NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Why the "New Statesman" should regard the recent Labour Party Conference as the "most successful of the century" is not very clear, and especially as in its account of the proceedings the most important features were altogether omitted. For it is not the case, as the "New Statesman" claims, that the main outcome of the Conference was the restatement of the demand for Nationalisation. On the contrary, the striking event of the Conference was the coupling for the first time in Labour history of a demand for Labour control with the conventional demand for nationalisation. This was unmistakably set out in two resolutions drafted by the Executive and carried unanimously by the Conference. Both affirmed in the usual phrases the continued belief of the Labour Party in Nationalisation; but both added as of equal importance the qualification that a share of control must be accorded to Labour even when the State should come into possession of an industry. But is this not in itself significant? It is true, of course, that profiteering has now few defenders and its name has been officially formulated for the first time. If we are not mistaken, upon one occasion or another, both journals have recommended the Labour Party to include profiteering among the objects of compulsion. They have preached; and, again, since it is the thin end of the wedge of the new order of industrial control?—how they could wield it?—how they could make it sure?—how they could rely solely upon the economic force which they imagine to be the prime object of compulsion?—how they could rely solely on the economic force which they imagine could be wielded . . . but such a division and such a divorce would be suicidal. Would Mr. Wardle be surprised to hear that we agree with him? For it has never been our contention that political power is of no importance, or that economic and political power should be divorced one from the other. Our contention, on the other hand, has been that political power is preceded and conditioned by economic power and owes its reality to it; and hence that the primary consideration of Labour should be to consolidate its economic power as the indispensable means to real political power. And the proof that we are right is plainly to be seen, we think, in events taking place before our eyes. To what is it due, we ask, that the political influence of the small capitalist class is so much greater, even in these days of professed democracy, than the political influence of the innumerable proletariat? Why is it that from all the objects of compulsory legislation, just the peculiar possession of the capitalist classes, namely, their wealth and capital, should be exempt from compulsion? The answer is surely this: that the economic power implied in the possession of capital has been employed to political ends; with the consequence that the political relations
of the capitalist to the working classes are an exact reflex of the economic relations of Capital to Labour. It is somewhat, however, to bring Mr. Wardle to a misunderstanding of our axiom; and we are grateful for his reference to ourselves.

The Press, however, has for the most part failed to report the significant event of Mr. Wardle's speech—the enthusiasm with which his single reference to "the intervention of Mr. Wilson" was received. No demonstration of approval during the Conference came near it. And this was all the more significant from the fact that, by now, the Press is generally of a very different opinion. Which is right in the matter, we ask—the Press or the people? Who has seized the more truthfully and impartially the meaning and intention of Mr. Wilson? For our part, we have not the least doubt that, as is commonly the case, the Press is wrong and Labour right; and that the "intervention of Mr. Wilson" is properly interpreted as an act of magnanimous good-will to this country. We pointed out, indeed, in Mr. Wilson's first letter the unmistakable signs of his good-will in the opportunity he affords of putting the knock-out before every citizen in America—did this in Mr. Wilson seem unfriendly to England? And now in his speech to the Senate he appears to us to have gone considerably further, and to be preparing to offer the Allies the armed support of his nation in the maintenance of the just peace which he pretends the Allies to be about to impose upon Germany. We beg our readers to examine the speech again and again, and to be not as the journalists who read to remember for to-day and to be forgotten to-morrow. Is there anything in the speech to deny to the Allies the right to victory, if they can compass it, even to the "knock-out" victory promised by Mr. Lloyd George? There is not a word. Is there anything in the speech to deny to the Allies the right to impose terms of peace consequent upon their victory in any form they choose? There is not a word. On the contrary, there is an apparent expectation that the Allies may succeed in both respects; but in the second only too well for the future peace of the world. For what is it that Mr. Wilson fears, and which his speech was designed to guard against? It is not a "knock-out" victory followed by a "knock-out" peace which will contain the seeds of future wars. And in that event where we ask, could America be upon the next occasion of a European war but once more among the neutrals, as is now supposed that, however willing, America can guarantee a peace the justice of which, in its original terms, she cannot accept. But, on the other hand, if the Allies are able to make a peace settlement, just in the eyes of America, Mr. Wilson is ready to pledge America to maintain it against its breakers by all the means in her power. What is there in this offer to awaken suspicion in England, or to evoke the scandalous comments of the "Daily Mail"? Is it the case that we have no intention, in the event of victory, of making a just peace, a peace just in the eyes of America? Or shall we have confidence enough to be able to afford to despise the help of America in keeping Germany overcome?

Lest we should be suspected of exalting Mr. Wilson blindly, we may point out the weakness in his case. Without speculating for the moment upon the practicability of a League of Peace such as he apparently has in mind—and as to which we have already expressed our opinion—we may say that, whether may be the functions of such a League, two, at least, are certain to be among them: preventing war if possible, in the first instance; and, in the second instance, ensuring at any rate the respect of belligerents for the established rules of war. Now of these two functions, both of which Mr. Wilson wishes to see entrusted to a League of Nations, the second, if not the first, is already within the power of America as the acknowledged head of the present neutral Powers. There is no need for Mr. Wilson to wait until the vast and complex machinery of a League of Nations is constructed in order to discharge one, at least, of its functions. Without further ado, and with no more power than he already possesses, he can carry it out at any moment. There is no doubt, we take it, even in America, that the rules of war as defined by The Hague Congress have been broken by Germany. Germany has, indeed, spared the neutral world the labour of judging by her own confessioning the breach of the guaranteed neutrality of Belgium, that she was committing an international crime. And, moreover, it must be remembered that of other regulations, no less openly violated by Germany, America is one of the signatories and guarantors. How comes it, then, that Mr. Wilson, who is anxious to see created a League of Nations to enforce peace, does not prove his sincerity by employing the existing League of neutral Nations in doing the next best thing—namely, in ensuring the respect for the rules of war? For we ask the Press to consider if it is open to the "Daily Mail" to contend that Mr. Wilson is animated less by a love of justice than by a desire for peace at any price.

Returning to the Labour Conference, we may remark upon the fatuity of the "New Statesman" in drawing, at this time of all times, the lesson of simple nationalisation from its proceedings. Nobody who has had any experience of nationalisation in its present and necessary form of bureaucratic control can possibly come to any other conclusion than that, as an aspiration, the desire for nationalisation, when it is not the appetite of sucking bureaucrats, is a pedantic mania, confined to a small group of Fabian theorists. It was possible, no doubt, while Wilson was largely invisible and maintained within a comparatively narrow field, to imagine that its extension was the one thing needed to bring about national organisation, and to make out a plausible case for the nationalisation (and nothing more), of everything. But who that has had experience of the ubiquity and incompetence, the tyranny and the stupidity, of the bureaucracy—and they number millions to-day—can have an illusion left that nationalisation of the Fabian pattern is anything less than a chaos of social calamity? We have seen with our own eyes what State control has become, and no longer through the medium of essays and tracts. It is here before us now. We have seen Liberty, ancient, splendid, and radiant, enter within the portals of the State, only to emerge decrepit, powerless, and wretched. Justice, too, we have seen called to the councils of the State like the goddess she is, and kicked downstairs upon her arrival as if she were a witch. And is this the moment to be seized by the "New Statesman" to recommend us the indefinite extension of the system whose works are these? The problem, contrary, is exercising the minds of men at present is the problem, not of the extension of the power of the bureaucracy, but of its contraction. By what means, direct or indirect, are we to regain the control we once had over this monster of our own creation? The Labour Conference, it has been shown, was of the opinion that a share in control by organised Labour is a necessary means to the no less necessary end of putting a curb upon Fabian nationalisation. The Times has objected that the multiplication of officials is taking us beyond all reason, and would bring in public opinion to keep the bureaucratic numbers down—a means that, at best, would reduce the plague by no more than a percentage. The members of the National Council for Civil Liberties, again, prefer the old way of personal martyrdom, the sacrifice of the individual in an uneven struggle with a gigantic
system. Finally, we ourselves would meet the evil by creating a new economic and industrial system. Guilds, capable, separately or jointly, of standing up against the State upon reasonably equal terms. But in all these cases the particular end in view is the same: it is the restoration of popular control over the bureaucracy whose power the “New Statesman” seeks still further to extend.

