easter week. The constable looked at me with natural surprise, and asked me what my name was. I told him, slowly and carefully. "Humphreys?" he said, putting a brave face on his confusion, and told me that a gentleman wanted to speak to me.

I was surprised—and flattered. "A gentleman!" I said, "to speak to me?" I followed him to an old bent man, to whom he said, "Sergeant, this is the *man* you want to see." I was led off to a waiting-room. I anticipated in Belfast that I should have trouble with the provincial police, and I took the precaution there of visiting the police officials and explaining my affairs. But they laughed my forebodings to scorn, and it was with a light heart that I laid out a visiting-card and my Army discharge papers before the Sligo sergeant. But, alas! I had not fully taken his measure. He drew out a note-book—and an inquisition began. I was asked, among other things, my full name, my age, my sex, my height, the colour of my eyes, and my hair, my birthplace, my usual residence, my Church, my reason for coming to Ireland, my purpose in entering Sligo, and in leaving it, my income, the source of it, the nature of my parents (if living), wives (if living), and children (if living), their names in full, their sex, residence, birthplace, etc., etc., etc. Where was I going; why? For how long; why? To which hotels; why? With what introductions; why? And who was paying my fare? What; I myself!—why?

I answered all these questions and many others, and my answers were taken down fully in the sergeant's note-book. Then came the crowning question. The "lake-isle of Innisfree" lies in an inland lake of no military importance whatever, about two miles from Sligo. The sergeant looked at me very fiercely, so as not to miss the faintest sign of confusion, and asked why I had taken a rowing-boat round it. I lost my nerve, made some incoherent reference to a white hippopotamus and threw myself on the sergeant's mercy. With noteworthy clemency he released me and allowed me to proceed. I doubt not that in the interests of law and order he has sent code telegrams to equally intelligent police sergeants all over the country to warn them of my very suspicious existence. "Your

reason for being alive?—Why?" And plain answers will not satisfy them.

Irish policemen behave in this extravagant fashion to show how very wide-awake and clever they are. It is true that little affairs like Easter week insurrections and gun-runnings take them by surprise; but no English correspondent, no matter how open his movements are, can hope to escape their vigilance.

A. E. told me in Dublin a story of the Irish police. He has lately been prohibited from sketching or painting anywhere outside his own house. Before the war, any one might cruise along the Irish coast, mapping it as he went—he might even buy excellent official Ordnance maps—but now the police are determined that the Germans shall not be allowed to buy up thousands of A. E.'s pictures, piece them together, and thus obtain what would be a rather theosophical representation of the interior of Donegal. A. E. called at Dublin Castle to protest, and was taken to one of the highest officials there. "My dear sir," said that gentleman courteously, when he had heard what was the matter, "you know the Irish constabulary even better than I do. Can you tell me any way of teaching them to distinguish between art and military sketching? If you can, we will adopt it." A. E. had to admit that nothing of the kind was possible at present, and abandoned his complaint.

By the way, I repeated this anecdote to cynics, whose comment was that, in the case of A. E.'s painting, the police are not so much to blame as might appear!

Before I left Sligo the two Scottish soldiers with whom I had travelled from Belfast told me a wonderful tale. The absentee whom they had been sent to arrest turned out to be a hopeless invalid, so ill, indeed, that he could not yet be removed from the police-station. To kill time, the soldiers spent an evening in tramping over the Sligo hills. All the way they were shadowed by a suspicious police-sergeant, who hid whenever they hailed him. The soldiers thought it was a curious experience to return as heroes from Flanders and be watched at Sligo as spies. This only showed that they did not understand how inexorably the Sligo police is waging war upon the Central Powers.

Ireland, I have read, has one policeman for every three hundred and sixty-two inhabitants, England one for every five hundred and forty-one, and Scotland one for every eight hundred and eighty-five. Mr. S. G. Hobson, from whose book "Home Rule" I take these figures, mentions them as an instance of the scandalously wasteful expenditure of the Irish Executive. But Dublin Castle, no doubt, would retort that the "mere Irish" are such ungenteel and lawless fellers that all these policemen are needed.

It is a curious fact that Ireland produces not only an abnormally large quantity of policemen for its own use, but an unlimited supply also for export. Everybody knows that New York groans beneath the rubber heel of an army of Irish constables; not so many know that London, too, supports a regiment of these creatures.

Another piquant reflection is that, when there is actual disorder in Ireland, the numerous policemen do hardly anything. They are promptly confined to barracks, and soldiers are sent for to put matters straight.

How shall we reconcile these two facts—the plethora of Irish policemen everywhere, and their incapacity in Ireland? One would think that men who can subjugate New York could hold Dublin or Belfast in check. My explanation of this anomaly is simple. I suspect that all the real Irish policemen go, or are sent, abroad. The policemen who are so plentiful in Ireland are, I fancy, not real policemen at all. They are only maintained in board and boots and pay to keep them off the parish. The police service in Ireland is simply an advanced form of outdoor relief. In conclusion, I take off my hat to that superbly stupid body of men, the R.I.C., and, in particular, to the old sergeant at Sligo.

The First Episode Concerning the Mote and the Beam.

I.

I WILL not go so far as to say that this is, in the language of the Very Pious, an earthly story with a heavenly meaning; but after you have read it, you will certainly agree that the Scriptural title is fully justified by the contents. When I add that this little episode concerns St. Agatha's, you will at once realise how essential it is to have a theological setting and framework. My last page from the archives of that venerable institution concluded with a Moral. This narration essays still loftier flights of fancy by being All Moral.

The Rev. Dr. Snagg ought to have issued a prospectus for the guidance of intending masters at his seat of learning (that he did not, betokens a certain amount of prudence in an otherwise hasty and impetuous nature); and if such a prospectus had been compiled on similar principles to that destined for parents of eligible pupils, the document would have been indeed interesting. To imagine the exact degree of interest it would have reached, some closer acquaintance is needed with the strange traditions of St. Agatha's, and the still stranger traditions of the inner consciousness of the Rev. Dr. Snagg. As one who has a bitterly profound knowledge of both these matters, I may perhaps venture to evolve a paragraph or two:—

> CONVERSATION.—*The conversation among the Staff at St. Agatha's is mainly of a mathematical and scientific character. The discussion of political, literary or religious topics is, by common consent, highly undesirable. . .*

Thus, no doubt, would the Rev. Dr. Snagg, with his habitual devotion to the truth, have refrained from giving it away utterly. How tenaciously he was capable of clinging to it, I will attempt to show.

Conversation at St. Agatha's depended largely on the food supply: that is, when there was no food supply to speak of, it was spoken of at great length, and vice versa. If this sounds contradictory, I can only declare that it was so.

Assuming, then, that there *was* a food supply to speak of, and that consequently it was not spoken of, the conversation was, even as the Rev. Dr. Snagg would have put it, mainly of a mathematical and scientific character. But they were specialists at St. Agatha's. Too modest to suppose that the whole domain of mathematics and science can be profitably traversed in the ordinary course of events, they confined themselves very thoroughly and conscientiously to certain sections of it. In mathematics, for example, they concentrated upon the Theory of Probability. Upon this fascinating, though somewhat baffling, study Mr. J. Woodford had mused for many summers and winters. Moreover, no mere devotee of a bare and fruitless theory, he had, by means of sundry coins of the realm, often bridged the gulf that yawns between theory and practice. It must be granted that his bridges could rarely be considered efficient for pedestrian purposes. These light and airy fabrics of Mr. Woodford's ponderings were apt to collapse with a regularity and a thoroughness which would have discouraged all but the most earnest of natures. But, buoyed up by the hope which, according to the poetical scheme, is always on the jump, and fortified in the spirit by the patience with which Mr. Rees and Marriot bore the rebuffs of fate, Mr. Woodford continued his airy engineering with undamped ardour.

