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 similarly compelled. 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 this time make it 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.

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 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 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.

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
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 employer chosen by the Government, and the private employer becomes not only directly for the State and only indirectly for the State itself. What is this if it is not compulsory profiteering and the Service 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 the 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 welcomed, if we did not welcome, the support given to the new Government by Labour, but only upon the ground that the admitted indisposition 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 cannot 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 more to be only too true. But 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 with holding it without using it is in itself an effective exercise of the power. 'Like the rank and file of the Labour move-ment, 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 Labour Party or Mr. MacDonald, if even his intelligence had been unable to realise that a permanent Ministry of Labour implies a permanent status for the Labour leaders. Activist 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 implies 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 their group in the Ministry with the obligation of the balance of power. But we never said that to hold it without using it is in itself an effective exercise of the power.
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 shape of 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 secured all the 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 Government to the extent of securing in the dividends they made during peace. 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 and compensation at the end of the war as if they were some benevolent neutral Power. Finally, we know that 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 sight-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 the railways has 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."


When the rude hand of naughty Mrs. P. did not tell us once that you and N.,
He could not feel but as shy as thee; the noble lord who runs the "Daily Mail,"
You would be prouder than the Pope.

"Confound the Coalition!" (Why not "Blitz The Blackguards"!"
"Confound" is hardly strong enough.)

Did you not tell us once that you and N.,
With one hand tested the other.

Were you a watchdog? Did you bark too much?

The coal-mines are selling for a song.

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,
Your hoof you showed (not clever) years ago,
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 because of quibbles. 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 out the fleet and the world" it is a 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."

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 capture of Wallachia can hide the fact that the German 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.

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 over-run by England, it is admittedly of less value in bar-gaining. But the enemy realises as well as we do that the seizure of Wallachia has all but exhausted the pos-sibilities 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, or possibly risk the loss of some of our aims, or to go on losing men, money, and trade in order to make the in-evitable peace more secure.

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 wranglings between the Great Powers. As a simple 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 advisable 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. Restitu-tion 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 necessary for the Allies merely to promise 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 its latest declaration its desire to hold Tsing-tao. These are details. Reparation is also fairly clear. I am not quite sure whether the Chancellor's deputation actually proposed the payment of £3,000,000,000 within twelve months; but it is certainly not so far fetched as to be ridiculous. One is also fairly clear that the Eastern Question has already been discussed to the point of giving way to yet another Note from 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.

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 definitively 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 pos-sessions. 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.

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 Colo-nial Empire" (Bell, as. 6d. net) it is pointed out that the war has now developed into a struggle between Eng-land and Germany. Italy, as Giordani frankly acknowl-edges, 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 fact 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 common patrimony of conquest? Giordani evade a reply; but his remarks indicate that the fate of the German colonies depends largely on the progress of the war on land.

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 a ready and ample market. 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 cut off 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.

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, 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 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 community, 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 granted, mainly because the Press was held to be the master’s, and that the men were turned out of employment, that 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 that professional politician or that; with a mass of denunciation; 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 is possible, it is fruitful. This Capitalist Press has come to believe that it can suppress any truth and anything. 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 order to keep informed, has in the past 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 in which the owning 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 a distinct character of conventional falsehood, and that false-
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, that I 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 it is good.

I propose to examine the nature of that movement, which I call: "The Free Press," to analyze 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.

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 theatrical 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 shame. "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 had—for England and France to obtain money and supplies from America. And the European War would probably have ended before America could render any effective 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 greater sufferers. 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 expose the American public to the exposure of what is good.

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 that 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, which is 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 the Congress in the time of the ultimatum 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...
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 concudes to the strength of any people not to 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, the safety and universal reprobation. Not in the history according to Wilson's pronouncement, come to an end.

By this international ethic, would Europe and America co-operate in assisting China to develop her resource and service into India as to enable India to become a vast and self-governing nation in herself; 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 resources and service into India as to enable India to become a vast and self-governing nation in itself; America would help Mexico to free herself from both Mexican landlords and American concessionaires. 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 it. 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 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 clique to cry, 'Great is Mexico.' But it is not great as Mexico, 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 immediate interests of the Mexican people 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.'

VI.

Perhaps the most pregnant utterance of a national chief of a revolutionary, 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 overwhelming dishonour. Now, a thousand years can Germany erase the record thus written against her by President Wilson.

VII.
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 race, 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 sentiment. It is 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.

