NOTES OF THE WEEK.

It is clear that Mr. Wilson's Note has been badly read in this country, and that the Government is to blame for neglecting to give our Press a lead. Left to itself, our Press has been able to do nothing better than invent one interpretation after another, each, if possible, more absurd than the one that went before. Now Mr. Wilson was plainly in league with the pro-Germans of America, and deliberately insulting to the Allies. And, as a manifestation of English intelligence applied to the simple matter of a straightforward political document, it must have come as a revelation to the better-instructed part of the American people. Accustomed here at home to address the nation de haut en bas, they have followed the same course in America, whose people they have addressed as if they were a cross between a public meeting and a lunatic asylum. On the one hand, they have lightly assumed that the American people is full instructed in the principles of European politics and needs only to be informed of the diplomatic facts in order to support the Allies; and, on the other hand, they have with low cunning presumed that if only certain views, published at large in this country, are concealed from American reading, the American people will swallow whole what is served out to them. As if, in fact, America were not quite as capable as any other nation of reading between the lines of a censorship of views and opinions (we say nothing against a censorship of information) and of forming conclusions from the enforced absence quite as well as from the admitted presence in America of, let us say, The New Age. The slim naïveté with which our publicist campaign in America has been conducted has, in fact, made the task of a pro-Ally President infinitely harder than it might have been. What support we might have gained by a sympathetic indulgence of American opinion we have thrown away; and what support, again, we might have won by frankness we have spared to take. Consider, for example, the elementary ignorance of common human nature (which is no less in America than elsewhere) in dispatching to America for the purposes of a publicity campaign well-known journalists such as Professor Gilbert Murray and Mr. H. G. Wells. Superficially, no doubt, it might have appeared to be a good stroke of policy to import men well acquainted with the production of light. But, in fact, as half a thought upon the subject would have suggested, it was a bad policy, since it robbed American publicists of their right to produce their own limelight. Or, consider our treatment of American correspondents, who, after all, are the proper medium of communication between Europe and America, and who are, moreover, naturally jealous of their monopoly. Though no fewer than fifty thousand American citizens are fighting in one or other of the Allied armies, not only are they prohibited from writing home pour encourager les autres, but no American classes in general. Accustomed here at home to address the nation de haut en bas, they have followed the same course in America, whose people they have addressed as if they were a cross between a public meeting and a lunatic asylum. On the one hand, they have lightly assumed that the American people is full instructed in the principles of European politics and needs only to be informed of the diplomatic facts in order to support the Allies; and, on the other hand, they have with low cunning presumed that if only certain views, published at large in this country, are concealed from American reading, the American people will swallow whole what is served out to them. 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correspondent is permitted to make an epic of their adventures in the American Press to the glory, it needs must have been, of the Allied cause, but American correspondents are altogether forbidden in such areas of fighting as Salonika and Mesopotamia. Being, as we insist, human, to what conclusion, we ask, must America come to that either the world has no value for American opinion, or no confidence in American correspondents? And either of these conclusions, it is obvious, is anything but favourable to our cause in America.

We repeat our opinion that if, as an American has always done, America tends to regard our struggle over here as a purely European affair, of which she has no concern, the fault is ours more than hers.

* * *

For what it is worth—and we do not mean to write down its value—we offer an interpretation of Mr. Wilson's Note which, even if it should not turn out to be correct, may, at any rate, be useful. It is that the Note was deliberately designed to enable the Allies to put their case before the American people under the most favourable circumstances that can be conceived. Mr. Wilson, it should be understood, is really in a position of difficulty almost without parallel. Foreseeing, as Mr. Lansing, his Foreign Secretary, incautiously, or, perhaps, hopefully hinted, America may sooner or later in self-defence be driven to active participation in the war; and acutely aware that hitherto the Allies have failed to make their case sufficiently known in America to procure him the overwhelming public support he would need, Mr. Wilson, as we read his mind, hit upon the device of appealing to the respective claimants for American support in the belief that the programme of the Allies, properly set out, would ensure in itself his full justification. Such an opportunity of Allied propaganda in America was purely never within the reach of the Allies before, and the stakes in the matter were no less than the winning of the active support of American opinion with Mr. Wilson himself at its head. What on earth, we ask, was there to hesitate or to boggle at in such an invitation? What, above all, was there in such an invitation to arouse our Press to hostile comments, or to pick up and finicking about among phrases that had no value? On the very contrary, we should instantly have given thanks for an opportunity of communicating to the American people under the most favourable circumstances that can be conceived. Mr. Wilson meant us to do so, and wished us well in our propaganda. All that, it appears to us, is obvious. And, what is more, it has the merit, as we have said, of being useful, even if it should not be the actual interpretation of the Note. For whatever intention the Note may have had, it is undeniable that the opportunity is presented by it of such a piece of Allied propaganda in America—may, in the whole world—as our feeble efforts have certainly not deserved.

* * *

It is probable, unfortunately, that the Allied reply will fail to do more than a fraction of the good it might be by reason of the defects of mind already indicated in the personnel of the Foreign Office. The jeer of the Entente Powers to Germany is evidence of what we may expect from bureaucracies out of touch with democratic, still more with American, opinion. But that such a reply might be drafted as would bring America to the side of the Allies we do not doubt for a single instant. Milton, thou shouldn't be living at this hour! And the outlines of such a reply are at any rate not beyond our sketching. Nothing in it, we may say, should be allowed to obscure the world-issues of the present struggle or to confine its significance to Europe or even to the British Empire. On the contrary, everything in the reply should be made to isolate and to elevate the conflict of large general principles in which this part of the world is actually engaged. What, therefore, is necessary is an exposition of our case in the most popular and, at the same time, in the most comprehensive form that can be devised. To say that our cause is the struggle of small nations for the maintenance of thebalance of Power in Europe; even to say that it is the struggle of the principles of public liberty, as conceived by the Allies, and exemplified in the British Empire; is not enough, in our judgment, to persuade the American people that America should be justified in identifying her fate with that of the present Allies. Something of interest to the whole world, something vital to the future of America as well as to that of Europe and the British Empire, is essential in the presentation of our case; and it must be found, we think, as much in the promise an Allied victory holds out to the world as in the mere dread of the sequel of a German victory. From the latter point of view we can, it is true, represent the struggle as one for the maintenance of a democratic tendency in international affairs. We can say that the triumph of Germany would mean the suppression in Europe of the tendency towards democracy and of the tendency towards a European Commonwealth, and the substitution of a tendency towards autocracy and of the tendency towards Prussian imperialism. We can even go on to show that in all probability a European Imperialism with Prussia at its head would mean eventually a tendency towards a world-imperialism under the same direction. This is all undeniable; but, at bottom, an appeal to America that rests upon such a one-sided view of the case is an appeal to fears rather than to hopes; and America, we believe, conscious of so much strength, is more moved by hopes than by fears. The counterpart, therefore, of our enumeration of these demands on America which to conserve must be the enumeration of the still more precious rights we desire to establish. Not only must we prove that the world-plan (and it is no less) in Germany's mind is likely to prove inimical to human welfare at large, but we must show that the Allies, too, have a world-plan, consonant with the aspirations of American democracy, and therefore, in America's eyes, superior to the world-plan of Germany, which, with no less zeal, efficiency, and idealism than Germany, we mean, if we are victorious, to carry out. Laissez-faire, after all, in international affairs, even though it be called democracy, deserves to be challenged by applied intelligence, even when it takes the form of Prussian imperialism. And we can only expect the co-operation of America in our promise to maintain laissee-faire in democratic internationalism and in the active pursuit of the principles of a world-commonwealth. Surely it is not past English wit to draw up a programme upon these lines, a great programme, a living programme, such as Mr. Price Bell wisely recommends for the use of his Empire. And in its absence we may be sure that the suspicion will remain in American minds that, when all is said and done, Germany and the Allies offer little between them for America to choose—a suspicion most fatal to ourselves as well as to America.

* * *

It will be seen that in the foregoing sketch for a reply to Mr. Wilson, we have not mentioned the subject of terms. To begin with, we doubt whether America is any more anxious for terms than our own people. In the second place, they are sufficiently covered for still neutral purposes by the formulas now publicly incorporated in the Allied reply to Germany. And, in the third place, while America ought not to expect more information than we have ourselves, the fact might fairly be stated that public opinion, in this country at any rate, is by no means agreed about them. Restora-
tion and reparation we can all understand and agree about without further discussion. But the third condition of peace, namely, guarantees for the future, is so multivoca1 a formula that outside the Foreign Offices of the Allies we question whether two authorities could be found in agreement upon its implications. Two schools, it is clear, are beginning to be formed upon the subject; and both are in the position of having to change their views with every swing of the pendulum of the war from hope to fear. On the one hand, there is the school which holds by the dictum of Lordube, Bottomley and Wells, in promising both a certain and an early victory, are writing, as usual, without their book. And there is equally good ground for believing that, as far as their influence extends, it is of in calculable harm. What we are certain the people want is just a show of assurance as Field-Marshals Haig and Haig has given that a military victory is possible. The difficulty and the duration are of secondary importance, which only our Bottomleys and Welleslies will make primary. . . .

But are we adopting the right means? Here, upon this head, where serious and constant discussion and the digging out and trying of every suggestion would be advisable, we see, on the contrary, little written that is to the point. As the eyes of the fool are said to be in the ends of the earth, our journalists prefer to peep about within the folds of foreign and military diplomacy to opening their eyes to the practical questions within their range. And thus it may come about that all the while that they are looking for hidden hands here and listening for muttered treason there, the most familiar sources of supply, namely, the large-scale financial and social organisation, are left to save our strength at will. Setting aside as the perquisite of journals with a Cabinet Minister’s honour in their pockets, the question of the diplomatic means of victory, what are we to think of the financial and social means? Are we arranging these affairs so that, however long the war, neither of them can trip us up? As to the first, for all that the Press has made little comment upon Mr. Bonar Law’s and Mr. Asquith’s warnings that our financial position is ‘very serious,’ we know now that they were not speaking without their Treasury; and that, indeed, the situation is one of gravity. The longer the war, the higher the rate of interest that money can command in the market; and the higher the rate of interest the more costly the war becomes; so that, in fact, the war grows more expensive with every month that passes. What, then, is our position to be if, while the war is still short of its end, the resources of the State give out? Are we to surrender because we can no longer as a State pay the price of the commodities of money which our profiteering financiers demand? Are we to have commandeered commodities like wool, leather and steel at a fixed price, irrespective of the market, only to find ourselves unable to deal similarly with the no less indispensable commodity of men? Are we to have commandeered commodities like wool, leather and steel at a fixed price, irrespective of the market, only to find ourselves unable to deal similarly with the no less indispensable commodity of money? We do not say, we will not think, that such an ignominious conclusion is to be put to a war of such infinite magnitude as the present; but we can only point out that while the needs of the State are growing, our financiers are sharpening their teeth. The City—or a good part of it—is now bold, says the “Times,” with the utmost complicity “that the next war-loan should be drawn on generous terms.” Terms generous, you ask, whom to? To a State or a nation bleeding and bled at every pore and little purse? To humanity suffering in the cruellest war ever known? Why, no—but to the City, and is the form of tax-free interest! We restrain the remarks that must suggest themselves to every patriotic mind. Our open reflection is, however, that a State that cannot commandeer currency as has commandeered other necessary commodities—including that of Labour—will not inspire the sacrifices necessary to a far-off victory.

No sign yet has been made by Mr. Neville Chamberlain of appreciation of the needs of the social organisation committed to his direction. He has, it is true, announced that his first object is to distinguish be-
"The New Age"

JANUARY 4, 1917

Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdad.

