NOTES OF THE WEEK.

It might be thought that nothing in the way of self-ignorance could approach the condition of the Prussian mind as revealed in the very latest German Note. Here we see to our complete bewilderment a people capable of reasoning and yet at the same time incapable of reasoning universally, that is, in a manner to appeal to the mind that is not German. One after the other, charges are enumerated against the Allies and the catalogue is made not in a spirit of substance and even the phrasing of which seem to have been imitated from the charges of the Allies against Germany; and the catalogue is made not in a spirit of irritation, but in apparent ignorance not merely of the existence of faults in the German mind, but of the existence of a reasonable ground in the non-German mind for believing such faults to be German. While it is possible for the German authorities so inately to misconceive the nature of the charges brought against them, the chances of successful negotiation between the beligerent parties are as remote as ever. There is but one way of carrying on a discussion with a nation that attaches its own values and meanings to words, and is incapable of appreciating even the fact of its own “personal equation”—and that is the way already in operation. Force is the alternative of reason and must be employed, as Joufret said, until reason is ready. And the only evidence the world can accept that reason is ready is a disposition to self-criticism and a willingness to enter into an opponent’s case. To be able to examine oneself objectively and one’s neighbour subjectively is the only sufficient evidence that reason is ready to take the place of force.

But there is an example at home of intellectual obtuseness which comes near enough to the Prussian to remind us how, but for the grace of God, our riches might be reversed. It is to be found in the ease with which our wealthy classes and their spokesmen assume the point at issue in the discussion of the conscription of wealth, and in their inability to enter into the minds of those who advocate this measure. Considered objectively, and as history in ages to come will undoubtedly consider it, the proposal to conscript wealth for the purpose of defraying the financial cost of the war will appear to be one of the most obvious, reasonable, and just propositions that could possibly be made; and when it is recalled that during the same war the wealthy classes themselves insisted upon the expediency and justice of the conscription of lives, the conscription of wealth will appear to have been by so much the more reasonable and imperative. We see, however, that exactly as the Prussian mind, obsessed with its own self-importance, is incapable of applying to itself the criticisms it gives to others, the mind of our own wealthy classes is similarly blind to the inconsistency of exhorting men to give their lives while at the same time refusing even to consider the question of giving their own no less necessary money. The duty of giving your life for the nation without hope of reward has nowhere been preached with more fervour than in circles where the duty of giving your capital and income is not so much as dreamed of. And not only is this the case, but the mere mention of the proposal to apply to money the compulsion they themselves have applied to lives is enough—once more after the Prussian pattern—to provoke our wealthy classes to unreasoning abuse. Look, for example, at the paragraph upon this subject that appears in the current “Spectator.” Mr. Strachey is a voluntary spokesman of the wealthy classes, he has been an advocate of compulsory military service for years, he professes to abominate the Prussian character (and particularly as regards its purblindness to its own shortcomings), and he is an apostle of sweet reasonableness. Nevertheless, after having for over two years deliberately declined to listen to, still more to discuss, the reasoned proposals that have been put forward for the conscription of wealth, he now hacks his way into print with an intemperate and malicious attack upon them, as if they had never been honestly made or fairly argued. “An appreciable number of Socialists,” he says, “have already been doing mischief by hinting at the possibility that after the war there may be repudiation of the National Debt.” (The italics are ours.) But why all these belated insinuations when the case to be met is open to everybody? In the first place, it is not Socialists alone who have suggested the possibility of the repudiation of the war-debts. In every belligerent
country a group of thinkers is to be found who urge that this possibility must be taken into account. The Garton Memorandum is explicit upon the subject: "If an undue share of the burden is placed upon the non-investing classes, it is evident that a demand for repudiation might arise. The possibility of this becomes less remote when the situation in Germany and Austria is considered. There is a likelihood of the German and Austrian Governments being unable to pay the interest on their war-debts, and legislation amounting to virtual repudiation may have to be passed. Such an example would not be without its reactions here." In the second place, why should it be said that we are only hinting at it or that we are doing mischief in stating that repudiation is one of the possibilities of the future? On the contrary, following the lead of the Garton Memorandum we openly announce that in the probable event of the repudiation by Germany and Austria of their war-loans, England and the rest of the Allies may be compelled in mere self-defense to repudiate their—into legal form—own debts. And what of "doing mischief"? Can there be in looking ahead and in announcing what the future may hold for us?

Mr. Strachey then goes on to denounce as "equally pernicious" all the proposals emanating from the same quarters for a "tax upon capital," but once more without offering his readers the smallest justification for his terms of abuse. Why and to whose interest is a proposal to tax capital pernicious? You would suppose, and, no doubt, Mr. Strachey intends his readers to suppose, that the suggestion of taxing capital is made by Socialists only, and with no more reason than that of wishing to create difficulties in the present conduct of the war. That the proposal has been endorsed by many people who are not Socialists, that even City men have recently been seriously discussing it, that their "Times" has as good as threatened it, that it is fair in itself; and, above all, that it may have been designed as a far-sighted provision for carrying on the war after voluntary loans or taxes upon income have failed—all these things in his double eagerness to plaster abuse upon Socialists, and to preserve the rights of private money Mr. Strachey ignores, thereby, as we say, writing himself down a Prussian in our midst. And that he is more anxious to preserve the inviolability of private capital than the very existence of classes of people may be seen from his naively cunning proposal to guard against the popular repudiation of the war-loan by roping into it as many small investors as possible. We have seen, we may say, the same petty Machiavelism elsewhere. In the Garton Memorandum already referred to we read that "any drift in the direction of repudiation can best be prevented by encouraging wage-earners to save and to invest their savings in small Government bonds." But Mr. Strachey, we believe, is the first publicist of repute to openly declare that it is not the money of the wage-earning classes the Government wants for its war-loan, but their support in "helping to give political stability to the whole."

We do not for a moment imagine that anything that we can say, or that anybody can say, will bring home to Mr. Strachey the dishonest that honest men must feel for him. If it were within the power of words to convict the Prussian militarists of crime, would they not long ago have convicted themselves out of their own mouths? We may recall, for example, the words of the last Note have chocked them, in which, while all the time blood-guilty themselves in the major degree, they were denouncing the minor crimes of the Allies? And similarly, if Mr. Strachey and his class were open to conviction, we venture to say that the articles contributed to his columns by, say, "Student in Arms"—nay, would not his own appeals for a New way of Life, in which he exhorted men to cease their blind worship of money—have suggested to him that possibly the beam is in his own eye? But as words failed to persuade the Prussians that their attitude was wrong, only events, we fear, can persuade Mr. Strachey and his class that they are not equivocating. As for events, we are convinced, will come to prove it. "When the tale of bricks is doubled, Moses comes." Let only the war continue beyond the present expectation of our lending classes, and we shall have, we swear it, every one of the measures, even the advocacy of which Mr. Strachey now declares to be mischievous and pernicious, will be taken. There will be a tax upon capital; there will be a virtual repudiation of the war-debt; and there will be the equalisation of incomes. It is not, moreover, as Socialists wishing these things that we announce them, but as patriots anxious to be defeated by reason of the selfishness of our wealthy classes. When we read in the "New Statesman" that a proposal seriously made by Parliament to conscript wealth to carry on the war would "stop the war in a week," we are appalled by the confirmation it affords to Mr. Strachey's worst fears; but we are no less resolved that it shall be none of our fault if, when lives have been spent, the money to support them shall be withheld.

It remains to be seen whether the Allied reply to Mr. Wilson's Note, enumerating, as it does, many of the Allied terms in detail, and before they have been submitted to the public opinion of the Allied countries themselves, may not do less good than it might. The supposition upon which the Reply proceeds that the Prussians both initiated the war and have deliberately broken almost every international rule in their conduct of it; and the further supposition that the Prussians are of such a breed that in future the waging of war must be put beyond their power; are of course, well-founded. But what we miss in the Reply is, first, such an appreciation of the Prussian ease as would convince American opinion that, at least, we understand it, and are not disposed to dismiss it as necessarily insane or devilish; and, secondly, an impressive contrast between the future of the world under Prussia and the future of the world with Prussia in her proper place. It is true that the "New York World" declares that the Reply has reached the highest point of idealism in Europe's international politics, and that in certain instances it's terms constitute a veritable Emancipatory Proclamation; but the reservations are evident even in the eulogy, for the "New York Times" plainly indicates that a higher point may still be reached, and that some certain instances of the reverse of emancipation are still to be eliminated. Without demanding that the terms of the Allies shall be framed to please America, we may, nevertheless, expect that in the setting of them out, and in our statement of the ends to be achieved, we shall in documents addressed particularly to America have consideration for the American point of view, which in theory and sentiment, at any rate, is democratic. Advantage should, therefore, be taken of the next Reply to compare and to contrast the world-programmes of the two groups of belligerents with a view to proving to America that, while historically we realise Prussian imperialism to be an ambition tempered and not criminal in itself, the Allied ambition towards a world-commonwealth of independent nations is more in harmony with America's ideals as well as with those of most humane and intelligent men. We are afraid that as the matter has been presented by the Allies, it is still open to many Americans to deny both that the Allies have a world-programme, and that the war is of more than European importance. And we cannot expect a more active attitude in America until Americans are convinced that their interests of mind and heart are as much involved as ours.

Groping after a practical policy, Mr. Prothero all unconsciously appears to be laying hold of some of the
principles of a National Guild of Agriculture. It was inevitable; but how much more speedily it might have been done if Mr. Prothero had taken the light of the Guilds with him from the start! Having been compelled, in the first instance, by the mere pressure of farmers, to guarantee a fixed price for, wheat at its source, Mr. Prothero has now found himself compelled, in a consequential series, to fix the prices of the services of the dealer, the miller and the baker respectively; so that, in the end, every functionary engaged upon the production and distribution of wheat-food will be, after a fashion, a worker upon fixed piece-rates. But this, as our readers know, is nothing less than an elementary feature of a form of Guild organisation which has been advocated in these columns. We have always urged that in any given national industry the course to take is to enrol the existing industrialists in a national organisation, to guarantee them a fixed rate of payment, and to require of them in return the discharge of their national function. And the approach of the farming industry to this embryonic form of Guild is, therefore, welcome. The later stages of development are, however, by no means inevitable, for evolution does not take place without intention or without opposition.

When it comes to farmers and all the rest giving up not merely their present but also their future hope of making a private profit, in return for even a certain and comparatively high rate of pay—in peace no less than in war—we fancy that their opposition will become loud, and the consequent need to deal faithfully with them greater. The future, however, is not bright for private enterprise in farming, subject, as this industry must more and more be, to State-considerations. The guildisation following upon the nationalisation of agriculture is, therefore, probable after no matter what opposition and delay.

We are naturally pleased to find, for the first time in its proceedings, a recognition in the Agenda of the Conference of the Labour Party of the recent movement towards the partnership of Labour in Industry. In two or three of the Resolutions to be moved by the Executive at the Manchester Conference next week, and in several resolutions submitted to the conference by local branches, the demand of Labour for a real participable share in the management of industry is explicitly formulated. In the case of the railways and the coal mines, for example, the Executive clearly state that the mere nationalisation of these industries—rather, let us say, their bureaucratisation—is not enough to satisfy the human, however it may satisfy the economic demands of Labour; but that in supplement of such nationalisation the Trade Unions concerned shall be given an equal power with the State in their management and control. That this demand, so clearly stated, should be not merely grudgingly endorsed by the Executive of the Labour Party, but incorporated in the official resolutions of the Conference, is gratifying evidence that we have not laboured in vain nor spent our strength for nought. Official resolutions, we need scarcely say, are not everything; nor has it been unknown in the history of the Labour Party that a resolution passed unanimously to-day may be put upon the shelf to-morrow. But the record of such a resolution as the present is an historic event in itself; and the circumstances of to-morrow are not likely to be such as will allow it to remain unused. On the contrary, from all we can judge of the future of Labour after the war, the demand incorporated in these official resolutions will burst forth to be the constructive alternative to the establishment of the Servile State. Negative propaganda against the Servile State, as we have many times observed, will certainly fail to oppose a sufficient force to the tendencies already powerful in that direction. But the counter-ideal with a clear perception of the means of establishing it will,

we venture to say, put an end to our fear of the Servile State for ever. We hope the resolutions will be passed, and passed for immediate use.

Unfortunately, however, they do not stand alone, but are found in the company of resolutions and demands which, if not exactly incompatible with them, are at any rate alien in spirit. With the problem of demobilisation, for example, a demand is obviously a way of dealing: the way of palliatives or temporary measures for a state of affairs supposed to be transient; and the radical way by the complete re-organisation of industry. Of these two ways, if we consider the resolutions to which we have already referred, it would seem that in consistency with their intention it would be the second and radical way that the Labour Executive would choose. And we might therefore have expected them not to contemplate the restoration of the wage-system, with its indispensable contingency of unemployment, but to outline a new model of industrial organisation from which unemployment, even as a contingency, was excluded. That, on the one hand, unemployment, greater or less, is a condition of the existence of capitalism is not by this time a very generally recognised. Unemployment, in fact, is quite as necessary to capitalism as employment. And that, on the other hand, it is possible so to organise industry as to eliminate unemployment absolutely ought no less to be understood. Impelled, however, by some second influences, the Executive of the Labour Party, after having affirmed their demand for the latter form of industry, then proceed to demand palliatives for unemployment on the supposition that the former type of capitalist organisation is, in short, upon the assumption that unemployment and capitalism are inevitable. Inevitable they are, no doubt, if the Labour Party chooses to submit to them; and more inevitable still if the Labour Party is disposed to devise supports and palliatives of them. But we repeat that they are not inevitable in themselves, since we know and the Labour Executive recognises a means of putting an end to both.

The hand of Mr. Webb, if we are not mistaken, is to be seen in the resolutions drafted for dealing with the capitalist manner with a problem of capitalism. A different thing, by the way, from the problem of capitalism! One resolution, framed in prehistoric terms, "calls upon the Government to formulate its plan, and another resolution formulates a Government plan in suggesting the putting in hand, at the end of the war, of public works of various kinds and degrees of utility. To these are added suggestions for "undiluting" labour by means of raising the school-leaving age, the reduction of the hours of labour, and so on; winding up with a demand for the enforcement in all industries of a statutory minimum wage of thirty shillings. All this, as we say, besides being impracticable— for no Government in the world, without assuming complete responsibility for industry, can impose unprofitable conditions upon private employers—obviously assumes the maintenance of the pre-war wage-system, and only aims at ameliorating its evil but essential features. It is not in the smallest sense radical or revolutionary, even in thought; it is plainly the suggestion of a bureaucrat anxious to maintain the capitalist system, or blind to the very possibility of any other system; and it is in complete contradiction with the resolutions which demand the partnership of Labour with the State. Its chief defect, moreover, has not yet been stated: it is that these schemes of provision against unemployment contemplate the continuance of what is an economic crime, namely, the charge upon the State, the Trade Unions and the Employers, of the labour reserve whose existence is essential to private profit.
Foreign Affairs.
By S. Verdad.

There are naturally a few points in the Allies' reply to Mr. Wilson's Note to which I should like to direct attention, and the first of all is its extraordinarily confident tone. German cruelties in the occupied districts, German treatment of prisoners, German infractions of international law, Germany's complete responsibility for the war—these things have become such commonplaces by now that they are apt to be forgotten. They are all the more effective when summed up, in effective diplomatic language, in a few challenging sentences. Another important point, of course, is the fact that we do outline our terms specifically. The first two clauses might have been taken for granted, namely, the restoration of Belgium, Serbia, and Montenegro, and the evacuation of the occupied parts of France, Russia, and Roumania. It is the third to the sixth clauses which first of all surprised the American people, and then gave rise to enthusiastic comments in the newspapers. The third clause demands full security for small nations and the re-organisation of Europe on the basis of nationalities, the fourth and fifth clauses the restitution of territories formerly "torn from the Allies by force"; the fifth, "the liberation of Italians, Slavs, Roumanians, Czechs and Slovaks from foreign domination," and the sixth, the expulsion of the Turk from Europe.