[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 fact and feels no need 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; i.e., 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. If all people cannot be compelled to remain ignorant of the causes and effects of such world configurations, 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 maligned by a vague 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 Nuremberg—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 civilization. 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," 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 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...
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, a German violation of Belgium. We have here the first indication of the fuller conclusion that Austro-German forces of aggression and conquest forces the war upon Europe. Germany could have avoided war by adopting any one of three courses: by compelling 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 has never had to vindicate its liberties against foreign aggression; it fought for them once in the common defence of the Germanic culture. We are entitled 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 is a conflict, in which Imperialism and militarism were under—in this case, as always—of resisting the death of 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. We are, therefore, excused from a moral obligation 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 channel-houses of heroic patriotism and valor. 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,” has been able to satisfy its own moral and national demands, has been 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 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 care and caution, has been forced to recognize 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 revelation which led to the dismissal of von Papen and Boy-Ed, we need no further proof of German barbarity and cruelty upon 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 inferred from the extraordinary success 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 treacherous and baseless 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 denunciations of 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 unsurpassed, its organisation and solidarity perfect. Do we realise its power? Do we perceive the present status 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 she 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-wide cause for which the Allies are making the supreme victory of 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 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 crisis, 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 vindication at any cost—not merely by verbal threats, but by the clear declaration of an ethical idealism, which shall have, 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 both Houses of Congress of Brazil, were made by men of opposing political parties. This pronouncement was described in an official French parliamentary note of '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 war 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 those words and do our utmost to enforce them—every one of us who loves his country and believes in principles 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 post-war period, the New Age is submitting the following two questions to representative public men and women:

(i) 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?

(ii) What in your opinion 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; on the third hypothesis, defeat, no Englishman could entertain. I shall assume the more probable hypothesis of a draw.

(a) Labour. For many years have many factories 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 the weight of its organisation behind the common cause, 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 and Capital were requested 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 the national desire.

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. We shall 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 so far thrown up no leaders.

(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-operate, to avoid internecine competition, to follow the American and German lead of making pools, trusts, and combines, and the advantage of such co-operation 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 and 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, armament manufacturers, photographic apparatus, have done well; architects, builders, farm-labourers, corrugated iron makers have done badly. The reason for this has to be the subject of discussion. It is often wrong and wasteful that it should be so, and it is not enough to baffle of supply and demand, and assume that in doing so we solve the ethical difficulty. The assumption made by Labour that Capital is always a hostile force to be fought and defeated is unethical and stupid as the assumption made by Capital that Labour is and always should be marketable.

(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 here and, above all, we are bound to reconsider the whole question of English Agriculture and the sweat-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 blocked. If the Nation is to act as a "commercial entity," it must have some way of feeling itself other than the present wasteful and life-destroying way. We shall have learned, because of the success of the Germans in the War, that workshops and factories must be ordered according to the relative importance of housing, clean cities, education, and preparedness. We shall have learned, because of the success of the Chinese in the United States, that 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.
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 prefer to call Socialism—because the development of that assumption is that it is not necessary to make any such distinction, that all things can be made in factories, or adjusted by municipali-
palities, 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 Labour plan is nothing else. It will 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 standardised industries, of "quantitative" production. But Labour also needs the "qualitative" makework. 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 by the factory system. We 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 com-

bined with the establishment of 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 the 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 un-

reservedly 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.

(26) The policy for the State, or, let us say, the Empire—in which case I prefer the "Round Table" title of the British Commonwealth—would be to adopt unreservedly the ethics of standard of quality, product and producer in regard to its citizens. The State or Commonwealth needs fine men and women—nothing less. The policy of Standardisation necessarily means the tightening up of all mate-

rials and political ties among the English-speaking communities. To achieve this it must secure the peace of the world. This world-piece, 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 constitu-

tents—a League, therefore, that is not formed in the man-

ner 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, incentive 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. Furthermore, 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 con-

duct. The new policy for the State must consider the larger life outside the state, and give more 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 disuss 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. First, the last possible rule is in order. It is not a matter of a possible rule. Furthermore, I anticipate would be nothing short of slavery, any alternative I can anticipate would be little short of revolution. Even the last three questions are covered; for, while Capitalism, I fear, the Labour partner could 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 evolu-

tion 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 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 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 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 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 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.
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 the slave State. 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 and professional education, continuation schools, maternity schemes, dinners for pregnant mothers, day nurseries, creches, and so on. There will be more factory inspectors, many of whom will be Trade Unionsists; 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 voiceless munition worker and soldier? In short, to Labour will be given the symbol 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 producers or financiers, who will have the 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 been in the last 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. It 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 in which it has been destroyed. This does not mean the extermination of everything German, nor does it mean that Prussia will never be resuscitated. It means that the blow which 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 presented to Labour. Never before in 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 craftsmanship, is driven into Adullam by the attitude towards Blake of the 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 impertinent books 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 do not mean that 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.