With the political situation as a whole it cannot be said that the Conference dealt inadequately, for it did not deal with it at all. The action of the Executive in joining the call for the renewal of pledges was eminently reasonable; but of any active consent in it, still more of any intelligent understanding of the situation, there appeared no signs. Is this the kind of political power that is to do such wonders for the working classes? There were, moreover, reasons for interrogation, if not for instruction, which are never likely to be more considerable in our time. In the first place, it ought to have struck every delegate as at least an odd circumstance that, for the first time in the history of the Party, not only had Members of Parliament among their members, but full-blown Ministers of State. And to what heart-searchings as to the cause of the phenomenon ought not its apparition to have given rise? Is it so usual, was it so much to be expected, that a Party recently deprived of its most able and trusted leader should now call upon to supply Ministers to the Government that nobody felt moved to remark upon it? And, in the second place, what an opportunity was there to uncover the reasons that impelled the Executive to join Mr. Lloyd George’s Government, and to inquire apposite and use to Labour the Labour Ministers intended their office to be? We know very well that Mr. Henderson and the rest, when asked such questions as these, usually reply after the Methodist fashion, which is second nature to them, that their role in the Government is not to get, but to give. And the reply robs the common audience of its wits. But, in the case of the Labour audience we may suppose that such a reply would scarcely have been accepted as a satisfactory assurance of a due appreciation of the demands of Labour. To give and not to get implies the existence of a second party that may easily be getting and not giving. Is there such a party in the Government, it might be asked, and is it not well served by the attitude of the Party? Again, is it not true that the Labour Members of Parliament are a kind of organisation which Labour will feel as much after as during the war, and will fail to enlist the support of the Trade Unions and Employers’ Federations that are the natural moulds of modern industrial organisation. The criticism contains the construction; for what was more to be desired, when the superior plan of income-conscription was devised if all the dark forces in the land had assembled to create it. To begin with, it is bureaucratic from top to bottom. At not a single point does it require of necessity the co-operation of either the Trade Unions or the industries as a whole. Again, it employs the machinery of the Labour Exchanges and the accustomed them to a kind of organisation which will be as favourable to employers after the war as to the State during the war. And lastly, for the present, it associates industrial compulsion (if only as yet by threat) with private profit, and thus brings about the very state of servility which Labour became organised to avert.

That there were other ways of meeting our difficulties than the way chosen by Mr. Chamberlain we have repeatedly shown. There was even a way that would have made any other way superfluous—the way of the conscription of income. What is it, after all, that we are suffering from and for which Mr. Chamberlain has been commissioned to find a cure, but the misemployment of labour-power? And to what, again, is this misemployment due, but to the possession by a small class of a purchasing-power beyond their economic necessities? Purchasing-power, as we need not say, is at the same time the power of directing labour; and when it is retained by a class of people whose use of it is to satisfy their love of luxury and the Labour Party to gratify them is irresistibly drawn into the corresponding industry. But to put an end to this state of things is the easiest matter imaginable. It is to take out of the hands of such people the purchasing-power which is in excess of their need and leave them with no power to employ labour in gratifying their mere wants. The conscription of income, in short, by cutting off the power of superfluous demand would at the same time have cut off the supply of non-essential labour, and this might then have been diverted by natural means to industries really essential, without troubling Mr. Chamberlain to come to town and make a politician of himself. But, short even of this, there was still another way better than has occurred to Mr. Chamberlain. We have observed that his plan at present is bureaucratic from top to bottom, and that it will fail to enlist the support of the Trade Unions and Employers’ Federations that are the natural moulds of modern industrial organisation. The criticism contains the construction; for what was more to be desired, when the superior plan of income-conscription had been passed over, than to require the essential industries to organise themselves, to give them the first call upon all the labour available, and to cast upon them the responsibility of producing commodities to the State requisitions? At a single stroke all and more than all that Mr. Chamberlain can effect by his bureaucratic machinery would have been effected; and at the same time, the foundations would have been laid of a national organisation of industry, consisting of autonomous groups of trades, the need of which we shall feel as much after as during the war.
FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

By S. Verdad.

President Wilson's address to the United States Senate is not merely the most remarkable pronouncement of the war, but the most important political utterance of the last ten years. Subject to the approval of Congress, the United States has been committed to an entire reversal of her essential political principle, the principle of non-interference in European affairs. "It is inconceivable," said Mr. Wilson, "that the people of the United States should play no part in the great enterprise of laying ares and upon a new plan the foundations of peace among the nations. It is right that the American Government should frankly formulate the conditions on which it would feel justified in asking America to join a League for Peace." Even if the present Congress were to reject Mr. Wilson's suggestions, the effect of this proposal must remain a serious influence the future course of political speculation in all countries. There has been no graver symptom of the casual and irresponsible recklessness displayed by our Press than that which it showed in its reception of President Wilson's address. The general absence of references to it are, I freely acknowledge, not what the public here expected from any authoritative official. Yet it is difficult to suggest how the references to a "peace without victory" and to the "freedom of the seas" could have been more inadequately expressed elsewhere than has been taken to these passages in particular on the ground that the suggestion they convey has been expressed in a manner repugnant to the general body of opinion in this country. That cannot be helped. The speech is not to be judged by isolated "dramatic" sentences, as some writers (e.g., "Sardonyx" in the "New Statesman") appear to indicate. It is a speech for statesmen, a speech to be carefully studied, as if it were a chapter taken from Aristotle on Politics.

It is no doubt difficult for this country to realise what a sensation such an utterance was likely to cause, and did cause, in the United States. If, a year or two before the war, Mr. Asquith had suddenly "sprung" on the House of Commons a Bill for the introduction of conscription and an income-tax of fifteen shillings in the pound, the astonishment at the departure from tradition would have been no greater. Let us see, then, why the President took this step. It will by now be clear that neutral nations have suffered gravely in this war. Our belief is that we—the Allies—are fighting their battles; and even Americans are willing to acknowledge that the Monroe Doctrine has been saved more than once by the diplomatic power of this country exercised on its behalf. But these comfortable beliefs respecting the relations of the belligerents—both sides—to neutrals are not shared in all cases by the non-belligerent countries. Food-cards of a sort have had to be introduced in Holland; scores of factories in Sweden are closed owing to lack of raw material and coal; Norway has suffered enormous mercantile marine losses; Danish trade is in a state of collapse and confusion. Even in Spain the reaction has been felt, and the Swiss are prepared to curse both sides with equal heartiness. In these countries, as in the United States, certain dealers in war materials have been making high profits; but for the mass of the proletariat and the salariat the way has meant a maze of difficulties. I hardly think so. And we must not forget that, though our blockade is strictly legal, it is none the less inconvenient. Circumstances have rendered it necessary to blockade the enemy by blockading (practically) or at least rationing several neutral countries. The war on the surface of the waves, like the war under them, has changed in character and reacted as wars never reacted before.

Clearly it is entirely to the interest of America to put a stop to wars on this scale, and to all wars if possible. Let it be remarked that President Wilson scrupulously denied any direct reference to our blockade, nor did he assume that blockades in future wars would have to cease. Note the passage: "So far as practicable every great people now struggling towards full development should be assured direct outlet to the great highways of the sea. And if the Governments of the world desire, it need not be difficult either to define or secure the freedom of the seas." This is not to be interpreted, except by unscrupulous jingoists, as a criticism of our naval policy in this war or as an assertion that the Allied blockade must be abolished. "The North," Mr. Wilson explained it himself, and his organ, the "New World," explained it on January 24 even more clearly (see quotations in the London papers of January 25). "The loyalty, not merely of neutral countries, but of both sides must be allowed to win, but that neither side should use victory ruthlessly." The North, argues the "World," did not oblitera the South after the civil war; and if Lincoln had lived, the North would have been even more generous than it was. The "World" continues:

Peace without victory means simply that a permanent peace cannot be imposed by the sword. It does not mean that the Allies shall not crush Germany's military power if they can. It places no limitations upon the extent or completeness of military occupations, but it emphatically affirms that the terms of peace ought not to be dictated by the success of such operations.

It is suggested (e.g., by the correspondents of the "Times" and other London papers) that Mr. Wilson means well, but has been largely influenced in his views on the war by the activities of German propagandists, and by the activities of British pacifists in the United States, or, again, by the activities of such gentlemen as Mr. Bertrand Russell and Mr. Norman Angell. I have never concealed my contempt for pacifist propaganda as directed against the war, and I hope I may therefore say all the more emphatically that hardly any criticism could be more fatuous than suggestions of this kind. President Wilson's views on the war, we may depend upon it, are founded on something more stable, than any propaganda, no matter by which side it may be conducted, and the proposal ("Times," January 25) that better British propagandists should be sent out to America is simply
an insult to the President's intelligence. Have the people who transmit such nonsense over the hard-worked Atlantic cables forgotten all about the tremendous and unexpected position of Mr. Gerard, the American Ambassador in Berlin, to President Wilson; have they overlooked the visits of the President's confidential friend, Colonel House, to this country; have they never suspected the existence of trustworthy diplomatic reports? Mr. Wilson is reposing his faith and his schemes for the better administration of the world on something more stable than a Press interview with Count Bernstorff, or a pamphlet by the Union of Democratic Control.