Set forth in this comprehensive manner, the Allied terms imply the complete break-up of the Austro-Hungarian Empire in its present form. The Tsar's proclamation with regard to Poland is confirmed in a subsequent paragraph, and the fifth clause of the terms themselves leaves us in no doubt as to what is to happen to the Austrian Empire. There has always been a considerable amount of sympathy for Austria in this country; and I admit to sharing it. At the beginning of the war, I believe, there was a genuine feeling of regret on both sides that it should have been necessary for England and Austria to meet in the field as enemies. The unfortunate fact remains that Austria-Hungary has been Germany's chief ally, and without the aid of what Mr. Lloyd George has already called this ramshackle Empire it would have been impossible for Germany to carry on the war for a week. A judicious employment of the troops of the various nationalities now subservient to Vienna and Budapest resulted in their fighting, on the whole, with lack of friction, at first under Austrian or Hungarian, and afterwards under German leadership. The actual German forces were augmented, in this way, by at least five million men, apart from the contingent subsequently furnished by Turkey and Bulgaria, who would never have joined Germany if Austria and Hungary had not also been mobilised in her interest.

I believe it is still possible for Austria and Hungary to be strong and respected; and to become more so by judicious territorial rearrangements. There might yet be an Austria at the head of a South German combination—say with Bavaria and Saxony, and even with Baden—acting as a counterpoise to Prussia, subject to the guarantees of non-interference demanded by the Allies. It ought to be perfectly notorious by this time that it was only fear of attack, however unjustified, that impelled Austria to seek Prussian protection after the Berlin Conference, and that it was the first step in the modern series of alliances. The ill-feeling between the northern and southern Germanic countries was pronounced even before the war; and nothing but the faith in combination as a means of mutual protection could have led to a reconciliation for so long. This belief was based first and foremost on the military power of Prussia; and when that is shattered, the moral as well as the political value of the alliance necessarily disappears.

The reference to Turkey is particularly well calculated to appeal to the American mind. A crude statement to the effect that Russia's national aspirations rendered necessary the evacuation of Constantinople by the Turks would have meant telling only half the story; but the statement that "the Ottoman Empire has proved itself radically alien to western civilisation" cannot now be questioned. Incidentally, this demand relating to Turkey, like the clause in the peace terms calling for the liberation of the nationalities now subject to Austria, indirectly suits our own interests. By the expulsion of Turkey from Europe, the establishment of Russia at Constantinople, and the definite severance of Germany's connection (that is, from a military and political point of view) with the Near East, our African and Asiatic possessions are safeguarded from the possibility of aggression. Germany's designs have been by no means modified since the war began. To her demand for political as well as economic expansion in Asia Minor is now added, according to the official and semi-official Press, a demand for expansion in Africa. It is as impossible to grant this demand as it is absurd to suggest that Germany shall be completely shut out from the African markets. Legitimate trading by all means; but no more trading as an excuse for political propaganda. As the Allies put it out in the form it is, Wilson, their quarrel is with Prussian militarism, not with the German people; and what Prussian militarism means can be judged from the reply itself.

A German reply to the Allies has been attempted in the form of an indirect comment; but a single instance in this comment may show the futility of it. Take this persuasive passage:

'Twice the Imperial German Government declared to the Belgian Government that it was not entering Belgium as an enemy but to permit its troops to march through it against its will, the legal right to act as hostilities were in progress; the Belgian authorities would not permit the passage of the German troops. The Tsar's proclamation with regard to Poland is confirmed in a subsequent paragraph, and the fifth clause of the terms themselves leaves us in no doubt as to what is to happen to the Austrian Empire. There has always been a considerable amount of sympathy for Austria in this country; and I admit to sharing it. At the beginning of the war, I believe, there was a genuine feeling of regret on both sides that it should have been necessary for England and Austria to meet in the field as enemies. The unfortunate fact remains that Austria-Hungary has been Germany's chief ally, and without the aid of what Mr. Lloyd George has already called this ramshackle Empire it would have been impossible for Germany to carry on the war for a week. A judicious employment of the troops of the various nationalities now subservient to Vienna and Budapest resulted in their fighting, on the whole, with lack of friction, at first under Austrian or Hungarian, and afterwards under German leadership. The actual German forces were augmented, in this way, by at least five million men, apart from the contingent subsequently furnished by Turkey and Bulgaria, who would never have joined Germany if Austria and Hungary had not also been mobilised in her interest.

I believe it is still possible for Austria and Hungary to be strong and respected; and to become more so by judicious territorial rearrangements. There might yet be an Austria at the head of a South German combination—say with Bavaria and Saxony, and even with Baden—acting as a counterpoise to Prussia, subject to the guarantees of non-interference demanded by the Allies. It ought to be perfectly notorious by this time that it was only fear of attack, however unjustified, that impelled Austria to seek Prussian protection after the Berlin Conference, and that it was the first step in the modern series of alliances. The ill-feeling between the northern and southern Germanic countries was pronounced even before the war; and nothing but the faith in combination as a means of mutual protection could have led to a reconciliation for so long. This belief was based first and foremost on the military power of Prussia; and when that is shattered, the moral as well as the political value of the alliance necessarily disappears.

The reference to Turkey is particularly well calculated to appeal to the American mind. A crude statement to the effect that Russia's national aspirations rendered necessary the evacuation of Constantinople by the Turks would have meant telling only half the story; but the statement that "the Ottoman Empire has proved itself radically alien to western civilisation" cannot now be questioned. Incidentally, this demand relating to Turkey, like the clause in the peace terms calling for the liberation of the nationalities now subject to Austria, indirectly suits our own interests. By the expulsion of Turkey from Europe, the establishment of Russia at Constantinople, and the definite severance of Germany's connection (that is, from a military and political point of view) with the Near East, our African and Asiatic possessions are safeguarded from the possibility of aggression. Germany's designs have been by no means modified since the war began. To her demand for political as well as economic expansion in Asia Minor is now added, according to the official and semi-official Press, a demand for expansion in Africa. It is as impossible to grant this demand as it is absurd to suggest that Germany shall be completely shut out from the African markets. Legitimate trading by all means; but no more trading as an excuse for political propaganda. As the Allies put it out in the form it is, Wilson, their quarrel is with Prussian militarism, not with the German people; and what Prussian militarism means can be judged from the reply itself.

A German reply to the Allies has been attempted in the form of an indirect comment; but a single instance in this comment may show the futility of it. Take this persuasive passage:

'Twice the Imperial German Government declared to the Belgian Government that it was not entering Belgium as an enemy but to permit its troops to march through it against its will, the legal right to act as hostilities were in progress; the Belgian authorities would not permit the passage of the German troops. The Tsar's proclamation with regard to Poland is confirmed in a subsequent paragraph, and the fifth clause of the terms themselves leaves us in no doubt as to what is to happen to the Austrian Empire. There has always been a considerable amount of sympathy for Austria in this country; and I admit to sharing it. At the beginning of the war, I believe, there was a genuine feeling of regret on both sides that it should have been necessary for England and Austria to meet in the field as enemies. The unfortunate fact remains that Austria-Hungary has been Germany's chief ally, and without the aid of what Mr. Lloyd George has already called this ramshackle Empire it would have been impossible for Germany to carry on the war for a week. A judicious employment of the troops of the various nationalities now subservient to Vienna and Budapest resulted in their fighting, on the whole, with lack of friction, at first under Austrian or Hungarian, and afterwards under German leadership. The actual German forces were augmented, in this way, by at least five million men, apart from the contingent subsequently furnished by Turkey and Bulgaria, who would never have joined Germany if Austria and Hungary had not also been mobilised in her interest.

I believe it is still possible for Austria and Hungary to be strong and respected; and to become more so by judicious territorial rearrangements. There might yet be an Austria at the head of a South German combination—say with Bavaria and Saxony, and even with Baden—acting as a counterpoise to Prussia, subject to the guarantees of non-interference demanded by the Allies. It ought to be perfectly notorious by this time that it was only fear of attack, however unjustified, that impelled Austria to seek Prussian protection after the Berlin Conference, and that it was the first step in the modern series of alliances. The ill-feeling between the northern and southern Germanic countries was pronounced even before the war; and nothing but the faith in combination as a means of mutual protection could have led to a reconciliation for so long. This belief was based first and foremost on the military power of Prussia; and when that is shattered, the moral as well as the political value of the alliance necessarily disappears.
Gentlemen,—If you give rein to their memory, the old delegates amongst you must find themselves in a state of distraction. Who now thinks of the Taff Vale judgment that was a cause of your existence? Who now remembers the Socialist agitation that coalesced with you at that time? Who remembers the confident prediction of your leaders that your Parliamentary party would pursue a course of undaunting independence, that a new era in our political history had dawned? The political problems that you were then expected to solve have long since been submerged in the economic struggle (expressing itself in industry, and only re-echoing in politics), and the stupendous issues of the greatest war in the history of mankind. All these old questions about which you flushed yourselves have paled before the glare of national ambitions, hatreds, bloodshed and tragic loss. In an epic that would compel impotent silence from even the Greek tragedians, the practical question is how far are you equal to the occasion? Does the spirit of the times thrill your hearts and animate your imagination? Or are you a feeble folk vainly struggling with and against forces that may leave you in permanent thatlom? Notwithstanding the present artificial strength of Labour, due to war-pressure, never more urgently than now comes the old injunction: "Take heed lest ye perish.'

The war has proved a terrific schoolmaster, driving home its lessons with many strides. One lesson is that, to be a strong people, we must not only define function, but give it free play in every department of our national life,—in the economic sphere, in politics, in education. The bugles call every man to his proper fighting quarters, there to do the work to which he has been trained and inured. We now see how much depends upon sound organisation, upon general efficiency. In the days of Nehemiah, so we are told, each man was ready, a sword in one hand, and a bow in the other. There was no specialisation then. It was a day of dual jobs; you turned your hand to what came next, building a house, making a fishing net, sowing corn. We can't do that to-day; each man must have his special work, and do it with all his might. That is true of the several classes that make up society. Of all these classes, it is now discovered that Labour is infinitely the most valuable, is supremely necessary to our national existence. Even our much vaunted capitalist system becomes artificial when faced with the immediate need of guns and shells, and clothes and food. Formerly, capitalism proudly proclaimed that it carried on the affairs of the nation, and that labour was only a commodity in the process, a mere component part of the finished product, like cotton or leather. The strange thing is that Labour even yet agrees to this extraordinary conception, even now, as we write, is selling itself as a commodity and foregoing all "share and interest in the finished product," to quote the phrase of Lord Wrenbury. This willingness on the part of Labour to sell itself as a commodity is the essence of wagery; when you decline to sell your labour as a commodity, claiming partnership, you abolish wagery.

You are the political wing of the organised proletariat. It is your function to give political expression to the aims and purposes of Labour. You are the clearest type of class representation known to politics. It is, we think, undeniable that class-representation is repugnant to pure politics, which, rightly understood, should be the battle-ground for ideas emanating not from classes as such, but from men as citizens. It happens, however, that the capitalists (who, unlike you, welcome brains) long since seized upon this point and turned it to their own advantage. When they said that we must not have class-representation, they really meant that they did not want to hear the voice of organised Labour, either in Parliament or anywhere else. They explained that the economic struggle of your capitalist opponents. Nevertheless, it remains a fact that your position as a class, and not permanent. For this reason: Labour seeks economic emancipation, which can only be found in the economic sphere. Economic power precedes and dominates political action. As politicians, therefore, you stand for no political idea, no body of political doctrine. You derive a certain political power, the reflex of the economic power inherent in organised Labour; your business is to correlate that power with economic struggle of your class; beyond that you cannot go. The moment you engage in ordinary politics you cease to represent unified Labour, discovering that, outside the ambit of Labour's economic programmes, the workers are no longer labourers but citizens, with different and varying political conceptions. An example of this will be found in a recent interview with Mr. Arthur Henderson by an American journalist. We quote him the more readily because we agree with the substance of his argument. He is discussing the war explicitly as a Labour representative, and in justification of the old injunction: "Labour," said Mr. Henderson, "will be satisfied by such a peace as ends the existence of a great unmoralised military power; and only when that can be secured by negotiation, not only Labour, but every man in every country among the Allies will welcome peace by negotiation, and not by war." But here is no doubt; but on a question affecting our lives as citizens, why should Mr. Henderson differentiate the manual worker from other citizens? There is only one answer: Because as wage-earners you really are a class apart, passive when you ought to be active citizens. The degrading mark of wagery is upon you, and Mr. Henderson seems neither to know nor care. Your business as a Labour party is to help to bring Labour out of its non-citizen or passive-citizen status. When that is accomplished, you cease to be a Labour party, it can only be done by abolishing the wage system.

This differentiation of Labour from the rest of the community has been carried a stage further by the constitution of a Labour Ministry, the plain meaning of which is that you are deemed to be incapable of managing your own affairs, and so the State steps in to manage them for you. We warn you that the operations of this Department will prove more oppressive in the long run than is the compulsory arbitration of Australia. All the fight will be taken out of you. The members of your party who have joined it may protest their fidelity, but that will not alter the plain fact that they have deserted your ranks and are now cooperating with the enemy. It is an organisation based upon the continuance of the wage-system, and its whole purpose will be to find complacent labour for capitalists. Mr. John Hodge says so in more diplomatic language. He tells us that true friend of Labour, the "Times," that the Labour Exchanges are to pass under his direction, that they are to be sympathetically developed in such wise that demobilised Labour will believe in them and lean upon them. How the employers must smile! The sale of your labour as a commodity is to go on undisturbed, sweetened by "welfare work," the very latest style of ornament for your harness. Mr. Hodge says it has been successfully applied to women's work, and why not to men's? Let us quote him: "If there be a failure on the part of the ordinary employer to install the scheme, it is surely the duty of the State to intervene. We will
do nothing, however, without first having the matter thoroughly discussed both with employers and em-
ployed. If it should be found to have been successful in the case of women, why should not the welfare of the male worker be considered? Mr. Hodge has been so long in the air that it is possible a teacher of this ver-
sity cannot realise that we have long since passed the stage of mere wage merriment; that charity (for welfare work is charity, and nothing but charity) is not what Labour wants, but emancipation. Please remem-
ber, however, that though you made your Parliamentary representatives responsible for this reactionary rub-
bish. And you might also remember that "welfare work" is one of the most potent instruments in the hands of the most aggressive American capitalists.

The truth is that it is not the function of the State "to intervene" in industry in the sense outlined by Mr. Hodge. That kind of Fabian philanthropy died a year ago, and now we see more clearly the function both of the State and of industry. We now know that the bureaucrat is not a help, but a hindrance. We now know that if the work of the world is to be efficiently done it must be by the workers, and not by political administrators. The true tendency is towards industrial autonomy.

Five years ago, we adumbrated a scheme of National Guilds on the foundation of which was the abolition of wagery. There was to have been a monopoly of labour power and, with that, secure, were to undertake the productive and distributive processes. Wealth produc-
tion was to be the function of these Guilds, leaving to the State the trusteeship of the assets of each industry. The idea emanating from those proposals have germinated, so that to-day thinking men do not waste thought upon such tricks as welfare work, but are concentrating upon the wisdom and necessity of admitting Labour into definite partnership in industry. But any such partnership must prove successful unless that partnership comes through the Unions. Now one of the stigmata of bureaucracy is that it constantly seeks to extend its power and influence. Hence we have this Labour Ministry—a bureaucratic institution pure and simple—formed for the express purpose of "intervening." But it is evident that, if Labour is to move in the direction of partnership in industry, the intervention or interference of this Labour Ministry becomes a mere impertinence. It is for you to decide which sort of "intervention" you will accept. On the one hand is collectivism, with its bureaucratic grip upon wagery, insisting upon the continuance of wagery to exact interest upon borrowed capital; on the other hand is industrial autonomy, with Labour as a partner, primarily concerned with wealth production, and with an absolute minimum of bureaucratic interference. We have reached the parting of the ways; the war has taught us where we are.

The immediate practical issue is whether you will endorse the principle embodied in a Labour Ministry, or whether you will turn towards those new principles which at the moment express themselves in the forms of nascent partnership or workshop control. It is a choice between pettifogging paternalism and that healthy self-respect that claims industry. The ideas emanating from those proposals taught us where we are.