Three or four times a week, he would report progress. After breakfast, when Spalding or some such untutored intellect had delivered a lay-sermon on smoked haddocks, their cause and cure; when Marriot, who knew all about smoked haddocks (and many other kinds of fish) had checked his statements; when, I say,

some little gastronomic problem of this type had been thrashed out and settled for the time being, Mr. Woodford would sigh, and remark mysteriously :—

"I hear *Hide and Seek* is thought highly of."

By which strange utterance he was not quoting any opinion on the merits of a childish pastime, for like St. Paul (I believe) he had put away childish things, but he was lavishing a jealously guarded secret of the paddock upon all who had ears to hear.

Most of the hearing was done by Mr. Rees and Marriot, who were wont to pin their faith to Mr. Woodford's items of unwritten history. That earnest student of the occult received from time to time curious little schedules which contained the latest gospel of the turf. These missives were based on Very High Authority, were liable to be vague and fickle, cost surprising sums which varied directly according to The Height of the Authority, and were frequently contradicted by an even higher authority—The Event Itself.

For some days before this critical period, Mr. Woodford and his fellow-conspirators against destiny dissected their latest hope, held anxious whisperings in corners, sent off telegrams, bought postal-orders, wrote curious notes to curious people, tore evening papers open feverishly, and had many moments of depression. On these inauspicious occasions, Marriot was the only one who ventured to become profane, but his lapses into profanity served amply for three. Mr. Rees merely did small arithmetic sums in a pocket-book, while Mr. Woodford solemnly wagged his head and moaned :—

"A near thing that time, my boy."

But on those red-letter days when a dispatched half-crown returned in the guise of three shillings, and other amounts in the same proportion, the pampered favourites of fortune would repair in the evening to the "Locomotive" inn, known by the soul of wit as the "Loco." Spalding, who was highly diverted at these manœuvres, would remark on their departure : "Dulce est desipere in Loco," a quotation which wasted its sweetness on the desert air. For Mr. Orpington, who saw the point of it, scorned to express any mirth at a jest of Spalding's (had he not made ribald comments on the bacon and the Matron's cat?) : while the rest would have laughed, had they felt certain they could do so with safety. As it was, they were left mystified, and consequently with a grievance against Spalding. Altogether these incidents did not tend to promote harmony on either side. Ah, a wiser and better man than myself has truly said : the love of money is the root of all evil. So it was at St. Agatha's. But let us proceed.

II.

The scene changes. It is after breakfast, and the morning devotions are over. Dr. Snagg has sent forth the decree that An Assembly is to take place. As An Assembly may betoken a holiday, a caning or a moral admonition (or even all three) the announcement causes a flutter of pleasant uncertainty among the inmates of St. Agatha's. On the present occasion, Dr. Snagg arrives amid a craning of necks, obviously in an ill-humour. The Brow of Jove is overclouded. And those who are more intimately familiar with his habits realise immediately that he must have been disturbed whilst struggling with the solution of a ticklish chess-problem. Now, nobody can be expected to endure such an upset without retaliation—least of all a middle-aged headmaster in holy orders. Hence Dr. Snagg produces the general impression of a somewhat shabby but very vindictive male Nemesis. He waddles in with suppressed anger which does not improve his complexion, under the solicitous escort of Mr. Woodford, whose portly figure, a grotesque contrast to the spare habit of the Rev. Dr. Snagg, is fairly (or unfairly) swelling with dignity, importance and righteousness. He confers with Dr. Snagg in earnest and deferential accents, to which Dr. Snagg moves his head and purses up his lips with the air of a man who receives confirmation of his worst fears. Mr. Orpington hovers helpfully in the offing. The conference terminated, Mr. Woodford slips laboriously into the side-ground, leaving the School to the mercy of Dr. Snagg and his irate though unsymmetrical gaze. Dr. Snagg allows himself sufficient time to cow his charges into a state of overawed apprehension. Then he raises his voice like a deity in the act of creation, and bellows :—

"Batty !"

Two hundred small hearts resume their functions at a normal rate of speed. The two hundred and first, which belongs to the ill-starred Batty, gives a series of bumps and generally behaves in such a strange manner that its owner begins to think he must have two hearts jolting unpleasantly against each other and getting into each other's way. While he is receiving and analysing these novel physiological impressions, Dr. Snagg's voice, attaining a pitch of yet acuter exasperation, repeats the ill-omened name.

Batty, a shambling and lop-sided youth of fourteen, with reddish hair and a troublesome squint, detaches himself from his compeers and advances gingerly towards the Dreadful Presence. Past experiences have taught him to watch the hands of the Rev. Dr. Snagg, and he does so with well-founded concern, for he knows them to be alarmingly erratic. His freckled and singularly ill-planned face, to which a few sticky crumbs still adhere from his recent repast, assumes the unwholesomely mottled patterns of those who engage in enterprises attended with violent personal discomforts.

Dr. Snagg observes this unedifying object with a fixed stare as if he expected to find it branded with some loathsome inscription. Batty, in the meantime, is attempting to sort out his latest conscious transgressions, in order to meet all accusations with a maximum of moral armour.

The opportunity, or, rather, the necessity for this soon arrives. Dr. Snagg is asking him a leading question about his pocket-money. The depraved Batty, it appears, has for a period of two weeks retained certain sums dispatched to him by his attentive and generous relations ; and, as a result of this piece of roguery, he is now possessed illegitimately of the unholy sum of eightpence-halfpenny, which should have been placed in the guardian hand of authority ; thence it would have been restored to him week by week at the discretion of that authority—in this case none other than Mr. J. Woodford himself. This base violation of all the accepted tenets of honest dealing nearly passed undetected, but Mr. Woodford, deviating into unwonted vigilance, and aided by a hint from Mr. Rees, had surprised the miscreant Batty gloating over his ill-gotten hoard in the dim recesses of the boot-room during the previous evening.

The moral turpitude of Batty is gradually unmasked, and the following chatty dialogue ensues :—

Dr. Snagg : "What were you going to do with this money, Sir?"

(A schoolboy addressed as Sir by a headmaster may prepare for the worst.)

Batty (cowering in lively recollection of earlier episodes) : "Please, sir, I was going to buy some foreign stamps with it, sir, three hundred in a packet, all different for a shilling, sir, please sir, they advertise them——"

But his eloquence receives an undignified check. Dr. Snagg, who vaguely associates foreign stamps with foreign countries and foreigners, hence strongly disapproves of them ; and he is so aghast at this piece of juvenile effrontery, that he gives a violent snort, and cuffs Batty's close-cropped and phrenologically interesting head. As a result of the impact, a fine cloud of dust rises up and performs a stately dance in the ray of sunshine which is just about to inspect the proceedings. Batty retreats as far as he can. He ceases to take any further interest in the movements of Dr.

Snagg's hands. These are buffets of destiny against which neither man nor boy can prevail.

Dr. Snagg then harangues the two hundred, who, with the privilege of temporary blamelessness, can afford to be harrowed by a recital of the untoward doings of the criminal and fatalistic Batty. They hear Dr. Snagg refer gracefully to the dutiful and unremitting watchfulness of Mr. J. Woodford and Mr. Rees, and he contrasts these desirable qualities with the dark ingratitude and depravity of Batty, for whom, mounting to prophetic heights, he pleasantly prognosticates a life of crime, misery and disgrace. Finally, he once more becomes the humble but vigorous agent of destiny. From an unobtrusive cupboard he produces a rod, and with its aid he takes all care that the child Batty shall not be spoilt. After the fulfilment of which Biblical injunction, Batty resumes an approximately vertical posture, joins the chastened companions of his studies, and proceeds with them to be instructed in the doctrine of Simple Proportion under the expert supervision of Mr. Marriot, whose demeanour is staid and severe as befitting the occasion. Mr. J. Woodford and Mr. Rees, with the unaffected decorum of men who have performed an onerous duty for the benefit of the rest of the world, likewise withdraw to begin the labours of the day.