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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. It 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 in which it has been destroyed. This does not mean the extermination of everything German, nor does it mean that Prussia will never be resuscitated. It means that the blow which 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 presented to Labour. Never before in 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 craftsmanship, is driven into Adullam by the attitude towards Blake of the 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 impertinent books 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 do not mean that 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.

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 criticism wherein the pure, the true, the just walk on beaten paths of comparative safety, but in his judgment of his contemporaries. Admirations 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, knowing him, I am sure he will be surprised 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 impertinent books 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 do not mean that 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 civilization is to go on at all. The answer is not to go on as we are going, but to go on in a new direction. What we need, above all, is a realisation, as Mr. Belloc has observed, of the futility 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
cleanate 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 to be excused, and only to be regarded with
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" (Con-
stable, 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 and more
herculean 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 its 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
judgement 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
of the unsurpassable epics, 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 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 philo-
sophic 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 it are beloved friends and blood relatives.
The epic spirit will alone save civilisation from extinction during the present war.

Letters from Ireland.

By C. E. Beechhofer.

I fear that my journey to the west will not appear very
glorious. But, as my first object is to describe
Ireland as I find it, I am bound to avoid sentimentali-
ties. Some would like to read, I am sure, that the
hills are wreathed with impenetrable mists, and the
cry of the leprechaun 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-surged, rotten and drink-sodden little
hell.

Of course, the police stand out in wonderful contrast
with the nasty peasantry. So many travellers and of-
cials have told us that the finest feature of Irish life
is that fine, intelligent body of men, the Royal Irish
Constitution. 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
beating his mother, or who fears to speak of Easter
week. The constable looked at me with natural sur-
prise, 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 gentle-
man wanted to speak to me.

I was surprised—and flattered. "A gentleman!" I
said, "to speak to me!" I followed him to an old
brutal 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 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 home
place, 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, birth-
place, etc., etc., etc. Where was I going? why? For
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 Inisfree" lies in an inland lake of no
military importance whatever, about two miles from
Sligo. The sergeant looked at me very fiercely, so as
to not to miss the faintest sign of confusion, and asked
why I had taken a rowing-boat round it. I lost my
nerves, 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 in-
terests 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
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, can have escaped their vigilance. A. E. tells a story in Dublin 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 why?'' And plain answers courteously, when he knows that New York groans beneath the rubber heel of an army of Irish constables; not of an army of Irish policemen, but of an unlimited supply also for export. Everybody who knew all about smoked haddocks (and many other kinds of fish) had checked his statements; when, I say, would not satisfy them.

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 two hundred and eighty-five. Mr. S. G. Hobson, from whose book "Home Rule'' figures, mentions them as an instance of the scandalously wasteful expenditure of the Irish Executive. But the real Irish policemen everywhere, and their incapacity in this capacity, 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 realize how essential it is to have a theological setting and framework. My last page 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 supplant 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 mulled 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 and smoked haddock, Mr. 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
largely out and settled for the time being, Mr. Wood-
ford would sigh, and remark mysteriously:—
"I hear Hide and Seek is thought highly of.
"By which strange utterance he was not quoting any
opinion of his own or of a child of his acquaintance at
St. Paul (I believe) he had put away childish things,
but he was lavishing a jealously guarded secret of the
padlock 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
favourites of fortune would repair in the evening to the
curious notes to curious people, tore evening papers
"Loco." Spalding, who was highly diverted at these
manoeuvres, would remark on their departure: "Dulce
amounts in the same proportion, the pampered
Altogether these incidents did not tend to promote
sweetness on the desert air.' For Mr. Orpington, who
was more intimately familiar with his habits realise
that the Authority, and were frequently contradicted by an
even higher authority—The Event Itself.

For some days before this critical period, Mr. Wood-
ford and his fellow-conspirators against destiny dis-
sected 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 the present occasion, Marriot, 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 wagered his head and meaned:—
"A near thing that time, my boy.