The true tendency is towards industrial autonomy.

At the present time more hangs on industrial au-
tonomy than meets the eye. Beyond all doubt, when the war is over, we shall be confronted with industrial dis-
location and acute unemployment. Are we to have another period of bureaucratic meddling with unem-
ployment, or shall we seize this opportunity of placing the responsibility for unemployment where it belongs, upon the shoulders of each trade and industry? For several generations the politicians have been upon the quivering bodies of the unemployed, only to prove their utter incompetence to deal with the prob-
lem. Our unhappy unemployed have been driven from pillar to post, having been set to untimely or unproductive work, has been the fruit of the failure of charity. Are you content that this should go on indefinitely? It is certain that capitalism could not continue for a year if it failed to maintain a reserve of employment, that is, a standing army of unemployed. It is by un-
employment that wages are regulated and the wage-
system maintained; it is by unemployment that produc-
tion is regulated; seasonally or otherwise. Unemploy-
ment, in fact, is an economic process of capitalism. That being so, it follows that the capitalist system of production should pay for its own economic factors. But the situation to-day is that whilst the capitalist designedly contrives unemployment (if necessary by increasing automatic machinery), he forces the com-
munity to maintain, by doles less than the subsistence rate, the unemployed who are actually essential to his business. At the present time more hangs on industrial 

And you might also remember that "welfare work" is one of the most potent instruments in the hands of the most aggressive American capitalists.

The truth is that it is not the function of the State "to intervene" in industry in the sense outlined by Mr. Hodge. That kind of Fabian philanthropy died a year ago, and now we see more clearly the function both of the State and of industry. We now know that the bureaucrat is not a help, but a hindrance. We now know that if the work of the world is to be efficiently done it must be by the workers, and not by political administrators. The true tendency is towards industrial autonomy.

Five years ago, we adumbrated a scheme of National Guilds on the foundation of which was the abolition of wagery. There was to have been a monopoly of labour power and, with that, secure, were to undertake the productive and distributive processes. Wealth production was to be the function of these Guilds, leaving to the State the trusteeship of the assets of each industry. The ideas emanating from those proposals have germinated, so that to-day thinking men do not waste thought upon such tricks as welfare work, but are concentrating upon the wisdom and necessity of admitting Labour into definite partnership in industry. But any such partnership must prove successful unless that partnership comes through the Unions. Now one of the stigmata of bureaucracy is that it constantly seeks to extend its power and influence. Hence we have this Labour Ministry—a bureaucratic institution pure and simple—formed for the express purpose of "intervening." But it is evident that, if Labour is to move in the direction of partnership in industry, the intervention or interference of this Labour Ministry becomes a mere impertinence. It is for you to decide which sort of "intervention" you will accept. On the one hand is collectivism, with its bureaucratic grip upon wagery, insisting upon the continuance of wagery to exact interest upon borrowed capital; on the other hand is industrial autonomy, with Labour as a partner, primarily concerned with wealth production, and with an absolute minimum of bureaucratic interference. We have reached the parting of the ways; the war has taught us where we are.

The immediate practical issue is whether you will endorse the principle embodied in a Labour Ministry, or whether you will turn towards those new principles which at the moment express themselves in the forms of nascent partnership or workshop control. It is a choice between pettifogging paternalism and that healthy self-respect that claims industry. The ideas emanating from those proposals taught us where we are.

The true tendency is towards industrial autonomy.

At the present time more hangs on industrial au-
tonomy than meets the eye. Beyond all doubt, when the war is over, we shall be confronted with industrial dis-
location and acute unemployment. Are we to have another period of bureaucratic meddling with unem-
ployment, or shall we seize this opportunity of placing the responsibility for unemployment where it belongs, upon the shoulders of each trade and industry? For several generations the politicians have been upon the quivering bodies of the unemployed, only to prove their utter incompetence to deal with the prob-
lem. Our unhappy unemployed have been driven from pillar to post, having been set to untimely or unproductive work, has been the fruit of the failure of charity. Are you content that this should go on indefinitely? It is certain that capitalism could not continue for a year if it failed to maintain a reserve of employment, that is, a standing army of unemployed. It is by un-
employment that wages are regulated and the wage-
system maintained; it is by unemployment that produc-
tion is regulated; seasonally or otherwise. Unemploy-
ment, in fact, is an economic process of capitalism. That being so, it follows that the capitalist system of production should pay for its own economic factors. But the situation to-day is that whilst the capitalist designedly contrives unemployment (if necessary by increasing automatic machinery), he forces the com-
munity to maintain, by doles less than the subsistence rate, the unemployed who are actually essential to his business. At the present time more hangs on industrial 

And you might also remember that "welfare work" is one of the most potent instruments in the hands of the most aggressive American capitalists.

The truth is that it is not the function of the State "to intervene" in industry in the sense outlined by Mr. Hodge. That kind of Fabian philanthropy died a year ago, and now we see more clearly the function both of the State and of industry. We now know that the bureaucrat is not a help, but a hindrance. We now know that if the work of the world is to be efficiently done it must be by the workers, and not by political administrators. The true tendency is towards industrial autonomy.

Five years ago, we adumbrated a scheme of National Guilds on the foundation of which was the abolition of wagery. There was to have been a monopoly of labour power and, with that, secure, were to undertake the productive and distributive processes. Wealth production was to be the function of these Guilds, leaving to the State the trusteeship of the assets of each industry. The ideas emanating from those proposals have germinated, so that to-day thinking men do not waste thought upon such tricks as welfare work, but are concentrating upon the wisdom and necessity of admitting Labour into definite partnership in industry. But any such partnership must prove successful unless that partnership comes through the Unions. Now one of the stigmata of bureaucracy is that it constantly seeks to extend its power and influence. Hence we have this Labour Ministry—a bureaucratic institution pure and simple—formed for the express purpose of "intervening." But it is evident that, if Labour is to move in the direction of partnership in industry, the intervention or interference of this Labour Ministry becomes a mere impertinence. It is for you to decide which sort of "intervening" you will accept. On the one hand is collectivism, with its bureaucratic grip upon wagery, insisting upon the continuance of wagery to exact interest upon borrowed capital; on the other hand is industrial autonomy, with Labour as a partner, primarily concerned with wealth production, and with an absolute minimum of bureaucratic interference. We have reached the parting of the ways; the war has taught us where we are.

The immediate practical issue is whether you will endorse the principle embodied in a Labour Ministry, or whether you will turn towards those new principles which at the moment express themselves in the forms of nascent partnership or workshop control. It is a choice between pettifogging paternalism and that healthy self-respect that claims industry. The ideas emanating from those proposals taught us where we are.
The Present Position and Power of the Press.

By H. Balch.

XVIII.

We must consider separately, for it is not universal but peculiar to our own society, the heavy disability under which the Free Press suffers in this country from the arbitrary power of the lawyers.

I have no need to labour the fact that the power of a Guild when it is once formed, and has behind it strong corporate traditions, is, indeed, the principal thesis of The New Age that national guilds applied to the whole field of society would be the saving of it through their inherent strength and vitality.

Such guilds as we still have among us (possessed of a Charter giving them a monopoly, and, therefore, making them black-leg proof) are confined, of course, to the privileged wealthier classes, the two greatest ones with which we are all familiar are those of the Doctors and of the Lawyers.

What their power is we saw the other day in the sentencing to one of the most terrible punishments known in all civilised Europe—12 months of hard labour—of a man who had exercised his supposed right of arbitrary power makes it far more powerful: making them black-leg proof. All are compelled to employ a doctor, but all are compelled to employ a lawyer at every turn, and that at a cost quite unknown anywhere else in Europe. But this power of the legal guild, qua guild, in modern England is supplemented by far greater administrative and arbitrary powers attached to a selected number of its members.

One need not be in Parliament many days to discover that the laws are made by members of this Guild. Parliament is, as a Legislature, but a Committee of lawyers who are indifferent to the figment of representation which still clings to the House of Commons.

It should be added that this part of their work is courageously he might be, to forgo the telling of a truth which was of vital value, because its publication would involve the destruction of the organ he precariously controlled.

There is no need to labour the point. The loss of freedom we have gradually suffered is quite familiar to all of us, and it is among the worst of all the mortal symptoms with which our society is affected.

XIX.

Why do I say, then, that in spite of such formidable obstacles, both in its own character and in the resistance it must overcome, the Free Press will probably increase in power, and may, in the long run, transform public opinion?

It is with the argument in favour of this judgment that I will conclude.

My reasons for forming this judgment are based not only upon observation of others but upon my own experience.

I started the "Eye-Witness" (succeeded by the "New Witness" under the editorship of Cecil Chesterton, who took it over from me some years ago) with the special object of providing a new organ of free expression. I know from intimate personal experience exactly how formidable all these obstacles are. I know how my own paper could not but appear particular and personal, and could not but suffer from that eccentricity to general opinion of which I have spoken. I had a half tragic and a half comic experience of the economic difficulty; of the difficulty of obtaining information; of the difficulty in distribution, and all the rest of it. The Editor of The New Age could provide an exactly similar record. I had experience, and after me Mr. Cecil Chesterton had experience, of the threats levelled against free expression, and I have no doubt that the
editor of The New Age could provide similar testimony. As for the Free Press in Ireland, we all know how that is dealt with. It is simply suppressed at the will of the police.

In the face of such experience, and in spite of it, I am yet of the deliberate opinion that the Free Press will succeed.

Now let me give my reasons for this apparently temerarious conclusion.

XX.

The first thing to note is that the Free Press is not read perfunctorily, but with close attention. The audience it has, if small, is an audience which never misses its pronouncements whether it agrees or disagrees with them, and which is absorbed in its opinions, its statement of fact and its arguments. Look narrowly at History and you will find that all great results of Reform have started thus, and not through a widespread control.

You cannot say this of the Official Press, for the simple reason that the Official Press is only of interest, even to its dupes, in spasms. It is read as a habit, and read, of course, by a thousand times more people than those who read the Free Press. But its readers are not bound by it. They are not, save upon the rare occasions of a particular “scoop” or “boom,” informed by it, in the old sense of that pregnant word, informed.

One of the curious, a comic, but most conclusive proof—is the effect in the great daily papers of the headline and the placard. Nine people out of ten, or ninety-nine people out of a hundred, really retain this and nothing more.

I will bargain that pretty well all the readers of the “Times” and “Daily Mail” are under a vague impression that goods enter Germany freely and in inimitable quantities by way of Holland. The stuff printed under the headlines upon this particular point is tosh of the most ridiculous nature: Tosh that does not hang together. Tosh that could not take in a child. But most of this—a curious, a comic, but most conclusive proof—is the effect in the great daily papers of the headline and the placard. Nine people out of ten, or ninety-nine people out of a hundred, really retain this and nothing more.

You have, then, at the outset a difference of quality in the reading and in the effect of the reading which it is of capital importance to my argument that the reader should note. One does not contrast the exiguity of a pint of nitric acid in an engraver’s studio with the hundreds of gallons of water in the cisterns of his house. No amount of water would bite into the copper. Only the acid does that, and a little of the acid is enough.

XXI.

Next let it be noted that the Free Press powerfully affects even when they disagree with it, and most of all when they hate it, the small class through whom in the modern world ideas spread.

There never was a time in European history when the mass of people thought so little for themselves, and depended so much for the forms of society upon the conclusions and vocabulary of a restricted leisure body.

Now it is this restricted leisure body to which the Free Press appeals. “So strict has been the boycott—and still is, though a little weakening—that the editors of, and writers upon, the Free Papers probably underestimate their own effect even now. They are never mentioned. It is almost a matter of honour on the Official Press to turn a phrase upside down, and if they must quote to quote in the most roundabout fashion, rather than print in plain black and white the three words The New Age or the “New Witness.”

But there are a number of tests that show how deeply the effect of a Free paper of limited circulation bites in. Here is one apparently superficial test, but a test to which I attach great importance because it is a revelation of subconscious action. Certain phrases peculiar to the Free journals find their way into the writing of all the rest. I could give a number of instances. I will give one. The word “profiteer.” It was first used in the columns of The New Age, if I am not mistaken. It has gained ground everywhere. This does not mean that the mass of the employees upon great daily papers understand what they are talking about when they use the word “profiteer,” any more than they understand what they are talking about when they use the words “servile state.” They commonly debase the word “profiteer” to mean someone who gets an exceptional profit. Just as they use my own “Eye-Witness” phrase, “The Servile State,” to mean strict regulation of all civic life—an idea twenty miles away from the proper signification of the term. But my point is that the Free Press must have had already a profound effect for its mere vocabulary to have sunk in thus, and to have spread so widely in the face of the rigid boycott to which it is subjected.

Partnership and Fellowship.

B. Ramiro de Maeztu.

Then one of them, which was a lawyer, asked him a question, tempting him and saying,

Master, which is the great commandment in the law? Jesus said unto him, Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind.

This is the first and great commandment.

And the second is like unto it, Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself.

On these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets.—(Matt. xxii, 35-40.)

Is the City of God the law commands us to love God above all, and one’s neighbour as oneself. This law, which could also be inferred directly from the very idea of the City of God, through the mere analysis of what is meant by the words City of God, is expressed in the irreversible order of its two commandments: the first is the love of God, the second the love of one’s neighbour. And the whole error of Modern thought from the Renaissance onwards, lies merely in its having forgotten that love of God comes first.

Humanist ethics has found its definite rational formulation in the practical and moral philosophy of Kant: “Act in such a way that you do not treat humanity in your own person, or in the person of another, simply as a means, but, in every case, at the same time, as an end.” Eminent thinkers have said of this formulation that it is the eternal and inexhaustible ideal of Socialism at all times. Even a good number of Socialists of action had arrived, before the war, at finding their ideal in the Kingdom of Ends. Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, for instance, had written: “And the socialist end is liberty, the liberty of which Kant thought when he proclaimed that every man should be regarded as an end in himself and not as a means to another man’s end.” In this appeal to Kant Mr. MacDonald had only followed the example of the most distinguished intellectuals of German socialism. Marx was not enough for them: for men cannot inspire themselves to act in the blind fate of the principle of causality; they require mainly a principle of finality. Hence, the resurrection of Kant in the last few decades.

That even Kant is not enough has already been said many times. In the formula of the Kingdom of Ends we are only ordered to respect our neighbour, not to love him. Respect may satisfy rationalist humanism, but sentimental humanism demands compassion, sympathy, and a love of mankind. So, and only so, can true and deep humanism allow me to remind you of the beautiful work of Mr. John Galsworthy. In Mr. Galsworthy’s novels and plays, the “poor man” does not appear to us simply as a painful duty; but in revealing that his feelings and passions are our own feelings and passions he shows himself to be, as it were, a duplicate of our
own ego. He is our own ego in different circumstances. In the light of imagination the flame of affection is increased. Although literary criticism is so poor in philosophical ideas that it has not been able to point out this merit, it is certain that Galsworthy’s work fills a vacuum in the Kantian ethics. And it is a noble artistic vindication of the English thinkers Shaftesbury, Hutcheson, and Adam Smith, who conceived moral sense as a synthesis or reason and sensibility. Shaftesbury and Hutcheson were optimists who fancied that the moral sense had been given to us as an actual and positive factor, which ought to be by itself alone to create the best of all possible worlds. Against this optimism Galsworthy wrote his Candide. But when English thought is divested of its optimism, as it is in the clear and sad eyes of Mr. Galsworthy, there always remains triumphant the British idea which conceives moral sense as a synthesis of reason and sensibility, and not, as in Germany, as a mere imputation of reason on sensibility. Reason is not enough to make us love our neighbour. If duty is to be transformed into active sympathy, we must develop the imaginative capacity for putting ourselves in our neighbour’s place. Mr. Galsworthy’s work is a manifesto of this aim.

This work is admirable. Provided that we never forget that love of God is the first and great commandment, everything that promotes the love of our neighbour multiplies the efficiency of the love of God. To His disciples, who already loved God above all, Jesus said: “A new commandment I give unto you, That ye love one another; as I have loved you, that ye also love one another.” (John, xviii, 34.) But Jesus did not utter these words at the Supper, but after Judas Iscariot, the false disciple, who did not love God, had left the room. The mutual love that Jesus commands is love in God.