There are four outstanding points in connection with the official Peace Notes and semi-official comments on peace which ought to be borne carefully in mind. The first is the fact that Germany is showing a willingness, almost an eagerness, to modify the conditions that she herself had laid down. For more than six months all the official and semi-official papers, such as the "Norddeutsche Allgemeine Zeitung," the "Lochkische Zeitung," the "Lozial-Anzeiger," and many others, including commercial organs like the "Frankfurter" and the "Königliche," were allowed to keep on suggesting that peace could not be concluded unless Conrad became an independent State under German suzerainty (certain other Baltic Provinces being taken away from Russia and amalgamated with Courland); unless Poland became autonomous; unless Russia gave up her claims to the Dardanelles and to Constantinople; and unless drastic changes were made in the Balkans. (I leave the terms relating to the West aside for the moment.)

Now there is a marked difference of tone. The "Frankfurter Zeitung," in a really important leading article (December 26), is "inspired" to say that it would never do for Germany to make an enemy of Russia, which would undoubtedly happen if the Baltic Provinces were held by Germany; and that, therefore, perhaps it would be as well if they were left as part of the Russian Empire. Further, the "Vossische Zeitung" (December 27) fully recognises (semi-officially) Russia's anxiety with regard to a free passage into Russia from the West, and suggests that it would be quite possible for the Berlin Government to "use its influence" with the Porte to secure for Russia a free passage of the Dardanelles at all times, warships being permitted to pass in and out as freely as merchant ships. Haste, almost indecent haste, was shown in rushing these modified conditions into print, when it became evident that the Duma was anxious to rid itself of its pro-German elements, and that the Grand Duke Nicholas was urging the Tsar (who does not appear to have stood in need of much urging) to take up a firm stand against the German elements in his Administration.

The second point is Germany's tenacity in holding out for what she regards as her indispensable minimum. This, as I need hardly add by this time, refers to the Balkan Peninsula. There is still, it seems, no haste for Serbia, and very little, it is said, for Bulgaria. It is said that it is sought to dismember altogether, part going to Bulgaria, part to Greece, and part (with Montenegro) to Austria-Hungary. Roumania may be left with Turkey-in-Europe must be supported at all costs, and will be confirmed in her possession of her present territories in the Balkans (Thrace). On the West, as we all know, Germany is prepared to make substantial concessions. A third point to remember is Germany's intense desire to secure the calling of a Peace Conference immediately, without officially showing her hand first; and the fourth point is the position of Austria. The Geneva correspondent of the "Daily News" (December 28) recorded the arrival there of Austrian peace delegates, and stated that they had information to the effect that Austria for her part would be glad to enter into direct negotiations with the Entente Powers, as she was anxious to get out of the war at almost any cost. Messages in recent issues of the "Morning Post" and the "Telegraph" have amplified this announcement, incidentally throwing some light on the immediate future, and on Austria. Indeed, it is not necessary to cross-examine neutral travellers to ascertain what the position in Austria is at present. The last Vienna papers to reach London up to the time of writing (those of December 15, 16, and 17) show clearly enough the desperate

tween essential and non-essential industries, and that his second will be to drain away the labour from the latter by voluntary means. But this, as well as leaving untouched the matters upon which a contributor elsewhere writes, is likely to prove of less-value than inconvenience. To begin with, which are the non-essential trades that are to be drained of their means of carrying on? Some definition of them is necessary—invoking a theory of social organisation which the Government does not appear to possess—if, on the one hand, the maintenance of luxury-trades and occupations is to be avoided, and, on the other hand, the superfluous be eliminated. Neither end, it appears to us, is to be attained by voluntary means. For, as Mr. Cecil Harmsworth has pointed out, the wealthy classes can mean of offering them higher wages than Mr. Chamberlain can offer them; and, again, who is to say any given essential industry how many and which of the employers are essential? The solution to which we have come with our contributor is that the best means of settling these questions is to enrol the nation in the first instance, and, in the second, to entrust to the organised essential industries the task of both employing men and of weeding out their own superfluous units. The more completely, in short, Mr. Chamberlain distributes control to the industries themselves, the more likely we are to become properly organised.

Two matters at least remain in which the Government can most profitably to the nation act at once. One is the abolition of all profit-making from any industry in which forced labour in any form or proportion is employed; and the other is in the direction of elevating the status and therewith the whole spirit and outlook of the working-classes of this country. Fetching a double parallel from incidents that have recently occurred abroad, it may be noted that the Roumanian King, by way both of avoiding the example of Russia in its promissory notes to Poland, and of stimulating by the contrary means the patriotism of his own people, has just promulgated a Royal assurance that the Roumanian peasants of their victory, as freely as merchant ships. Haste, almost indecent haste, was shown in rushing these modified conditions into print, when it became evident that the Duma was anxious to rid itself of its pro-German elements, and that the Grand Duke Nicholas was urging the Tsar (who does not appear to have stood in need of much urging) to take up a firm stand against the German elements in his Administration.

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The Present Position and Power of the Press.

By H. Belloc

X.

The rise of what I have called "The Free Press" was due to a reaction against what I have called "The Official Press," but this reaction was not single in motive.

Three distinct moral motives lay behind it and converged upon it. We shall do well to separate and recognise each because each has had its effect upon the Free Press as a whole, and that Free Press bears the marks of all three most strongly to-day.

The first motive apparent, coming much earlier than either of the other two, was the motive of Propaganda. The second motive is that of Religion. The third motive was indigation against Monopoly and the sense of oppression which Monopoly of power brings.

Let us take each of these in their order.

XI.

The motive of Propaganda (which began to work much earlier than the other three) concerned Religions, and also certain racial enthusiasms or political doctrines which, by their sincerity and readiness for sacrifice, had the half the force of Religions.

Men found that the great papers in their final phase refused to talk about anything. The second motive was that of Religion. They dared do nothing but touch very discreetly upon the vaguest moral platitudes. They hardly dared do even that. They took for granted a sort of inerzverezé common morality, consented to be slightly coloured by the dominating religion of the country in which each set was printed—and there was the end of it.

Great bodies of men who cared intensely for some definite creed found that expression for it was lacking, even if it were that of the majority. Nor could it he otherwise with a Capitalist enterprise whose directing motive was not conversion or even expression, but mere gain. There was nothing to distinguish a paper owned by a Jew or, an Agnostic or a Catholic from a paper owned by a member of the Church of England or a Nonconformist. Necessity of expression compelled the creation of a free Press in connection with this one motive of religion.

We grasped very little of this in England, because England is virtually homogeneous in religion, and that religion is non-belief. But this Press arose in Ireland and in France and elsewhere. It had at first no quarrel with the big official Capitalist Press. It took for granted the anodyne and meaningless remarks on Religion in the Official Press, but it asserted the necessity of specially emphasising its particular point of view in its own columns: for religion affects all life.

This same motive of Propaganda launched other papers in defence of enthusiasms other than strictly religious enthusiasms, and the most important of these was the enthusiasm for Collectivism.

A generation ago and more, great numbers of men were persuaded that a solution for the whole complex of social injustice was to be found in what they called "nationalising the means of production, distribution and exchange." That is, of course, in plain English, putting land and machinery and stores of subsistence into the hands of the politicians for control in use and for distribution in consumption.

This creed was held with passionate conviction by men of the highest ability in every country of Europe; and a "Socialist" Press began to arise, which was everywhere free, and soon in active opposition to the Official Press.

Religion, then, and Propaganda enthusiasms were the first breeders of the Free Press. It is exceedingly important to recognise this, because it has stamped the
whole movement with a particular character to which I shall later refer when I come to its disabilities.

The motive of Propaganda, I repeat, was not at first conscious of anything iniquitous in the great Press or Official Press side by side with which it existed. Veulliot, in founding his newspaper, which had so prodigious an effect in France, felt no particular animosity against the "Debats" for instance; his particular Catholic enthusiasm recognised itself as exceptional, and was content to accept the humble or, at any rate, inferior position, which admitted eccentricity connotes. "Later," these founders of the Free Press seemed to say, "we may convert the mass to our views, but, for the moment, we are admittedly a clique."

To the honour of the Socialist movement the Socialist Free Press was the first to stand up as an equal against the giants. I remember how in my boyhood I was shocked and a little dazed to see references in Socialist sheets such as "Justice" to papers like the "Daily Telegraph," or the "Times," with the epithet "Capitalist" put after them in brackets. I thought, then, it was the giving of an abnormal epithet to a normal thing; but I now know that these small Socialist free papers were talking the greatest common sense when they specifically emphasised as Capitalist the falsehoods and suppressions of their great foes from the Socialist Free Press. The whole movement about it was, and was content to accept the humble or, at any rate, inferior position, which admitted eccentricity connotes. "Later," these founders of the Free Press seemed to say, "we may convert the mass to our views, but, for the moment, we are admittedly a clique."

The Socialist Free Press thus boldly took up a standpoint of moral equality with the others, their attitude was exceptional. Most editors to, owners of and writers upon, the Free Press, in its first beginnings, took the then almost universal point of view that the great papers were innocuous enough and fairly represented general opinion, and were, therefore, not things to be specifically combated.

The great Dailies were thought grey, not wicked, only general and vague. The Free Press in its beginnings did not attack as an enemy. It only timidly stamped it from its outset with a character it still bears, and will continue to bear, until it has had that effect in France as England, and even in America. But I know that wherever I get hold of such an organ it will be very strongly coloured with the opinion, or even fanaticism, of some minority. The Free Press, as a whole, if you add it all up, is published out of one, often hostile, and against another, does give you a true view of the state of society in which you live. The Official Press to-day gives you an absurdly false one everywhere. What a caricature—and what a base, empty caricature—of England or France you get in the "Times," or the "Nation," the "Manchester Guardian," or the "Journal!" No one of them is in any sense general—
or national.

But while the Free Press, as a whole, gives you a true picture, that picture is only arrived at by piecing it together. So much for the first motive producing the Free Press. That first motive was propaganda.

XII.

The second motive, that of indignation against falsehood—against falsehood as such—came to work much later.

Men gradually came to notice that one thing after another of great public interest, sometimes of vital public interest, was deliberately suppressed in the principal great official papers, and that falsehoods were suggested, or stated.

There was more than this. Owners and editors (their hired servants) could be heard boasting of their power to suppress and to suggest, and as this power was recognised, and as it grew with time and with reaction, they asked: Why should this or that small group of citizens (men begun to say) exercise (and boast of!) the power to keep silence upon matters vital to us all; to distort, and, when they were combined, to lie? The sheer necessity of getting at this or that secret, but feared their power, false but hidden fellows refused to tell, was a force working at high potential and almost compelling the production of Free papers side by side with the big Official ones.

XIII.

But only a little later than this second motive of indignation and acting with equal force (though upon fewer men) was the (alas!) thin motive of freedom: of indignation against an arbitrary power. For men who knew the way in which we are governed, and who recognised, especially during the last ten or twenty years, that the great newspaper was coming to be more powerful than the open and responsible Executive of the country, the position was intolerable. It is bad enough to be governed by an aristocracy or a monarch whose executive power is dependent upon carefully maintained illusion in the mass of the people. It is humiliating enough to be thus governed through an admitted falsehood instead of enjoying the self-government of free men. It is worse far to be governed by a clique of professional politicians hamming up the multitude with a pretence of "Democracy." But it is intolerable that similar power should reside in the hands of obscure nobodies about whom no illusion could possibly exist, whose tyranny is not admitted, or public at all, and to whom no responsibility attaches.

The knowledge that this was so provided the third, and, perhaps, the most powerful motive for the creation of a Free Press.