But on those red-letter days when a dispensed half-
crown returned in the guise of three shillings, and other
amounts in the same proportion, the pampered
Open feverishly, and had many moments of depression.
On the present occasion, Marriot, the only one who ventured to become profane, but his lapses
into profanity served amply for three. Mr. Rees merely
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
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

Dr. Snagg observs this unedifying object with
a fixed stare as if he expected to find it branded with some
terrible inscription. Batty, in the meantime, is
taking a pair of these garments, and is putting a pair of these garments, and is putting

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 pruning 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 near with his habits realised 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—out of all of a middle-aged head-
master in holy orders. Hence Dr. Snagg produces the
general impression of a somewhat shabby but very vind-
dictive male Nemesis. He waddles in with suppressed
anger which does not improve his complexion, under the
somewhat odious eye of Mr. Woodford, who is a
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-garden, leaving
the School to the mercy of Dr. Snagg and his irate though
unsymmetrical gaze. Dr. Snagg allows himself suffi-
cient 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 ex-
asperation, repeats the ill-oomened name.

Batty, a shambling and lop-sided youth of fourteen,
with red hair and a troublesome squint, clutches
himself from his compeers and advances gingerly to-
wards 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 edifying object with a
fixed stare as if he expected to find it branded with some
loathsomely mottled patterns of those who
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Pushkin's "Mozart and Salieri."  
(Prose translation from the Russian by C. F. Bechem.)

1.

SALIERI (alone): All men do not possess in Heaven! I am 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, to live in silence, in secret, not daring yet to tell. 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 from him, follow another? I was, I am 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 was delighted personally in my work and success and fame, and in the work and success and fame of my friends, my comrades in the marvellous art! No! I never knew envy! No, never! Not even when Pecchini 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 envious—like a snake which has been trodden under foot and bites the send 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?—Here is 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 jingler 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—you 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, we all 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.) And the sooner, the better! (He draws out a phial.)
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 enemy will come thudding 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.: 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 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.''

SAL.: Yes, Beaumarchais was a friend of yours. You composéd a piece for him, a lovely thing. There is one melody in it—I always 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 it.

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 monopoly of harmonious development. Small Cabinets and quick decisions ought to enable every reformer, even the eugenicist, 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 (be
Church lasts is only another example of the rapid reform 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 Whits 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 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 by a constitutional bogy, 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 Director; 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; i.e., a "Purge of the pacifists," "gingerists," and "pleasure." 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 giving them might from their seat seems to be the declapation of capital, that is to say, the cutting off its surplus profits. Some of the papers call this the conscience 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, at a speech 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 tactics of the war with 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 not 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. K. K.

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 reincarnated 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 insidious disease; but 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 reincarnated husband, the wave 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 crudity 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 paltry, 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 wave 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 out of Chesterton's objections that the pre-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 insidious disease; but 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 reincarnated husband, the wave 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 crudity 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.

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overlooked by most of these exponents of futurism in
religion. Without that qualitative change, men will
react 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 pro-
mise that nothing will be permitted or tolerated, that 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 Chris-
tianity that he sees is not a future of Christianity at all,
but a future of religion. He sees 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
him and his Maker but direct contact and simple under-
tanding. Thus he regards 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 Chris-
tianity can completely condemn 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
deals, 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 move-
ment, 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 rule.
compulsion upon all who cannot show that they have created
ideals which have a personal imperative," it is appar-
etly only of military service, and the prohibition of
impatient; his reason is that, "if we are to determine on
the development of the situations are always leading
with Vivace, and there are hints galore. He invites
Mimsy to his rooms, his manservant is out; the
sophisticated reader expects seduction, and all that happens is a proposal of marriage.
Scrooge's fear of meeting the Navaros, and the myste-
riorous behaviour of Mrs. Navaro 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 Red-
wing, and fling the pair of them into a fruit farm in
California.

6s.)
This is a delightful fairy tale that inculcates the usual
total 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 that she may have her
income on which an English mystic can subsist?"

6s.)
This is a study in anti-climax. 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 advances; he 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 black-
balled, tries to make a match between her son, Red-
wing, 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 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
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nothing with her but fling her into the arms of Red-
wing, and fling the pair of them into a fruit farm in
California.
Pastiche.

CURRENT CHILDHOOD.