P. SELVER.

Pushkin's "Mozart and Salieri."

(Prose translation from the Russian by C. E. Bechhofer).

I.

SALIERI (alone): All men say that there is no justice in the world.—Nor is there justice in Heaven! I am as sure of this as I am of the simplest scale. I was born with a love for art. When I was a boy and the organ pealed out in our ancient church, I used to listen and lose myself in listening; and my tears flowed, involuntary but sweet. Early I turned my back upon idle pleasures. I became indifferent to all the arts save music; I renounced them obstinately, arrogantly, and devoted myself to music alone. Difficult was the first step, and dull the first approach. I overcame these early trials. I made the craft the basis of my art, and became a craftsman. I trained my fingers to be quick, obedient and firm, and my ear to be accurate. I slaughtered sounds and dissected their music like a corpse. I verified harmony by algebra. Then, proved in the art, I dared to surrender myself to the rapture of creative work. I began to compose, but in silence, in secret, not daring yet to dream of fame. Often I used to sit in my silent cell for two or three whole days and nights together, forgetting sleep and food, and tasting the rapture and tears of inspiration—and then I would burn my work, and coldly watch my thought and the notes, my children, vanish in a blaze and a puff of smoke. And is this all?—When the great Gluck appeared and revealed to us new mysteries—profound, enthralling mysteries—did I not abandon all I knew before, all I loved so well and believed so fervently? And did I not go out bravely to follow and obey him, like a man who has lost his way and is set right by a stranger? At last, with earnest, tense application I attained a high degree in the infinite art. Fame smiled upon me; I found men's hearts in tune with my creations. I was happy. I delighted peacefully in my work and success and fame, and in the work and successes of my friends, my comrades in the marvellous art. No! I never knew envy! No, never! Not even when Piccini captivated the ears of the barbarous Parisians; not even when I heard for the first time the opening bars of "Iphigenia." Who can say that proud Salieri was ever a contemptible envier—like a snake which has been trodden under foot and bites the sand and the dust in its impotence? No one! But now—I confess it—now I am envious! I envy; I envy profoundly, bitterly!—O Heaven, where is justice, when the divine gift of immortal genius is not sent to reward fervent love, self-sacrifice, labour, effort and prayer, but instead illuminates the head of a madman, of an idle reveller? O Mozart, Mozart! (At this moment Mozart enters.)

MOZART: Aha, you saw me! And I wanted to play a surprise on you.

SAL.: You here! When did you come?

MOZ.: Just this moment. I was bringing something to show you, and, as I went past a tavern, I suddenly heard a violin. You never, Salieri, never in your life heard anything so funny. A blind fiddler in the tavern was playing "Voi che sapete." It was wonderful! I could not help bringing him here to entertain you with his art. Come in, old man! (A blind old man with a violin enters.) Play us something from Mozart! (The old man plays an aria from "Don Juan"; Mozart roars with laughter.)

SAL.: And you can laugh?

MOZ.: Oh, Salieri, are you not laughing, too?

SAL.: No, I cannot laugh when a clumsy workman spoils me a Raphael Madonna; I cannot laugh when a contemptible juggler dishonours Dante with a parody. Go away, old man.

MOZ.: Here, take this to drink my health with. (The old man goes out.) Salieri, you are not in spirits today. I will come another time.

SAL.: What were you bringing me?

MOZ.: No—well, a trifle. The other night I could not sleep, and two or three notions came into my head. I sketched them out to-day, and I wanted to hear your opinion. But you have no time to think of me now.

SAL.: Oh, Mozart, Mozart, when am I not thinking of you? Sit down; I am listening.

MOZ. (at the piano): Imagine—Whom shall we say? Well, myself—a little younger, and in love—not very much, just lightly—with a beautiful girl, or with a friend—yourself, say. I am merry. Suddenly—an apparition from the grave! Darkness!—or something like that. Now listen. (He plays.)

SAL.: You were bringing this to me, and you could stop outside a tavern to listen to a blind fiddler! O Heaven! Mozart, you are not fit to be yourself.

MOZ.: Well, do you like it?

SAL.: What depth! What daring, and what form! Mozart, you are a god, and you do not know. But I—I know.

MOZ. (laughs): Bah! Really? Perhaps so; but my godhead is famishing.

SAL.: Listen; let us dine together at the "Golden Lion."

MOZ.: If you like; with pleasure. Let me just go home and tell my wife not to expect me at dinner. (He goes out.)

SAL.: I shall wait for you; be sure you—— No! I can oppose my destiny no longer. I am fated to stop him. If I do not, we are all ruined, all we priests and servants of Music, not just I alone and my poor fame. What use is it if Mozart lives and attains still farther heights? Will he raise the art so? No, it will fall again when he disappears. He has no heir to leave us. What use is he? He has come down like a cherub to us children of dust, and brought us a few songs from paradise so as to awake our unfledged desires and then to fly away again. Fly away, then! And the sooner, the better! (He draws out a phial.) Here is poison, the last gift of my Isora. Eighteen years I have carried it. Often life has seemed a hurt not to be endured; often I have sat at one board with an unsuspecting foe, but I never yielded to the whisper of temptation. Not that I am a coward; I feel an insult deeply; I love my life little—but I waited always. When I was tortured by a thirst for death—Why shall I die, I thought; perhaps life will yet bring me unexpected gifts. Perhaps rapture will come to me, and a

night of inspired creation. Perhaps a new Haydn will compose a masterpiece, and I shall enjoy it—like a man feasting with a hated guest! Perhaps, I thought, I shall meet a worse foe still; perhaps a still worse offence will come thundering down upon me. Then Isora's gift will not be wasted. And I was right! At last, I have found my enemy; a new Haydn has filled me marvellously with rapture. The time has come! Thou dying gift of love, pass to-day into the bowl of friendship!

II.

(Mozart and Salieri at dinner.)

SAL.: Why are you so gloomy to-day, Mozart?

MOZ.: I? No.

SAL.: Surely something is worrying you? The dinner is good, and the wine excellent; but you are silent and melancholy.

MOZ.: To tell you the truth, I am disturbed about my Requiem.

SAL.: Ah! Are you composing a Requiem? Since when?

MOZ.: A long time—three weeks. A strange thing happened—Did I not tell you?

SAL.: No.

MOZ.: Listen; three weeks ago I came home late one day, and I was told that a stranger had called to see me. I do not know why, but all night I wondered who he was, and what he wanted with me. The next day he came again, and again I was not at home. The third day, I was playing on the floor with my little boy when I heard my name called. I went out, and a man dressed all in black bowed to me politely, bespoke a Requiem and vanished. At once I sat down and began to write; but since then my man in black has not come to me. I am glad; I should be sorry to part with the work, although the Requiem is quite finished. But all the time, I——

SAL.: What?

MOZ.: I am ashamed to say it.

SAL.: To say what?

MOZ.: Day and night my man in black gives me no rest. He follows me everywhere, like a shadow. At this very moment it seems to me that he is seated here with us, the third at table!

SAL.: Come, come; what a child's bogey! Put this nonsense out of your head! Beaumarchais said to me once, "Friend Salieri, whenever dark thoughts beset you, open a bottle of champagne, or read through my 'Marriage of Figaro.'"

MOZ.: Yes, Beaumarchais was a friend of yours. You composed a piece for him, a lovely thing. There is one melody in it—I always repeat it when I am happy. La—la—la—la. Oh, Salieri, is it true that Beaumarchais poisoned someone?

SAL.: I do not think so; he was not suited for that kind of work.

MOZ.: Besides, he was a genius—as you are, as I am. And genius and villainy are incompatible, are they not?

SAL.: Do you think so? (He drops poison into Mozart's glass.) Come, drink!

MOZ.: Your health, friend, and our hearty union! Mozart and Salieri together, two sons of harmony! (Drinks.)