Unfortunately, it could affect only very few men. With the mass even of well-educated and observant men the feeling was little more than a vague ill ease. They had a general conception that a great newspaper could, and did blackmail, the professional politician; make or unmake the professional politician by granting or refusing him the limelight. Unmake Cabinets; nominate absurd Prime Ministers.

But the particular, vivid, concrete instances that specially move men, and will quite literally hide them from them. Only a small number of people were acquainted with such particular truths. But that small number knew very well that we were thus in reality governed by men responsible to no one, and hidden from public blame. The determination to be rid of such a secret monopoly of power compelled the production of free journals.

(To be continued.)
The Permanent Hypothesis.
A Critique of Reconstruction.

VII.—IN WAR.
It is a fact (which Guildsmen may advantageously emphasise for the next ten years) that, for over two years, the wage-system has been in abeyance in regard to over five million men. These men have been "pay," and the world resounds with stories of their valour and endurance. Many of them have made sacrifices of a monetary kind, but many of them have been better fed and better clothed than ever before. Their standard of living has been raised both morally and materially. If victory perches on their banner, they will come back with heads up; indeed, they have already done enough for honour, whatever may be the issue of the war. We may well wonder if they will contendently lapse back into wagery. If they do, it will be under subtle duress, and they will have learnt how to make effective protest. If we, who understand wagery, from its basis to its most diverse uses, play our part, it is certain that it need not long survive the war. It is curious that the most convinced supporters of the wage-system, Mr. Sidney Webb, for example, if he be still alive, have not once raised their voices or flexed their pens in an passionate and indignant demand to put our soldiers on wage-rates, piece-work for preference. It is amazing that they should so meekly acquiesce in the negation of the very basis of their pet industrial system, which they nurse and strengthen and reform with affectionate solicitude. Yet these soldiers are doing the nation's work. Some of them are working in our arsenals, side by side with wage-earners, who pocket ten shillings for their one. Some are doing transport work, ordinarily done by wage-earners. The insistence upon piece-work is not only redundant but a passion and utterly impracticable? A resolution by the Lanark District of Labour Society, sympathising with the soldiers in their temporary exclusion from the solid comforts, and happy contentment of wagery, might perhaps bring the Government to its senses.

This state of suspended animation to which wagery has been consigned need not surprise us. As the war proceeds, the closer do we come to the elements of social existence. It is our contention that wagery is repugnant to our nature—a permanent fact in contradistinction to the permanent hypothesis. War strips life of its accretions, of which wagery is the deadliest, because it disunites society when unity is imperative. But war discloses the essentials, the greatest of which is human labour—labour at home, labour at the front, labour with head and hand and heart. Above all, labour inspired with sentiments of patriotism and fellowship; labour that dominates the processes of life and reduces the permanent hypothesis to an absurdity; labour that counts itself and is not put off with the quiet and with remarkable efficiency, doing the day's work while human penclos strut on the stage, splitting our ears with their shrill cackle. The answer to Germany, says the Prime Minister, is national labour, the non-commercialisation of work, the recognition of the value of labour is fast being recognised, may be inferred by the increased number of Labour representatives who have joined the Government. I quote, ipsissima verba, from the Prime Minister:

"The third characteristic is a franker and fuller recognition of the partnership—partnership—it's creeping in! of Labour in the Government of this country. No Government that has ever been formed to rule here has had such a number of men who all their lives have been associated with Labour and with the Labour organisation of this country. We realise that it is impossible to conduct a war without getting the complete and unqualified support of labour, and we are anxious to obtain their assistance and their counsel for the purpose of the conduct of the war."

Economic power precedes and dominates political action. There is no other explanation; action was not taken because of Mr. Henderson's beautiful eyes or Mr. Hodge's dulcet accents. "My experience in the Ministry of Munitions has taught me that there should be a Department which was not altogether in the position of employer to employed." Labour organisation, weakened though it had been by loss of its active members and by dilution, had nevertheless become by force of circumstances black-pen-proof—there was more work than workers—and, in consequence, its economic power automatically asserted itself. Labour in war is strong; why should it be weak in peace? "Without Labour," said Lord Curzon, "this war cannot be won. With the permanent organisation of Labour it could not be effectively pursued. Labour, therefore, is entitled to a powerful voice in its direction." The conquest of the German is impossible without Labour; in the conquest of Necessity Labour is less difficult.

The enforced spontaneity of these official admissions of Labour's economic power (with its natural political sequel), welcome though they be, are heavily discounted by the bureaucratic distrust of Labour's capacity to walk without leading strings and the bureaucratic insistence upon the pretended necessity to subject Labour to external discipline. "You are necessary to the Government; but you can't govern yourself," says Officialdom, "so kindly send along some safe and amenable men of your own choice to help us to govern you." Thus, whilst the war has brought some enlightenment to Bureaucracy as to the power of Labour, it has brought none as to the essential ineffectiveness of the Bureaucracy itself. It is not the Bureaucrats who have made guns and shells and tanks, and it is not the business men who are in the midst of war. On the contrary, they have stood in the way and obstructed the work with their foolish regulations and disciplinary methods that have defeated their purpose. The same remark, too, applies to their relations with the employers, management and salariat. Always, everything has had to pass through the fussy fingers of semi-ignorant officials. It is the simple truth that practical men, of every grade, in every industry concerned, have been in despair with the ineffectual stripplings and pompous elders sitting in the various Ministries.

The next lesson, therefore, to be learnt is that a sense of responsibility is inherent in economic power, and that, if we are to obtain what we want, the Government must frankly admit that it cannot produce its own requirements and must, therefore, throw the responsibility upon each separate industry, organised if necessary ad hoc. What it does now is itself to accept the responsibility, trusting to hectoring and cajolery to secure acceptance. It is not prone itself to govern. Efficiency is curtailed by depriving them of responsibility. In short, the true line of development, in war and in peace, is industrial autonomy. Let us forget, for the moment, both National Guilds and wagery and look only to the industrial situation as it exists to-day. With the exception of agriculture, every industry concerned with production—coal-mining, ship-building, engineering, textiles, boots, saddlery and harness, food-stuffs, clothing—is reasonably well organised, not only into employers' associations and Trade Unions, but in every process from the raw material to the
finished product. Plenty of room for improvement, no doubt: but no Bureaucracy living could effect any improvement, which must come from practical experience. The Management knows precisely the demand for its output, whether civil or military; it knows how best to distribute the work, and how best to get it done. By calling in the Trade Unions, terms can be arranged, hours of work and payment and conditions generally agreed. I have criticised the Garton Memorandum and the Guild Standpoint, but I see no reason why we might not adopt its scheme of Joint Committees and Industrial Councils. To these Councils, I would add some Government representatives. This being done, the Government should meet each Industrial Council, inform it of its requirements, arrange dates of delivery. To Employers and Employed it should say:—"Gentlemen, you know what depends upon your faithful execution of these contracts. We put you upon your honour. If you have any difficulties in the matter of raw materials or any disputes of any kind which you cannot settle, call us in and we will get what you want or act as amicus curia in any disputes. And now, carry on and good afternoon." Had this been done at the beginning of the war, our output of munitions would have been doubled. There was no statesman with the requisite vision. The result was that the Employers were badgered and irritated, whilst Labour was antagonised.

It is, of course, easy to be wise after the event. As a fact, the principle of industrial autonomy has grown out of the conception of National Guilds, and it was only the Guildmen who had the key to the position. Nevertheless, it is too late to change direction. The appointment of a Director-General of National Service affords the opportunity. This new official, as I understand his function, must decide what are the essential and non-essential trades, and then gradually transfer the labour to the essential trades. The entirely practical question arises whether this is to be done by the usual blundering bureaucratic methods, or whether the industries are to be organised to regulate the new regime in their own way and under their own rules. If so, I tremble to think of the friction that must ensue. The latter is no easy task, for we may assume that the owners of the trades scheduled as "non-essential" will protest. But the verdict once reached, joint committees of all concerned, employers and employed, will re-arrange themselves more speedily and smoothly than by the ukase of Mr. Neville Chamberlain.

Another aspect—perhaps it would be correct to term it a principle—emerges. We may call it functional free-play. We have seen that the permanent hypothesis limits and curbs the free-play of Labour, valuing it as a commodity when it should be elevated into a function, a dominant element in wealth production. The same restraint operates throughout our political and industrial life. Everywhere one looks, there is wrong adaptation or stupid handicapping. Technical men without family or economic backing play second fiddle to men with a "pull"; the State itself has no defined function, perpetually floundering between industrial problems and political issues. "Our whole national life seems to be struggling through the narrow orifice of Parliamentary institutions, so that nothing is done. The one conclusion is automatic to clashing interests. A Parliament man, anxious to frustrate Church legislation, will talk out an industrial measure of first importance; a Bill to establish the manorial rights of the latest landed plutocrat, suitably disguised, and having priority, may stand in the way of a Bill affecting the industrial conditions of a million Irish, Scottish or Welsh necessities may be indefinitely deferred by some political finesse, prompted by motives remote from the equities of the proposals. In short, the mould of our national political and economic life, shaped in earlier days when life was comparatively simple, must be broken or we shall perish.

To a Guildsman it appears evident that we have reached a stage when industrial autonomy and functional freedom must assert themselves in theory and practice. To a large extent, although not inevitably, the functional free-play is a corollary of industrial autonomy. The question naturally arises whether these are not properly problems for peace. I reply that we have discovered that our fighting strength depends upon our economic stability, and that we are not prepared to strengthen our economic foundation during every day that war continues. And I reply, further, that just as in peace we should prepare for war, so in war we should prepare for peace. For it is in the midst of a great struggle that we perceive most clearly where our strength or our weakness lies. That being an indubitable fact, we have exceptional advantages to prepare the way for more efficient economic life and political processes in time of war. Psychologically, men are more ready to experiment and to adopt new ideas. Politically, the old shibboleths disappear and new shibboleths have neither time nor opportunity to gain currency. Economically, we see, as we never saw before, the actual anatomy and structure of industry, and find that when industrial men are otherwise occupied, either fighting or providing the sinews of war, the cadres of industrial organisation, unembarrassed by employment or casual labour, may be modified in accordance with new principles or to meet modern requirements. Is it not moral cowardice to postpone the consideration of these problems to the less convenient period when our soldiers troop back in millions only to find that those who stayed at home were intellectually too lazy to organise their reception? Is it not our common and urgent duty "to prepare the way of the Lord"?

Truly may we say that in the midst of death we are in life; that in the stress and tumult of war our vision of peace is clear and vivid. Never in times of peace have we realised how false is the permanent hypothesis; nor did we see the true bearing and incidence of unemployment; nor did the urgent need for industrial autonomy assert itself so insistently; nor did we understand how vital is functional definition and freedom.