(Thomas 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 lack of togetherness 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 definite signs, like 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 hitherto been treated just as respected 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 nothing away, except inside of him. I am for stocking a right to some fun for which it does not have to pay a nickel. Public property is the only thing that can beat bull-heads, and confining the right to fish in them to exception of this intervention of the labour movement to scientific observations, which are being done for the supervision, protection, and assistance of the mother and nursing. It includes the medical inspection of school children, which provides the opportunity of caring for their ailments and preventing over-pressure. It includes, lastly, the all the reforms of but yesterday's date which make for a better hygiene, a better physical education.


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.


"The book is an exception, and merits close study."—The New Citizen.

G. O. KAYE.

NOBLESSE OBLIGE.—M'YES.

It almost is a joke to contemplate the lovely lot of women and 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; and form (or think they form) the Upper Ten.

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NOBLESSE OBLIGE—M'YES.
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 one 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 nerve," and his staff and the "pantomime refrain" which gave us "George and his servant Snowden," and "Mordaunt and his master, the Kaiser"—clichés peculiarly and mysteriously dear to the heart of a weekly corps. But of years of fact—and even horoscopes ought to be based on some recognised hypothesis—what remoter sign can you see in the political zodiac to prompt the statement that the position now occupied by Labour leader 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) have 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 whatever subtle influence, wizardry, 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 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 membership 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 letter 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, also plus 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 would he not be duped or bought—or both—and, in the long run, the workers would get to know rather less about what was going on than they knew before. You speak about the "economic war" as a Labour war. This is just 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 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 paying them 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 conception of wealth, which Mr. Lloyd George presumes to make 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—let the other party to it happen to be the Labour Party of Great Britain.

H. RICHARDS.

THE AUSTRALIAN REFERENDUM.

Sir,—In view of the fact that the recent Referendum in Australia has resulted in the defeat of Compulsory Military Service (a question liked to be won), and that 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 altogether with Compulsion.

D. B.

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.

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 as newspaper, 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 which 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 purchaser of a daily newspaper will be enforced by law. Through these arbitrary methods man will then either realise his individuality or perish.

W. R.
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 bank.” We would point out that when the C.W.S. would dare to dishonour a C.W.S. cheque, it is not 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.

JAMES CONNOLLY.

Sir,—Some of your correspondents are wondering what led so anti-capitalistic 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.

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 not all who have things in common are friends. They are then only 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 the 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. RACKCOTT.

As long as the rich Irish send their capital abroad, and the poor Irish send their men-folk, Ireland will remain the man the other! M. G. S.

THE NEW AGE AND THE NATION.

Sir,—In criticising the formation of a Ministry of Labour, the “Nation” (December 29) 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 Socialist 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.

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 sheets, 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 this procedure is considerable. Prohibit posters, and the evil influence of the Press is checked if not entirely destroyed.

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 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. BRITZ.

The “partnership” between the State and the Unions was illusory, but the very fact that the illusion has been dashed 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 role 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.

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PRESS CUTTINGS.

History has never afforded to a large body of men so great an opportunity as that which the German Social Democratic party, and which, after a long and patient preparation, has seized this morning 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 authorities. They have known that Germany was preparing to dominate the world; they have known the power and the poison of the Prussian idea; and they have been able to use it against the Kaiser. They have calculated that they 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 of a revolution. The failure has been due to their taking counsel of their fears; to their following expediency rather than principle. They have not been afraid, but have been willing to the pay the price. They could have made it impossible for the Government to amass its armies along the French or the Russian frontiers. If it had been as weak, in proportion to the numbers ; if it had been as weak, in proportion to the failure of Socialism, but a failure due to the lack of Socialist faith and principle. It was the failure of a course the German party has taken. We must declare to the world that the German party 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 the world had been divided into a few large bodies of men, as is the British Socialist Party, or the Socialist Party of the United States; then it might have been possible, at the last moment, to make the Socialist body a despotic 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.

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 are 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 little are secured against loss at the public's expense. This is all perfectly legitimate business "in normal times." In abnormal times it is profit-seeking. 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 950 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 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 going to be had in the way of cheap purchases, and an advertisement of this character is "news" to them.

On the other side, the paper 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 in attracting public attention.

Here we have the combination which will guarantee to any paper; and of why the advertiser thinks it 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 through such economic power they 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 railway brotherhoods could give or withhold, and thus control, their labour power. This is a measure of political control sufficient for their purpose.

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 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 profit-seeking.