And that is because however much men may love one another they cannot form a society worthy of being desired if they do not love God above all, and if their mutual love is not based on the love of God. This proposition does not appear to convey much meaning except to those persons who are already religious; but there is a way of explaining it so that it becomes obvious even to those persons who do not believe themselves to be religious. It is this. We may easily conceive of the existence of a savage society lacking science, art, technics, industry, and every kind of cultural institution, but in which every man possesses the capacity for feeding his neighbour’s sufferings as his own. More: we can conceive of the existence of an animal society, such as a flock of sheep, in which mutual love is as perfect as it is inane. We all feel sympathetic towards two lovers who, embracing one another, forget the existence of the world around them, for we know that their forgetfulness is transient, and that reality will soon awaken them from their dream; but our sympathy would soon change into indignation if we thought that the two lovers were going to spend their whole life kissing one another and permanently forgetting that there is a world which feeds and clothes them, and has also a claim on them. And it is not only possible to form, on the basis of mutual love, a society lacking in positive value, but also a society of negative value, a society positively bad. The commandment which compels me to love my neighbour as myself does not tell me how I am to love my neighbour, for it does not tell me how I ought to love myself. There are happy moments at which I love for myself truth, justice, and the tragic and supreme beauty of sacrifice. There are other moments at which I love for my neighbour, although he be false, for power, although it may be stolen; and pleasure, although it may degrade my body and mind. And if I love my neighbour as myself, why should I not also love for my neighbour false flattery; usurped power, and degrading pleasures? And this supposition is not merely imaginative. The altruistic drunkard wants his neighbours to get drunk; and the voluptuary is usually an altruist in the sense that he wants the greatest possible diffusion of his vices. The most perfect mutual love in the members of a fellowship may be compatible with the absolute intellectual, physical, sentimental, and moral degeneration of the human race.

Love of one’s neighbour does not acquire a positive value except when it depends upon the first and great commandment, which is the love of God. Non-religious persons may reply that they do not understand what is being asked of them when they are told to love God. Many of them are never understood to stand it. But there are others who could understand it if it were explained in the proper way. It is possible that they do not understand this because the nominalists’ God is usually the only one mentioned to them; and the nominalists conceive of God only as a soul that thinks the truth and acts the good. The nominalists have imposed upon the world, from the time of the Renaissance, their anthropocentric conception of the universals. But for the realists God was, above all, justice, truth, power. The God of Plato and Aristotle is entirely impersonal. For Plato God was the good that lies beyond beings and serves as their foundation. For Aristotle God is more active, though still impersonal. He is the immobile motor, moving by attraction rather than by propulsion; the final cause; the future that acts upon the present.

The medieval realists had learnt that this wholly substantalist conception of the Divinity could not satisfy men, for man required a Person whom he could ask for forgiveness, to whom he could unburden his anguish, and in whom he could rest his hopes. Therefore the Middle Ages see also in the Divinity a Person; but as they knew that the conception of personality implied limitation, and that limitation denied infinity (which we also have to attribute to God) they did not forget to affirm, above all, the Divine Substance. In the dogma of the Blessed Trinity, God is one Substance in three Persons. For St. Augustine the Trinity is the most real Being; truth, the highest good; the highest essence, the highest beauty; for St. Anselm, the Being in itself; for Albertus Magnus, the efficient, final, and formal cause; for St. Thomas, the necessary Absolute; for Lulius, the unity of the abstract and the concrete.

The orthodox doctrine is that in God the connection of the Person and the Substance is necessary. In man the connection between our person and the good, truth, and power is accidental. In God it is necessary. God can only do the good; he can only think the true; he cannot diminish his own power. Hence the Person of God is of a different quality from our own person, and superior to it; and as in the Person the connection with his substance, in which goodness, truth, and power are united, is necessary, the love of God implies not only love of his Person, but also love of his Substance. And vice-versa, the love of cultural values, when we mean by cultural values the realisation on earth of the unity of Goodness, Truth, and Power, is love of God. The fact that there have been unbelievers who contributed to the accomplishment of the maintenance of cultural values does not contradict our assertion. There have been many great artists who cherished false ideas regarding the essence of art. It is possible to serve God without realising what one is doing, although it is immensely preferable to realise it. What we assert is that love of the Divine Substance, and therefore love of God.

Examples of this love of God are offered not only by the mystics and the saints, but also by artists, scientists, explorers, soldiers, workmen, and all men, in the measure of their abilities. Humanitarians who believe that love of work was simply love of glory and fame. But this is not true. Although it is undeniable that love of fame, it is no less certain that no man on earth can think of himself or his fame when he is
devoting his thought to his work. He will think of himself before his work and after it, and in moments of distraction; but so long as he finds himself under the sway of inspiration be must forget himself and his neighbour. In these moments of inspiration have been originated as many cultural values as constitute the value of our world. And these cultural values give the measure of the value of every nation, of every individual, and of every society. Therefore, Jesus said: “The first and great commandment is to love thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind.”

But to this commandment He added: “Love thy neighbour as thyself.” And it was necessary to add this; for the men who have come to love God in his Substance or in his Person have known the temptation of feeling a certain repugnance towards their neighbours and towards themselves. He who loves the good easily falls into the sin of not loving man; for man is as divine; he who loves truth feels more pity than love for this poor human reason whose limitations are as familiar to him as they are painful; and he who loves the power that preserves and increases goodness and truth easily yields to the temptation of despising his own weakness and the weakness of his neighbour. And yet we must love man, for the love of man is necessary for the preservation of man in the world. With all his imperfections, we hope that man is carrying out some function in the world; for otherwise we could find no meaning in his existence. The man who loves God must be commanded to love his neighbour and himself; for he is the one who realises better the faults of human kind.

He must love his neighbour as himself. Not less, for that would be selfishness; not more, for that would be altruism. This equality in love implies the fundamental equality of men. The works of men differ infinitely more in value than men themselves. Some works are good, others bad, and others indifferent. But men themselves never come to be good; for even the just man sins seven times a day. And they never come to be bad; for repentance is always possible. We must love our neighbour as ourselves, for our neighbour is always capable of good and evil. And in this capacity all men are equal.

This is my reply to the objections raised by “R. H. C.” to what I have called “the primacy of things” in human societies. I do not deny the value of “fellowship”; what I maintain is the primacy of “partnership”. If a human society is a “partnership” in cultural values its constitution is desirable, and then the “fellowship” of its members must be added to it to make it prosper. But “fellowship” alone does not constitute a valuable society. Great as is my devotion to this capacity all men are equal.

I. It is, of course, a scientific commonplace that what we can find out about Nature depends on the questions we put to her. But to put the questions is more than elsewhere necessary where we are attempting to deal with human society, and our questions must be phrased with so much care as to bring out in the greatest social changes without noticing any particular differences, or only feeling them so vaguely that many wrong reasons are as likely to be assigned as the right one. All that seems to be possible is that our way of prediction is of this sort: if you consider such and such a thing (for example, social freedom) to be important, here are the practical issues which you will have to face next.

This being so, I have some difficulty in dealing with the questions which have been addressed to me. There would seem to be two quite distinct conceptions underlying the questions. The clear distinction I allude to is this: I do not think that all the questions remain the same in both cases, nor that all the questions are equally instructive. But one point of view, the members of the “Social Trinity,” as it has been styled, are regarded as functions or organs, co-operating in the production and distribution of wealth, which is impossible if any one of them be absent. From the other standpoint, Labour and Capital are classes or interests, while the Nation and the State are things of a different order altogether; the point of interest in the relations of these entities being now that of the conditions of social freedom. To give point to the questions, I shall assume that it is in the latter sense that they are put. But it must be borne in mind that any prevailing public acceptance of the former point of view would be a determining condition in the answer we could give to these questions, regarding them from the latter standpoint. I shall not discuss here the point of view that any particular form of social freedom is being rejected.

F. A. HEROLD.

WILFRID THORLEY.
greater military efficiency, and may see us through the war, leaves exploitation as real as ever it was, and the proletarian status just as before. Still keeping to the factors of custom and precedent, we must, I think, recognize the contribution of women of many nations to the general result. And here, I should say, the determining factors will clearly be seen to be concerned rather with women's standard of life in the woman's own right to share in, and therefore in the adding numerically to the available sources of labour. As against all this there is to be put the consideration of motives, the idea of "ancient and undoubted rights" has probably a stronger influence in the class-action of the proletariat than elsewhere; it is less affected by the sophistry of "progress."

(a) The War has imposed necessary conditions of maximum production upon industry. It would be absurd to attribute to this the creative power of Capital. We must not simply take the business man—at his own valuation—as a super-Prometheus. Capital is just as strictly does not come in here; it is not an interest, here. The position is all the more favourable in that the situation as regards Labour is that degree of stability will have been the development of capitalistic advantage without alloy, but there are certain conditions of its social life. It would appear that the position after the War will be that, instead of such indirect conditions, there will be definite and legislative provision, either in the way of tariffs or of bonuses. In this sense it might be said that the nation has tended to become a single commercial or economic entity. The force behind this will have been the development of capitalistic industry itself, and not in the way of tariffs or bonuses. The position, whatever difficulties, chiefly in the way of tariffs or bonuses, are found to operate in the world market under certain conditions, chiefly of credit, which are common and peculiar to them. These conditions, in the case of British trade, have hitherto operated indirectly; they have no answer to the question, partly because so much as it could towards its own emancipation, and at the same time "deserved well of the State."

(b) The present social order being itself capitalistic in fact and in tendency, I think it follows from what I have just said that the only policy I could recommend would be addressed to individuals, and not in their capacity as capitalists.

(c) I feel that, as regards the industrial situation, what I have just said express my attitude here is the old formula, "I laissez faire, laissez passer, and let the market go." You might need some re-interpretation. So far as this question may be supposed specially to refer to the legislator or politician, the chief requirement would appear to be that he should be on his guard against class-legislation, and be ready to look for it, even where it is least expected, and where the common advantage is most loudly proclaimed. In particular, the position against suchious contractual legislation based on unfounded assertions of social equality. If we learn a little less from those that think and act politically about the equal privileges of Capital and Labour, it will be all the better for us. If and when the State cannot act without making such false assumptions, let it refrain from acting at all! But there are some questions of utmost for the close of the war. Perhaps the chief is the question of Federal Government. Again there will be every reason for the State taking the steps considered appropriate to it in the establishment of a new system of organisation in the Teaching and Medical professions.


1. (a) It is not improbable that employment will in general be good, but real wages are likely to be lower than before the war.

(b) The owners of capital goods will be in an advantageous position.

(c) I do not think that the nation is a single entity commercially. It will be easy for merchants to sell goods to other countries, owing to the debt to (or diminished credit with) the United States.

2. (a) The immediate interests of different classes of labour are so distinct—i.e., those of men and women, skilled and unskilled, miners and others—that one should not speak of the interests of Labour as a whole. Possibly the question means, "What policy of Labour would best serve the citizens of the State as a whole?" In that case I think that the answer is, that policy which maximizes production without detriment to the well-being of the worker; but it is doubtful whether or not production will be at all a thing one might need to look for it, even where it is least expected, and where the common advantage is most loudly proclaimed. In particular, the position against suchious contractual legislation based on unfounded assertions of social equality. If we learn a little less from those that think and act politically about the equal privileges of Capital and Labour, it will be all the better for us. If and when the State cannot act without making such false assumptions, let it refrain from acting at all! But there are some questions of utmost for the close of the war. Perhaps the chief is the question of Federal Government. Again there will be every reason for the State taking the steps considered appropriate to it in the establishment of a new system of organisation in the Teaching and Medical professions.


1. (a) It is not improbable that employment will in general be good, but real wages are likely to be lower than before the war.

(b) The owners of capital goods will be in an advantageous position.

(c) I do not think that the nation is a single entity commercially. It will be easy for merchants to sell goods to other countries, owing to the debt to (or diminished credit with) the United States.

2. (a) The immediate interests of different classes of labour are so distinct—i.e., those of men and women, skilled and unskilled, miners and others—that one should not speak of the interests of Labour as a whole. Possibly the question means, "What policy of Labour would best serve the citizens of the State as a whole?" In that case I think that the answer is, that policy which maximizes production without detriment to the well-being of the worker; but it is doubtful whether or not production will be at all a thing one might need to look for it, even where it is least expected, and where the common advantage is most loudly proclaimed. In particular, the position against suchious contractual legislation based on unfounded assertions of social equality. If we learn a little less from those that think and act politically about the equal privileges of Capital and Labour, it will be all the better for us. If and when the State cannot act without making such false assumptions, let it refrain from acting at all! But there are some questions of utmost for the close of the war. Perhaps the chief is the question of Federal Government. Again there will be every reason for the State taking the steps considered appropriate to it in the establishment of a new system of organisation in the Teaching and Medical professions.


1. (a) It is not improbable that employment will in general be good, but real wages are likely to be lower than before the war.

(b) The owners of capital goods will be in an advantageous position.

(c) I do not think that the nation is a single entity commercially. It will be easy for merchants to sell goods to other countries, owing to the debt to (or diminished credit with) the United States.

2. (a) The immediate interests of different classes of labour are so distinct—i.e., those of men and women, skilled and unskilled, miners and others—that one should not speak of the interests of Labour as a whole. Possibly the question means, "What policy of Labour would best serve the citizens of the State as a whole?" In that case I think that the answer is, that policy which maximizes production without detriment to the well-being of the worker; but it is doubtful whether or not production will be at all a thing one might need to look for it, even where it is least expected, and where the common advantage is most loudly proclaimed. In particular, the position against suchious contractual legislation based on unfounded assertions of social equality. If we learn a little less from those that think and act politically about the equal privileges of Capital and Labour, it will be all the better for us. If and when the State cannot act without making such false assumptions, let it refrain from acting at all! But there are some questions of utmost for the close of the war. Perhaps the chief is the question of Federal Government. Again there will be every reason for the State taking the steps considered appropriate to it in the establishment of a new system of organisation in the Teaching and Medical professions.


1. (a) It is not improbable that employment will in general be good, but real wages are likely to be lower than before the war.

(b) The owners of capital goods will be in an advantageous position.

(c) I do not think that the nation is a single entity commercially. It will be easy for merchants to sell goods to other countries, owing to the debt to (or diminished credit with) the United States.

2. (a) The immediate interests of different classes of labour are so distinct—i.e., those of men and women, skilled and unskilled, miners and others—that one should not speak of the interests of Labour as a whole. Possibly the question means, "What policy of Labour would best serve the citizens of the State as a whole?" In that case I think that the answer is, that policy which maximizes production without detriment to the well-being of the worker; but it is doubtful whether or not production will be at all a thing one might need to look for it, even where it is least expected, and where the common advantage is most loudly proclaimed. In particular, the position against suchious contractual legislation based on unfounded assertions of social equality. If we learn a little less from those that think and act politically about the equal privileges of Capital and Labour, it will be all the better for us. If and when the State cannot act without making such false assumptions, let it refrain from acting at all! But there are some questions of utmost for the close of the war. Perhaps the chief is the question of Federal Government. Again there will be every reason for the State taking the steps considered appropriate to it in the establishment of a new system of organisation in the Teaching and Medical professions.
possibly the control in these cases should be continued or extended.

On the other hand, the collection and publication of information should be greatly extended and improved, and among other reforms a central intelligence bureau, directing the collection of statistical data, and publishing this and other information in a critical and intelligent way, is urgently needed.

(35) PROFESSOR ALEXANDER MAIR, LITT.D.

(Liverpool University)

When thinking upon practical questions such as you have offered for consideration, we have to be on our guard a little that the grand passions aroused by the present War. When the War ends, we may expect the present sense of national unity to weaken, and the sense of internal difference, relatively quiescent for the moment, to revive. We shall be back again among the minor and unrequited unities—the political parties, economic groups, and the like. Collective groups have not developed, like the human individual, altruistic or other, regarding instincts. The dominating motive of such a group is the maintenance and furtherance of its own existence, often involving an acute sense of opposition to other groups. Collective human nature, like individual human nature, will be much the same (though, perhaps, not quite the same) as it was before the War—and the Flood. It is, one fears, the more the Flood that, after the War, the Trade Unions will find an immediate and intense pleasure in working for the welfare of the employers; nor need we expect to find the Masters' Federation filled with a holy passion for the well-being of workmen.