These papers will not have been written in vain if I have successfully stressed certain theoretical and practical truths. I have criticised the "Times" "Letters on Reconstruction," and the Garton Memorandum primarily to prove that they cannot be permanent because their permanent hypothesis is neither permanent nor true. At the back of every industrial proposal lurks wagery, cruel and wasteful, limiting, restraining and degrading human effort, entangling men in bondage. The more I ponder it, the more convinced I am that its intellectual rejection and practical abolition is the one emancipating movement that can demand of us that emotional and spiritual energy without which no new era can be approached, much less begun. The immediate and practical issues already dealt with are easily summarised. I have asserted that acute unemployment after the war is inevitable. The principle of industrial autonomy carries with it the care and charge of the unemployed. Now, while the war rages, is the time to organise each industry so that every man belongs to it and not only to his partner in it. And, being a partner, he shall be entitled to permanent maintenance. No longer, even if National Guilds be as yet unrealisable, must we allow the profiteers to claim that they have the first charge on the assets of any industry in times of industrial depression. The Prime Minister administers the co-operation of the owners with Labour. That is merely filling the belly with the east wind. Industrial partnership comes first. But we can only achieve this partnership by securing an industrial autonomy which can put both profiteer
and politician in their proper positions. As these two factors sink into their appropriate insignificance, and the great business of production sets in to repress the balance of waste, function, which is trained capacity applied to its true purpose, must assert its dominance in our economic life. Thirty years ago I thought that the State was the legitimate heir of the great industry. I thought that it would come into its own by virtue of its political power. In my youthful enthusiasm I failed to see that economic power, now as always, can mould the State to its own purpose. As the years passed, saw our business crystallise into a vague Labourism that finally withered at the touch of economic power striking through politics. The permanent hypothesis put it to hypnotic sleep. Always the acceptance of the commodity theory of labour, expressing itself in a thousand subtle ways, was Labour's undoing. The baleful influence of that permanent hypothesis reacts upon science, literature, art and religion. We must reject it, that Reconstruction may usher in an era of real partnership in fruitful production... S. G. H.

An Open Letter to Mr. Neville Chamberlain.

Sir,—You have been appointed to the responsible and difficult post of Director-General of National Service by the Prime Minister, who described the regulations of the Ministry of Munitions as a new charter to Labour. It is to be presumed that you will for the nonce forget your present commercial commitments and approach your task as an industrial statesman. Believe me, be it war or peace, never in history has there been such urgent need for a genuinely statesmanlike treatment of industrial problems. If you are to succeed in so great a rôle, there is much you must deliberately forget. Not only must you forget your own capitalistic affiliations—that goes without saying—but you must forget the methods and traditions of the public service, whether national or municipal. For one reason at least: Because Labour, so long in the servitude of the wage system, now knock peremptorily at the door demanding partnership. But the tradition of the public service is to regard Labour as a servant, expecting it to do what it is told. We all know that servants have their idiosyncrasies. Some must be bullied, others cajoled, some praised, others damned. The man who knows how and when to bully, cajole, praise, or damn is deemed to be a tactful and successful manager. If, however, partnership is to be the order of the new industrial society, the treatment accorded to servants must be superseded by consultation and by that spirit of give and take which properly obtains amongst partners. If you intend to follow the bureaucratic and capitalistic tradition of the public service, whether national or municipal, you have failed before you append your signature to your first official document. I take heart of grace when I remember your little lecture to the Trade Union Congress, in which you went further in the direction of partnership than the timorous Government. I really expect that you will begin tabula rasa.

I see that, in an interview, you say that your duty will be to find labour for the essential industries such as munitions, agriculture, mining, shipbuilding, and that you expect to find this labour amongst volunteers who, at present, are unoccupied or partly occupied, and that you have failed to see that economic power is trained to its own purpose. And just as you did into this general fund, so proportionately must you tax war profits or cheat Labour to maintain our position. Inasmuch as the time has come still further to tax war-profits, as well as to constrict wealth, care should be taken in dealing with our non-combatant economic processes. Your task, however, is to procure labour for those industries more or less arbitrarily selected as "essential." Why are you firmly in the saddle, I strongly urge, to accept too lightly every demand made upon you by these selected industries? You are entitled to inquire whether these industries are making the best of their available labour force. Your raison d'être is to increase military productivity and not to minister to the incompetence of the existing Management. Still less will it be your duty to keep in being a mobile labour force held in terror over dissatisfied
workers. If you inquire into present administration you will discover that our productivity could be enormously increased without any additional labour. What are the facts of the case? We have a scratch lot of bureaucrats, unnecessarily directing the work of our skilled managers and workmen. The responsibility is thrown upon the wrong shoulders. You know the men of Birmingham—employers and employed—better than I.

bureaucrat knows better than the actual worker what "industrial autonomy." Most assuredly I do not mean ignorance and meddling, have lapsed into the easy jog-trot of their specifications, when those very specifications involve superfluous and wasteful labour. The remedy lies readjusting our war. The result is that the industries concerned, discouraged by bureaucratic handled in a way that we have the nucleus of a new economic life that can be rendered more fruitful than the life we lived as a people before the war. In other words, all that you do, you must prepare for the ensuing peace. That means, you must be ready for the soldiers returning to civil occupations. Truly a gigantic task. Apropos, did you notice that one of the duties assigned to the proposed Industrial Councils was the keeping of a register? (Incidentally, if you inquire at the Ministry of Munitions, you will find that they have a complete register of operative engineers.) What does it signify? Mainly this: that in the future every worker must belong to some industry and be regularly on its books.

You are naturally entitled to know what I mean by "industrial autonomy." Most assuredly I do not mean an employers' association. Nor do I mean a trade union. Nor do I mean a cabinet of the two hundred formally assembled to advise the Government. That would be sheer foolish waste of nervous and economic energy. The Government is inundated with advice, gratuitous and solicited. The representative men chosen by the associations to go on advisory committees are almost universally the highly respectable back-numbers, who have had their day and are enthusiastically voted to the otium cum dignitate. In peace, it is a comedy; in war, a tragedy. I mean a responsible association formally chosen by the associations to go on advisory committees to do the work of its own trade, with full powers to accept all Government and Civil contracts and equally full powers to enforce discipline in its own industry. This Council must consist of every grade—management, technique, salariat and proletariat. Corporations, such as municipal, as well as national, industries. It must deal with the Government and the other Industrial Councils as a supreme power in its own sphere. It must organise its own industry, compile and maintain its own register of employees, enforce its rules and protect its trade rights. I venture to assure you that this industrial structure is inevitable, and if you are statesman enough to start it on its way, your fame will endure when your father is forgotten. If you begin now, the war is won; for these Industrial Councils, if trusted by the Government, can increase production, reduce waste and maintain discipline in ways undreamt of in the bureaucratic philosophy. And who can more effectively begin the new regime than the Director-General of National Service?

From your own point of view, as the man charged to procure labour, it is infinitely better that you should transfer labour, if and when required, with the concurrence of representative bodies rather than by the methods of Von Bissing. If you regiment unwilling men by your own ipse dixit, the odium will be upon you and the work sullenly done. If you do it through sympathetic channels, there will be no odium, no sullen yielding to force majeure, and the glory will be yours.

I have already remarked that our war strength is measured by our economic power. Economic power knows neither war nor peace. Therefore, in the great organising programme that lies before you, you must keep a single eye upon so building up our national economy that it will be equally applicable in peace as in war. If you forget this elementary fact and permit yourselves to be carried away by the fashionable breath of militarism, you will be weakening our national life at the critical time when we ought to be most powerful.

Do you remember that, in the Soudan campaign, Lord Kitchener laid down a permanent railway, so that, when the smoke of battle had blown away, the country was actually economically stronger than before the war? It is not a bad precedent. To be sure you cannot organise national service that you can claim that our people are industrially stronger than before the war. Such a task lies beyond the highest pinnacle of Ceres. But you can, as you will, say at the end of the war, that you have arranged national service in such a way that we have the nucleus of a new economic life that can be rendered more fruitful than the life we lived as a people before the war. In other words, in all that you do, you must prepare for the ensuing peace. That means, you must be ready for the soldiers returning to civil occupations. Truly a gigantic task. Apropos, did you notice that one of the duties assigned to the proposed Industrial Councils was the keeping of a register? (Incidentally, if you inquire at the Ministry of Munitions, you will find that they have a complete register of operative engineers.) What does it signify? Mainly this: that in the future every worker must belong to some industry and be regularly on its books.

No more casual labour, if you please. It follows, too, that every worker, whether employed or unemployed, in health or sickness, must be entitled to look to his own trade for maintenance and protection. The old slip-shod, uneconomic, inhuman methods of treating the unemployed on the lines of the Poor Law must be definitely abandoned. In my young days, it was a point of honour that our servants should remain with us indefinitely. The old family retainer was, of course, an inheritance from the feudal system, or, in Ireland or Scotland, probably a vestigial trace of the ancient tribal life. There was, at all events, a human bond between the master and the servant. Industrialism changed that human bond into a cash nexus. I sometimes hear some old cronies lamenting those days beyond recall. If you have a chance, look back with just as much remembrance, to your old commercial pursuits, you wake up some bitterly cold night (as it is even as I write) and suddenly remember that, had you done this or that, you might have obviated the miseries of unemployment?

If you do not know it already, you will speedily discover that the workers of Great Britain cannot successfully be dragooned. I have ventured here to adumbrate the only alternative policy.

There is at least one man in this country who will follow you in your work with sympathetic interest—at least, so long as he believes that you are sincerely trying to cut yourself and your high office from hide-bound traditions and bureaucratic stupidity. By a stroke of Fate, great and abiding issues have been entrusted to you. That you may prove equal to your task is my hope and prayer.

Your obedient servant,

NATIONAL GUILDSMAN.
An Industrial Symposium.

Conducted by Hootly Carter.

With a view to pooling the practical wisdom of the nation upon the main problems of the after-war period, The New Age is submitting the two following questions to representative public men and women:—

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

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

(28) Mr. F. Dudley Docker, C.B.

(President of the Federation of British Industries; Chairman of the Metropolitan Railway Carriage and Wagon and Finance Co.)

I have had the advantage of reading the reply that Sir Robert Hadfield has made to your very pertinent questions. In principle I cordially agree with him, and will only add a few lines. Without doubt, it is to the interest of all employers to make their workpeople happy. In my judgment, the relations between Capital and Labour can be put on a firm basis if the representatives of employers and employed are allowed to come together and discuss the problems without interference from politicians and those who make theories a profession.

Surely those who have fought side by side in the ghastly months of trench warfare can be trusted to live happy. In my judgment, the relations between Capital and Labour must be restored on the pre-war footing, and wages must be paid at the same time as overtime, as well as those dealing with denominations(Need to add a sentence here). This is harder to answer. There are some captains of industry who have realised that they are able to do much better work when they are not embarrased with questions of profit. What one needs most is a campaign to bring home to business men that the organising of a large industry is far more full of interest than the making of private profit. In the future the State might well claim all the profits of an industry, while leaving to individuals the task of organising individual businesses and getting the enjoyment that comes from such work.

(29) Mr. L. March Phillips.

I am asked to express an opinion, for what it may be worth, on the industrial situation which may arise after the War, especially as it may be expected to affect the relations between the worker and his work. Let me state the main conditions of the problem as it exists at present; the answers to the above questions will then occur of themselves.

Fifty years ago, a very important discovery was made. It was found that the happiness or unhappiness of the worker proceeded out of the work he was doing. Hitherto it had been thought that happiness was dependent on the amount of pay he received for his work. It had been tacitly assumed that, however degrading and brutalising the work itself might be, it could be ennobled by the amount of money paid for doing it. This was not so. What was the clue to our whole life was a result of the war. 'Labour is a man's greatest asset,' he said. If it exists at present; the answers to the above questions will then occur of themselves.

It was an immense discovery, for it put in our hands the clue to our national happiness or unhappiness. We are a nation of toilers; for the vast majority of us, life is work. And this work, which is our constant occupation, is, day by day and hour by hour, distilling into our lives the misery or happiness with which it is charged. There is no evading the issues at stake. If it is true that the age is mechanical, and that modern society seems pledged to that kind of production, so also is it true that out of that kind of production can arise nothing but debasing and brutalising effects. If it is unthinkable that man should change his methods, it is also unthinkable that he should persevere in methods which can produce nothing save endless and hopeless misery. Which of these is to win the victory—the concrete fact or the abstract truth? The majority, of course, back the fact, for they ignore the mental processes which change facts. But those addicted to the practice of thinking have always maintained that truth would prevail—not so much, perhaps, by the attraction it exerts as the intense discomfort it inflicts on those who outrage very much, merely as a result of the war. Labour is observing an honourable armistice, but the conditions which lead to industrial strife remain as far as I can see, quite unaltered, except that there will be some further grave difficulties, such as the introduction of women's labour during the war.