The President desires a peace which shall "not merely serve the interests and aims of the belligerents," but shall "be made secure by the organised major force of mankind." This proposal, significantly enough, let me add, is no more acceptable to the German jingo than to the English jingo; and there is no distinction between the attitude of Count Reventlow in the "Deutsche Tageszeitung" and that of the nameless, but equally fanatical, writers in such papers as the "Morning Post." In other words, Mr. Wilson is to have marginally impressed the two or three more important passages which affect our own country particularly in this passage, as in one or two others in the speech, America is definitely involved. About a year ago Mr. Kipling visited some Front in France—I think it was the French, but no matter—and on his return he said something in one of his articles to the effect that the Allies had come to know one another, and that nobody else counted. The reference, if my memory serves me well, was cast in the form of an indirect gibe at America for not protesting against something. Certainly, America should have protested more than once; but it is now made clear to us that President Wilson will commit America only to the side which is prepared to let the Allies, if they can, smash the German armies to fragments, sink the German fleet, and occupy Berlin. But that, he believes, would be a sufficient advantage? Which weapon has been most often used in these great offensives of the present war, like that now being conducted upon the Upper Somme. Each individual blow is neither dramatic nor extensive in effect; there is little movement or none. The map is disappointingly empty. But each blow tells, and when the end comes everyone will see suddenly what the cumulative effect was.

There is not a single thing which the Free Papers have earnestly said during the last few years which has not been borne out by events—and sometimes borne out with astonishing rapidity and identity of detail.

I would, perhaps, be superstitious to believe that strong and courageous truth-telling calls down from Heaven glaring examples to support it. But, really, the events of the last few years would almost incline one to that superstition. The Free Press has hardly to point out some political truth which the Official Press has relented sufficiently to publish when the crisis is ripening, in our own and our friends' interest. Writers in such papers as the "Deutsche Tageszeitung" and that of the nameless, but equally fanatical, writers in such papers as the "Morning Post." In other words, Mr. Wilson is prepared to let the Allies, if they can, smash the German armies to fragments, sink the German fleet, and occupy Berlin. But that, he believes, would be a sufficient advantage? Which weapon has been most often used in these great offensives of the present war, like that now being conducted upon the Upper Somme. Each individual blow is neither dramatic nor extensive in effect; there is little movement or none. The map is disappointingly empty. But each blow tells, and when the end comes everyone will see suddenly what the cumulative effect was.

XXV.

But there is a last factor in this progressive advance of the Free Press towards success which I think the most important of all. It is the factor of time in the process of human generations. It is an old tag that the paradox of one age is the commonplace of the next, and that tag is true. It is true, because young men are doubly formed. First, by the reality and freshness of their own experience, and next, by the authority of their elders.

You see the thing in the reputation of poets. For instance, when A is 20, B 40, and C 60, a new poet appears, and is, perhaps, thought an eccentric. "A" cannot help recognising the new note and admiring it, but he is a little ashamed of what may turn out to be an immature opinion, and he holds his tongue. "B" is too busy in middle life and already too hardened to feel the force of the new note and the authority he has over "A" renders "A" still more doubtful of his own judgment and of his power to control the new note. He has sunk into the groove of old age.

Now let twenty years pass, and things will have changed in this fashion. "C" is dead. "B" has grown old, and is of less effect as an authority. "A" is himself in middle age, and is sure of his own taste and not prepared to take that of elders. He has already long expressed his admiration for the new poet, who is, indeed, not a "new poet" any longer, but, perhaps, already an established classic.

We are all witnesses to this phenomenon in the realm of literature. I believe that the same thing goes on with even more force in the realm of political ideas.

Can anyone conceive the men who were just leaving the University five or six years ago returning from the war and still taking the House of Commons seriously? I cannot conceive it. As undergraduates they would already have heard of its breakdown; as young men they knew that the expression of this truth was annoying to their elders, and they always felt when they expressed it—perhaps they enjoyed feeling—that there was something impertinent and odd, and possibly exaggerated in their attitude. But when they are men between 30 and 40 they will take so simple a truth for granted. There will be no elders for them to fear, and they will be in no doubt upon judgments maturely formed. Unless something like a revolution occurs in the habits and constitution of the House of Commons...
it will by that time be a joke and let us hope already a partly anachronous joke.

XXVI.

With this increasing and cumulative effect of truth-telling, even when that truth is marred or distorted by enthusiasm, all the disabilities under which it has suffered will coincidently weaken. Even the strongest of all—the arbitrary power now used by the Law Courts to suppress Free writing—will, I think, weaken. The Courts largely depend upon the man of opinion. Twenty years ago, for instance, an accusation of bribery against politicians would have been thought a monstrosity, and however true, would nearly always have given the Courts occasion for violent repression. To-day the thing has become so much a commonplace that all appeals to the old illusion would fall flat. The presiding lawyer could not put on an air of shocked incredulity at hearing that such-and-such a Minister had been mixed up in such-and-such a financial scandal. We take such things for granted nowadays.

XXVII.

What I do doubt in the approaching and already apparent success of the Free Press, even in this country, is its power to effect democratic reform. It will succeed at last in getting the truth out, but that will be thoroughly, it breaks down the barrier between the little governing clique in which the truth is cynically admitted and the bulk of educated men and women who cannot get it by word of mouth but depend upon the printed word. We shall, I believe, even within the lifetime of those who have taken part in the struggle, have all the great problems of our time, particularly the Economic problems, honestly debated. But what I do not see is the avenue whereby the great mass of the people can now be restored to an interest in the way in which they are now governed, or even in the re-establishment of their own economic independence.

So far as I can gather from the life around me, the appetite both for political action and for freedom has finally disappeared. The wage-earner demands sufficient and regular subsistence, including a system of pensions, and, as part of his definition of subsistence and sufficiency, a due portion of leisure. That he demands a control over the means of production, I can see no sign whatever. It may come; but all the evidence is the other way. And as for a general public indignation and enthusiasm, all the disabilities under which it has suffered will coincidently weaken. Even the strongest of all—the arbitrary power now used by the Law Courts to suppress Free writing—will, I think, weaken. We can expose it as we have exposed the Politicians. It is very powerful but very depend upon the printed word. We shall, I believe, even within the lifetime of those who have taken part in the struggle, have all the great problems of our time, particularly the Economic problems, honestly debated. But what I do not see is the avenue whereby the great mass of the people can now be restored to an interest in the way in which they are now governed, or even in the re-establishment of their own economic independence.

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The British Consular Service.

II.

It would be extremely difficult, if not actually impossible, to carry on the work of the consular service, if it depended upon the migratory vice-consuls, who come and go at intervals of from two months to two years. The conditions described in the preceding article are only possible because of the existence of what are termed "unsalaried consular officers." They are so called because they are not recognised as permanent and pensionable Government officials, but are the employees of the local consul or consul-general. Almost every important consulate employs an unsalaried vice-consul or pro-consul, usually a man who has spent most of his life in the place, and is familiar with local people and conditions. His services are, as a rule, retained by succeeding consuls, unless when they bring with them the person who has already served them in the same capacity. In that event, an unsalaried vice-consul, who has spent twenty years of his life to consular work, may find himself on the street, with no claim upon the Government, and no experience fitting him for ordinary clerical employment.

Even senior officials, who have frequently been transferred, are largely dependent upon the unsalaried vice-consul for guidance, and remain so until they have learned the language of the post, and have become acquainted with local conditions. The vice-consuls appointed by the Foreign Office are of little assistance, having only the fragmentary experience acquired by short residence in various posts. Consequently, it is certainly the lot of unsalaried vice-consuls to teach salaried vice-consuls their business, as the consul, even if he could do so, is not in daily contact with the regular routine duties of the service. Thus it comes about that young men fresh from the "crammers" are in receipt of £300-£500 per annum, while the man who does their work gets perhaps half that amount from his employer, and must take orders from the inexperienced flegling.

Such a conclusion might seem to imply that the deliberate and continued labour of truth-telling without reward, and always in some peril, is in vain, and that those who have for so many years given their best to the work of a Free Press have toiled in vain. I intend no such implication. I shall myself continue in the future, as I have in the past, to write and publish in that Press without regard to the Boycott in publicity and in advertisement subsidy which is intended to destroy it and to take all our effort of effect. I shall continue to do so, although I know that in The New Age, or the "New Witness," I have but one reader, where in the "Weekly Dispatch" or the "Times" I should have a thousand. I shall do so, and the others who continue in like service will do so, for, because, though the work is so far negative only, there is (and we all instinctively feel it), a Via Mediatoris Naturae: merely in weakening an evil you may soon be, you ultimately will surely be, creating a good: secondly, because self-respect and honour demand it. No man that has the truth to tell and the power to tell it can long remain hiding it from fear or even from despair without ignominy. To release the truth against whatever odds, even if so doing cannot affect the Commonwealth, is a necessity for the soul.

We have also this last consolation, that those who leave us and attach themselves from fear or greed to the stronger party of dissemblers gradually lose thereby their chance of fame in letters; sound writing cannot survive in the air of mechanical hypocrisy. Those who prefer so to sell themselves or to be cowed gain, as a rule, not even that security for which they betrayed their fellowmen, and, meanwhile, they leave to us the mastery of English.
port than the young salaried vice-consul, who comes out in a state of consular innocence, and leaves just when he has been taught a little. The name and personality of the unsalaried officer are familiar to dozens of people who cannot be expected to remember the various men who have come and gone without ever taking a very active part in the business of the consulate. Similarly, the consul comes to rely on his own employee, and takes little interest in the young officials whose appointment, retention and transfer are wholly beyond his control.