Still, while not pitching expectation too high, one desperately hopes that something will accrue from the experience of the War, and that what is learnt may not be a mere collateral necessity, but that it may provide intelligence can supply. We may come to the old questions with opener and clearer vision. Though self-interest will continue to direct the action of the various social groups, one hopes that one may be a little enlightened self-interest than heretofore. It may be that the War and the things the War has brought emphatically to general notice will assist in making clear to various groups that in baffling and crippling each other they are wrecking the instruments of their own prosperity. To take the case to which you especially refer, one would like to think that Capital and Labour may have learned enough to cease the fool's game of attempting to win "victories" over each other and practically to recognize that, in the past, what has been common to the interests of both. Unless this much is accomplished, it needs no words of prophecy to foretell the ultimate disappearance of Great Britain from among the great industrial communities of the world.

But, in the past, practical considerations have often gone by the board with them, to give way to rank sentimentalism. For what is sentimentalism but indulgence of the instinct of pugnacity? They need not quite abandon this pleasure, but, in the past, the sensibility with opener and clearer vision. Though self-interest will continue to direct the action of the various social groups, one hopes that one may be a little enlightened self-interest than heretofore. It may be that the War and the things the War has brought emphatically to general notice will assist in making clear to various groups that in baffling and crippling each other they are wrecking the instruments of their own prosperity. To take the case to which you especially refer, one would like to think that Capital and Labour may have learned enough to cease the fool's game of attempting to win "victories" over each other and practically to recognize that, in the past, what has been common to the interests of both. Unless this much is accomplished, it needs no words of prophecy to foretell the ultimate disappearance of Great Britain from among the great industrial communities of the world.

But, in the past, practical considerations have often gone by the board with them, to give way to rank sentimentalism. For what is sentimentalism but indulgence of the instinct of pugnacity? They need not quite abandon this pleasure, but, in the past, have been, have shown an analogy with the processes of nature—namely, a tentative progress from smaller integrations to larger integrations. There is a human quality in closest relation to other human qualities, and, as the physiologists and psychologists have demonstrated, there is only a limited quantity of work available, which has to be dealt out sparingly in order to go round. And both sides must endeavour to see more clearly than they have given signs of seeing in the past that the interests that are neither a self-contained nor purely domestic problem, but is influenced by national and indeed world-wide considerations.

Does all this lead to the conclusion that State intervention is called for? The answer to this is not easy. At any rate, I hope that we shall not be tempted to ape the "by order" State Socialism, an external and mechanical unity, containing no vital principle of development. It has been devised and it acts for the good of the mass, that good, however, is not an end in itself, but is only sought for in so far as it subserves the will of the ruler. When that will, by the way, is evil and predatory, the result is, as at present, a mad kind of model village, or, let us say, a sort of Devil's Sunday-school. Our history and temperament indicate that it is impossible to provide a better thing in store for us than to be made into the "well-behaved" and possibly infamous fankies of an A.B.C.-level state. It is called the State. The only State worth hoping for is one which gives outer expres- sion to a real inner national unity, a unity to be arrived at through the relatively tedious process of the reconciling of human beings rather than a development of the apparently smarter process of the forcible suppressing of differences. At all events, the British efforts towards unification, such as they have been, have shown an analogy with the processes of nature—namely, a tentative progress from smaller integrations to larger integrations.

There is a great stability about the structure raised in this way, though the sluggishness of its rate of progress may be highly irritating to some minds. We are not at the summit yet, by any means; but we are getting on. And here in the unification of the efforts of Capital and Labour is an opportunity for a much more carefully thought out and apparently smarter process of the forcible suppressing of differences. Within these two bodies may be found the energy, resource, and, above all, the intimate, detailed and full knowledge necessary for this. If there is the good will, if there is the interest of the world, if there is the desirability—may, the absolute necessity—of doing it, they can accomplish it much more effectively than can any permanent department of the kind we know so well, or are likely for some time to know, in spite of the cheering innovation of Mr. Lloyd George. The day will arrive when this, with other great activities of the nation, will be knit more closely into the State fabric. It will come almost without observation, and as easily as any effect appears at the very moment when the sum of the conditions is completed. Meanwhile it is the business of Capital and Labour, as an act of self-preservation, to prepare the way.

LAW.

O! I will walk where bullets go,
And do my will where shrapnel sings;
I am serene, because
On the fact that after the War
Germany will not have changed her soul or her soul's purpose by putting the cloak of peace over her shining armament. Against one more economic war, as Germany has been and will be, the individual, or the small groups of individuals, has a dog's chance. And, further, for those individuals or groups to try to pull each other down in the face of the enemy is only to accelerate the common ruin. It is a form of folly which in the other sort of war is punishable by death. To prepare the way for a wiser arrangement, Capital must endeavour to get rid of the impression that Labour is a "commodity," of which withal there is an infinite supply to be wastefully and recklessly used. Labour is a human quality in closest relation to other human qualities, and, as the physiologists and psychologists have demonstrated, there is only a limited quantity of work available, which has to be dealt out sparingly in order to go round. And both sides must endeavour to see more clearly than they have given signs of seeing in the past that the interests...
Drama.

By John Francis Hope.

MISS HORNIMAN'S preference for immature work is characteristic; and so far as it is responsible for her willingness to introduce new authors to the stage, it is commendable. It does not follow that the results are always admirable; she cares too much for content, too little for form and style, in new work, really to improve the drama by her discoveries. She certainly discovered "Hindle Wakes," and she seems determined not to allow London to forget it; it is becoming as permanent a feature of Christmas entertainment as "Peter Pan" or "Charley's Aunt." But with that solitary exception, the less like drama and the more like life a new play is, the more sure it is of production by Miss Horniman. At the Court Theatre recently, to the accompaniment of a blizzard, she produced a one-act play of Welsh life, entitled: "Where Is He?" It was so much like life that half of it was inaudible from the dress-circle; Miss Margaret Halstan sat over a fender (a "fourth wall" fender) and moaned and muttered to herself or to her visitors, who all entered into this tacit conspiracy to shield her grief from the prying curiosity of the audience.

The idea of the piece is simple. A man has been killed in the mine; and his widow grieves because he died an agnostic. As a true believer, she wonders where he is, in Heaven or in Hell; and her problem really is to reconcile her religious belief with her love. There is matter enough in the theme for a great tragedy; but Mr. D. T. Davies, the author, preferred to be "life-like." Marged only insists, with unpardonable iteration in a native of an eloquent race, that "he didn't believe," and follows it with the question: "Where is he?" until one was almost tempted to suggest a dwelling-place for him. The scene comes to arrange about the prayer-meeting; but she insists that if the deacon believes what he utters in chapel, he cannot conscientiously say a good word of the departed. Besides, the husband had always respected her religious belief; she would respect his lack of belief. He would not have desired a prayer-meeting, particularly one presided over by this deacon, who had inaptly phrased the word in season when, five years previously, her husband had gone to chapel with her; therefore, she would have no prayer-meeting. The new pastor calls to arrange about the grave-side address, and is met with a similar refusal. But the pastor is more latitudinarian; the deacon wanted to hold the prayer-meeting chiefly as an act of courtesy to the widow, the pastor wishes to make the funeral oration to glorify the man. True, he did not believe, but he did not disbelieve; he was an agnostic, not a blasphemer. He was a good husband, a good father, the best worker in the mine; fond of books, but fonder still of birds, beasts, and flowers. An admirable man; and when the news arrives that he lost his life trying to save his wife, everyone is deadening was the ensemble.

But if the technique is old-fashioned, the theme is distinctively 1890. Before the war, we were getting used to women without clothes; but since then we have become so accustomed to seeing women in trousers that we were shocked when the five munition-makers, a week or two ago, refused to wear them. Certainly, the Ladies Castlejordan did not wear breeches to win a war, but to solace their mother's disappointment with their sex. She wanted boys, but she had to take what the Lord provided, and make boys of them if she could. They were taught all manly sports, they were called "boys" by their mother, and "m'lord" by the servants; they were as good as boys until Pinero began to write about them. They were taught to feel girlish, and another, "the best all-round sportsman our side of the county," became hysterical when she re-counted an escapade in London. She had acted like a man; she had knocked out a bully in a street fight, and then she flailed in the arms of a young soldier. She pretended to her sisters that it was manly to faint after knocking a man out; but what troubled her most was the fact that, when she recovered, she was lying on a sofa in a first-floor room with no obvious means of ascension, in her state, except the stair-powder of the young man. She was at this time dressed as a young man, but the costume did not prevent her from exhibiting what, I think, are the secondary sexual characteristics. Love taught her that she was a girl, and didn't want to be anything else, as she said; but what finally drove her mother to command: "Into your frocks! And never, never, never come out of them!" was the manliness of the "boys." Noeline's street-fighting was bad enough; but that the three "boys" should be in the gymnasia dancing and drinking with three real men for her to have to define their sex, and end what Wilhemina called "the misery of being neither one thing nor the other."

There were, of course, some amusing comic passages in the play, but they were provided by Messrs. Stanley Cooke and Percy Foster. The women played like amateurs; even Mrs. A. B. Tapping, sound old actress as she is, failed to render Lady Castlejordan with the grand manner, so denoted was the "naturalistic" method has become so habitual with her that she played the lady as though she were her own cook, while the farcical situation demanded the most dignified deportment. If we are ever again to have "style" as well as "character," let us try to establish a classical as well as a "natural" theatre in London; and revive a tradition that is passing with Miss Genevieve Ward and Sir J. Forbes-Robertson.
Readers and Writers.

The difference between Mr. Boyd and myself is that while I am thinking of English literature he is thinking of England. Once again, the curse of politics has fallen upon Ireland. In my mind, however, England and English literature are separate and distinct from one another; and it does not in the least follow, because I love English literature, that I am blind to the faults of England. Is it of a writer in this journal that even an Irishman can say that he is Anglomaniac? Or that he repeats in the criticism of Irish literature the Anglo-centric attitude of the English political administration of Ireland? Well, perhaps it can be said by an Irishman; but it is not true. On the contrary, as a lover of English literature, I am indifferent to the political divisions of the English-writing peoples. It is a matter of no concern to me whether a writer in English be Irish or Welsh, or Canadian or American, and, as such, have political, national, or even racial prejudices and prepossessions. Maybe that when I am thinking politically, I share some of them. Maybe, that in the case of Ireland, I might be, who knows, as sincere a nationalist as any of them. All that matters from a literary point of view is that whether by accident, force, or by our own consent, we share a common language, namely, English, the standards, qualities, and potentialities of which we have in common to appreciate, respect, and develop. Now, it is just my complaint that in setting up an Irish literature within English literature, the Irish propagandists of nationalism with whom Mr. Boyd sympathises are putting their political nationalism before their devotion to the English tongue. They appear to believe that it is derogatory to them and Irish nationalists to wish to write in perfect English—not, mark you, in English that merely pleases and appeals to Englishmen, but in any style or form of English that can appeal to anybody, even Irish nationalists. And when I remark that this desire to write in English for Irish political nationalists only is "provincial," Mr. Boyd tells me that I am adopting the arrogant attitude of the Castle.

Mr. Boyd is no less politically-minded in objecting to my description of the Irish qualities as forming a "note" in English literature. That the Celtic influence has been felt in English literature, and that it has added a new quality to our language he is willing to allow; since it appears to be a reflection perhaps, as when he repeats in the criticism of Irish literature the Anglo-centric attitude of the English political administration of Ireland? Well, perhaps it can be said by an Irishman; but it is not true. On the contrary, as a lover of English literature, I am indifferent to the political divisions of the English-writing peoples. It is a matter of no concern to me whether a writer in English be Irish or Welsh, or Canadian or American, and, as such, have political, national, or even racial prejudices and prepossessions. Maybe that when I am thinking politically, I share some of them. Maybe, that in the case of Ireland, I might be, who knows, as sincere a nationalist as any of them. All that matters from a literary point of view is that whether by accident, force, or by our own consent, we share a common language, namely, English, the standards, qualities, and potentialities of which we have in common to appreciate, respect, and develop. Now, it is just my complaint that in setting up an Irish literature within English literature, the Irish propagandists of nationalism with whom Mr. Boyd sympathises are putting their political nationalism before their devotion to the English tongue. They appear to believe that it is derogatory to them and Irish nationalists to wish to write in perfect English—not, mark you, in English that merely pleases and appeals to Englishmen, but in any style or form of English that can appeal to anybody, even Irish nationalists. And when I remark that this desire to write in English for Irish political nationalists only is "provincial," Mr. Boyd tells me that I am adopting the arrogant attitude of the Castle.

Mr. Boyd is no less politically-minded in objecting to my description of the Irish qualities as forming a "note" in English literature. That the Celtic influence has been felt in English literature, and that it has added a new quality to our language he is willing to allow; since it appears to be a reflection that even the most conspicuous of Irish writers (A. E., for instance) keep their "play-boy" under control. Swift, it is true, managed perfectly to do it, so that you may read an essay like that upon the "Conduct of the Allies" and not discover in the whole course of it a single sentiment out of place, either of highfalutin or of whimsicality, or a single jar upon perfect propriety. But Swift, I am convinced, never found an engrossing pastime for his imp of incongruous mischief, who is therefore left free to indulge his comments and the habit of freely expressing all of them, his peculiar qualities.

There is a kind of "play-boy" in every Irish writer whose sallies into the ordered mind are as frequent as they are productive of incongruity; and I have often observed that it is with the utmost difficulty and self-restraint that even the most conspicuous of Irish writers (A. E., for instance) keep their "play-boy" under control. Swift, it is true, managed perfectly to do it, so that you may read an essay like that upon the "Conduct of the Allies" and not discover in the whole course of it a single sentiment out of place, either of highfalutin or of whimsicality, or a single jar upon perfect propriety. But Swift, I am convinced, only managed it by exercising his "play-boy" in other affairs—in constructing ingenious Latin puzzles, for example, or in inventing elaborate plays upon words. By this means he kept his "play-boy" busy, and was thus at liberty to write his serious essays without Handy Andy's intrusions. Mr. Shaw, on the other hand, who in some respects has a mind like Swift's, has never found an engaging pastime for his imp of incongruous mischief, who is therefore left free to indulge himself and his comments into conversations in which he is absurdly out of place. Occasionally, perhaps, as when a spoilt child joins in the conversation of his elders, the "play-boy" makes a remark the humour of which carries off the incongruity—Mr. James Stephens is more often fortunate in this respect than any other Irish writer—but usually the child is bore with whom, nevertheless, one must laugh if only to conceal one's embarrassment. But we have our revenge later! To know how to treat his "play-boy" is the first duty of the Irish writer. On the one hand, he must not suppress him altogether, for that is to become an imitation Englishman-Mr. Boyd, by the way, is wrong in regarding Swift as one of England's writers; no man was ever more Irish or wrote better English! And, on the other hand, he must be careful not to indulge him, lest he should spoil by his intrusions the tone of Irish writing. A delicate enough task, and one that requires a perfect taste to carry through. In the meanwhile, an English critic is not to be despised as a tutor to the child.

The Oxford University Press have sent me their General Catalogue, just issued, which is of such excellence that I cannot refrain from publicly welcoming it. Perfectly designed in form, beautifully printed, fully
January 18, 1917

The New Age

Letters from Ireland.

By W. H. Rees-Miller

This only prejudice about Ireland I brought with me I now see to be ill-founded. I thought—and who in England thinks otherwise?—that Gaelic was a living and a remnant language. The usual impression in England is that Irish is gradually supplanted English in ordinary use. And to be sure, the Gaelic League spends thousands of pounds yearly in propaganda, so that, for example, we are told that many thousands of children are now taught Irish regularly at school. For all this, the general opinion of Irishmen in a position to see is that Gaelic as a spoken language is dying out. If it is not yet a dead tongue, it is at least moribund. There are, of course, old people who cannot read or write at all, and do speak only Gaelic. But Gaelic will go out with their generation; that is to say, it has hardly a decade to live. Of all the children and younger men and women who know both languages, I doubt whether one in ten thousand has abandoned English as his ordinary tongue in favour of Irish. Indeed, the preponderance of English is beyond all question. I am not concerned here with the transitional Anglo-Irish idiom. This is pleasant enough reading, though there is little enough written in it worth reading. As a spoken language, it suffers from obscurantism. An Irishman is for ever becoming tongue-tied with participles.