SAL.: Stop, stop, stop! You have drunk—without me?

MOZ. (throws down his serviette): I have finished. (He goes to the piano.) Listen, Salieri; my Requiem. (He plays.) You are weeping?

SAL.: I feel both pain and pleasure—as if I had finished a difficult task, as if the surgeon's knife had cut off from me a suffering limb. Friend Mozart, these tears—do not heed them! Continue; fill my soul again with sound!

MOZ.: If all men felt the power of harmony as you do! But, no; the world could not exist. No one would care for the humble needs of life—all would abandon themselves to unrestrained art. We are few, we chosen priests of the one excellent thing, we idle favourites, neglectful of contemptible profit. I do not feel very well now—A sort of heaviness. I must go and sleep. Good-bye.

SAL.: Au revoir. (Mozart goes out.) Yes, your sleep will be a long one, Mozart! But can he be right, and I am not a genius? Genius and villainy incompatible—It is false! What of Michelangelo? Or is that only a silly, vulgar tale, and the creator of the Vatican was not a murderer?

Views and Reviews.

DISJECTA MEMBRA.

IT was Nietzsche who said that "a good war halloweth every cause"; but it is Mr. Lloyd George who has proved the truth of the statement. His first speech as Prime Minister covered so much ground that it seemed to include every reform that had ever been demanded; and he was careful to state in the beginning: "Let me give this word of warning, if there be any who have given their confidence to the new Administration in expectation of a speedy victory, they will be doomed to disappointment." Speedy reforms, but not speedy victory, is the motto of the new Government; there is something stable in this world of change, something to which the reformers can cling with one hand while they make their reforms with the other; I mean the war. Lord Northcliffe has, I believe, declared that the war will last for five years; and surely, at the present rate of reformation, every conceivable reform can be tried and superseded in that time. By 1920 we could have had National Guilds and have grown into Imperial Guilds, and have had them superseded by International Guilds, and, at last, tired of all our altruism, have re-invented the capitalist to relieve the monotony of harmonious development. Small Cabinets and quick decisions ought to enable every reformer, even the eugenist, to paste his reform on the national prayer-wheel and to get it spun for one giddy moment into acceptance by the higher powers. Think of it! For thirty years organised Labour demanded a Ministry of Labour; Mr. Lloyd George creates it with a stroke of the pen. For years, certainly during the period that they have been in opposition, the Unionists have demanded compulsory national service, beginning with the Army. Mr. Lloyd George adopts it, and has Mr. Neville Chamberlain hauled out of the train to direct the operation.

Labour was already "diluted," now it is to be made mobile; and Mr. Neville Chamberlain will be the tap through which it will pour. If Labour is to become quite impersonal, each person should be compelled to undergo a laboratory examination, and a number of graphs of his labour-power taken. An employer then would only have to order so many units of man-power from the Director of National Service, and he could be exactly supplied. Just as soup, for example, counts only as half a course under the new regulations, so a certain specimen of humanity might only develop one-half man-power; he would therefore count not as one man (perish the term!) but as one half-unit of man-power. A practical beginning has already been made in the allotment of military pensions, and a man's physical disablement is calculated in terms of man-power; but I believe that the judgment is quite arbitrary, and is not based on objective scientific tests. This defect should be remedied in the interests of national economy; we must waste nothing, not even a quarter of a man, for national economy means a scientific management of our resources.

The corollary of universal national service is short commons, which Mr. Lloyd George calls a National Lent. That a Nonconformist should adopt one of the

Church fasts is only another example of the rapid reformation that the war allows; but the conversion is not complete, for Mr. Lloyd George has not adopted the Church feasts and holy-days. Perhaps that will come later; but at present he is making movable feasts of Bank Holidays. At the present rate of progress, Christmas will be celebrated on Easter Monday, 1917, on Whit Monday in 1918, on August Monday in 1919, and on Christmas Day in 1920. Whether we shall begin again in 1921, I cannot foretell; but if we show any signs of settling into fixed habits, we may be sure that the process will begin again.

The point is that everybody cannot be satisfied, as Mr. Lloyd George is trying to satisfy them, without everything being upset. We cannot have Athenian improvisation without Spartan discipline; we cannot have a Director of National Service, who will not even sit in Parliament, without having a Parliament which might just as well not sit. It is thirty years since Sir Henry Maine prophesied in "Popular Government": "We are drifting towards a type of government associated with terrible events—a single assembly, armed with full powers over the Constitution, which it may exercise at pleasure. It will be a theoretically all-powerful Convention, governed by a practically all-powerful secret Committee of Public Safety, but kept from complete submission to its authority by Obstruction, for which its rulers are always seeking to find a remedy in some kind of moral guillotine." But Mr. Asquith has already formally denied any intention of opposing the Government, and obstruction is now out of the question, so the "kind of moral guillotine" need not be invented. The House of Commons reverts to a machine for voting supplies; and there are no grievances to be redressed in war-time, there are only sacrifices to be made in the national cause. We have passed through the Assembly stage of our revolution, and have now reached the Directory; whether we shall proceed to the Consular, and from that to the Imperial, stage, need not worry us now. If we do, we shall probably call them by the names that have been used once before in English history, and have a regime of the Major-Generals followed by that of a Lord Protector. The reference to the Commonwealth has reminded me of another expedient which ought to be tried, if only to keep the people interested; a Pride's Purge of the pacifists, "gingerists," and Pro-Germans. I do not think that Lord Northcliffe has yet called for this expedient, but I make the suggestion to him.

Perhaps the most pleasing feature of Mr. Lloyd George's announcement is the recognition of Labour. Labour has for years tried to get itself recognised by the employers, but they could not see it; but Mr. Lloyd George has actually seen what was there, and said, "Hullo, Labour! Come and look at the war." "After all," said Mr. Britling, "it is our war"; and Mr. Lloyd George has at least exalted the humble and meek. His idea of putting down the mighty from their seat seems to be the decapitation of capital, that is to say, the cutting off its surplus profits. Some of the papers call this the conscription of capital, which is absurd; it is the conscription of income. Capital still remains the private property of its owners, although the full rights of ownership of property may be temporarily in abeyance.

But the speed of Mr. Lloyd George's decision is best exemplified by his declaration of an early summons of the Dominions to an Imperial Conference. It is only a few months since he, with Mr. Asquith, spoke of an Imperial Conference after the war, which would apparently draft a Constitution for the Empire, and, incidentally, settle the Irish question. But there is no time like the present for change; Mr. Lloyd George has taken the direction of the war out of the hands of departmental Ministers, but he intends to admit the representatives of the Dominions to a share, at least, in the determination and direction of the policy of the war. Hey, presto! and the Imperial Government is in being. I can think of only one appropriate quotation, and it comes from the history of the French Revolution. Dupont said: "While everyone is pestering us with new principles of all kinds, how is it overlooked that stability is also a principle of government?

A. E. R.

Reviews.

The Wave: An Egyptian Aftermath. By Algernon Blackwood. (Macmillan. 5s. net.)

Nietzsche's theory of the Eternal Recurrence was as pessimistic as that of the Preacher: "the thing that hath been, it is that which shall be; and that which is done is that which shall be done." Mr. Blackwood adds to that the spiral conception of life, and lifts the idea from pessimism to optimism. His three chief characters, Tom Kelverdon, Lettice Jaretzka, and Tony Winslowe, play again the tragedy that they had played more than four thousand years before; but play it on a different level. Then the husband had been a prince, then the lover had been a slave, and the tragedy was played out in action, and the slave's torture was physical. But now the re-incarnated Pharaoh is only a dilettante ornithologist, a philanderer who plays the piano, and is finally sued for breach of promise by an actress; the slave is an engineer, and the acknowledged lover of the lady, whose real husband in this life is slowly dying of some sort of insanity. The wave is the symbol of recrudescence; whenever either person or event is about to be seen or experienced, the feeling of the wave returns to the re-incarnated slave. To the woman, the flowing stream with floating faces is the symbol; and to the re-incarnated husband, the spiral. Mr. Blackwood works out his conception with wonderful skill, although he describes at too great length the emotional states of his hero. But the story, dramatic enough in itself, reads like an epic of destiny; the duality of the people, of the events, is realised with astonishing vividness. But the symbol of the wave is the most persistent; and with something of Nietzsche's fine spirit of "Amor Fati," Tom Kelverdon faces his destiny, suffers his doom, sure, at last, of the spiritual paradox that he must die to live. It is a great conception, treated with some prolixity but with great power; the tragedy with the happy ending gains by being played subjectively, for the immensities are not of the flesh but of the spirit.