In spite of all the value, however, the unsalaried consular officer receives very little money, and after some examination to the Civil Service under the provisions of the Civil Service Act, when not their actual unfamiliarity, tend to obstruct them. But rarely are these unsalaried vice-consuls admitted to the regular service, although a Civil Service certificate could be granted to them under Clause XII of the Order in Council of 1870. Persons qualified as consular officials is usually poor. Their hours are fixed by the profiteering or other whims of their chief, who is enabled, through stupid regulations, to make money by overworking the office staff. The salaried vice-consul, as civil servant, has a certain degree of independence, and cannot be so greatly impeded, through the personal desires of the consul or consul-general, as to be unable to do his job. He had, on more than one occasion, taken sole charge of the consulate, and done single-handed the work of two Civil Servants drawing respectively some £1,400 and £700 a year. At any moment in the consul's absence his duties may be terminated by the death or retirement of his employer, and, in any case, he will never have any pension. Repeated efforts failed to secure his promotion to a salaried vice-consul.

Consular officials are men of inferior calibre. The remuneration of unsalaried consular officers, who are selected solely by the personal position of the consul, is usually poor. Their hours are fixed by the profiteering or other whims of their chief, who is enabled, through stupid regulations, to make money by overworking the office staff. The salaried vice-consul, as civil servant, has a certain degree of independence, and cannot be so greatly impeded, through the personal desires of the consul or consul-general, as to be unable to do his job. He had, on more than one occasion, taken sole charge of the consulate, and done single-handed the work of two Civil Servants drawing respectively some £1,400 and £700 a year. At any moment in the consul's absence his duties may be terminated by the death or retirement of his employer, and, in any case, he will never have any pension. Repeated efforts failed to secure his promotion to a salaried vice-consul.

Considerable weaknesses result from this dual class of consular official. It is not encouraging to a man of long service and valuable experience to be not only ignored and overworked, but also obliged to teach numerous young certificated colleagues, who, on the strength of their ignorance, take precedence over him, and, without the use of his knowledge, obtain promotion. There would be some justification if, on the basis of tradition in the circles of permanent officials, unsalaried officers are men of inferior calibre. Everything is done to make them so. There is no such official who has had to deal with consulates where care to assert that there are some genuine failures in the one class than in the other. There are permanent officials whose moral and intellectual weaknesses are not uncommon, wherever they have been stationed. The surprising fact is the general standard of ability, intelligence, and hard work maintained by an exploited class, under conditions which are a disgrace to the public Service.

The desire for cheap labour not only convenes at the exploitation of unsalaried vice-consuls, but further weakens the consular service by fostering a widespread system of consulates in which there are no salaried officers at all. These are the so-called honorary posts, where a local merchant or shipping agent receives a small sum for office expenses, and is allowed to place the consular shield over his door, as an advertisement for his private business. The number of such consulates is excessive, and should be strictly limited to small posts, where the duties really are nominal. Even then, it is doubtful if an individual should be allowed to use an official office for the furtherance of his own affairs. Either there is work for a salaried officer of the Crown, or there is not. In the latter event, when these honorary posts are always situated within a certain radius of a regular consulate, and are under its jurisdiction, the occasional business might be transacted by the superintending officer. Even now, it is supposed to visit his district periodically, and, as he prefers to shirk the duty, there is all the more reason for his being obliged to perform it.

In order to realise the extent of this abuse, it is sufficient to notice that, up to December, 1913, there were about five times more unsalaried than salaried consular officers in the English service. In Germany and the German colonies there were only salaried officials, while Portugal and her colonies absorbed nine per cent. So much for the relative importance of the two countries in the eyes of the Foreign Office! Twenty-three salaried posts are assigned to France, on the other hand, and the rest of the Continent is divided among the other competitor. The records show Frankfort-on-Main as having a British consul in charge of an unsalaried officer, while a permanent official is found necessary in Corsica! Again, while Lyons is deemed important enough for a salaried consul, Brest is not, nor are Kiel and Bremen, though Toulon is. Noumea, strange to say, receives similar consideration, denied to Samoa. The cheapness of the British consular service in Germany is proving as expensive as all cheap labour.

Most of these honorary posts are held by foreigners, who have no incentive to the efficient discharge of their duties, and may easily have positive reasons for neglecting them. In certain cases where patriotic British subjects are the occupants they find themselves in the same predicament as the other class of unsalaried official. They are greatly overworked, and receive neither reward nor recognition, as all the credit goes to the salaried consul in whose district the work is performed. A consul-general, with several of these unpaid vice-consulates in his district, may be two hundred miles from any one of them, and is not obliged to lend assistance or cooperate with them. Cases occur where some wretched clerk in a shipping company's office, who does the consular work because the firm desires the advertisement of the consulate, has to work overtime for weeks on end in order to make up for the time lost in attending to consular business, of which he is not paid.

When the actual conditions of employment in British Consulates have been described, it will be easier to understand the hardships of the unsalaried consular service, as well as to realise the seriousness of this menace to the usefulness of the service, as a whole. For the moment, it may be said that it is not more important that the arbitrary classification of the consular service should be abolished than that the unjust differentiation of consular officials amongst themselves should disappear. The incongruous discrepancies between the East and German Consulates are paralleled within these branches themselves by the co-existence of salaried, unsalaried, and honorary vice-consuls, all performing the same work, but none receiving the same scale of remuneration. In the regular consulates the salaried vice-consul depends for instruction and constant assistance upon an official whom he too often refuses to regard as a colleague, and whose hours and pay are subject only to the personal desires of the consul or consul-general. At the same time, the honorary officials in the consular district
American Wealth and the World's Woe.

By George D. Herron.

I.

An extraordinary and prophetic phenomenon has recently occurred in the American financial world—a phenomenon for which the past furnishes no precedent—the phenomenon of great monied institutions in danger of becoming poor because they are too rich. The shares of certain large American banks have been decreasing in value, while, at the same time, the deposits in these banks have been enormously increasing. I wrote to one of the oldest and most experienced bankers of the Middle West for an explanation of this paradoxical situation. It was due, he replied, to the surplus of money. The profits of a munition and export trade had been so immense and continuous, so rapidly repeated, that the financiers had heaped up a colossal capital for which they could find no investment. The coffers of the banks were so crowded with gold, as destitute of purchasing value as the watered sands of the desert. The beginning of such a process are in the acute and monstrous indigestion from which the American financial maw is now suffering. And were not the political economists so steeped in their own stupidities, were not the politicians so impenetrably ignorant of social good and government, they would find in this proof, a new and more palpable reason for the causes of the unparalleled plight of our present miserable world.

II.

But before moralising further, let us mentally try to encompass our American wealth's amazing vastness. Mr. John Shelton Williams, the Controller of Currency for the United States, has recently estimated this wealth at three hundred and twenty billion dollars—more than twice the wealth of the whole British Empire, including India, Egypt, Canada, Australia, South Africa, New Zealand, and the lesser colonies and dominions. We have sold, since the war began, nine billion dollars of munitions and other products, and sold them at exorbitant profits, besides loaning two billion dollars at high rates of interest. It is true we have helped France and Belgium and Serbia; but Controller Williams considers the amount so contemptibly small, when compared with our exploitations of the war, that we should be filled with shame and uneasiness. Speaking with the authority of his seat in the National Treasurer, he frankly makes us feel that we are the shabbest and meanest people of history. "We have gathered billions," he said, "flowing in lavish streams. We have doled out a few millions." He computes the total of all that America has given, to relieve the war's woes, at less than one-twentiyth of one per cent. of our income during the same period. It is well that we should thus hear the truth about ourselves; and it would be better still if that truth should bring our nation to an instant and effectual repentance.

Our need of knowledge and repentance is emphasised by our failure to support the Commission for Relief in Belgium, so ably and nobly presided over by Mr. Hoover. We Americans are under a tremendous delusion as to what we have really done for this relief. With a thoroughness and an earnestness that should bring the nation to its knees, the ablest and sincerest political journal of America, "The New Republic," of New York, has recently analysed and summarised our French and Belgian contributions. On November 1, the Commission had expended nearly one hundred and seventy-five million dollars for food and clothing in Belgium and Northern France, but only a shamefully small part of this money had come from Americans. Notwithstanding the puerility, as we shall have occasion to see, of the dual system of staffing regular consulates, and how they defeat the avowed purpose of establishing that class of official, the American financiers are accustomed to look to the salaried and unsalaried officers at headquarters for advice, with the result that the latter have to witness a second class more favoured than themselves, for they have none of the independence which distance and an alternative source of income confer upon honorary vice-consuls and consuls. They have, in short, all the disadvantages and none of the advantages of not being servants of the Crown.