I certainly expected to find Gaelic triumphant in Achill. Here, if anywhere, the bold of English ought to be at sea. But what I have just remarked applies precisely to Achill. There is the oldest generation—Age: 50 to 80—who have picked up a moderate amount of English, and always speak it when they can be understood by their fellows or by strangers. The old man who drove me across the island last week and pointed me out Grace O'Malley's tower, said, "Ah, she was a grand warrior." A minute or two later, I asked him if he had ever been in England. He said, no, but he had "re-re-lay-relatives" there, stumbling awkwardly over the word. I was amazed at a vocabulary to which "warrior" was a familiar word and "relatives" clearly a stranger. But of one thing I am convinced: now that "warrior" has got into the family, they will never go back to Gaelic. For are not the words an Irishman's household gods, and where they are, will not this heart be at ease?

The younger generations in Achill speak quite good English to me, and very musically. I cannot make up my mind whether it is wise or not to employ artists at the Front to give civilians a "new insight into the spirit in which the battle of freedom is being fought." But I am pretty sure that I should not have the Frontier Committee of the Irish Literary Society or Muirhead Bone, who has nevertheless been commissioned, and whose first portfolio of drawings has just been officially published by "Country Life" ("The Western Front"), be engaged in illustrating anything except such topics as Muirhead Bone, who has nevertheless been commissioned, and whose first portfolio of drawings has just been officially published by "Country Life" ("The Western Front"), be engaged in illustrating anything except such topics as

I think, only with artistic effects, with the spectacle and vision before him. But with the manifestations of the human spirit, such as are displayed in a multitude of forms at the Front, he has less sympathy than many an inferior draughtsman. Somehow or other the thought recurs on turning over these drawings of what incongruity there is in putting so fine a pencil to so rude a task as depicting the circumstances of war. You feel that it is an admirable sentiment, but not a native taste, that has made a war-artist of Mr. Bone; and you are almost sorry to find his pencil in such company. An exception is the spirited drawing of a Tank; but, then, a Tank is scarcely human!

R. H. C.
speaks Gaelic for his conscience's sake, but he speaks a very friendly English to me. He is, of course, a typical Gaelic Don Quixote—who never grows up. He represents the sentimental side of the Gaelic movement.

Another is a Dublin poet, who made his name about ten years ago. A book of his poems—in English, of course—has gone into a dozen editions. He is now on a long visit to Achill, and I was introduced to him yesterday at a tea-party. He assured me that, in disliking the Anglo-Irish convention, he was preaching Cosmopolitanism in poetry. He, on the contrary, was "Shoneen," just as Mr. Yeats was once thrown over?

particulars of his recent work. "Oh," said they, "he
"Shoneen," I must explain, means an Irishman who
English poems, and has not yet written a single line in
Gaelic, but in this period he has merely republished his
English poems, and has not yet written a single line in
Gaelic! This is representative of the literary side of the
Gaelic movement. Much passion; little wool.

Perhaps the most prominent propagandist on the island is a gentleman who eschews English company and speech, and dresses always in the ancient Gaelic kilts and bonnet. I have not met him, but his photograph, signed across in handsome Gaelic characters, stands before me in the hotel parlour. He is an unrelenting Gael; he will condescend, I am told, to speak bad French to you, if you are ignorant of Gaelic, but never a word of the hated English speech may be uttered in his presence. He is one of the pillars of the Gaelic movement in the west of Ireland; his life is consecrated to teaching Irishmen that it is their duty to live their own national life in their own country. It only remains to be said that he himself is an Englishman of good family and education, who came on a visit to Ireland two or three years ago, and has managed in this short time to become more Irish than the Irish themselves. He is symbolical of the philosophic side of the Gaelic movement.

My fourth Achill hero is another recent immigrant to Ireland. The more I hear of Mr. Darrell Figgis, the more I itch to write his biography. The motto of literary Ireland is, of course, "You write my life, and I'll write yours." Think of it! My life of Mr. Darrell Figgis; his life of me! And, oh, the anecdotes I could tell of my hero! I have said elsewhere that the Achill islanders are addicted to practical joking; in Mr. Darrell Figgis they have found a profoundly accommodating victim. And yet they love him, because he adores the island, and draws from its visitors. Mr. Darrell Figgis, then, is a determined Gael. One of these days he may even be able to speak Gaelic fluently. He will then be a trilinguist, speaking English, Irish and Figgicisms. I take him to represent the political side of the Gaelic movement.

The leprechaun is not dead while Mr. Darrell Figgis lives.

A. E., Mr. Standish O'Grady, "John Eglinton," Mr. Shaw, Mr. S. G. Hobson, Mr. Boyd, Mr. Yeats, Mr. Lynd—all these are better English Leaguers do Irish. The Irish movement writes in English, even if the Irish stagnation disowns them. There is no question which will survive.

We Moderns.

By Edward Moore.

The Public.—Of the modern writers who are in earnest, Mr. Chesterton has had the most ironical fate: he has been read by the people who will never agree with him. To the average man for whom he writes he is an intellectual made doubly inaccessible by his orthodoxy and his paradoxy. It is the advanced, his bête noir, who read him, admire him, and—disagree with him.

Original Sin.—The dogma of Original Sin is the centre of Mr. Chesterton's philosophy, round which all his ideas revolve. For instance, his attachment to the past, to tradition. Original Sin and the Future are essentially irreconcilable conceptions. The believer in the future looks upon humanity as plastic: the good and the bad in man are not fixed quantities, always, in every age, past and future, to be found in the same proportions: an "elevation of the type" is, therefore, possible. But the believer in Original Sin regards mankind as that in which—the less said about the good, the better—there is, at any rate, a fixed substratum of the bad. And that can never be lessened, never weakened, never conquered. Therefore, man has to fight constantly to escape the menace of an ever-present defeat. A battle in which victory is impossible; a contest in which man has to climb continually in order not to fall lower; existence as the tred mill: that is what is meant by Original Sin.

And as such it is the great enemy of the Future, the believers in which hold that there is not this metaphysical drag. But it is more. At all things aspiring it sets the tongue in the check, gladly provides a caricature for them, and becomes their Sancho Panza. To the great man it says, "through the mouths of his countrymen, the apostles, the average men, "What matter how high you climb! This load which you carry even as we will bring you back to us at last. And the higher you climb the greater will be your fall. Humanity cannot rise above its own level." And, therefore, humility, equality, radicalism, comradeship in sin—the ideas of Christianity, the ideas of Mr. Chesterton! Yes, in Mr. Chesterton's philosophy the original thing is the Original Sin.

Again.—Society is a conspiracy, said Emerson, against the great man. And to blast him utterly in the centre of his being, it invented Original Sin. Is Original Sin, then, a theological dogma or a political device?

Again.—Distrust of the future springings from the same root as distrust of great men. It derives from the belief in the average man, which derives from the belief in Original Sin. The egalitarian sentiment strives always to become unconditional. It claims not only that all men are equal, but that the men who live now are no more than the equals of those who lived one, or five, thousand years ago, and no less than the equals of those who will live in another one, or five, thousand years. And it desires that this should be so; its jealousy embraces not only the living, but the dead and the unborn.

Equality.—Is equality, in truth, a generous dogma? Does it express, as everyone assumes, the solidarity of men in their higher attributes? It is time to question this, and to ask if inequality be not the more noble and generous belief. For, surely, it is in their nobler qualities that men are of most unequal. Thus genius that Shakespeare was only the equal, for instance, of his commentators; it was in the groundwork of his nature, in those feelings and desires without which he would not have been a man at all, in the things which made him human, but which did not make him Shakespeare: in a word, in that which is for us of no significance. Equality in the common part of man's nature, equality in sin, equality before God—
is the same thing—that is the only equality which can be admitted. And if its admission is insisted upon by Mr. Chesterton and his followers, that is because to the common part of man's nature they give so much importance, because they are believers in Original Sin. In their equality there is accordingly more likeness than difference. For it can become less than themselves, the will that no one shall be other than themselves—there is nothing generous in that belief and that will. For man, according to them, is guilty from the womb. And what, then, is equality but the infinitely consoling consciousness of tainted creatures that everyone on this earth is tainted?

Mr. Chesterton will, of course, deny this, and say that in his philosophy men are equal also in their higher rôle as "sons of God."

But is this so? Is salvation, like sin, common to all men? Is it not, on the contrary, something conferred as the reward of a belief and a choice—a belief and a choice which an Atheist, for instance, simply cannot embrace? So that here, touching the highest part of men, their soul, there is introduced, by Christianity itself, a new inequality—the distinction, the inequality between the "saved" and the "lost." Men are equal inasmuch as they are all damned, but they are not equal inasmuch as they are all not redeemed.

Gazing at man, however, no longer through the eyes of the serpent, shall we not be bound to find, if we look high enough, distinction, superiority, inferiority, valuation? The dogma of equality is itself a device to evade valuation. For valuation is difficult, and demands generosity for its exercise. To recognize that one is greater than you, and cheerfully to acknowledge it; to see that another is less than you, and to treat the inferiority as a trifling thing, that is difficult, that requires generosity. But one who believes in inequality will always be looking for greatness in others; his eye, habituated to the contemplation of lofty things, will become subtle in the detection of concealed nobility; while to the ignoble he will give only a glance—and is it not good, where one may not help, to pass on the other side? The egalitarians will cry that the constable of greatness is every individual virtue; he may not even so wonderful as the past. It is an expurgated edition of the past—an edition with the incidents and a choice which an Atheist, for instance, simply cannot embrace. 

To what is due the decay of the art of soothsaying? Partly, no doubt, to the dissemination of popular knowledge, by which people have become partly to the "scientific temper" of those who, had they lived in the old world, would have been the soothsayers; partly to other causes known to everyone. But, allowing for these, may there not be something due to the fact that people are no longer interested, as they were used to be, in the future? They know the past, ah, perhaps too well: they have looked into it so long that its length and the length of the future with it has not held, that Fate has now no fresh metamorphosis or apophasis, and that Time must henceforth be content to plagiarise itself. And so the future has lost the seduction which it once held for the noblest spirits. It is true, men still amuse themselves by gazing with each of Time's tumbling and greasy wheels will turn up at the next deal, or by playing at patience with the immortal possibilities. But that is not soothsaying, nor is it even playing with the future: it is playing with the past. And the great modern discovery is not, as Mr. Chesterton says, the discovery of the future, but the discovery of the past.

And as with soothsaying, so with prophecy. If we could but look for a moment into the soul of an old prophet and see his deepest thoughts and visions, what a conception of the future would we ours! But that is impossible. We cannot now understand the faith of the men who, un MOVEd, prophesied the advent of supernatural beings, the Christ or another; to whom the future was a new world more strange than to Columbus was America. That attitude of mind has been killed; and every man now Mr. Chesterton says the belief in the future is a weakness. Would he, perchance, have said that to John the Baptist, the great modern of his time? Had he lived in that pre-Christian world, would he have believed in the God in whom he now believes? The orthodox Christian here finds himself in a laughable dilemma. Admitting nothing wonderful in the future, he is yet constrained to believe in a past wonderful beyond the dreams of poets or of madmen—a past in which supernatural beings, miracles and portents are almost the rule. And as with soothsaying, so with prophecy, Man, after nineteen hundred years, it has not been tried? But, without the bait of the strange and the new to lure it, on, must not humanity halt on its way?

The orthodox Christian here finds himself in a laughable dilemma. Admitting nothing wonderful in the future, he is yet constrained to believe in a past wonderful beyond the dreams of poets or of madmen—a past in which supernatural beings, miracles and portents are almost the rule. And as with soothsaying, so with prophecy, Man, after nineteen hundred years, it has not been tried? But, without the bait of the strange and the new to lure it, on, must not humanity halt on its way?

The orthodox Christian here finds himself in a laughable dilemma. Admitting nothing wonderful in the future, he is yet constrained to believe in a past wonderful beyond the dreams of poets or of madmen—a past in which supernatural beings, miracles and portents are almost the rule. And as with soothsaying, so with prophecy, Man, after nineteen hundred years, it has not been tried? But, without the bait of the strange and the new to lure it, on, must not humanity halt on its way? Is it not, on the contrary, something which it is not the future instead of the prophecy which "comes true"? Did not the old prophecies "come true" because they were prophesied? Did not Christ arise because He was foretold? And are not the believers in the future, then, the creatures of the future, and the true priest of progress? When we can envisage a future noble enough, it will not then be weakness to believe in it. The Question.—Mr. Chesterton says that Christianity has not failed, for it has never been tried. What! After nineteen hundred years, it has not been tried? Then how can we expect to see it tried now? And if it should turn out to be something which cannot be "tried"? That is the question.

The "Restoration" of Christianity.—Will Christianity ever be established again? It is doubtful. At the most, it may be "restored"—in the manner of the architectural "restorations," against which Ruskin declaimed. The difficulty of re-establishing it must needs be less, even than the difficulty of establishing it. For it has now been battered by science (people no longer believe in miracles) and by history (people have read what the Church has done—or has not done). Christianity has become a Church, and the Church, an object of criticism. As the body which housed the spirit of Christianity, men have studied it with secular eyes, and have found little to reverence, much to censure; and in the
dissipate into which the body has fallen, the spirit, also, has shared. And now the atmosphere cannot be created In which Christianity may continue against and recapture its faith. The necessary credulity, or, at any rate, the proper kind of credulity, is no longer ours. For Christianity grew, like the mushrooms, in the night. Had there been newspapers in Judea, there had been no Christianity. And this age of ours, in which the clank of the printing press crowds all other sounds, is fatal to any noble mystery, to any noble birth or re-birth. That night, at all events, we can never pass through again, and, therefore, Christianity will probably never renew itself.

The utmost that can be expected is a "restoration," and in that direction we have gone already a long way. For Christianity is not now, as it was at the beginning, a spring of inspiration, a thing spiritual, spontaneous, Dionysian. It is mainly a remedy, or, more often, a drug for diseased souls; and, therefore, to be husbanded strictly by the modern medicine men, to be dispensed carefully, and, yes, to be advertised as well! Its birth was out of an exuberance of spiritual life; its "restoration" will be out of a hopeless debility and fatigue. And, therefore,

THE DOGMATISTS.—All religions may be regarded from two sides; from that of their creators, and from that of their followers. Among the creators are to be numbered not only the founders of religion, but the saints, the inspired prophets and everywhere whoso has in some degree the germs for religion. They are not distinguished by much reverence for dogma, but by the "religious feeling"; and when this emotion carries them away in their flood they often treat dogma in a way to make the orthodox gape with horror. But, in truth, they do not themselves take much account of dogma; every dogma is a crutch, and they do not feel the need of one. But the people who are not sustained by this inward support and inspiration, who can never know what religion really is, these need a crutch; it is for them that dogma was designed. And, of course, the real religious men see their advantage also in the adherence of the dogmatists, the many; for the more widely a religion is spread, the more secure it becomes, and the greater chance it has of enduring. Dogma, then, is religion for the irreligious. To the saint religion is a thing inward and creative; to the dogmatist it is a thing outward, accomplished and fixed, to which he may cling. The former is a sign of insincerity of religion; it is a thing to be conserved. The one is religious because he has religion, the other, because he needs it.