The Future of Christianity. By Reginald H. Crompton. (Fisher Unwin. 6s. net.)

It is not only in the Chicago Pit that men are speculating in "futures"; even in peaceful England, our prophets are prophesying, if not with psaltery, tabret, pipe, and harp, yet with no less fervour than Saul expressed through these instruments. But none of them, not even Mr. Reginald Crompton, makes clear the reason of the faith that is within them; each of them recognises that the war has apparently provided an opportunity for change of which advantage should be taken, each assumes that things cannot go on as they were going on, that the future must differ from the past not only in form but in substance and spirit. It was one of Chesterton's old gibes that weak souls live naturally in the future, because it is featureless; a cruel saying, but a true one, and the question we feel inclined to ask all these speculators is: "On what grounds of fact do they base their hope?" It is easy to talk of the inner consciousness of man, of the enfranchising power of personal experience; but Hamlet expressed a universal scepticism when he said of his own personal experiences: "I'll have ground more relative than this." The simple truth that, unless personal experience develops new faculties in man, we cannot expect any qualitative change in his re-actions to his environment, seems to be

overlooked by most of these exponents of futurism in religion. Without that qualitative change, men will re-act in exactly the same way, although such criticism as Mr. Crompton here makes of their beliefs may have the psychological effect of simplifying their re-actions, and making more sure, because more automatic, their response to the new calls on their attention. What evidence have we that such a change has occurred? None whatever; all that the war has achieved is the co-ordination and application of knowledge of which we were already seised, all that the future holds is a promise that this process will be permanently adopted, and the peaceful activities of man be as well organised as his exercises in warfare. We have extended the scope of their operation, but we have not altered the faculties. But of new-birth in the religious sense, of revelation, not a trace; "souls are not saved in bundles," said Emerson, and it is useless to look to a general calamity for evidence of a general change of heart. No new word has been uttered, no new power of man has been discovered; the war has only quickened the process of adaptation of means to ends which was already in operation before the war. And if we turn to Mr. Crompton's volume, we find nothing but another example of the same process; for the future of Christianity that he sees is not a future of Chrisitanity at all, but a future of religion. He sees a Church no longer repudiating scientific and historical criticism, but absorbing it; correcting its personal experience (if it has any) of the being of God by the most objective knowledge of the processes of His becoming. Christianity learning from Buddhism, from Hinduism, shedding its particular limitations until it ceases to be Christianity and becomes cosmopolitan religion, until there is nothing between man and his Maker but direct contact and simple understanding. To become a world-religion, Christianity must will its own death, must pass beyond its sacraments and dogmas to simple relation by prayer with the Source of all life, must lose the sense of diversity of persons in the knowledge of the unity of soul. But although this sounds bravely, and seems to be in the true line of development of the mind and soul of man, one thing is lacking. Christ told that admirable young man to sell all that he had, and give to the poor; and although we do not accept the injunction literally (for it would be bad economics in these days), yet the liberal exegesis that Mr. Crompton applies enables us to use it as a test. And it is a fact of peculiar significance that not even the most modernist interpretation of Christianity can save a Christian from condemnation of the Labour movement. Scratch a Christian, and you find a capitalist; Mr. Crompton certainly protests against the "profit-maker," against the low level of our commercial ideals, but it is against "drunkenness, selfishness, greed, and the will to power which class desires over class" that he most fervently inveighs. And he finds his chief example of these vices in the Labour movement, with its "right to strike" exercised "not for justice to others, but for their own selfish gain." And although he insists that compulsion is necessary to freedom, that "now the nation can speak as a whole, if it likes, and when it does speak, it must use compulsion upon all who cannot show that they have created ideals which have a personal imperative," it is apparently only of military service, and the prohibition of the liquor traffic, that he is thinking. The economic revolution that is implied by the word "Socialism" does not meet with his approval. He is satisfied to say: "Certainly man cannot live without bread; that, however is elemental and of the brutes. It is not the distinctly religious question which Christianity has made it." Yet, the first petition of the Lord's Prayer is: "Give us this day our daily bread"; but it is more consonant with Christian tradition to quote the other phrase: "Man cannot live by bread alone": and Mr. Crompton does not forget it. We begin to wonder whether Mr. Crompton's preference for the mystical Christ instead of the historical Jesus masks a reluctance to part with his share of this world's good; and we feel inclined to conclude with a question: "What is the minimum income on which an English mystic can subsist?"

Redwing. By Constance Smedley. (Allen & Unwin. 6s.)

This is a study in anti-climaxes. All the people are extraordinary, and all that they do is commonplace. Mimsy, to whom all sorts of extraordinary things were to have happened as a consequence of her having been unjustly punished at school, just goes the ordinary road of advanced young women to marriage. A rather Supermannish explorer, with something that seems like a religion, behaves caddishly to some friends who, we are led to suppose, are demi-gods; as a consequence, the male demi-god serves a term of imprisonment for publishing false statements in a prospectus. The male demi-god subsequently becomes an advocate of prison reform; while his wife, who is sometimes a tigress and sometimes a great water and is always an irresistible personality, tries to enter and dominate county society, and fails, tries to enter a women's club, and is blackballed, tries to make a match between her son, Redwing, and Mimsy, so that she may have her husband to herself and fails. The descriptions of the persons and the development of the situations are always leading the reader to expect one thing, and giving him another; for example, Franklin Scott is not only suspected of a liason with Mrs. Navarro, but is known to have broken his engagement with Vivace, and there are hints galore. He invites Mimsy to his rooms, his manservant is out; the sophisticated reader expects an attempted seduction, and all that happens is a proposal of marriage. Scott's fear of meeting the Navarros, and the mysterious behaviour of Mrs. Navarro when they do meet, lead the reader to expect nothing short of a horrible murder prefaced by delicate tortures; all that happens is forgiveness. These people go through fire and water to compass the most unexpected, because commonplace, conclusions; Redwing might be guarding the portals of Hell instead of being merely a secretary to his father. It is possible to be too dramatic, and Miss Smedley has made that error when she makes Redwing behave like a gaoler because his father is interested in prison reform. She flings Mimsy backwards and forwards across this tale as though the poor girl were a shuttle; and at the end, she can do nothing with her but fling her into the arms of Redwing, and fling the pair of them into a fruit farm in California.

The Three Pearls. By the Hon. J. W. Fortescue. Illustrated by Alice B. Woodward. (Macmillan. 6s. net.)

This is a delightful fairy tale that inculcates the usual moral teaching. The three pearls have a magical history and a moral meaning, both of which have been nearly forgotten in the kingdom of Oloria; and in defiance of the very terms of the legend, the Princess treats the pearls with great disdain. The Queen of the Sea returns for her pearls, and takes the Princess with her, converting her into a mermaid for this purpose. There, in the sea, she passes through many adventures, getting into trouble with the crabs, arguing with the trout, dropping pebbles in the anemones, and behaving very badly to the flat-fish; and learning by sad experience not only the meaning of the pearls but how to keep them beautiful. For the purpose of this return to the sea is their rejuvenation, and not until the mermaid has learned the love of the sea is she allowed to return to Oloria, and the fairy prince. There is much quaint humour in the telling of the story, but the most interesting passage to the adult is the description of the mermaid's search for the Queen, with the friendly whales giving her rides and directing her on her way, the sharks escorting her and talking pidgin-English, the flying-fish playing with her, and the dolphins meeting her when she had purged her offence.