Whatever justification may be advanced for the existence of unsalaried officers permitted to trade, nothing can excuse the dual system of staffing regular consulates. The former exist on the plea that the posts in question do not demand the undivided attention of the occupant, who is, therefore, encouraged to add consular duties to his own. But what can be said for those unsalaried officers whose whole time is given to their work, and who are obliged to perform their duties side by side with men with less experience, shorter hours, larger pay, longer holidays, and a pension? Most of them receive from the uncontrolled office allowance of the consul whatever minimum wage can be imposed by the latter, whose sole object is to pocket as much as possible of the amount granted out of public funds for the maintenance of the office. No attempt whatever is made to ensure that the money is spent legitimately, and, above all, no control is exercised to guard against "sweating" and under-payment. In fact, on one occasion, a consul was reprimanded for encouraging too high a scale of payment, because he perversely desired his unsalaried vice-consul to live in reasonable comfort! The trail of profiteering and low wages is all over the British consular service, as we explain the precise conditions of the salaried vice-consul's service, and how they defeat the avowed purpose of establishing that class of official.

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tracy of international confidence that the anger at German aggressiveness reached, in well-to-do circles, the fighting pitch. But not the disburting pitch. These well-to-do Americans wanted to shed their blood to avenge Belgium. They were not equally willing to shed their dollars to keep the lives of Belgium's children. They gave a remarkably loud cry for remarkably little wool. Up to last July, all Massachusetts scrambled together about $350,000 for Belgium. In the same period South Australia sent Belgium $466,000, or, proportionally, to the population, eight times as much. The passionate Australians managed to send $370,000, in contrast with $2,936,000 from New South Wales. The inhabitants of New South Wales were proportionally 98 times as generous as the fanatical sympathisers in Pennsylvania. Illinois poured out $1,431,000 in the course of twenty months of high emotion about Belgium. New Jersey sent $16,000 in twenty months.

The signs that our repentance is possible are not wanting. The profits we have made out of the war, our failure to participate in the defence of humanity against the barbaric German assault—each of these begins to weigh heavily upon the national conscience. We are troubled—or, at least, we think we are—at the pace with which we are fattening upon the woes of the world. We have doubts, even if the doubts be slight and superficial, as to whether our stupendous gains shall issue in either national or individual happiness. We suspect our superior wealth of being both our spiritual and material peril, part of the destruction. We dimly and anxiously see that, held, as it is, in the grasp of a bearded and sleepless private greed, this wealth may be quite the antithesis of social health—may, indeed, become a leathern national disease, issuing in an altogether unlovely and despicable decay. And thus we Americans are wondering, in the watches of the moral night of our nation, what we shall do to be saved from our wealth.

III.

But the question of salvation is inwrought with our careless and criminal methods of national housekeeping. There are gross and ghastly truths about this housekeeping which neither Mr. Williams nor any public man would dare to tell—unless he were seeking political suicide or martyrdom. The cellar way we have of accepting incredible conditions of social misery, and industrial anarchy—this is quite beyond telling or believing. Side by side with our Gargantuan wealth—with its bestial banality and cannibalistic display—we may behold four hundred thousand men, in the City of New York, vainly demanding work and receiving public charity. In the same city, probably two million persons live below the margin of proper physical sustenance, and one million of these are constantly close to the line of gradual starvation. More than seven hundred and fifty thousand Americans are each year needlessly killed or injured, in the ordinary course of traffic and industry, because there is no collective will or experience, no socially disposed or directed legal force, sufficient to compel the adoption of safety appliances and the regulation and control of industrial processes. Cheaply built factories, easily taking fire, consume from ten to one hundred and fifty girls in their flames, sometimes little children also, because there is no public conscience that requires honest construction and factory inspection. In different parts of the country, all pretence of law is abandoned, by both capitalists and courts of justice, during prolonged strikes of the workers for reasonable wages and decent conditions of living. Wide industrial districts are subjected to irresponsible private armies, enlisted from the criminal classes by the owners of mines and of transportation. Scores of workmen, often their wives and children as well, are annually killed or wounded by these corporation armies of thugs or gunmen. For several months, a large industrial town of New Jersey, close to New York City, has been under the ruthlessness and unrestrained domination of such a private army of the great oil company. This tyranny is denounced by no public law or opinion, while the city and the nation, so far as they take heed at all, look helplessly and indifferently upon scenes of brutality and murder that would put the keepers of Siberian prisons to shame. Municipal authorities have been insolently set aside, or driven from the town. Men and women and children have been shot while quietly walking the streets, or for showing their heads at the windows of their wretched homes; and their only wrong is that of seeking release from intolerable conditions of housing and labour, and for demanding the right to organise themselves into a union. For nearly two years, a hideous and unbelievable struggle has been carried on between the masters and the miners of the iron ranges of Northern Minnesota and Michigan. The facts of what has there taken place are carefully concealed from the people; for the American Press is overawed by the great trusts, and distributes only such information—or, rather, misinformation—as the trust-lords consider to be in accord with their interests. Farther West, in the mines of Colorado, such industrial tragedy and coercion prevail, such brutality and lawlessness of superintendence, such constant danger of death to the miners, such domestic uncertainty and squalor, that the tale of it all, when the truth is once known, will become one of the classic shames of capitalist history. And for years has Colorado been the scene of this war of the masters upon their workmen. The one law that has reigned has been the law of protected and unpunished violence: the State has been given over to government by murder. The authorities have been supine and helpless in the hands of the inhuman foremen employed by the owners of the mines. Nor till President Wilson, overstepping the authorities of the State, sought to bring the horrors of Ludlow to an end—not until then were begun even the first hypochondriacal efforts toward either justice or mercy in industrial Colorado. And so on, without end; for I have named but a few typical instances of the common and increasing war between classes in capitalist America. Nor is it any wonder, when we consider our sottish acquiescence in these conditions, that it has come to pass that two thousand men own most of the wealth upon which one hundred million Americans depend.

IV.

But it is not this material inequality that is the most appalling feature of our American situation: it is the apparent increase of the moral insensibility at which I have already hinted. The most glaring social contrasts now leave us tame and cold. The brazen patronage of pitiful poverty by reckless wealth—the flaunt of bizarre magnificence in the face of thronging suffering—almost we take this for granted now. Nor are we as discerning as we once were of the punishment and safeguard of herded voters, of the knavery and ignorance of legislatures, of the Punch and Judy shows of political reform. Nor do we resent as we did the insolent overlordship of the financiers, and the growth of government by murder seems not to trouble greatly the national heart. Of the horrid insipidity of education we are absurdly ignorant, and the yellow hypocrisy of organised religion bothers us not at all. None of these things any longer deeply move us; to the whole immeasurable menace and madness of it all we have grown too accustomed.

And so our fabulous financial properties, held in the parasitic grasp of predatory owners, are in the way of becoming converted into every kind of poverty, national and material, spiritual and social, mental and physical. And unless something startle and quicken us, unless we repent with a repentance for which history affords no precedent, we shall one day reap from
the workers we have wronged such retributive fury as shall make the French Revolution seem as a fableside fairy tale. Unless we can achieve the will and the way to demystify this wealth, transmitting it into social production: we have only machinery for private accumulation and social congestion. Our democracy, which is largely a preposterous fiction, has developed no technique for collective care or procedure. Indeed, social organisation does not with us exist: such organisation as we have is but the savage mechanism of a rapacious economic individualism. Thus our millionaires, now becoming billionaires, are like unto the Silurian monsters that ate up the rest of the animal world, then perished because there was nothing to eat. Our financiers are like unto the voracious parasite that saps the blood from the body of the whole, then also dies when the whole withers away. Or our business system is like unto the man who takes stones from the foundation of his house and with them builds a tower, to have sown and tower and foundation become one heap of ruins at last.

There has been something wrong with the building of America from the beginning. Our boasted constitution, so loudly proclaimed as the greatest instrument for self-government that mankind has produced, is reality a contrivance for preventing the people from governing themselves. The central purpose of its principle makers was, so Alexander Hamilton avowed, to keep government in the hands of the wealthy and out of the hands of the common citizenry. It is precisely as a preventive of self-government, as an instrument supremely suited to serve plottocracy, that the American constitution has been a marvellous success. Nor shall our American political house be safe until we build upon a foundation altogether new and truly democratic. Short of utter repentance, both emotional and practical, there can be but one abyssmal and chaotic end to our present financial and political procedure. To the nation, as to the individual, there can come no greater curse than that of being content to have while others have not. Such nations as are so content—the inevitability descend into intellectual degradation and spiritual death; and, inevitably also, are they finally stripped of their material possessions and enveloped with the woes of the world’s disregarded and defeated. There is an inner law of nations that undeviatingly works to this retributive end; and it is a just and righteous law, and a law from which there is no escape.

VI.

Nor is it only ourselves that our unimaginable wealth is imperilling. The methods of our American money are, I venture to say, a greater peril to the human race, both spiritually and materially, than the European war. For the war may bring to Europe, as last, a profound purification and redemption; but our American riches, if soon they be not used to set democracy in our midst, if they be not divinely commissioned to unite and heal the nations, must inevitably prepare a pit that will engulf the world.