1. I do not think that the industrial situation, as far as Labour and Capital are concerned, will be altered very much, merely as a result of the war. Labour is observing an honourable armistice, but the conditions which lead to industrial strife remain as far as I can see, quite unaltered, except that there will be some further grave difficulties, such as the introduction of women's labour during the war.

2. Labour. It is of the utmost importance that Labour should organise itself as much as it possibly can. Experience both in connection with engineering and with the South Wales coalfields has shown that the next step for Labour to take is to be able to control, much more than it has done in the past, conditions of production, questions of discipline within the works, and questions of overtime, as well as those dealing with denominations.
The whole aspect of modern labour, the homes it breeds, the loathsome aspect of those districts which it has made peculiarly its own—may, the very expression and demeanour it engraves on the persons of its unhappy votaries—testify to the reality of this discomfort. Such effects are a process of education. People who are not to be drawn by the joy that is the truth must be goaded by the misery that is in the false.

The issue lies between a false usage heavily entrenched in practice and a permanently true ideal which at present can only be suggested in connexion with what, for generally's sake, I may call guild labour, is the strict alliance which exists between it and the spirit of liberty. The four centuries from 1100 to 1500 embrace the rise and decline of the impulse which started this country upon its career as a free nation. They embrace, also, that mighty movement in art and craftsmanship which not only inspired the creative labour of the country with so marked a vitality of its own, but reacted so powerfully and beneficially on the minds and lives of the working classes. Similarly, the four centuries which have since elapsed from 1500 to 1700 not only witnessed a general decline of liberty in Europe, but, in keeping step with its decline, witnessed also the extinction of vitality in art and craftsmanship and the gradual deterioration in mind and character of the working classes.

These things are almost too familiar to bear repetition, but they must, in a juncture like the present, when our national ideals are on their trial, be carefully borne in mind. No fact is written more indelibly across the page of history than this, that the growth of liberty is followed instantly and inevitably by conditions of servile labour. These, on the other hand, not only deprived the working classes of that vitality which existed in the community to the sphere of labour and craftsmanship and the gradual deterioration in mind and character of the working classes.

If the reader will dwell on this connection, and observe how consistently it is illustrated by historical testimony, he will perceive that any event, or struggle, or crisis which will tend to give it the grip of life which it lacks, will be perceived that any event, or struggle, or crisis which will tend to give it the grip of life which it lacks. Perfect in themselves though they may be, they fail to make its influence felt in what, as the present age, is emphatically such an influence. It is more profitable to a certain rich class to keep Ireland economically bond, than to assist her to exploit her resources.

As my train crawled southward from Sligo, the Ulster influence, which is still perceptible so near the border, grew less and less; everything seemed to become mellower and more picturesque. There were no more English commercial travellers or Scotch soldiers on the train; no one but Irishmen would travel on the railways in the west of Ireland. It is not the case, however, that the low speeds and high freights on these lines are due to Irish slovenliness. On the contrary, the interests that control the railways in Ireland are, I am told, mainly foreign, and run them badly, not without a purpose. It is probable that Irish railways are run more to disorganise Irish industry than to help it! It is more profitable to a certain rich class to keep Ireland economically bond, than to assist her to exploit her resources.

At a little wayside station there was a strange noise of sobbing and wailing. After a while it was possible to distinguish a young man in khaki. He was saying farewell, and a crowd of relations and friends were grouped round him, clutching and kissing him, and weeping and moaning. He himself seemed stupefied with grief and drink. Another soldier in the train was trying to pull him into the carriage. He succeeded, and there was a hush. The stationmaster waved his hand; the engine-driver whistled; the engine bucked and spluttered, and we commenced to move.

Then suddenly the boy's mother and a girl that may have been either his wife or his sister, began to scream. In an instant the whole party, men and women alike, set up a cry and, wailing, threw themselves upon the carriage door. They got it open and dragged out the youth and the other soldier holding him. The train stopped and the embracing and leave-taking began again. The youth had now become supine, and fell from the arms of one to another. The stationmaster, the guard, the engine-driver and the stoker, themselves half laughing, half crying, expostulated. They took the men aside and made them undertake to end the fuss. But no sooner did these rejoin the others than their few sodden wits deserted them, and they recommenced to sob and howl and throw up their hands like hysterical children. At last the officials managed to put the soldiers back into their compartment and hold off the mourners. The train moved slowly out of the station, to a hideous chorus of sobbing and crying sounds. This was perhaps the famous Irish "keen," the wail for the dead; indeed, I can imagine no more hideous human sound. The young man hung helplessly to his middle out of the window with a handkerchief in his hand. Suddenly the weeping girl broke away from the group and rushed along the platform in pursuit. Waving her handkerchief and calling, she ran down the middle of the platform below the steps and caught up the train. She had nearly caught up the train when the group and rushed along the platform in pursuit. Waving her handkerchief and calling, she ran down the middle of the platform below the steps and caught up the train. She had nearly caught up the train when she fell in a heap on the ground. As the train gained speed, we saw her get up and lean against the signal-pole, weeping distractedly.

Wild and sad this little scene had seemed. Twenty minutes later we again saw the young soldier who had been so rudely snatched from his home. It was at the junction where we all had to change; he was swaggering up and down the platform with his companion, as
conceived and happy in his uniform as a little boy in a new suit. Looking back upon the whole preceding affair at the wayside station, I feel bound to regard it as very largely a piece of conventional play-acting, carried through with immense gusto by experienced performers. I cannot include the girl, though, in this opinion; she, I fear, was not playing a part.

In the afternoon the express flew westward through County Mayo—flew at an average speed of ten miles an hour—towards my destination, Achill Island. The compartment soon filled up with yokels, and I pinched myself to see if I was not dreaming of a strange world where men have animals’ heads. All round me were sheep-heads, ox-heads, pig-heads, and occasional sharp fox-heads, and terrier-heads. The conversation consisted of grunts and guffaws, and it turned on subjects I could not unravel. As we stopped in one little station, an ox-head happened to look out of the window. He guffawed: “Oo-ah, wedding.” On the opposite platform a young woman and a man were seated, both dressed in obviously new clothes. In front of them another man was striding about importantly, with monstrous creases in his trousers. Ox-head’s insight, to my amazement, was undoubtedly right: bride, bridegroom and best man, they were going off for the honeymoon by the Dublin express. How can I picture the delight of my animal-heads? They crowded to the window and thrust out a whole menagerie of grinning snouts. The bride glanced up and blushed, and the best man, braced by those wonderful creases, bristled up with rage. “Oo-ah,” said my animals amiably, and remained grinning till our train hobbled out of the station.

At last the heavy-hoofed drove clambered out and left me alone. Almost immediately a hotel boots put his head in at the window, dropped a couple of bags on the seat and in a thick fog of brogue commanded me to put them out at a place whose name seemed to be that of the next station. I did as he ordered. Three stations farther I observed a fiery little man and a porter searching the train. I inquired if they were perhaps looking for the bags I had put out at an earlier station. This, I said, was the case, and, when I had hurriedly explained “the foolish boy’s mistake,” the owner of the bags pronounced a comprehensive curse upon him in quite the manner one is led to expect from a Connaught brogue. More than that, the excellent man found time, and as a matter of fact, the guard explained to me that the station was opened for daily passenger traffic only three years ago!

The sunny day was at an end when the empty train, we crossed the bridge from the station to the island, and engaged an outside car to carry me to a village ten miles away on the Atlantic side of the island. We proceeded slowly, and stopped at every station, and engaged an outside car to carry me to a village ten miles away on the Atlantic side of the island. We crossed the bridge from the station to the island, and the driver of the car said he hoped I should not mind his feeding the horse before we started off. I got down and stood waiting for half an hour, while it grew dark and chill and rainy. I reflected without pleasure that my Sligodyssey now was ended, and my Achilliad begun.
puissant heroes, whose fame reverberates through battles, are shifted from place to place... the explorer visits an enchanted
incomparable with pure English and equally
monarchs reappear... the explorer visits an enchanted
That would give sight to the man without an eye.
substance for Irish form. Because—and it is
forms of English and create out of the broken moulds
Her appearance is,
the peasant idiom which Dr. Douglas Hyde first wrote
of purely sentimental with purely critical considerations.
“Is it you who wrote a letter to the ‘Daily Mail,’
demanding that the Hidden Hand should be exposed?”
“Yes,” I answered, proudly.
but are there no other schools deriving
say, from Scandinavian, Greek, and Latin
as a flushed face and violent gestures.
He dressed in a khaki uniform, with a trench
I must have fallen asleep in my chair.
so he himself, “said another. “We must do nothing
as a mutual Irish admiration society. Where all the
for itself. It is an admirable aspiration,
Mr. Boyd makes no distinction between them; but assumes that
He was dressed in a khaki uniform, with a trench
“Germany is the spiritual teacher of the world,” said
As I was transported to
And if we had been in being in the time of the gods,
long to flower into a form of classical English or to dwindle to a literary weed. My fear is that it will end as a weed.
R. H. C.

The Unseen Hand.

By Allen Upward.

I must have fallen asleep in my chair.

But I did not suspect it at the time. Thus, I was not in the least surprised by the entrance of my strange visitor.

He was dressed in a khaki uniform, with a trench helmet, and his face was very grey. I remarked a round hole in his breast, through which I could see the light beyond his back. Yet this did not strike me as extraordinary.

His manner was grave, and he addressed me in an accent of reproach.

“Is it you who wrote a letter to the ‘Daily Mail,’ demanding that the Hidden Hand should be exposed?”

“Yes,” I answered, proudly. “I want to know who
it is that is secretly thwarting every effort to win the war.”

Then, come with me. We will try to find the Unseen Hand.”

In a moment, before I was conscious of having moved, we stood in front of a small hall in a provincial town. My Guide led the way through an angry crowd into the building, where we found about twenty persons who looked more or less insane.

One of them on the platform was holding forth with a flushed face and violent gestures.

“The German is my brother!” he shrieked. “I refuse to murder him. If he is misguided enough to come over here and kill my wife, or my mother, or my children, it will be my duty to pity him, and to love him all the more.”

My Guide shook his head with contempt.

“We have come to the wrong place,” he observed.

“There is nothing unseen about these cranks; they are only too visible. This is a public meeting, held under police protection. We must try elsewhere.”

As abruptly as before, I was transported to a sumptuous dining-room, where a group of men whose faces seemed familiar to me were talking over their cigars and wine.

“Germany is the spiritual teacher of the world,” said one. “The Kaiser is a deeply religious man; he told me so himself,” said another. “We must do nothing to hurt the feelings of this great nation,” said a third. And a fourth added—“It would be a good thing for us if the Germans did come over here.”

My Guide ground his teeth, but again he beckoned me away.

“These people are not hidden,” he protested. “They are all public men in high positions. Every word we have just heard has been uttered publicly in the pulpit, or on the platform. We must search deeper for the Unseen Hand.”
Instantly, we found ourselves in a public-house, crowded with workmen, or men who worked occasionally. They were grumbling to one another.

"What's this dancing for us? Why should we put ourselves out? It's the profiteers who are getting the pull. Let the Government look after them."

"Is there anything secret about all this?" asked my Guide. "Besides, many of these men have been punished. Why not better try the profiteers?"