Pastiche.

CURRENT CHILDHOOD.

(Three Chapters and an Epilogue.)

CHAPTER I.—THE REAL.

The age at which children are first corrupted is almost incredibly early until we consider the nature of the surroundings in which they grow up. Insufficient space, overcrowding, the herding together of all ages and both sexes; these things break down the barriers of a natural modesty and reserve. Where decency is practically impossible, unchastity will follow, and follow almost as a matter of course. There are certain natural defences in the right instincts of young people brought up in the right kind of home, which we look for in vain among those who have never had space enough for growth, or privacy enough for refinement. In such sordid circumstances adolescence comes to thousands of girls and boys. At the critical age of physical and mental development when all our care is needed, and both discipline and sympathetic insight are most imperative, they are turned out into the world to fight for themselves. Education, which has rather stimulated than repressed the natural curiosity and adventurous spirit of youth, ends for many just when it is needed most. The boy or girl of 13 or 14 —just entering on the heritage of maturity—is given instead a life of dull and sordid toil, without interest, without variety, without scope.

—MISS MAUDE ROYDEN in "Downward Paths." An Inquiry into the Causes which contribute to the making of the Prostitute. Pp. xiii + 200. Price 2s. 6d. net. London: G. Bell & Sons, Ltd., Portugal Street, W.C. 1916.

CHAPTER II.—THE ROMANTIC.

Children are living, morally and socially, in the evolutionary stage marked by primitive communism. They still live in Eden before the Fall, they cross property lines without a sense of iniquity, they pick up apples under other people's trees, or from the trees; they have no developed ethics of private property. If a city community offers the child ample public domains in which to play and roam, playgrounds, parks, swimming pools, and skating ponds, the child feels at home; if these things are lacking, it plays ball on the street, steals its apples from the corner grocery, seeks adventures up the alley, and conflicts with the policeman who is fundamentally the guardian of private property. The child has a right to some fun for which it does not have to pay a nickel. Public property is the only thing that can beat commercialised amusements. I am for taking the sewage out of our rivers and putting boys and girls into them to swim. I am for planting fruit trees along the country roads from which anyone may eat, provided he carries nothing away, except inside of him. I am for stocking the waters inside of the city limits with perch, rock bass, and bull-heads, and confining the right to fish in them to children under sixteen. I believe a child has an inalienable right to keep a pet. How else are they to get into touch with the soul of the lower creation? How is a boy to understand himself if he does not see himself mirrored in the mind of a dog?

—MR. WALTER RAUSCHENBUSCH, the American Children's Champion.

CHAPTER III.—THE IDEAL.

Amongst questions of present-day interest, none are more discussed or attract a greater amount of attention than those which relate to social problems. The generous philanthropy of preceding generations seems to us to-day a little out of date, and we substitute for this virtue of the rich the otherwise fruitful idea that, by the very constitution of society itself, we are all in duty bound to occupy ourselves with the condition of our fellow-citizens, and especially of the less fortunate among them. This duty does not rest solely upon a sentiment of humanity. It is dictated equally by our own pressing personal interests; for unless, within a reasonable time, satisfaction is given to the just demands of the nine-tenths of society who are actually working for wages very little in harmony with their efforts and their needs, we already foresee that a violent revolution, from which the "haves" have very little to gain, will shake society to its very foundations. The consequence is that the very people who up to the present time have kept themselves most aloof from the social problem are being brought into contact with reality. It is a curious thing to see how scientific men, who for the past fifty years have never stirred a foot outside their laboratories, are showing a tendency to mingle in affairs. In spite of the diversity of the forces at work, there is one general fact which is undeniable. Pure and disinterested science retains its votaries, but the number is increasing of those who are turning to science for useful and practical applications; albeit, they are thinking less of science than of society, for it is those social phenomena which are capable of amelioration which scientific men are now studying by the most exact methods for the benefit of men of action, who are usually empirics. Innumerable examples of this intervention of science in daily life might be cited. On the one hand, we see physiologists—Imbert, for example—who are setting themselves to the study of the phenomena of the labour and the nutrition of different classes of workers, in order to find out whether the increase in wages and the diminution in the hours of work which the workers are for ever crying for can be justified by physiology. The day is not far off when such scientific observations, which are becoming more exact and more extensive, will play a part in the discussions between capital and labour. . . . . As a last example we shall cite the most striking of all. This is the increasing interest which doctors are taking in the upbringing of the young, both in infancy and later. This is *puericulture*, and includes everything that is being done for the supervision, protection, and assistance of the mother and nursling. It includes the medical inspection of school children, which gives the doctor the opportunity of caring for their ailments and preventing overpressure. It includes, lastly, all the reforms of but yesterday's date which make for a better hygiene, a better physical education.

—PROFESSOR ALFRED BINET and TH. SIMON, M.D., in "Mentally Defective Children." Pp. xi + 180. Price 2s. 6d. net. Second Impression. 1916. London: Edward Arnold, 41 and 43, Maddox Street, W.

EPILOGUE.

The present century is discovering that the care of children is the most important thing in the world. Except in so far as children possess vitality, integrity and intelligence, nothing is really worth while. In the past cities have been built as if manufacturing and commerce were the only and the greatest aims of the world. The discovery of childhood is the supreme achievement of our day.

G. O. KAYE.

NOBLESSE OBLIGE—M'YES.

It almost is a joke to contemplate
The lovely lot of women and of men
Who boast allegiance to Church and State
And form (or think they form) the Upper Ten.

The Sermon on the Mount, its day is ended;
Sermons thereon they treat as so much spoof.
Though on the Church those cloven tongues descended,
On Church-parade we see the cloven hoof.

Our Ruling Class has pasted on the walls
"YOUR COUNTRY CALLS YOU TO ECONOMISE,"
And waddles round to endless Music Halls
In costly furs and food up to its eyes.

This Upper Ten as mark of their respect
Once aped the King—his taste in ties at least:
His war-time taste in drinks they now reject:
The only mark they show is of the Beast.

"Noblesse oblige"—but not until it must.
The Larder Lord his laggard work begins
Not from a sense of what is meet and just,
Serfs must be fed to save their masters' skins.

U. G. H.

POETIC LIGHT.

"And singing skylarks from the meadows rise
To twinkle like black stars in sunny skies."
W. H. DAVIES, or "The Tramp Poet."

Twinkle, twinkle, little star;
How I wonder what you are!
Art a diamond in the sky,
Diamond of the blackest dye,
Fixed above the awaying Pole,
Lovely speck of fireless coal,
Pouring forth a shaded grace
Like the black eye in the face
Of Clara mine? Art thou a lark
Singing, swinging, sable spark?
What's the glory by thy side,
Soaring through the heavens wide?
Is't a negro moon aglow?
Tell me, star, is it a crow?

TRIBOULET.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

THE NEW GOVERNMENT.