For the whole family of man is a single and indissoluble unity. We are not aliens and enemies by nature, as the rulers and the owners would have us think, as an immature and materialistic science has taught us; we are the mutual members of one indivisible organism, and from the laws of its organism have sprung all the laws by which that organism is governed. Between the weal of one man and another, of one nation and another, of the white people and the yellow or the black, there can be no separation; every historical or imagined separation is but a delusion and a damnation. The fate of the world is wrapped up with the fate of its most backward and abandoned peoples, the downcast denizens of its slums and jungles, its meanest or most wronged man. Unto the world’s limbs and edges are we of the privileged classes bound by the divinely relentless law. Starting from a miserable Siberian village, what we know as “la gripe” continues its world-consuming course, with perhaps more deaths to its credit than the European war. The black plague, that wellnigh depopulated medieval Europe, is now supposed to have had its origin in a plain where the dead of an Assyrian army lay long unburied. The chok which the great lady wears at the court reception may be freighted with the diphtheritic germs of the child-workers of the sweat-shop. The dread diseases of South Sea Islanders take their toll of the inhabitants of New York and Paris and London. As long as one babe is born into poverty and disease and ignorance, as long as a single child is less than the heir of an abundant life and a complete career, so long is the whole world endangered and de-based and disordered.

It is under the dominion of this law that man’s evolution has proceeded, as well as the harshest and reddest developments of the forms of nature. The practice of nations’ blind to it, and so is the pursuit of wealth; yet its presence is beginning to be discerned, even if but rudely and doubtfully, by a riper and nobler science, and by a rising tide of divinity. Whether we see or not, the law is there; it is written in the foundation of the world; it is subject to neither revocation nor suspension nor amendment. Whether as a human whole, or as nations and individuals, we are governed by it inclusively and unremittingly. Either retributively or beneficently, its operation goes always on. We have no choice about its presence, any more than we have choice as to the courses the stars shall pursue. Our choice is limited as to whether we shall become the law’s co-workers, its glad and willing enacters, or stupid strikers against it, continuing the curse of the world’s disobedience.

VII.

The world is meant to be our home, and a home that shall be hallowed and heavenly, green and glad and full of songful labour, replete amidst confederate and social disease and drear disorder—into a howling and chaotic end to our present financial and political procedure. To the nation, as to the individual, there can come no greater curse than that of being content to have while others have not. Such nations as are so content—these inevitably descend into intellectual degradation and spiritual death; and, inevitably also, are they finally stripped of their material possessions and enveloped with the woes of the world’s disregarded and defeated. There is an inner law of nations that undeviatingly works to this retributive end; and it is a just and righteous law, and a law from which there is no escape.

And it may be that America, notwithstanding all I have said to the contrary, will be the first to enter. Should I be very wrong to leave the impression that American financiers are representative of the American people they are not. The election of President Wilson to succeed himself is proof to the contrary. The American people are no more represented by the owners of their wealth than the heart of Germany is expressed by Prussian militarism; or than the soul of Russia is revealed by the camarilla round the Czar. There are great and unprecedented spiritual potencies in the bosom of America; and these potencies are now bestirring themselves from their long sleep. Out of this mysterious melting-pot, the races, perhaps after some swift and unexampled crisis, may yet appear the true superhumanity—the humanity that wears the impress and the image of One who has come, again and again, to hold fellowship with all and dominion over none.
The relation of Labour and Capital after the War was considered by the Committee of the British Association of which Prof. W. R. Scott was chairman, and is discussed in "Report of the Committee on the War," edited by Prof. A. W. Kirkaldy, 1916, p. 308 ff.). It was the opinion of that committee that, immediately after the War, those relations are likely to be changed, and the continued utilisation of the productive forces of the nation would be temporarily checked. The wages of women workers should be increased, and prices would be raised as a result. The standard of living is likely to become lower. The productive power of the United Kingdom will be as great as it was prior to the war; but the burden of interest on the debt will have to be met by taxation, which may be borne without intolerable hardship if there is a corresponding increase of production. This can be had if necessity stimulates industry and invention.

It is thus apparent that Labour, Capital, and the State will be faced, when the War is over, with many difficult problems. The restoration of those who have served in the Army to their previous positions in the labour market, the continued utilisation of the productive powers of the people, the renewal of industries, and the restoration of a higher standard of living will call for the combined wisdom, the unceasing energy, the generosity, the good feeling, and the mutual co-operation of all.

The best policy, therefore, for both Labour and Capital is to take advantage of the good feeling and mutual confidence which have been fostered, and to make every effort to increase the output possible by the exercise of energy and intelligence, and especially by the fullest working of the machinery provided.

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to keep up the enthusiasm unless they got some general reward.

(3) As to the State, we have often heard the expression of the organised workers and their leaders that this situation which has been increased by State intervention under the Ministry of Munitions at the present time, but all those who are involved know how much this has led to indiscipline, and how the result has been a condition which I had no choice, however, the circumstances existing made one-sided agreements, which would not have been tolerated under less dangerous conditions, and the result is to pledge the employer to look favourably on proposals for increase of wages. This policy is not confined to our own islands in some cases, without undue exertion, and that under the advantages as regards free education, medical attendance in general, and trade. We have, however, learned a great deal in the last two years, and I think many working men are not above taking interest in such questions beyond the great industries, and that such money has to be paid in wages than those existing before the war, with a greater feeling of responsibility by the individual would, in my opinion, be much better than all these free advantages, with the exception of that of education. Organised Labour has great powers and correspondingly great obligations, and it is necessary to be in a position to begin these obligations at home.

It is often difficult for the mass of Labour to understand the cost of finding large sums of money to finance great industries, but it is necessary to understand that such monies are obtained out of profits. It is difficult for Labour to realise the risks which capitalists have to take, and the fact that in many works large sums are spent on research work, and why there may be no return. It may be that new things may or may in many cases appear to give no return, if it be considered that negative results have no value, which is far from being the case. It is also sometimes difficult for Labour to understand that the service of a man who is in one undertakings mean a difference in profits of hundreds of thousands of pounds, or the difference between success and failure, and that such men and their immediate assistants deserve and earn the large sums they receive. It is on these accounts that Labour often considers that it does not get a fair share of the profits. I do not mean to say the profits are always fairly divided, and it would be difficult to say what a fair division should be.

I also do not believe the working man has any idea how the prosperity of this country, and with it his own prosperity, depends on our export trade, getting control of a great deal of our finance and trade. We have, however, learned a great deal in the last two years, and I think many working men are not above taking interest in such questions beyond the great industries, and that such money has to be paid in wages than those existing before the war, with a greater feeling of responsibility by the individual would, in my opinion, be much better than all these free advantages, with the exception of that of education. Organised Labour has great powers and correspondingly great obligations, and it is necessary to be in a position to begin these obligations at home.

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Drama.

By John Francis Hope.

Mr. Huntly Carter, in the long letter published in the last issue of The New Age, has very kindly corrected my vague memory of his articles, and I thank him for the correction. But he has also reminded me that I do not agree with him; and I will devote an article to expressing, as amicably as I can, my difference from one whom I regard not as a dramatic critic but as a philosophic prophet. Mr. Bakshy contends, and I agree with him, that "theatrical evolution has revealed no unifying principle"; Mr. Carter objects to this that "the wise men of the theatre are, and ever have been, actuated by one great motive—namely, the application of a unifying principle to the theatre." But this, I submit, is really a philosophical judgement; it imposes on concrete things an abstract identity, and really disguises the diversity that it attempts to explain. For if these wise men sought unity, or "intimacy in unity," as Mr. Carter parries it, it must be admitted that there is an abstract identity imposed on concrete things. It might be stated as an axiom that the search for unity is philosophical, and the search for diversity is artistic.

To characterise is to make distinct, to emphasise difference; it is true that difference can only be established between things of the same order, and drama, originating in magic and evolving into religion, undoubtedly has differentiated itself from magic and religion. To talk of the religious effect of drama, or of the dramatic effect of religious ceremonial, is, of course, possible, and, in certain contexts, permissible; but to insist upon their unity to the exclusion of their diversity leads us to Mr. Carter's conclusion of "an ideal theatre—a temple, that is, with a stage for altar, and a general air of confession and conversion—which theatrical performers in the best sense are in the habit of realising." But that conclusion ignores the evolution of the theatre, denies the existence of the drama, and affords us no means of distinguishing drama from religion.

But drama differs from religion by the very fact that it has spectators and not participators in a sacrament. When the priest elevates the Host, for example, all are united in an act of adoration; but when Hamlet "unpacks his heart with words," we may, or we may not, sympathise with him, but we are united only in our observation of him. The very construction of drama implies spectators and actors (shall I say?) suffering, suffering, suffering. It might be stated as a fact that the search for unity is philosophical, and the search for diversity is artistic.

Mr. Huntly Carter in the long letter published in the last issue of The New Age, has very kindly corrected my vague memory of his articles, and I thank him, particularly Mr. Henry Ainley, in "The Dynasts," stepped down from the stage to a seat in the orchestra, I wanted to push him back again. It is absurd to play "Hamlet" on a picture-frame stage; it would be absurd to play Kestoration comedy on any other stage. Whatever philosophy may say about it, it is the business of art to choose the fit means of production, to fit the theatre to the play, the play to the theatre, and as there are many different sorts of plays, there should be many different sorts of theatres. The Japanese "Noh" drama, for example, has a different theatre from that of the Japanese popular drama, and a different technique.