At once we were in a big shipping office. The manager was roughly dismissing a crowd of food importers who were unable to pay the extortionate freights.

Just then, a splendid motor drove up, driven by a young chauffeur, clad in furs. The shipowner got out, leaving a friend or relation in the car.

"Useless to stay here," my Guide commented. "There is no secrecy about this man's profits. Let us watch his companion."

Without having to exert myself, I followed the car to its next stopping-place. This was a Government Department, if I made no mistake, the one in control of the shipping industry. The shipowner's friend was received by bowing porters and attentive secretaries, who took his commands.

"Do you call that the Unseen Hand?" demanded my Conductor, with a bitter smile. "I should have thought it was scandalously plain. But come over the way."

We were in a room with an old man in military uniform, who was not seen but were seen by him. He was handing out blank printed contracts for supplies to a series of contractors, who filled in the figures to suit themselves, and came out chuckling and digging each other in the ribs.

"Surely you can't complain of this," my Guide objected. "This is what went on during the last war to your knowledge. That officer was publicly reprimanded by a Royal Commission; yet, here, you see he is back in his old post. Shall we go farther afield?"

In as short a time as ever we were in a foreign capital, in a mansion over which floated the British flag. A man of aristocratic air was speaking in French—which was not the language of the country—to an agent of its Government.

"I really know nothing about trade," he said, haughtily. "You assume me you won't sell these things to the enemy?"

"But, certainly, Your Excellency. We shall consume these goods ourselves, and that will enable us to sell our own stuff to the Germans. It is quite simple."

His Excellency smiled lastly.

"You are too smart for us, I am afraid. But anything to oblige a neutral. Our Navy shall be told not to interfere."

"Is that a secret?" asked my Guide. "It is notorious enough in every foreign country. You must not call a thing unseen merely because those whose business it is to see it in the other way. Shall we peep at the ostriches?"

We were back in London, in a vast Government building swarming with a thousand clerks. A document dealing with the lives of many thousands had just come in.

"Let us follow that paper," said my Conductor.

We watched it go before a youth of twenty, who was clearly puzzled by it. He took it to an older man, who said, without reading it—

"You mustn't make yourself a nuisance in the Department, my boy. Just write—"submitted for approval"—with your initials, and send it upstairs."

I recognised the little cell. It was the polling-booth, and there in front of me lay the familiar voting-paper and pencil, but I was alone and unseen save for my ghastly Teacher.

"The ballot is secret," I reminded me. "If anywhere, we shall find the Unseen Hand!"

And it was my own hand that I saw outstretched, without intelligent volition of mine, moving like a marionette's hand in obedience to the wirepuller, to do what it had always done. . . .

**PARTY CANDIDATE X**

HELP ENGLAND CANDIDATE
The Perplexity.

Miss Morell was for once in her life perplexed. Her perplexity arose from one of those small details of daily work which she would never have admitted as in the least likely. For to her everything she was concerned with was simple and straightforward—and this came from no great mental penetration to show her infallibly the truth of things, but was simply due to an innocent, quiet uprightness in a West of England rectory.

There were no harsh contacts, no disturbing questions. There was a stormy appearance of settling down to live happy ever afterwards. A person, with "ever so often; tells them how to be good." "Does he know better than ordinary people?" "Yes, you see, he must, because he's a clergyman." It was a simple, rather ludicrous profession of faith, perhaps an implication, too, of the privilege which Toto enjoyed in being taught his lessons and looked after by a person whose father was a clergyman who instructed other people how to be good. Toto, of course, didn't penetrate as far as that in his thoughts. Instead, he was thinking of that old question which had worried him so often, and which always came back to him with the Bible lesson, the unending problem of the good people and the bad people. He knew the two types perfectly well: the good ones, when they died, would go to Heaven, where there were angels and music and singing, and you got all sorts of nice things to eat and drink—it must be like that, because, in Heaven, everyone got what he wanted; and the bad people went to a place called Hell, which was a bad word and mustn't be mentioned, where they were burnt in a fire for always and had no food, and specially nothing to drink, because, being burnt in this fire, would make them very thirsty after a little time; and a person called Satan, whose other name was the Devil, would be there to look after them; he was very wicked, and he'd never let them out, and they'd never get quite burnt away, but would go on living, and it would all be very terrible and hurt very much indeed. Moreover, there would be no excuse for people not knowing about these things, as Toto knew, about which the Bible gave no hint; Miss Morell said, foolishly, "The evening sun was flickering in through the nur-
s very window as Toto devoured his supper, gravely and
in a pre-occupied fashion; not, however, the pre-occu-
pation of an epicure who judicially considers the pecu-
liar merits of the food he is eating, for his supper was
bread-and-milk. He had been rather silent all day.
And when supper was over, and he had been packed
off into the night-nursery and transferred into diminu-
tive pyjamas, and had said his prayers, then came a
moment for confidences. He was always most con-
fidential then.

"I don't really understand, you know, about 'weep-
ing and gnashing of teeth,'" he began, very abruptly.

Miss Morell felt almost a pang of regret for the
minuteness with which they did their scripture lessons.

"It means the wicked people," she said.

"That means they're angry," continued Toto.

"People only gnash their teeth when they're angry. I
do. Spose they're angry 'cos they're wicked. Why
don't they let 'em out, then? They ought to let them
out, you know," he concluded in an unctuous, excited
burst of logic.

"Oh! they couldn't. It's too late.

"I don't see how he began, and then stopped short,
"It makes people think about all that kind of thing," she
went on vaguely and cruelly.

"It makes me. And it's oh! so difficult. It is
difficult, isn't it? And it makes you feel a bit—a bit
frightened!"

Such sensitiveness of imagination was foreign to Miss
Morell's experience. Hers, if it existed, was so much
tougher. These matters had never troubled it, in her
youth. She was aware of them, oh, yes! but only as
by-products, very much a matter of course and never
an occasion of fear.

"There's nothing to be frightened of if you're good," she said sweetly, "and say your prayers always.

"I do that all right," he said. "But spose I weren't always good—always—the whole time. I
mightn't be. I mightn't want to be always, might I?"

"But you will always want to be good. Everyone does. It would be very wicked not to want to be good, and I'm sure God would punish such a sinning.

Toto gave a sigh. His forehead was still screwed
up. He was clearly troubled, trying to get to the
bottom of a mystery which even a rector's daughter
could not solve. Miss Morell was as near as he could
get to expert advice, and even she was unconvinced.
He could not overcome his shyness quite sufficiently to
ask his mother about it when she came for week-
ends. She was so beautiful and remote. And besides,
his was a sort of feeling that these things didn't
interest her very much. She wasn't quite that kind.
A clock striking in the nursery made Miss Morell re-
member that Toto ought to be getting to sleep. She
kissed him on the cheek—the unmistakably govern-
ness kiss—and retired into the nursery to a Charles Gar-
vice story. But the misfortunes of an immaculate
heroine, unfitted for a world hedged about with evil
and intrigue and plausibility, failed even to absorb
her. She found that she was oddly thinking of Toto.
How queer he was. Of course he must be told about
those things—about Heaven and God and Satan in
Hell. There was nothing alarming about it. It had
never alarmed her. He couldn't be healthy. No, that
was it. He was morbid, unusual. She felt quite sure
about it. And then, she wished that he hadn't that
trick of asking such dreadfully direct questions. They
were sometimes so difficult. Why, where he was con-
duced, did their faith seem such a devastating busi-
ness? Christianity was not a devastating creed,
reflected. It was really very ordinary. Thus she
mused on, as Charles Garvice slipped off her
knee into an untidy heap on the floor. She was a
little troubled. Certainly perplexed.

Perplexity hushed her off into a quiet slumber.

JOHN F. HARRIS.

Views and Reviews.

DIPLOMATIC COMEDY.

America's request for a statement in concrete terms of
the objects for which the belligerent Powers are fight-
ing has been answered with astonishing celerity by
the Tsar of Russia. At the moment of writing, the rest
of the Allies are content with the general terms 'resti-
tution, reparation, and security,' but the Tsar of
Russia is more explicit, and demands the regaining of
Constantinople and the Dardanelles, and the creation of
a free Poland, as his minimum terms. This precision
of statement may have been prompted by many
motives, but I am of opinion that it is due in great
measure to the Tsar's more recent memory of peace
negotiations with an enemy who was in a position to
treat; and, not inappropriately, it was by the inter-
vention of America that he was, on that occasion,
deprived of complete satisfaction. The story is told in
Dr. Maclear's "Political History of Japan," to which
I acknowledge my indebtedness; and it relates the
course of the negotiations that brought the Russo-
Japanese War to a conclusion that Tokyo was put
under martial law for three months, and the Russian
envoys, Witte and Rosen, were disgraced by the Tsar.

In the spring of 1905, the Emperor of Japan wrote
to President Roosevelt intimating that his good offices
as mediator would be welcomed. Japan, as everyone
will remember, had been successful on sea and land,
but the Russians were not beaten; indeed, the situation
approximated to the present one very closely. Japan
had been very successful, but she had not succeeded in
obtaining a superiority which would warrant the
belief that the Russian armies could be crushed within
a measurable time. The financial difficulty was the
greatest; for although it is practically impossible to
strike a crushing military blow at a country like Rus-
sia, whose power of suffering reverses is illimitable,
yet to continue to be successful without being completely
victorious required more money than Japan could
reasonably hope to raise, or, raising, to repay without
ruinous sacrifices. To terminate the war at that stage
would have left Japan in a position of extreme vul-
nerability. The 'Japanese Government had repeatedly stated in
the Press that an indemnity was included among their
minimum demands; and the Japanese plenipotentiaries
were instructed to demand it, but, at the critical
moment, to abandon the claim and make the best
peace possible. Had this been known, or suspected, at
the time of the Conference at Portsmouth, no peace
would have been possible; the Russian envoys stated
frankly that they had come, in response to President
Roosevelt's invitation, to bear the terms suggested
by the Japanese, but they let it be understood that they
did not think it possible to conclude a treaty of peace
at that time. Believing that the Conference would
break up on the question of indemnity, they were
willing to consider all the other terms liberally and with
an open mind. In the legal phrase, the Russian envoys
intended to discuss the treaty of peace "without pre-
judice." The Japanese demanded the surrender of
Russian warships interned at various neutral ports, the
limitation of Russian naval power in the Far East, and

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the repayment to Japan of the actual expenses of the war; the Russian envoys offered equalized expenses to all three countries, and after discussion the Japanese withdrew the first two as being incompatible with Russia’s national honour and prestige. But the indemnity remained as the irreducible minimum.

Less important matters were debated, and altered in detail; Japan agreed to Changchun, instead of Harbin, as the northern terminus of the South Manchurian Railway, and to the partition, instead of the cession, of Sakhalien, and so on. But on the indemnity claim the Conference reached a deadlock. “At this point,” says Dr. Maclaren, “Witte considered that the negotiations were at an end, for he reported to that effect to his Government, and awaited his recall, confident that Russia would gain applause for the very liberal concessions she had already made, and that Japan would be universally condemned for her insistence on an indemnity. When the plenipotentiaries met on August 29, 1905, it was believed by the Russians that the session would be the last, and that they had won. Business being taken up, to show their magnanimity the Russian delegation intimated that their Government would be willing to cede the whole of Sakhalien, when to their consternation the proposition was met by Kounin with the sudden withdrawal of the Japanese claim for compensation for the expenses of the war. A greater sensation could not have been created if a bomb had been thrown into the Conference chamber, for the terms of peace already agreed upon now became binding upon both parties, and Witte, out-manoeuvred, could not refuse his signature. Some hours later he wired his sovereign: ‘I have the honour to report to your Majesty that Japan has agreed to your demands concerning the conditions of peace, and that consequently peace will be established, thanks to your wise and firm decision, and with strict conformity with the instructions of your Majesty.’”