Sir,—If your horoscope of the Lloyd George Government be not essentially *pour rire*, I cannot imagine what your object in casting it thus could be. I put aside the implied suggestion that the new Prime Minister is the chosen of the people and not the mere puppet of Northcliffe, because these sort of estimates do not interest me either way. No doubt, the talk about "Harmsworth and his servant George" is only part of the same pantomime refrain which gave us "George and his servant Snowden," and "Morel and his master, the Kaiser"—*clichés* peculiarly and mysteriously dear to the heart of a weekly contemporary of yours. But on the question of fact—and even horoscopes ought to be based on some recognised hypothesis—what remotest sign can you see in the political zodiac to prompt the statement that the position now occupied by Labour is that of a "determinant, not only of the creation of the Government, but of its policy as well"? Since the War began, labour has only existed in the minds of the governing classes as something to be coerced, and nearly every effort and every vote of the Labour Party in Parliament (and certainly of those Labour members within the Government itself) has been in the direction of coercing it. In my simple, cynical way I had always taken it for granted that this was precisely the purpose for which Labour was allowed any executive power at all. But whether this be so or not, it is the only direction in which (so far) it has exerted that power. Of course, one horoscope is as good as another until events prove either false, but I should very much like to be told by what subtle intuition, wizardry, divine guidance, or sheer cussedness you arrived at the extraordinary inference that, because Henderson is in the War Council, Hodge a Minister of Labour, Roberts something at the Board of Trade, and Brace and Shackleton and a few others scattered over well-paid departments, therefore Labour now has matters in its own hands, and will be able, if necessary, to "force the defeat of the present Ministry" and take over the "supreme charge of the nation and the War" itself.

I say that this is *pour rire;* but, coming from THE NEW AGE, it is, to my mind, at any rate, also inexplicable. I cannot reconcile it with former judgments and criticisms of yours, which seemed to me (rightly) to regard the ordinary, official, docile, Government-absorbed Labour leader as a hindrance rather than a help to the capture of real power by the working classes of this country. Why are we to suppose that he will become less docile as he becomes more official? I am not now arguing against the desirability of members of the Labour Party accepting Cabinet rank in this crisis. But I am unable for the life of me to see how the inclusion of Henderson in the inner ring, or the dotting about of more of the lesser lights on the outer ring, is calculated (given the cunning of capitalist-made Ministers, as we know them, plus the mediocre vision of the official Labour men, as we know *them*) to alter the balance of power as between Capital and Labour, in any other sense, indeed, than that which will make it a hundred times worse for Labour. You drew a parallel yourself the other day to this situation when you pictured the Trade Union representative being co-opted on to the board of management of a big capitalist concern. The poor man would either be duped or bought—or both—and, in the long run, the workers would get to know rather less about what was really going on than they knew before. You speak about the "economic indispensability of Labour." It is true that the capitalist oligarchy recognises this. Hence, perhaps (as you suggest), the array of Labour talent in the Cabinet. But the difficulty is that the workers have hitherto *not* recognised it in anything like the same degree. While, as for their representatives in the House of Commons, they appear to recognise it only so far as is compatible with accepting salaried posts and then talking and acting at the dictates of their capitalist patrons—the National Board of Management. As to any offers of "social reconstruction" on the basis of a conscription of wealth, which Mr. Lloyd George is presumed to have made as the price of Labour support—well, one simply does not believe it. Or even if such pledge was given, one has lived long enough to know that a pledge means something that need not be adhered to—if the other party to it happens to be the Labour Party of Great Britain.

H. RICHARDS.

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THE AUSTRALIAN REFERENDUM.

Sir,—In view of the fact that the recent Referendum in Australia has resulted in the defeat of Compulsory Military Service, I should like to inquire whether the journals that advocated the establishment of the Referendum in England are now so convinced that it is a "democratic" instrument. Personally, I am inclined to think that Australia has killed the Referendum together with Compulsion.

D. B.

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FOOD CONTROL.

Sir,—Opinions may differ concerning Lord Devonport's appointment as Food Controller, but I should like to point out that he has grasped a fact which his predecessor missed—the fact that distribution is an even more important problem than supply. "It is not merely enough," he said, "to maintain our food supplies; it is overwhelmingly essential that they should be distributed fairly." The cat, however, has yet to be belled; and it remains to be seen whether Lord Devonport, who was once in the distributive business himself, will have the courage to take over, as THE NEW AGE has recommended, the distributive system and employ it in rationing the nation.

S. T. R.

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MR. BELLOC AND "OLD MOORE."

Sir,—Although there is nothing new in Mr. Hilaire Belloc's contributions on the Press, his careful analysis of the subject deserves attention. Having heard of Lord Northcliffe *ad nauseam*, allow me to quote "Old Moore" for the year 1917. In the picture for September, he says: "We note two stalwart fellows pitchforking into the thirsty flames what looks extremely like newspapers and other publications of a similar character. The fact is, the British public has long been nauseated by the awful stuff served up hot every morning and evening—what is supposed to be a truthful record of remarkable events that have happened in all parts of the world. "Old Moore" does not pretend to say that this bonfire will actually take place, but he wishes to impress upon his readers that one may have more garbage thrown at them that they can assimilate. The titles of one of the newspapers is the "Daily Liar"; of another, the "Evening Liar." Loving compulsion as an unwise means to a wise end, we hope that the purchase of a daily newspaper will be enforced by law. Through these arbitrary methods man will then either realise his individuality or perish.

W. R.

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THE C.W.S.

Sir,—Our attention has just been called to a review which appears in your issue of Nov. 23, in which reference was made to the banking department of the Co-operative Wholesale Society. Your reviewer states that,

when the C.W.S. Bank helped the miners after a capitalistic bank had refused to do so, "it could not have repeated its accommodation without the consent of the capitalistic banks." We would point out that no bank would dare to dishonour a C.W.S. cheque upon it, provided there were funds sufficient to meet it, and this latter point is fully answered in the pamphlet upon which you based your review.

The balance-sheet of the C.W.S. shows that the total assets of the society on June 24 last amounted to £18,356,960; of this, £1,309,758, or less than 7½ per cent., was in other banks, and the amount represents less than one day's deposits into such banks. If cash in hand and balances in banks are referred to, it is quite true that 98 per cent. is in other banks. The bank balances are, however, earning interest, while cash in hand is dead money.

The C.W.S. Bank has never experienced the slightest difficulty in getting their money from the banks, so that there is no point in the case presented by your reviewer.

THE CO-OPERATIVE PRESS AGENCY.

* * *

JAMES CONNOLLY.

Sir,—Some of your correspondents are wondering what led so clear-headed an International Socialist as James Connolly to take part in a patriotic insurrection. I think the reason is that Connolly had a strong conservative side. I remember that in the old days of the Scottish Socialist Federation at Edinburgh a lively discussion once arose after the meeting between Connolly and the Socialist poet, John Leslie, as to whether or not there was a God. Connolly said there was a God, and Leslie said there was not a God. "In any case, what does it matter?" said a practical man who was afterwards elected to the Town Council, and he immediately turned out the lights.

R. B. KERR.

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"LONDON PRIDE."

Sir,—I do not quarrel with Mr. John Francis Hope for endorsing Congreve's poor opinion of humour in woman; but I wonder whether your brilliant critic is just in laying the absence of profanities in "London Pride" at Miss Gladys Unger's door? What is sauce for the book is not always sauce for the play. "Pygmalion" attracted excited crowds and seething comment by reason of a spoken word, which, when we come to it in cold print, leaves us unmoved. Is it not possible, therefore, that, right or wrong, it was Mr. Neil Lyons' sense of fitness and not Miss Gladys Unger's want of it which is responsible for "London Pride's" lack of that kind of expression with which Mr. Lyons delights us in narrative? Mr. Hope's judgment, of course, may be the correct one. But it seems rather improbable that Mr. Lyons would have collaborated with Miss Unger at all if all she did was to go agin the Government! Mr. Hope, however, divides neither his kicks nor his ha'pence—to the woman the one, to the man the other!

M. G. S.

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"THE NEW AGE" AND THE "NATION."

Sir,—In criticising the formation of a Ministry of Labour, the "Nation" (December 16) says: "The Guild Socialist seems to us to be on much more useful and constructive lines in his conception of the place of Labour in the State." Apart from the error of calling a National Guildsman a "Guild Socialist," the "Nation" would surely have benefited its readers had it not jibbed at supplying the further information that the solution they recommend first appeared, and still mainly appears, in THE NEW AGE.

R. G. O.

* * *

HOW TO MUZZLE THE PRESS.