The difference between us is, I think, a difference in the manner of regarding the matter; although I also think that Mr. Carter's logic is defective. He assumes that because "the wise men of the theatre are..." and have ever been actuated by one great motive—the application of a unifying principle to the theatre, the result will be a "common or standard form of ideal theatre." But unity exist only in diversity; not in itself; diversity is the expression of unity, just as the three persons of the Trinity express the unity of substance. There is an ideal theatre for an ideal drama; but as an ideal drama must have many forms, there can be no standard form of theatre for it. There is room for everything, for Mr. Carter's "intimate" theatre among the rest; and this was Mr. Bakshy's contention. But when Mr. Carter assumes, as he seems to do, that there is one perfect and finished theatre towards which the drama moves and that theatre is really a temple, when he wants to blot out the distinction between actors and spectators established after centuries of striving, and plunge us back not into drama, but into communal magic, I feel that I want to recite the Athanasian Creed to him, particularly the damatory clauses. It is a curious abstraction of Mr. Carter, for he began with a denunciation of the picture-frame stage as imposing a tyrannous restraint on methods of production; and he ends by advocating an intimate theatre, which will act tyrannously on methods of production. If Mr. Bakshy, I believe in suitting the play to the theatre, the theatre to the play; and remind Mr. Carter that his passion for unity will finally drive him to discover that "all the world's a stage, and all the men and women merely players."
Readers and Writers.

One of the penalties an Englishman must pay for England's treatment of Ireland is to lie under the suspicion of an Irishman. My reference, it seems, to the political bias which, in my opinion, is misleading the Irish Literary Renaissance, has been taken by Mr. Boyd as an insinuation of the charge of prejudice. But surely a critic of literature may discover a political bias without being supposed either to have gone in search of it, or to resent it when found. And, as it happens, I do not resent it in Mr. Boyd in the very least; but, on the contrary, I sympathise with him in it. If I were an Irishman, I say to myself, I imagine that I should tend to look at things in much the same light as Mr. Boyd. Having had my own language virtually suppressed, and being compelled to speak and write in an alien tongue, charged with alien traditions, I should feel the inclination to bite my own tongue, and to curse myself for the very ease with which the conqueror's language came to me. And when works of my countrymen, written in this alien language, were claimed for the literature of my conqueror and employed to adorn the triumph of his conquest, my indignation would indeed be momentary. And, at that moment I might be over the brim and writing nonsense about Ireland's literary renaissance.

But feeling, even of this intense and ebullient quality, does not of necessity carry its own justification with it. The heart should always be in flames, but the duty of the head is to remain ice. And after long reflection, it appears to me—that though I write, of course, as an Englishman—I should, I think, come to the conclusion that not only was the wrong irreparable, but that perhaps it might be turned to excellent account. After all, what distinguishes wisdom from folly but the genious use that wisdom makes of circumstances which folly cannot employ and only fruitlessly resents? Given that English, by whatever abominable means, has actually now become the predominant language in Ireland; and that nobody either hopes, or, in his heart, expects to see Gaelic generally revived as the normal speech of the country—the conclusion to be drawn is that, for better or worse (at the discretion of Irishmen), the future of Ireland is, if not politically with England, at any rate, from a literary point of view with English literature. Irish writing, by virtue of its use of the English language, is inseparable from English writing in general. Both nations, whether they like it or not, are bound by the genius of what has become their common tongue. And the more frankly Irish writers accept the fact that, since they do not write in Gaelic, they must write in English, and hence, form a part of English literature, the better for their literary judgment and literary style.

It is not as if, either, there were no compensations. There are many. Once the political resentment is set aside—and though I say it lightly, I am aware that it is no easy matter—the advantages of English over Gaelic are, of course, known. Gaelic is not, of course, known well enough to pronounce upon its adaptability to modern ideas; but I am told by impartial students that it is more beautiful than useful. In any case, it is as good as dead, and there is no purpose served in holding an everlasting battle over it. Who knows that the Irish are not the real child of its ghost? And English, for all that it is spoken and written by the inhabitants of England—for the most part badly—is an excellent language, since Sanscrit, the best, perhaps, that has ever been created. There is nothing to prevent the Irish from improving the English in its use; indeed, it is an easy task. But what a re-conquest would be involved in that—to take the language of the English and to better the instruction! Great Irishmen, moreover, are there to prove that a profound Irish national sentiment is not incompatible with a resolution to beat the English at their own tongue. Swift wrote at least as patriotic an Irishman as any modern Sinn Feiner; his "Drapier's Letters" in defence of Ireland were not only modelled on Demosthenes, but they had all the patriotic passion of the Philippians; yet he wrote in English which, for simplicity, strength, and purity, is the despair of English. Is it impossible that Irish power such as his may precede the political power of Ireland's ambition; and sought not that possibility to be present in the Irish mind?

English, again, is, by no means an exhausted language, or a language incapable of forming new impressions. It is, on the contrary, still in the youth of its art; and I can enumerate myself several qualities which are still latent in it, and still, therefore, to be drawn out. For instance, easy lucidity is as yet a rare effect in English writing; and it is pre-eminently one that the Irish genius is fitted to produce and to perfect. For the Irish genius is a genius for talk; and cultivated talk is the very substance of easy lucidity in literature. Again, I am perpetually being struck in reading modern Irish writers by an effect of English words which no Englishmen appear to be able to master. I have seen nothing that excelled in producing: namely, a caressingly melancholy intimacy as between the reader and the writer. The very intonation of their voices upon such occasions seems to warn them that they are about to make fools, as they say, of themselves; in other words, that they are reaching the end of their tether in language. The Irish, on the other hand, are masters in such mood. Where the English become dumb or stilted, the Irish begin to find themselves at ease. This quality is, therefore, peculiarly open to Irish writers to develop. It is a province that is altogether theirs for the taking. And what of their gift of fancy? I wrote the other week of the "play-boy" that is in every Irishman; and I said that the use he makes of his play-boy is the test of the Irish writer. Mr. Boyd, unfortunately, understands me as having referred to the Handy Andy of Lever, and to the stage-Irishman of the nineteenth century. But my reference to Mr. Stephens, who is no stage-Irishman, might surely have saved me. Mr. James Stephens, of whose gifts I have a high opinion, exemplifies my "play-boy" theory both as to its evidence and in its application. The "whimsiness" of Mr. Stephens is as far removed from Handy Andyism as from anything English. At the same time, in my opinion, it is still only an imperfect and embryonic manifestation of the spirit of humour which I regard as peculiarly Irish. Mr. Stephens, had he the genius of the English language to his tutor, would, I think, make of his gift of humour a unique masterpiece in English literature. As certainly as Rabelais, by virtue of his inspiration, drew out of the French language a single quality and universalised it—in other words, made it common property to writers in French—and so certainly could an Irish writer, like Mr. James Stephens, universalise in English the quality in which he is so opulent. It is the whimsiness. Is all this creation within the limits (if there are limits) of English so small a task that Irish writers should despise it? Are they afraid of losing their nationality in English? But if their nationality is, as they claim and I allow, real, it is, unless past its prime, still creative; and it has therefore nothing to fear save its fear. And it would remain Irish in English not a whit the less for surrendering itself to the Muse that presides over English literature.
I add a footnote which is not intended to be disagreeable-The contrast between the attitude of the Irish writers whom Mr. Boyd defends and the attitude of those Irish writers whom I am bespeaking is expressed in the contrast of the spirit of Caliban and Ariel. Caliban is Ariel nursing his grievance. Ariel is Caliban with his grievance suspended. Read with our present revels in view, the "Tempest" is strangely modern.  

R. H. C.

We Moderns.  
By Edward Moore.

Psychology of Style.—There are writers with a style—it may be either good or bad—and writers with no style at all, who just write badly. What quality or combination of qualities is it which makes a writer a stylist?  

Style probably arises out of a duality; the association in a writer of the scribe and spectator. The first having set down his thought, the second, aside, contemplates it, as things should be contemplated, from a distance, and asks, "How does this strike me? How does it look, sound, move?" And he suggests here a toning down of colour, there an acceleration of speed, somewhere else, it may be, an added vividity, for clearness is an aesthetic as well as an intellectual virtue.

The writer without style, however, just writes on without second thought; the spectator is altogether lacking in him; he cannot contemplate his work from a distance, nor, indeed, at all. This explains the unconsciousness and innocence in bad writing—not in bad style, which is neither unconscious nor innocent! The stylist, on the other hand, is always the actor to his own spectator; he must get his effect; even Truth hinges as a means to his end. If a truth is too repulsive, he throws this or that cloak over it; if it is uninteresting, he envelops it in mysticism (mysticism is simply an artist's trick); in a word, he aesthetises, that is, falsifies everything, to please the second person in his duality, the spectator. Even if he gets his effects by moderation of statement, he is to be distrusted, for it is the moderation and not Truth that is aimed at. And, then, his temptation to employ metaphors, to work up an interesting madness, to work up an interesting madness, to work up an interesting madness, is that which is disgusting in them is their inability to rise high enough to see their little decade or two, and to challenge it, if they cannot from the standpoint of a noble future, then, at least, from that of the noblest past. But how weak must a generation be which is not strong enough to challenge and supersede Mr. Arnold Bennett; for instance.