This is, of course, a Japanese version of the negotiations, but it accords with most of the known facts; and is certainly more credible than the American theory that the peace was due to the exertions of President Roosevelt, which, according to an elaboration of the theory, originated with the President of the Associated Press, Mr. Melville Stone. This Japanese version shows us that the Japanese had become more astute in negotiation ten years before they had arranged the Treaty of Shimonoseki with Li Hung Chang. They certainly obtained an indemnity in that case, but Dr. Maclaren tells us that the Liaotung “was only ceded by Li after he knew positively that Germany, France, and Russia would interfere and secure its retrocession to China”; and of the cession of Formosa, Li Hung Chang makes a diplomatic comedy in his memoirs. “It is true,” he says, “that when Marquis Ito made stipulation as one of the chief terms of peace, of the cession of Formosa, I immediately declared I was willing to agree to almost anything but that; yet, had I been in another apartment, all alone, I would have danced with joy in spite of all my infirmities. As it was, my heart was indeed glad; but I requested the chief plenipotentiary at least to tell the Mikado that he would not insist on having the island. His Excellency agreed to put the question over until the next session of the commissioners, and during the intervening time I was sore afraid he would change his mind and that his Government did not want it. On the contrary, however, upon the reassembling of the negotiators, the Japanese members insisted that Formosa be ceded to the Mikado, and, after much parley, I reluctantly agreed. If the negotiations were to last any longer, they would have to promote such opportunities for diplomatic comedy as the two I have mentioned, history will be a less lively study than it has been.”

A. E. R.
body that the Japanese language could not be used as a vehicle for public speech. Yet of all the ideas that were enunciated in the Imperial oath, and in the articles of the Constitution of 1868, only the idea of a representative assembly was abandoned. "To impress itself on the minds of the people and to produce a serious political effect, the Assembly was by no means representative, in our sense of the word; Dr. Maclaren says that "there was in 1868 no intention in any quarter to ascertain the views of the common people"; the membership of the Kogisho was limited to the samurai. The sort of question that was submitted to them for discussion was such that they could not discuss, even if discussion was natural to them; for example, they were asked for advice concerning the adoption of a custom of wearing two swords. This custom was the bridle of their order, and their vote against its abolition was unanimous. On the other hand, debates on the status of the outréts (Eta) emptied the House, for "the samurai were in the habit of regarding the Eta as objects of any consideration whatever, and could not be brought to realise that their condition constituted a problem." Considering the nature of the Assembly, the submission to it of such questions has a marked imaginative flavour. Mr. Oshikawa Hogi reached his climax at the last Hague Conference, that the subjects for obligatory arbitration by the tribunal should be the interests of indigent, sick persons, of the working classes, of dead sailors, and of writers and artists.

The second section of the book deals with "The Parliamentary Regime," which is a history of "scandals," intrigues, and exposures that would be constituted a problem. "Considering the nature of the Russo-Japanese War"; "Japan on the Continent"; "China on the Continent." The history of the whole period is too complicated to permit of summary; but readers are pleased to know the subjects of the chapters. They are: "The First Four Years"; "The Chino-Japanese War"; "Military and Clan Government"; "The Russo-Japanese War"; "Japan and the Continent of Asia"; "The End of the Meiji Era"; and "The Political System in Japan." With regard to the Russo-Japanese War, we may remark that Dr. Maclaren proves that Russia was tricked into making peace. She entered into negotiations fastened to an endless band stretching between America and England, and depart on the production of codicils, in an eternal stream. So long as there is one steamship plying between America and England, so long, we feel, will the exportation of the last will and testament of Benjamin Pummery continue. It is the simpicity of all devices for a novelist; when the complications become too involved, introduce another person with a will, and come round on another tack. The fact that the people who are thus disturbed by Benjamin Pummery's testamentary dispositions are of no intrinsic interest, that we care no more for the Devenishes than we do for the Pemmerys who are discovered to be Pummereyes, need not disturb a novelist who has discovered the secret of perpetual motion in a story.

Reflections From France. By Chris Massie, R.A.M.C. (Blackfriars Press. 15s.) Mr. Chris Massie's reflections are not profound. He writes of England in the style of Mrs. Hemans, of England, Home, Beauty, and Peace. He begins by addressing the question: "What is Truth?" to the Bishop of London; and he concludes with the remark: "If we die, it will be rare and splendid to know that it was not so much for complexed and complicated causes..."
that we fought as that simple, direct, and crystal clear issue—it was for Her." He puts four dots after "Her," and they certainly help to make her mysterious. Between "What Is Truth?" a question that the Bishop of London cannot answer, and "Her," Mr. Massie reflects on such matters as Tolsot "Out Here," "Christ in Hades, " "Youth and the War," "Springtime and Sorrows," "The Real Soldier," for whom Mr. Massie claims with reverence that the thousands who have given their lives in that great calamity, gave them for the glory of their women and the grace of their children," "Crucifix Corner," "My Dream of England," and so forth. The sentimental tone is well maintained in "We Do Love Our Wives," and Mr. Massie does not make dangerous near to dwell when he quotes "My Little Grey Home In The West." Many of these articles appeared in the "Herald" and the "Christian Commonwealth," and their uxorious pacifism will appeal to many readers.

The Magic of Malaya. By Cathbert Woodville Harrison. (Bodley Head. 3s. 6d. net.)

As a member of the Malay Civil Service, Mr. Harrison may be supposed to know something of the peoples of the Malay Peninsula; and this series of short sketches does help us to a nodding acquaintance with them. They are usually elaborations of some detail of the official work; some of the difficulties of police work are described in "The Tin-Stealers," "Ah Heng," which shows us what the tax-collector has to endure; "On the Path" describes the itinerary of the District Officer, inspecting the sanitation, the education, the dispensation of justice, and the rest. "Parang Heli" recounts a story of a Malay magician, and "The Hallucinations of Mat Palembang" is another sketch that helps to justify the title of the volume. But we think that Mr. Harrison does not intend us to understand the word "magic" literally; he does not acquaint us with the folk-lore of these people except in the case of the sea-snake; of Malay "magic," in the literal sense, he tells us next to nothing. These sketches are not interpretative, but descriptive; they are very kindly, very paternal, but they do not meddle with the mind of the Malay. Concentration on objective things is the secret of success in government, and we get the impression that the Malay is a person to whom we give quinine gratis, whose dustbin is inspected, whose brother-in-law, taxidermist, engaged in stuffing "The Magic of Malaya." Many of these people; and their uxorious pacifism will appeal to many readers.

An Introduction to the History of England. By Eugène L. Hasluck. (A. & C. Black. 2s. 6d. net.)

This introduction is intended as a text-book for the upper forms of schools, and Mr. Hasluck says that "a good knowledge of the contents of this volume should be sufficient for the purposes of the London Matriculation Examination." We may suggest that a short bibliography at the end of each chapter will considerably enhance the value of this volume to the student. Mr. Hasluck has abandoned the continuous chronological order in favour of the more comprehensive method of outlining the historical developments of England as a State. His chapter headings will best indicate this; they are: "The Formation of the English State," "Feudalism," "Crown and Baronage," "The Mediaeval Church," "Mediaeval Foreign Policy," "The Mediaeval Constitution," "The Tin-Stealers," "Ah Heng," "The Hallucinations of Mat Palembang," "The Religious Struggles of the Seventeenth Century," "Crown and Parliament," "The Rule of Parliament," "The Wars of Imperial Expansion," "Modern Democracy," and "The Growth of the British Empire." Appendixed is a Table of Reigns, of Prime Ministers since 1721, and Royal Genealogies since the Conqueror. The volume is very clearly written, and should fulfill admirably its intended purpose. It contains maps that are certainly not overcrowded with detail.

Pastiche.

A PSALM OF PROFITEERS.

(Samuel Butler, while walking through the Montreal Museum, found a lumber-room, among other unclothed casts, the "Discobolus." In the room was an elderly taxidermist, engaged in stuffing an owl, who informed Butler that the casts were in exile because they were not respectable. In proof of his own respectability, the owl-stuffer averred that Mr. Spurgeon dealt with his brother-in-law, a hairdresser. Butler wrote "A Psalm of Montreal," which, with slight verbal alterations, applies to our profiteers, and should be sung where men and women do congregate.)

Stowed away in the Profiteers' lumber-room, Malayan wisdom, and sumptuously turned her face to the wall, dirty, cobweb-covered, maimed, and set at nought; Beauty crieth in an attic, and no Profiteer regardeth.

O God! O Profiteers!

Beautiful by night and day, beautiful in summer and winter,
Whole or maimed, always and alike beautiful—
She preacheth gospel of grace to the Grabbers of Profit—Ay, even to those who batter on the blood of the maimed and slain.

O God! O Profiteers!

When I saw this, I was wrought, and I said, "O Patriotism, Beautiful Patriotism, a queen among gods and men, What dost thou, here? How comest thou hither, Patriotism?"

Preaching the Gospel in vain to Grabbers of Profit?

O God! O Profiteers!

And then, lo! hundreds and thousands of the poor came with their offerings of hog-wash, and emptied them into the Profiteers' troughs, and a satisfied grunt greeted my ear. And the troughs were filled even unto over-flowing. I marvellous much, and felt a horrid sickness, knowing that a great war was on.

O God! O Profiteers!

And I turned to the Profit-Pig-in-Charge, and said unto him, "O thou Wallower in Hog-Wash, Wherefore hast thou done this to shame the beauty of Patriotism?"

But the Lord had given him only a heart-cavity. And he answered, "My brother-in-law is 'It.' He knows what's what."

O God! O Profiteers!

"And Patriotism is put here because she is vulgar; She is without proper clothing to cover her limbs. I, Sir, am of the Elect—ay, Culture itself. And my brother-in-law is 'It.' He knows what's what."

O God! O Profiteers!

And I said, "O brother-in-law-to-him-who-knows-what's-what, Who seasoneth thy bank account with blood profits, Who calleth the festal dress thou wouldst use to hide Patriotism Clothing, Whereas I call it 'Traitrous Cant,' Therefore thou art in hell-fire, and may the Lord pity thee!"

O God! O Profiteers!

"PREFEREIST thou the Gospel of Profit to the Gospel of Country, The Gospel of connection with contracts to the Gospel of Patriotism?"

Yet none the less blasphemeth he beauty, saying (in effect), "Patriotism hath no equal. And my brother-in-law knows what's what."

O God! O Profiteers!

V. A. PURCELL.

LINES.

Love and death are very nigh;
Close as ivy to the tree
Love clings to Death, and with a sigh
Will face unpathed infinity:
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

GUILDS AND EDUCATION.

SIR,—I am in the country, and this must be my apology for the fact that my comments are sadly behind the age—or rather The New Age. Mr. Cole's article in your issue of December 14 interested me very much, because I have been eagerly awaiting some statement of political theory with reference to the province and function of the State under a Guild system. It was easy to talk glibly to the adversary about State ownership and Guild control; but if one tried to think things out in detail, one soon found oneself faced by very grave problems. These problems, in my own case, were chiefly connected with the future of national education, and I am interested to find that the solution as to central control which suggested itself to me for education is on parallel lines with that which Mr. Cole proposes for industry. In both cases alike the "new cut" is required, the "vertical" separation of the powers of government by function instead of by stage of proceeding, full sovereignty, both in the "governing" and the "cautious," being exercised by an "ad hoc" but supreme assembly.