Sir,—A simple means of correcting the abuse of newspaper government in the country would be the suppression of newspaper placards. Formerly they were contents bills; but to-day they have become a kind of hustings or platform of propaganda. When it is remembered that every message is multiplied and spread all over the country, it is small wonder that the hypnotic effect of phrases is considerable. Prohibit posters, and the evil influence of the Press is checked if not entirely destroyed.

OLD JOURNALIST.

Memoranda.

(From last week's NEW AGE.)

There would be no wars if their cost were compulsorily defrayed from capital as a matter of course.

Of all the Allies we were and still are in the most advanced stage of the disease of capitalism, and hence is the greatest need to cure ourselves by drastic reconstruction.

Capitalism is the greatest pro-German in our midst. —"Notes of the Week."

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—can issue regularly news and opinion which the large capitalist advertisers disapprove.

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

The "partnership" between the State and the Unions was illusory, but the very fact that the illusion has been dangled before the worker may well induce him to reach out for the reality.

Capitalism during the war has surrendered nothing but a light toll of "excess profits," in return for which it has gained vastly in power and prestige. It has succeeded to the national partnership, of which the workers have been afforded only a distant glimpse.

The conscious resolution to fit itself for the responsible rôle of a National Guild would be the finest—and perhaps the only—way in which a Trade Union could rally to its support the professional element and even the managerial grades.

The principal efforts of Parliament to-day 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.

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 and conditions in regard to their workpeople.

Nationalism is certainly no end for which Trade Unionists should strive; they must be ready to criticise, combat, and drive out any external authority which claims autocracy over their working lives, whether that authority be private or public.—MAURICE B. RECKITT.

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.

Sligo most resembles a farmyard after rain.—C. E. BECHHOFER.

Humour implies acceptance, but satire implies resistance.

A humorist belongs to the public; a propaganda can only effectively use a satirist.

Mr. Neil Lyons is not only delighting the public, but is educating them in the art of human nature.—JOHN FRANCIS HOPE.

Political power is merely economic power turned to the defence of economic power.

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 Western world gathers into cities and leaves music behind with the plough and the lark.—BERNARD GILBERT.

Right that is not might is not even right.—A. E. R.

A lie is private trading, but a myth is invented for the good of the commonwealth.

Mr. Hope's dramatic criticism is better than the stuff he criticises.

Modern democracy practically means the government of women for women by women.

In modern Europe a sane man with plenty of imagination and no money is as lonely as an angel in the Stock Exchange.—WILLIAM MARGRIE.

PRESS CUTTINGS.

History has never afforded to a large body of men so great an opportunity as that which the German Social Democracy has just thrown away. The responsibility for the catastrophe that has come upon the world rests with the German Socialist leaders as well as with the Kaiser and the Prussian military caste. They have known that Germany was preparing to dominate the world; they have known the pressure and the poison of the Prussian idea; and they could have prepared against this evil day. German Socialists could have prevented the war if they had had the will to act. Their failure is not due to their lack of power, but to a lack of that moral force which is essential to the accomplishment of any great purpose or revolution. The failure is due to their taking counsel of their fears; to their following expediency rather than principle. They could have stopped every wheel in Germany if they had decided so to do, and have been willing to pay the price. They could have made it impossible for the Government to amass its armies along the French or the Russian frontiers. Some of the leaders would have been shot; some would have been imprisoned; but the Kaiser could scarcely have slain or imprisoned five millions of his subjects. And those who so died would have died fruitfully, and would have glorified Socialism in the eyes of mankind.

Or, if the German party had not the courage to act, it could at least have refrained from voting the supplies for war; it could at least have condemned the action of the Government. Instead of this, it has failed both positively and negatively. It has bewildered and paralysed the international movement. It has done its best to make the Socialist body a despicable thing in the eyes of men. And if the action of German Socialists is a revelation of the moral quality of the Socialist movement, then the world would be right in despising the whole of us forever. And the international movement can only redeem itself in the eyes of the world, and in its own eyes as well, by absolutely condemning the course the German party has taken. We must declare to the world that the German failure is not a failure of Socialism, but a failure due to the lack of Socialist faith and principle. It was the failure of a nominally Socialist movement to be true to the thing it professed.

If the German Social Democracy had been weak in numbers; if it had been as weak, in proportion to the population, as is the British Socialist Party, or the Socialist Party of the United States; then it might wisely have held back from action, on the ground of uselessly sacrificing the lives of its members. But the German party was in no such position. It was the strongest party in the empire. It has justified the declaration of Hilaire Belloc and other critics to the effect that German Social Democracy means nothing but votes; that it does not at all mean Socialism. It has justified the fears of Bebel, more than once expressed to friends, that German Socialism could not really be depended upon if put to the test. It has been put to the test, and its failure is one to make the stars weep.—GEO. D. HERRON.

To the Editor of the "Times."

Sir,—Allow me to quote from your City article of today:—

"Prices of Indian tea advanced yesterday substantially in the London market on a reported intimation . . . that a reduction in the freight space available for tea must now be expected. . . . Freight is now the dominant factor in the prices of many commodities, not merely because of the high rates, but also because of the scarcity of tonnage. When merchants know that the supplies of any commodity must be strictly limited for some time to come, owing to the lack of transport, they feel justified in advancing their prices for what they hold. The tendency is to substitute a large profit on a small turnover for the small profit on the large turnover which was their rule in normal times."

In other words, those who have got the tea mean to make the consumer pay for it. Those who hold much will make a fortune. Those who hold little are secured against loss at the public's expense. This is all perfectly legitimate business "in normal times." In abnormal times it is profiteering. A CONSUMER.

The largest advertisement contract ever placed in the United Kingdom has just been signed by Messrs. Selfridge.

That house of business has taken 130 pages, or 910 columns, of space in this journal for the coming year.

Also, it is the largest advertisement contract from the point of view of the total amount of money involved.

The reason that the Selfridge firm finds this stroke of business profitable is simple.

It has come to look upon its announcements through the "Evening News" as its own particular medium for conveying news to the women of London and districts in which this paper circulates.

Women find it necessary, especially in these days of preoccupation with the war, to know what is to be had in the way of cheap purchases, and an advertisement of this character is "news" to them.

On the other side, the house which has the goods to sell finds that its advertisements are as effective, from the selling point of view, as any other matter with a "news" value would be in attracting public attention.

Here we have the explanation why women want the paper; and of why the advertiser thinks it his business to communicate with them through its columns.—"Evening News."

The application to the working class of the fact that it is economic power which results in political power or control is that it is through such organisation as will enable them to control the only commodity they possess, their labour power, that they can force governmental action in their interests. In the recent threatened railway strike this was clearly demonstrated. It was enough that through intelligent organisation the railroad brotherhoods could give or withhold, and thus control, their labour power. The inevitable result was a measure of political control sufficient for their purpose. Congress, the President, and the whole country were at the mercy of this tremendous demonstration of economic power, and the general horror which was expressed was not because such power had not in the past invariably controlled political action, but because for the first time, perhaps, in history, it was the power of the working class instead of the capitalist or other owning class which was manifested.—"Portia" in N.Y. "Tribune."

The City is in full accord with the whole-hearted policy of the Government for the organisation of complete victory. The plan elaborated by the Prime Minister has been responded to in the stock markets by a general advance in investment securities. Coming as it does in conjunction with the signal victory at Verdun, prices have risen, gilt-edged stocks being affected by the announcement that a new War Loan will be issued as and when the Treasury deems opportune. There is still a great deal of speculation in the City as to the probable date of the long-expected issue. Other conditions being propitious, next month would seem to be the most opportune time. Whenever the emission is made, it is certain that many companies and other financial institutions have vast sums ready for such a long-dated loan, which is far more suitable for the investment purposes of such undertakings than the short-dated methods hitherto adopted. Whatever may be the national requirements in this and other respects, the Government may rest assured of the hearty co-operation of all interests represented in the City.—"Pall Mall Gazette."

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