The time comes in the history of a faith when the "religious feeling" dies, and nothing is left but dogma. The dogmatists then become the missionaries of religion. The fount is dried up; there is no longer an inward force seeking for expression; there is only the fear of the dogmatist lest his foot, his guide, his horizon should be taken from him. Religion is then supported most frenziedly by the irreligious; weakness then speaks with a more poignant eloquence than strength itself. And that is what is happening with Christianity. Its "religious feeling" is dead; there has been no great religious figure in Europe in our time. And the Church is now being defended on grounds neither religious nor theological, but secular and even utilitarian. We are told, then, man cannot live without dogma. And Mr. Chesterton (who is not a religious man, but a man who believes in religion) bases his defence of religion on this assumption. He directs our attention to the time when the prestige of dogma was strong, and tells us that men were then secure and happy. Here, too, he is a traditionalist; the finger of his Hope points ever backward; and he is always saying what Christianity has done for the human race. But although in going back to Christianity Mr. Chesterton is a good dogmatist, he is a bad Christian. For Christ did not Himself "go back": He was a breaker and not a conservator of tradition. And the real religious impulse is now to be found in the movement outside, and, therefore, against Christianity. But, alas, as Nietzsche found, man is not any more the "sufficient religion in the world to destroy religion."

THE ORDINARY AND THE EXTRAORDINARY.—A man's philosophy may be uninteresting, although he writes about it in an interesting manner. Just as the many write daily about interesting things, and a few write interestingly about dull things. And Mr. Chesterton is one of these. Equality is a dull creed, Christianity is a dry bone, tradition is wisdom for ants and the Chinese. But Mr. Chesterton is a very interesting man. How is it possible for an interesting man to have an uninteresting philosophy? Is this simply the last paradox of a master of paradoxes?

Mr. Chesterton's most charming quality is a capacity for being surprised. He writes paradoxically, because to him everything is a paradox—the most simple thing, the most uninteresting thing. And this is his weakness, as well as his strength. He has found the common things so wonderful that he has not searched for the uncommon things. The average man is to him such a miracle, that he will not admit the genius is a far greater miracle. The theories he finds established, Christianity, equality, democracy, traditionalism, interest him so much that he has not gone beyond them to inquire into other theories perhaps more interesting. And this, because he lacks intellectual curiosity, along with that which frequently accompanies it, subtlety of mind. For the intellectually curious man is precisely the man who is not interested in things, or, at any rate, is interested in them only for a little, and then passes on or burrows deeper to find something further. One dogma after another the studies and deserts, this faithless, less searcher, this philosopher, this philosopher; and that which leads him on is the hope that at last he will find something to interest him for an eternity. Perhaps it is this dissatisfaction with the machine which has always driven men to seek knowledge; perhaps, if all mankind had been like Mr. Chesterton, we should not have had even Christianity, equality, democracy and the other theses which he holds and adorns.

For Mr. Chesterton's impressions are all first impressions. Like his own deity, he sees everything for the first time always. And he lacks, therefore, the power, called vision, of seeing into things: the outside of things is already sufficiently interesting to him. He possesses no breadth, no vision; he needs the more, and grotesque fancies which he hangs on the ear of the most common clodhopper of a reality. In fantasy he reaches greatness. But his philosophy is not interesting. It is himself that is interesting.

A DILEMMA.—A. Why is it that G. K. C. does not take himself seriously? If he did, he would certainly write a great book. B. But if he took himself seriously he would not be G. K. C., and I should not care what he wrote. For his carelessness is the better part of his greatness.

THE INGLE NOOK.

Upon settlets of tawdry damson plush
Rag-time is wafted in
Waitresses drudge for twenty
Bedizened virgins arch with smirk and gush.

Amid the champing of a thousand jaws
Rag-time is wafted in a jangled shriek;
Bovine gorgers vomit their applause
Upon the antics of a Yankee freak.

Rag-time is wafted in a motley crush.

Clod-pated counterjumpers, perly flush,
Like herds of fatted oxen in their stalls,
Crammed in a triple tier of mirrored halls,
The suburbs jostle in a motley crush.

His toad, in a jargon rank with Cockeye drawls,
Betimesalled virgins arch with amirk and gush.

P. SIVER.
Notes on Economic Terms.

MONOPOLY.—To possess a monopoly is to possess the whole or only source of Supply—that is, of an object in Demand. Now since Supply determines Price, the object of all those who hold any part of Supply is to obtain control of the whole of it. Owing to this fact of wild human nature, every commodity tends to become a monopoly. Some objects naturally are more susceptible of being monopolised than others; these are commodities which either are limited in nature or, owing to some circumstance, are not capable of being limited by society. Others, again, resist monopolisation, and require to be very cunningly handled before submitting to it. In such cases, however, the tendency towards monopoly which all commoditie show is assisted deliberately by the efforts of those who hold parts of the Supply. Take, for example, sewing-thread—a commodity which for a long time resisted monopolisation, a commodity, too, which it might seem could not well be monopolised. Cunning holders of the Supply have, nevertheless, succeeded in making a monopoly of it in this country, and have, by their annual profits of several million pounds upon this simple household commodity, proved to the world how valuable to its possessors a monopoly can be. Queen Elizabeth gave a monopoly of gold-thread to a man who was afterwards executed for using it. The Coats family, long ago, made a monopoly of cotton-thread for themselves, have used it and have been knighted, among other things, for it.

LABOUR AS A MONOPOLY.—Labour, being a commodity like others, tends like them to become a monopoly. The question is whose monopoly? The distinction of Labour among other commodities is that the Labourer, besides being a commodity, is capable of being himself the director and controller and user of it. This makes possible, in the case of Labour, two forms of its monopoly: one, in which all Labour is owned by somebody else, and the second, in which the Labourers themselves own their own commodity, that is, possess a monopoly of it. If, for example, the Trade Unions of this country should become blackleg-proof; in other words, if they should control in each industry all the labour necessary to it, they would then be in the position towards labour that the Coats' are towards cotton-thread. And they could use their monopoly for their own advantage. If, on the other hand, by being too stupid to make a Trust of Labour on their own account, they, like everybody else, two sets of people are ready to make a monopoly for them, and to use it for their advantage. One set is the State; the other set is the employing classes, or Capital. In either case, it will be seen that the use of the monopoly is out of the hands of Labour itself; and it has no more control over its employment than a dead commodity like cotton. State-owned the monopoly of Labour will be employed to serve the interests of those who control the State. And since these are also the capitalists classes, it makes little odds whether Labour is monopolised indirectly for the employers by the State or directly by the employers themselves. When the monopoly of Labour is in the hands of anybody but the Labourers, Labour is then called servile.

PROTECTION.—When a class of capitalists has succeeded in establishing a monopoly of any commodity within their own country, they are not content to monopolise it if foreign producers are allowed to sell within the same market. The doctrine of Protection is, therefore, preached by capitalists with the object of conserving and protecting the monopoly within the nation which they already possess. Their reasoning is, of course, inconsistent with their appeals to Labour, since to Labour they recommend keen competition as the spice of life, while, as regards the foreign capitalist, they wish to be protected against his prices! From another point of view, however, they are not inconsistent; for just as it is, the object of any holder of a commodity to make a monopoly of that commodity, it is equally his object to prevent a monopoly being made of any other commodity, and particularly of any commodity which is useful to himself. Thus, the same man will advocate protection for his own commodity with a view to monopolising it; and free competition in every other commodity with a view to preventing a monopoly of it, and both with the same ulterior purpose, that of making the highest profit in the possible market. In the he sells what he wants a monopoly; but in the market in which he buys he wants to see no monopoly whatever. Under these circumstances it might, of course, be thought that all these desires would cancel out, and that nobody in relation to foreign competition would allow himself to obtain a monopoly by Protection at all. And while, in fact, a nation's industrial capitalists are separate in interests, Free Trade (in other words, the prevention of an absolute monopoly) is usually in force. But when, as now, by means of the stock and share market, all capitalists are interdependent, and no industrial capital is self-contained, capitalists, as a class, are interested in the monopoly of every kind of commodity, and would gladly protect every commodity, the home supply of which is within their joint control. And thus it happens that Protection, as a policy, is not so much an act of the same class of people, who, in the days before joint-stock banking, limited companies, and the share-market, were ardent Free Traders. At whose expense, however, is a monopoly thus protected? The answer is that it is at the expense of the consumer, that is, in general, the wage-population. Protection thus becomes a means of extracting from the wage-population higher prices for the protected commodities than they would have to pay if there were no protection. It is, in short, a licence given to capitalists to keep up prices. This was clearly brought out when, after a war in which a Tsar of Russia had had to depend upon certain manufacturers in his country, he rewarded them by protecting their industry from foreign competition. He granted them a tariff which enabled them to extract from Russian consumers far more money than the Tsar had borrowed of them. Look out that the same course is not followed in England after this war. Look out that, as a reward for their services, our English capitalists are not granted a Tariff for the purpose of taxing our consumers.

THE MANCHESTER SCHOOL.—The theory called by this name rests upon an assumption which any thoughtful person must admire, the assumption that men do best for themselves and others when they aim at nothing but doing most for themselves. To buy in the cheapest market and to make that market ever cheaper; to sell in the dearest market and to make that market ever dearer; is thought by the Manchester School to be the means not only of the greatest production, but of the best distribution. Liberty, in their eyes, becomes thus the liberty to do everything that enables them to buy cheaply and to sell dearly. Any restriction upon their efforts to keep down the price of the commodities they buy or to keep up the price of the commodities they sell is regarded as an infringement of their liberty. And since, in former days, it was the State that could restrict this liberty most effectively, the State stood in the eyes of the Manchester School for all that. The case of a Tsar of Russia had had to depend on certain manufacturers in his country, he rewarded them by protecting their industry from foreign competition. He granted them a tariff which enabled them to extract from Russian consumers far more money than the Tsar had borrowed of them. Look out that the same course is not followed in England. Look out that, as a reward for their services, our English capitalists are not granted a Tariff for the purpose of taxing our consumers.
to buy raw materials cheap from abroad. In a word, from hating the State because it once hampered their efforts to buy cheap and to sell dear, the Manchester School has come to love the State because it now second and supports their efforts.

Views and Reviews.

“THIS OTHER EDEN.”

Mr. Lloyd George has the gift of alluring prophecy. I call it a gift because it seems to be automatic; he never concludes an important speech without an offer of the Promised Land. The glib and reassuring “fruit” of the Insurance Act, for example, was to be a smiling England, an England without slums, “sweating,” or pulmonary phthisis. But if England smiled at the end of the Insurance Act, it is really radiant at the end of the war. “The world will then be able to attend to its business. There will be no war or rumours of war to distract it. We can build up; we can reconstruct; we can till and cultivate and enrich; and the burden and terror and waste of war will have gone.” There will be a “triumphal march through the darkness and the terror of night into the bright dawn of the morning of the new age”; and then, as it says in the hymn which has inspired Mr. Lloyd George’s oration:

In the dawning of the morning of that bright and happy day,
We shall know each other better, when the mists have rolled away.

Capital will lie (capital always lies) with, down, or upon, labour; labour will bear up against the weight of capital, and as Oscar Wilde predicted in his “Soul of Man under Socialism” (the under is significant), machinery will do the work, the dirty work, of civilisation, and thus abrogate the necessity of a slave caste, which, according to his argument, has been the basis of every civilisation. Mr. Lloyd George tells us that we now have the machinery: “old machinery scrapped, the newest and the best set up; slipshod, wasteful methods also scrapped, hampering customs discontinued; millions brought into the labour market to help to produce, who before were merely consumers.” In short, there is, as there always was, a good time coming—day-by-day-and-by-day.

Meanwhile, there are a few trifling sacrifices to be made. The working man was allured into Utopia by the small charge of fourpence per week; the nation is to be allured into what seems to be the same Utopia by the comparatively small charge of another War Loan. I have not a word to say against the War Loan; I accept Mr. Lloyd George’s assurance that it is “a good investment”; five guineas per cent., less income tax, for doing nothing but allowing people to work for you and fight for you; this is to me to be a most satisfactory arrangement; and I wish that I had, say, a hundred thousand pounds to invest in the loan. As I have not, I must concentrate my attention on the Utopia; I like Utopias, perhaps because I do not have to live in them.

This Utopia will be one from which the Prussian menace will be removed. The Prussian menace was a running mortgage which detracted from the value of our national security. Nobody knew what it meant. We know pretty well now. You could not tell whether it meant a mortgage of hundreds of millions, or thousands of millions, and I know I could not tell it would not mean ruin. That mortgage will be cleared off for ever, and there will be a better security, a better, sounder, safer security, at a better rate of interest.” This should mean, but probably does not, that we shall save the pre-war cost of the Army and Navy (about seventy-three millions), and be able to devote our millions, or perhaps a few hundred millions, of the five hundred millions which is the usual estimate of the total interest on our war expenditure. But this economy is not projected; there will still be armouries, there will still be armies, but “in the armours of Europe every weapon will be a sword of justice. In the government of men, every army will be the sword of a just, stabilary of peace.” We shall not, in this case, be able to save the whole of the pre-war cost of the Army and Navy; but the absence of the Prussian menace may enable us to reduce the Estimates by, say, a hundred pounds.

But, on the other hand, our power of production will be enormously increased. “I do not know what the National Debt will be at the end of this war, but I will make this prediction. Whatever it is, what is added in real assets to the real riches of the country will be infinitely greater than any debt that we shall ever acquire.” But it is just at this point that I begin to doubt, for a similar point was raised in The New Age about a year ago by a South African correspondent. It is granted that our power of production is increased by the introduction of more and better machinery, and by the discontinuance of “the hampering customs” to which Mr. Lloyd George referred. But the power of production is not necessarily production; under ordinary conditions production tends to be limited to profitable production, and what Sir Leo Chiozza Money used to call our “anaemic production” was recompensed by plethoric profits. On the other hand, the most profitable use of machinery is by running constantly, supply thereout-running demand, and necessitating the search for new markets. That search for new markets was, before the war, being made ineffective by the export of capital, which enabled the intended consuming country to begin production for itself. Also, the search for new markets as well as new sources of supply of raw material, is admittedly one of the chief motives of Germany’s aggression. We have, then, no guarantee that our greatly increased power of production will, if exercised, enable us to make permanent that “golden era” of peace to which Mr. Lloyd George invites us; if it is not exercised, “the bright dawn of the morning of the new age” will not arrive.

Besides, the increased power of production of wealth is no guarantee of a more equitable distribution of wealth. Mr. Carnegie, for example, the power of production of cotton fabrics is enormously increased; but I have never heard that the United States weaver, who looks after twenty Northrop looms, receives even a numerically proportionate share of the product. The fact is, as Mr. Carnegie told us in his “Empire of Business,” that “automatic machinery is to be credited as the most potent factor in rendering non-essential to successful manufacturing a mass of educated mechanical labour, such as that of Britain and America; and thus making it possible to create manufacturing centres in lands which, until recent years, seemed destined to remain only producers of raw material.” The new machinery can be operated by “diluted” labour, and “diluted” labour is cheap labour in the “golden era” of peace; indeed, when the markets resume their normal habits, it is quite likely to be casual labour. There are, of course, all sorts of schemes for the better management of industry after the war, but they are all more concerned with increased production than they are with equitable distribution; they all offer labour a guaranteed wage, but not in the dividend, giving them an equivalent of political power in industry to be used for the lowering of their economic value to that of machine-minders. If this is “the bright dawn of the morning of the new age,” it is one of those Pigtash-sights which should only be witnessed, as in Browning’s poem, by dying men.

A. E. R.
Reviews.

The General's Wife. By M. Hamilton. (Stanley Paul. 6s.)

This is a study, a rather cruel study, of a frivolous fool who tried to maintain the dignity of her position as "The General's Wife," and made him and herself supremely ridiculous in the process. The main scene of action is in India at a military station, a gossip-shop that would make the most of any error of deportment or breach of etiquette. But Rose's behaviour is flagrant, and would not be tolerated even in London. It was bad enough that she should call her husband "angel" and "birdskin" in public, but that she should insult his friends (because they were only "Native Cavalry"), and flirt with his subordinates to make him jealous, puts her beyond the pale of reasonable beings. Her prepared elopement with one of them is one of the best-handled scenes in the book; these feeble-minded flagrant, and would not be tolerated even in London

Love and Lucy. By Maurice Hewlett. (Macmillan. 5s. net.)