Here, however, the strict analogy ceases. In the case of an Industrial Guild, supreme authority is to reside in a democratic body representing the industry of the nation; in the case of the Guild of Education it should reside in an aristocratic body representing not merely skill in training and in imparting instruction, but also the entire wisdom of the community.

How a National Senate of this kind is to be arrived at is, indeed, a baffling problem. It should include those who are the best brains, the warmest sympathy, clear vision, and quick aesthetic perception; women must find a place on it as well as men, youth as well as age, representatives of science, of the arts, and of industry as well as experts in teaching.

To leave the conduct of national education, with all its enormous issues, in the hands of teachers (a body of people peculiarly apt not to be able to see the woods for the trees) would be fatal, and it would be equally fatal to leave it in the hands of a geographically elected democratic assembly. * * *

E. TOWNSHEND.

THE PRESS.

SIR,—By a misprint, due, no doubt, to my carelessness, the word "few" in my last article, "The Press," was printed as "Jew," with a ludicrous result, for it made me say that the ownership of the Capitalist Press in modern England was Jewish. As I have gone out of my way over and over again in the past to point out that the exact reverse is the case, it would be a pity if a mere misprint should make me seem to be talking nonsense. The Press in this country and in Scotland is, as a fact, less owned, written for, controlled by, or edited by men of Jewish nationality than that of any other Press in Europe. Nearly all the important German newspapers are Jewish from top to bottom, especially the four main organs that take their names from Hamburg, Berlin, Frankfurt, and Cologne. The "Tribuna," which is the principal paper in Rome, is Jewish; in France, the "Gaulois," the "New Free Press," and the "Echo de Paris," the two principal Conservative papers, are both Jewish, and the Socialist "Humanité" was wholly Jewish at its foundation, and is, I think, Jewish in character still. Apart from this matter of ownership, the Continental Press is flooded with Jewish writing, and the international news agencies are largely Jewish.

But the British Press is in striking contrast to all this. There is only one considerable newspaper owned by a family partly Jewish, and that is the "Daily Telegraph." Otherwise, the Press should be said to be at present divided into two parts, the one National and the other Anti-National. In the case of the "Daily Telegraph," the National Press, I can only recall one Jewish editor, and even the proportion of Jewish writing upon the Press as a whole is far less than it is abroad. In my present case, I am writing this series of articles specially for the Press, and it is important to make this correction. * * *

H. BELLOC.

THE C.W.S.

SIR,—I have no desire to be unjust to the C.W.S., or in any way to misrepresent its position; and if the cor-
C.W.S. Bank makes a few per cent. by lending money to the capitalist, who probably uses it to buy up the sources of supply.

**WAR AND FINANCE.**

Sir,—That war produces lies, the last two years more than proves.

'This was not a war in which, in his belief, it would ever have been wise and safe to go on indefinitely,' etc.

You take grave exception to the above words of the Chancellor of the Exchequer; but, Sir, with The New Age love of truth having failed to grasp that this is probably the first line of official truth re Finance that has emerged from the long months of almost crazy financial optimism?

In a later paragraph you accept the estimate of an exchange banker of 24,000 millions as the capital wealth of the United Kingdom.

When, some time ago, this estimate was made for the British Empire, I knew it would before long be quoted for the United Kingdom.

The pre-war estimate for the latter was 16,000 millions gross, not net—much lower by any process of calculation. Am I aware that during the war the above estimate has been increased. Am I afraid I must entirely decline to accept the theory that our national wealth has been increased during the war?

One must not attempt to write fully on the financial position; it is too serious; but perhaps not jump on the first line of official truth.
neither corrects my judgment nor proves its injustice. It seems to me that, if one admits that women have no true humour, there can be no question of the justice of jumping upon a woman when she spoils a humorist. Pinch the woman, and kick her. However, there is no need to enter upon general principles in this case. The work of the woman in this play is obvious to everybody but "M. G. S." It is a fair prediction from his literary work that Mr. Lyons had been left alone, he would have written a one-act play which would have been a little masterpiece of Cockney humour. Somebody, probably his collaborator, showed him how to write a scene that is picturesque language of the men, and to give an appearance of the picturesque language of the men, and to give an appearance of good taste, to dilute the picturesque language of the men, and to give an appearance of strength to the woman by making her say "damn," copied from Miss Genevieve Ward's success, in expiatory in "The Basher." This damned woman says nothing but "damn," and Mr. Neil Lyons, without the corrective of good taste, would have varied the emphasis. The next scene, in the dug-out, was written, I think, by Mr. Neil Lyons, but was invented, or at least manipulated, by Miss Gladys Unger. The next scene, in the cafe, is undoubtedly a woman's scene; it is really dull, disagreeable, and tiresome, by making a French girl squeal in what is supposed to be French and sometimes sounds like English. It is in this scene that Cuthbert Tunks' efforts to speak French and French attempts to speak English; it is incredible that Mr. Neil Lyons had anything more to do with it than to write Cuthbert Tunks' efforts to speak French and French attempts to speak English. It is the dreariest scene in the whole play, and the most pretentious; it is a woman's scene, and I have no reason to believe that Mr. Neil Lyons has changed his sex. I could, if it were worth while, trace the two styles of work right through the play; but I have said enough to justify my conclusion that the only justice that Miss Gladys Unger deserves is to be compelled to make her own jokes in future, and not to spoil the jokes of a. born humorist, "M. G. S." reference to "Pygmalion" is unfortunate, for "London Pride" is commended by some members of the audience precisely because Cherry Walters' corresponds, not evidently is ignorant of the play, and his attempted impeachment of my judgment has no value.

JAMES CONNOLLY.

Sir,—Since I asked the question why James Connolly led the Easter week rising, two letters referring to it have appeared in your columns. A few weeks ago a correspondent told us, "that the British government has determined to disarm the Citizen Army, Connolly forced a rising to avoid this ignominy. I find this explanation too simple by half. It certainly does not explain the main problem—why Connolly, contrary to all his own teaching, made the mistake of thinking that an armed political rising could be successful. Or are we to suppose that he was aware of its certain failure, but still preferred to sacrifice so many lives of friends, followers, and English volunteers rather than allow the disarmament order to be issued? If your correspondent's statement helps to explain anything at all, it is only why April was chosen for the rising. And that is not a matter of significance.

Mr. R. B. Kerr's letter in your last issue seems to me to be as little germane to the point. Mr. Kerr suggests that Connolly headed the rising because he "had a strong conservative side." Well, so have many other Irishmen, who, purely patriotic grounds, forced the rising. Mr. Kerr says that Connolly had "selected Neil" many years ago, "Connolly said there was a God, and Leslie said there was not a God. 'In any case, what does it matter to a prophet?' said Connolly, immediately turned out the lights." I echo this practical man. Mr. Kerr adds nothing to the solution (not original) I myself suggested, namely, that the death of his grandfather in a previous rebellion made Connolly fanatical in the atmosphere of a rising.

H. BECHHOFER.

Memoranda.

(From last week's New Age.)

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.

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.

Surely the Labour leaders will see that their own personal elevation is not of itself an automatic lever to raise their class or to lift them out of the wage-system.

"Notes of the Week."

The mass of Englishmen have ceased to obtain, or even to expect, information upon the way they are governed. To every human evil of a political sort that has appeared in history there comes a term and a reaction.

H. BELLIE.

As compared with Woodrow Wilson, there are Socialist leaders in America who are Bourbon in their understanding and sympathy. As contrasted with America's President, the Parliamentary leaders of German Socialism make themselves better representatives of an eighteen-century romanticism.

GEORGE D. HARRON.

The new policy for Labour should imply such a co-ordination as against the old competitive methods or the old interminable quarrels—a reconstruction on Guild lines.

C. R. ASHREE.

After the war I think there will be either a revolution or slavery.

The triumph of Capitalism has practically consisted in granting popular control in such small quantities that the control could be controlled. It is also founded on the fact that a man who can be trusted as speaking for the employees often cannot be trusted for long when speaking with the employers.

A revolution for good is always, I think, the frustration of an evolution towards evil.

There has never been less belief in the mere Capitalist among intelligent people. The riddle is, what happens to a thing when it is apparently gaining control and losing credit?

I have no advice to Capitalism except that it should declare why sentence of death should not be passed on it.

-C. K. CHURSTON.

Britain will repeat the history of Peru under the Incas.

-M. D. EDER.

Inspiration without art is formless; art without inspiration is dead.

It is a vulgar notion that hate is an incentive to combat.

The epic spirit will alone save civilisation from extinction during the present war.

I would that there were as free an exchange of ideas between the belligerents as shot and shell.

R. H. C.

The police service in Ireland is simply an advanced form of outdoor relief.

-C. E. BECHHOFER.

Small Cabinets and quick decisions ought to enable every reformer, even the eugenist, to paste his reform on the national prayer-wheel and to get it spun for one giddy moment into acceptance by the higher powers.

There are no grievances to be redressed in war-time; there are only sacrifices to be made in the national cause.

Capital still remains the private property of its owners, although the full rights of ownership may be temporarily in abeyance.

A. E. R.

A simple means of correcting the abuse of newspaper government in the country would be the suppression of newspaper placards.

OLD JOURNALIST.
PRESS CUTTINGS

If sufficient volunteers are not forthcoming, Mr. Lloyd George demands that the Cabinet and Opposition can each control a separate share of public administration. Industrial democracy in the true meaning of the word can only mean that the management will be appointed by and responsible to Labour, who will therefore have to see that there can be no principle of a no objection, nor in practice, provided compulsion is administered with even justice to all classes, and provided the service required is really national service, that is to say, every element of private profit-making has been eliminated. Measures to deal with profit-taking were also foreseen by Mr. Lloyd George; but how drastic they will be remains to be seen. It is true that every limitation upon profit-making will be of any use. Profit-making (as distinguished from fixed revenue from capital) must cease absolutely in all undertakings to which compulsory labour is to be supplied. "Labour" will stand a great deal to win the war, but on this point there ought not to be, and we believe will not be, any compromise. The "necessities of the war" do not include any necessity of permitting private profit in indispensable work. To set up machinery similar to that of the Military Service Acts with a view to forcing men into private employment would be deliberately and wantonly to invite revolt. For such employment would be not national service, but, in a plain word, slavery—no more to be tolerated by free men in war than at any other time. If, therefore, the Government wishes to be in a position to impose industrial compulsion—if and when it may be necessary—the sooner they set about disposing once and for all of the question of war-profits, and for that matter of all surplus unearned incomes, the better.—The New Statesman.

Reaction against the evils of the capitalist system has given birth to many proposals for reform, socialistic and otherwise. None of these constructive creeds has an overwhelming following in the British Isles. But the Labour world is united none the less, and it is coming more and more to concentrate against the evils of what it calls "private profit-taking" and "feudalism" in industry. "Profit-taking" is susceptible of many interpretations, but, neglecting remoter visions and such obvious evils as the speculative holding up of food supplies, the attack upon it by the best and most sober trade unionists is directed against the spirit of a society in which the capitalist control of the citizen by the baron or king ended in the welfare of the individual being subordinated to the glory or power or wealth of the "feudalist," so, inevitably, has the control of industry by the "capitalist" ended in the welfare of those who spend their lives in it being subordinated to the profit of the owner of capital.—The Round Table.

Industrial democracy implies a far more fundamental revolution than Mr. Gosling appears to realise. Democracy in industry carries with it the same implications as it does in government. It means that Labour must shoulder the whole responsibility for industry. Industry is one indivisible whole, and, in the long run, the final responsibility for it must rest in one set of hands. The capitalist cannot be responsible for one-half of the business and Labour for the other than Cabinet and Opposition can each control a separate share of the management.