Barrie discovered fairies in Kensington Gardens; Mr. Hewlett has discovered romance in Onslow Square; perhaps now someone will discover beauty in the Albert Memorial. But although Mr. Hewlett says that this is a romantic tale, and even refers to Psyche and Eros, it must be clearly understood that there is no offence to the Eros, that the romance invades Onslow Square only to light the sacred fire on the domestic altar. Lucy Macartney was very domesticated, and she wanted to be domesticated; but her husband, a successful solicitor, had devoted most of his married life to giving a very successful imitation of a stenographer. Never, during the fourteen years these were not her husband's kisses, he should remember that he was not the lover. This suspicion did not stop it; and she did. But Jimmy Urquhart (although he "cut out the Eros stunt," as they say in American plays) still believed that she loved him; by day, he was Mercury in a motor-car or aeroplane, but he set himself to cut out Macartney. By this time the solicitor had become jealous; and as the game was his from the moment that Lucy found the heat oppressive, he had only to enjoy his wife and watch his rival. All Urquhart's gallant stories served to make him more in love with her husband, until, at last, even Urquhart had to admit that the game was up. Then he tried to break his neck on the Folgefond, and failed at that; while James Macartney, the solicitor, whose creed had always been "success without effort," settled down to the perpetual enjoyment of his wife. In an epilogue, Macartney had added to his family, and Urquhart, with a deplorable lack of patriotism, is flying for the Grecian Navy; and perhaps Lucy and Lancelot are going to write to him. The moral is that a lover is necessary, if only as a runner-up, to a successful marriage; and all wise husbands will keep one on the premises. The conversation is conscientiously smart, and Lancelot, the boy, is the best thing in the book; but, on the whole, we think that Mr. Hewlett has been handicapped by his determination to vindicate the law. Lucy is rather a dumpling, while Macartney's metamorphosis is incredible.

The Wonderful Year. By William J. Locke. (The Bodley Head. 6s.)

Get an Englishman out of England and you can do what you like with him. Mr. Locke, by some magic, has lured Martin Overseaw to Paris before the tale begins, to Paris the city of uprising, where even the worm turns and the downtrodden Englishman finds the way to his soul. Whether his soul was in pâté de foie gras or in Perigord, we do not quite remember; certainly, Perigord took him to its bosom, and he learned to make foie gras in addition to becoming a waiter in a provincial hotel. This was one of the unforeseen results of the suggestion made by Fortinbras, Marchand de bonneur: when Fortinbras sent him cycling to Perigord with Corinna Hastings, who had failed to paint (even in Paris) well enough to be able to sell her work, he had intended that these two failures in life should fail in love with each other, and make a success of it. The advice was worth the 2 francs that each paid for it, but no more. But if Martin did not propose to Corinna, Gaspard-Marie Bigourdin did; he offered her his hand, his heart, about fourteen stone of him, his hotel, his manufactory of foie gras, and everything that was his. She, being a charming woman's daughter, an art student who could not paint, a woman without domestic tastes or talents, refused, and came to London to plunge into the suffrage movement, leaving a great void in the anatomy of Gaspard-Marie Bigourdin. But Martin did not immediately marry the innkeeper's niece; a charming American lady, very wealthy, lured him to Egypt, and there told him that she had given her heart to a man who was dead, but that, if he insisted, he could have what was left. He declined, and went to Hong-Kong, failed to get a job there, and went to Singapore. Still, he was lucky enough not to find work, and back he went to Perigord. The war occurred; Bigourdin was called up. Martin joined the Légion Etrangère, and lost an arm. But as the innkeeper's niece was a modest damsel, his partial predilection did not prevent him from giving her a place. Bigourdin also was wounded, and his brief but eloquent letter brought Corinna Hastings to his bedside. This time she did not fail; she smiled, he recovered, and there was more rejoicing in Perigord over one Suffragette who rejoined than over ninety and nine Frenchwomen who never had the chance to relent. Even Fortinbras became possessed of a little fortune when his drunken wife departed this life, and determined to do his little bit for England. It really was a wonderful year, and Mr. Locke's people were never at a loss in any situation.
Pastiche.

AN INTERVIEW WITH MR. Y.-TS.

BY R. HARRISON.

Come away, O Milk-Eyed Dreamer!
To the hidden fairy-land,
Where the stars have never play,
And your cares are whisked away;
With a fairy, hand in hand,
We will chase the frothy bubbles,
For the world's more full of troubles
Than you can understand.

W. B. Y.-ts.

YOUNG POET.

The day has vanished slowly, light has fled,
And I have followed thee, from dream to dream.
O'er moonlit seas I heard thee, singing far,
Like wild-eyed fairies in some fabled song,
Eternal music wandering on its way,
Hiding its modest face amidst the stars,
And ever thou wert nearer than my dreams.

Y.-ts.

What would you, proud disciple, sad Rose of all my ways?

YOUNG POET.

Nay, hear me out! It is a tale of Eire and ancient days:
Seeking thy melody in twilight isles,
And 'mongst the beclouded glades at Innisfree.
And now at least thou wert'st a human shape,
In this strange place, half lost in gathering smoke.

Y.-ts.

What would you, sweet poet, wise poet, glad poet of all my days?

YOUNG POET.

This would I, O greatest of living poets:
Sweet subtle Criticus once sat by me
When I was reading thee; his words seemed wise,
And what to me was music without sound
To him seemed airy nonsense, so I came
To lay my cares before thy wisdom.

Y.-ts.

What would you?

YOUNG POET.

I would be no more a poet.
To the hidden fairy-land,
Upon its bosom hidden thus.

Y.-ts.

Sad poet, foolish poet, come near, come near, come near.
Come near me while I sing. Do not you hear
The morning break? The flaming multitude,
The wealthy folk, the wise, the poor folk too,
Will sigh again the Ineffable Name.
O sigh, O misty sigh, flutter to me,
Whisper to them how gazing in my heart
Sweeter than praise. Ah, bid them love me,
But read my rhymes, I pray they wrap you round.

Y.-ts.

Sometimes think 'twould be a better thing
To do and do and never dream.

Y.-ts.

Begone! . . . I mean, proud poet, leave me still!
But read my rhymes, I pray they wrap you round.

YOUNG POET.

Mercy, proud king! There is no mercy there . . .
I see my life go slipping like a stream,
And bubbling on with murmurs of drowned hopes.
Sad, weary world—Gay Arcady!
Ah, late, too late. A man was I, knowing
The lusts of men. I had seen many things,
Wearied with the frolic on a toy sword,
Or bound slaves toiling blindly through the dark night,
Bearing upon their shoulders chairs of gold . . .
But now, play on my lute, they were but dreams;
And now I have grown nothing being all,
The world will cease to weigh upon my heart:
Ah, Y.-ts, Great Y.-ts, what queer forgetfulness
Lay hidden in this small gilt-lettered book!
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

"THE GUILDSMAN."

Sir,—I have received a copy of the first issue of "The Guildsman," a monthly paper devoted to the spread of Guild ideas. Whilst it is most encouraging to find the views originated by The New Age developing to such an extent in the Glasgow district that a monthly paper is warranted, I am distressed to observe that not a word is written in recognition of the pioneer work done by The New Age. One would have thought that the editor (or is it a committee?) responsible for this new publication would have had the grace to acknowledge the source of the new movement, and possibly to draw attention to the critical work which appears weekly in their columns. There is a little list of "What to Read." The N.G.I. pamphlets are recommended, The New Age, and Mr. G. D. H. Cole's "The World of Labour," the first edition of which completely misapprehended the whole Guild argument, but "National Guilds," the text-book of the new movement, is completely ignored.

Can it be that Glasgow does not accept the broad views expounded by you, Sir, and is concentrating upon a narrow trade-union propaganda? Or is it an ungracious lapse, perhaps better not noticed?

[We have not received a copy of the journal referred to, and cannot therefore comment upon the matter. But it appears familiar.—Ed. N.A.]

THE INDUSTRIAL SYMPOSIUM.

Sir,—With reference to the answer that I gave to the questions of the Industrial Symposium in The New Age of January 4, I see that I am made to say that in the future the State might well claim to control the profits of an industry. Owing to pressure of work I dictated the article without looking it through. What I meant to say was that in the future the State might well claim to control the profits of an industry. What I had in mind was a continuation in some form of the present methods of controlled industries, without committing myself to any details.

J. ST. G. HEATH.

"LONDON PRIDE."

Sir,—It is impossible for me to keep pace with the accusations of your correspondent "M. G. S." In his first letter he accused me of an anti-feminine bias in criticism, which I admit and justify, and have never attempted to conceal; now he accuses me of having received feminine assistance in the composition of a letter which re-expressed that anti-feminine bias. What the ladies will think of their defender, I can only imagine; but I submit that he must be grounded for lack of matter when he writes such twaddle as this. He says, of course, that he passed the whole point of his letter, although I replied to it; he makes no attempt to counter my argument; he only perverts the standard of judgment to suit his own purpose of accusation against me. He says that he has never used the simple term of attributing all the bad parts to Miss Unger and the good to Mr. Lyons, which is, an illuminating commentary on his own methods of judgment. If I had done so, it would have been perfectly justifiable on general grounds; I have seen many plays by female authors, but never one that showed any signs of true humour. John Oliver Hobbes had wit, and so had George Fleming, but neither had any humour; Michael Orme has not even wit. But in the case of "London Pride" I did not generate. I claim a tolerable acquaintance with Mr. Neil Lyons' work, and whenever I found anything in "London Pride" that was totally different in quality from what I expected, I attributed it, justifiably in my opinion, to his collaborator. It is not a question of any fine-strain distinction; the difference between the first act and the scenes in the café and the hospital is categorical. No one who saw the play, and, therefore, knew what he was talking about, could miss it; and if "M. G. S." were really concerned with the critical question, he would go to see the play. But he is not; he only wants to make accusations against me which he does not attempt to justify, to pose as a defender of female dramatists at the same time that he denies that they have any true humour. He says, as though it were a criticism of my criticism: "What an indictment of Mr. Neil Lyons' choice of collaborator!"

But that is exactly what I am doing. I am indicting Mr. Neil Lyons' choice of collaborator because I think that he would do better by himself; while "M. G. S." tries to insinuate that, but for Miss Gladys Unger, Mr. Lyons' work would be intolerable: which is absurd.

John Francis Hope.

Memoranda.

(From last week's The New Age.)

With a third of our present population we had three times our present wheat production upon which to carry through the Napoleon wars.

Of every nine persons amongst us at the end of the war, eight will owe the ninth about £800. Expenditure upon war should not be regarded as a capital expenditure, but as a loss to be written off. The greatest of inequalities are compatible with equity.—"Notes of the Week."

Most men will only read that which, while informing them, takes for granted a philosophy more or less sympathetic with their own.

To compare the Notes in The New Age with the Notes in the "Spectator" is to discern a contrast like that between one's chosen conversation with equals and one's forced conversation with commercial travellers in a railway carriage.—H. Belloc.

Fixed prices will bring back the Guilds. After the war the rich will find that the only way to secure themselves against personal violence is to use their money for the direct purpose of giving employment.

Many of the Greek temples were built to find a solution to their unemployed problems.—A. J. Penny.

No Irishman is so preposterously Irish as he who would pass for an Englishman.

The size of London is no guarantee of disinterested criticism.

No Irishman of Shakespeare's genius could have imagined so much without ever glimping heaven.—Ernest A. Boyd.

The world cannot continue in flames, and so big a house as the United States escape the conflagration.—G. D. Herron.

Spiritually, Labour has both gained and lost in the war: it has gained by the recognition of its influence and right to power; and it has lost by the inability to exercise that influence and right.

The folly of Capitalism or a new-found wisdom in the ranks of Labour can save us from the regime of State Capitalism after the war.

The chance of developing the Guild idea and the Guild demand among the workers seems to me very much greater under national ownership than under State Capitalism.

Workshop control, if it takes the iem rather than of interference than of responsibility, will afford the most valuable training the workers can have for their greater task.—G. D. H. Cole.

The Irish Literary Renaissance is a fresh injustice to Ireland.

All great writers are to be judged, as to their value, by the actual effects their influence induces in us.

Free rhythm, in my sense of the word, does not imply freedom from regular or formal rhythm, but merely freedom within it.—R. H. C.

The Irish have always been between the English and the deep sea.—C. E. Brehmer.

Those who live on the lower slopes frequently do look down on those who dwell on the heights.

What's bred in the baton comes out in the orchestra.—S. G. S.

Commonplace men have power to do strange things.—Dikran Keoyoumdjian.

Sex, of course, does not exist in England except as a subject of denunciation.—A. E. R.
PRESS CUTTINGS.

It is significant of this new spirit of accommodation that the "Times" at this moment is advocating that as soon as capital has made itself secure after the war it should devote itself to the task of securing the well-being of labour, partly by giving to the Trade Unions a share in the control of industry, and partly by giving to the Trade Unions a share in the control of the means of production, and Syndicalism the ownership and control of any given industry by the men engaged in it, National Guildism means the control of any given industry by the workers (brain and hand) engaged in it, but the ownership to be in the hands of all the guilds collectively, which would be tantamount to State ownership. An enormous impulse has been given to the propagation of this idea by the industrial events of the war. Collectivism of the Fabian type has received many new adherents from the middle and even propertied classes, who have seen that State ownership and control do not necessarily mean incompetence and waste in management. But, on the other hand, many who were Collectivists before the war have modified their enthusiasm, for they have discerned dangers to democracy in handing over industry to a State bureaucracy. No doubt, there were no alternative to private Capitalism or private Socialism, they would choose the latter as the lesser of the evils. But National Guildism has offered an alternative which satisfies both their sense of order and their sense of economic justice. National Guildism in its pure form (by which private capitalism would be abolished), or in its adapted form (by which capitalism would be replaced by a kind of State socialism) holds the theoretical field. That is to say, employers are recognising the passing of the day in which they can effectively determine to "do as they like with their own." To the State or to the Trade Unions they are beginning to think they must give up some part of the privilege hitherto theirs of taking on and putting aside any part of the general national industry as they please and primarily for their own profit.—H. M. Richardson in the C.W.S. Annual, 1917.

It is an interesting contrast that, whereas the conscription of labour has been effected without arousing more than an infinitesimal pacifist movement, Mr. McKenna's finance was the pains he took to popularise the idea simply unthinkable. But it is the course tried vainly to bring before the House of Commons—is to that assembly simply unthinkable. But it is the course which the instructed economist, if he could free himself from his capitalist prejudices, and advised according to the dictates of his science, would declare to be the only economical one.—"The New Statesman."

There is one point in connection with the new Loan on which it is important to lay the utmost stress. In spite of the uncertainty of the coming years, the enormous debts we are now piling up. Certain Radical orators then demanded repudiation, but they obtained no effective hearing. There is still less chance of men of the same type obtaining a hearing when the present war is ended. One of the facts for which Mr. McKenna's finance was the pains he took to popularise War Loans by making a special appeal to the small investor. The actual amount of money subscribed by the wage-earners is not great in proportion to the total, but their subscriptions help to give political stability to the whole.—"The Spectator."

While the details of this Loan appear to us to mark a definite improvement on the earlier loans, the criticism which we have consistently offered upon the general mode of financing the war by expedients is the more necessary in view of the rich, with a large accomplishment of injurious inflation, is strengthened by the present situation. That criticism consists of two points. First, a much larger proportion of the war costs should have been raised by taxation. Secondly, at a time when foreign investments have been precluded, loans at a low rate of interest should have been compulsorily imposed upon all incomes above the subsistence level, by deductions graduated so as to take as much as possible from the available resources of each class. This course would have had immense advantages. It would have got more money, it would have enforced personal economy, and it would have prevented, to a large extent, the rise of prices which has caused such suffering. The result has been that, while it has immensely added to the total war expenditure, From many quarters this courageous and wise policy has been urged upon the Government, but without avail.—"The Nation."

C.W.S. BANK.

Mr. Whiteley (Manchester and Salford) said that last week some reference was made to an article in a weekly paper referring to the C.W.S. banking department. He could assure the delegates that so far as the co-operative movement was concerned there was no need for alarm. The article was written by a disappointed man, and no importance need be attached to it.

Subscriptions to THE NEW AGE are at the following rates:—United Kingdom. Abroad.

One Year 28s. 6d. 30s. 0d.
Six Months 14s. 0d. 15s. 0d.
Three Months 7s. 6d. 7s. 6d.

All communications relative to The New Age should be addressed to The New Age, 38, Curator Street, E.C.