Les Humbles.—Humility is the chief virtue, said a humble man. Then are you the vainest man, said his friend, for you are renowned for your humility. Good taste demands from writers who praise humility a little aggressiveness and dogmatism, lest they be taken for humble, and, therefore, proud. Mr. Chesterton's writings admirably illustrate this. Of course, if humility is the chief virtue, it is immoral not to practise it. And, therefore, one should praise humility, and practise it? Or praise it and not practise it? Or not praise it and practise it? There is contradiction in every course. That is the worst of believing in paradoxical virtues!

The Great Immoralists.—The morality of Nietzsche is more strict and exacting than that of Christianity. When the Christians argue against it, therefore, they are arguing in favour of a morality more comfortable, pleasing and indulgent to the natural man; consequently, even on religious grounds, of a morality more immoral. What! is Nietzsche, then, the great moralist, and are the Christians the great moralists? This notion may appear to us absurd, or merely ingenious, but will it appear so to future generations? Will timidity, conformity, mediocrity, judicious blindness, unwillingness to offend, be synonymous, to them also, with morality? Or will they look back upon Christianity as a creed too indulgent and not noble enough? As a sort of Epicureanism, for example?

Dostoieffsky.—Dostoieffsky depicted the subconscious as conscious; that was how he achieved his complex and great effects. For the subconscious is the sphere of all that is most primeval, mysterious and sublime in man; the very bed out of which springs the flower of tragedy. But did Dostoieffsky do well to lay bare that world previously so reverently hidden, and to bring the reader behind the scenes of tragedy? The artist will deny it—the artist who always demands as an ingredient in his highest effects, mystery. For how can mystery be removed when the very realm of mystery, the subconscious, is surveyed and mapped? In Dostoieffsky's imperishable works the spirit of full tragedy is perhaps never evoked: What he provides in them, however, is such a criticism of tragedy as is nowhere else to be found. His genius was for criticism; the artist in him created these great figures in order that afterwards the psychologist might dissect them. And so well are they dissected, even down to the subconsciousness, that, to use a phrase of the critics, we know them better than the people we meet. Well, that is precisely what we object to—as lovers of art!

Art in Modern Society.—An object of beauty lies in modern surroundings a dangerous seduction which it did not possess in less hideous eras. In this is
there to be found a contributory explanation of Decadence—the decadent being one who feels the power of beauty intensely, and the repulsion from his environment as intensely, and who plunges into the enjoyment of beauty madly, with abandonment? In a society, however, which was not hideous as ours is, and in which beauty was distributed widely over all the aspects and forms of existence, the intoxication of beauty would not be intense, with the same terrible intensity; a beautiful object would be enjoyed simply as one among many lovely things. In short, it would be enjoyed in the manner of health, not in that of sickness. It is the contrast that is dangerous; the aridity of modern society is the territory which is suddenly presented with the spectacle of a beauty unaccountable and awful; and this produces a dislocation and convulsion of the very soul. So that the present-day artist, if he would retain his health—if he would remain an artist—must curb his very love of the beautiful, and treat beauty, when he meets it, as he always does, in the gutter, a little cynically. Otherwise he will lose his wits, and Art will become his Circe. Therefore, mockery and hard laughter—alas, that it must be so!

A Note on Bacon.

By Dinan Koyoumdjian.

"There is rarely any rising but by a commixture of good and evil arts." To speak of greatness is, at this time, to speak of platitudes; that, for instance, greatness shares with littleness only this, that it is compact of good and evil; that the varying degrees of the contraries make the man. But how great an error to think that it is by the preponderance of the one over the other that the man is made great or little! Yet, history admits of little other criticism than that of moralists who cannot understand the oft-repeated triumph of the selfish and unlicensed nature, and—worse still!—his continued triumph with posterity as one of the great figures of its past. How really immoral are these moralists in criticism! Not content to rest upon the greatness of the man, they lock in him for some such counterpart of pettiness as they have in their own natures; they may not praise but to condemn, and rebel. As his execution was the greatest blow Elizabeth's popularity ever received, so too, Bacon, both then and now, has suffered much for the fate of "brilliant, handsome Devereux." The meanness of the man, his many jealousies, his many years of degrading courtship to an old and capricious queen, his quarrel with Raleigh for capturing an island of the Azores before himself could claim that honour, are forgotten in the romance around a commonplace intelligence (for those times, when gentlemen were Latinised rather than civilised); pushed, would he or would he not, into history by the love of Elizabeth, and his recognition of Bacon's genius. Leicester, Burleigh, Cecil, Raleigh—all could claim as little honour as they had, Raleigh civilly enough, pretensions to it. They were dismal times, the years of Bacon's life; and his not the least dismal part. Merrie England! It was as dim a memory of the past as it is now. For myself, I can well forgive Bacon's self-centred treatment of Essex, though he himself could not, if he could confess of it thus: that, "the wisdom for a man's self—it is the wisdom of the fox that thrusts out the badger that didged and made room for him. It is the wisdom of crocodiles, that shed tears when they would devour."

"His tone is hardly elevating," says Mr. Mair, smugly of him in his study of English literature, as though, ironically enough, in a criticism of one who dismissed such things as masques and balls as empty "toys," he were a parson shocked by revue. There is no sentence in those fifty-eight essays—for with those there are mainly concerned—but is compact of some wisdom, some sternly dictated principle of reasonable action. In that lies Bacon's originality as a philosopher, and also his greatest call for moral condemnation, that, "though his rules of conduct and thought were dictated by practice and for practice, he himself did not follow New;
that by the very method of his reasoning he set up a standard of punishment for men and women, and thus met halfway the censoring of weaknesses which have been forgiven and forgotten in those of the Aristotelian deductive school. Had his, then, been the wisdom of the wilderness rather than, as it was, that of the streets and council chamber, he would not have sat as the judge at his own trial; there would have been no trial. For, without Bacon, who can judge Bacon?

He chose, however, to be the pioneer of inductive reasoning in England, that of reason dictated by practice, conclusions from facts, as against the deductive school of Aristotle; for it was he who for a time was the master of his philosophy, William Blake and Samuel Butler, those apostles of "Damn braves, bless relaxes." Of some of his wisdom in the essays, you may echo Mr. Gosse in saying "trivial." Look round upon Europe, and consider this sentence, written 300 years ago: "There is no question but that a just fear of imminent danger, though there be no blow given, is a lawful cause for war." Then, again, England had saved herself much trouble, had she looked to wisdom rather than bumbled through experience, in her treatment of Colonies: "It is a shameful and unblessed thing to take the scum (colonize), and not only so, but it spoileth the plantation; for they will ever live like rogues ... and spend victuals and be quickly weary." He was sparing of his words, though not of his wisdom: "Money is like muck, not good unless it be spread." Consider that he was, as Dean Church has it in his Life, "The great seer of a world of knowledge to which the men of his own generation were blind"; the only sage that England has ever had, the like of whom we cannot find in France or Germany, and in Italy but the wise chicanery of Machiavel. Such a voice as that of Carlyle thundered but fifty years ago, and it is already far away and difficult to hear; but the voice of the Lord Chancellor still measures out his stately reasoning, if you will listen, clothed as you would have it clothed, majestically.

"A crowd is not company, and faces are but a gallery of pictures, and talk but a tinkling cymbal, where there is no love. He is speaking of solitude; and though he was a courtier, "a man of the world," and wished to live in and with the world," it seems to me that his solitude was perfect; a miserably happy council-chamber, himself as the adviser and the judge at his own trial; there would have been no trial. For, without Bacon, who can judge Bacon?

Now all was desert and oppressive heat. After riding for five days in such a landscape, it was sweet to think upon the journey's end, the city of perennial waters, shady gardens and the song of birds. I was picturing the scene of our arrival—the shade and the rain, the long cool drinks, the friendly hum of the bazaars—and wondering what letters I should find awaiting me, all to the tune of "Onward Christian Soldiers!"—for the clip-clap of a horse's hoofs invariably beats out in my brain some tune, the most ingracious, without my will—when a sudden outcry roused me. It came from my companion, a hired muleteer, and sounded angry. The fellow had been riding on ahead. I now saw that he had overtaken other travellers—two men astride of one donkey—and entered into conversation with them. One of the two, the hindmost, was a Turkish soldier. Except the little group they made together and a vulture, a mere speck above them in the blue, no other living creature was in sight. Something had happened, for the soldier seemed amused, while my poor man was making gestures of despairing protest. He repeated the loud cry which had disturbed my reverie, then turned his mule and cantered back to meet me.

"My knife!" he bellowed. "My knife!—that grand steel blade which was my honour!—so finely tempered and inlaid!—an heirloom in the family! That miscreant, may Allah cut his life!—I mean the soldier—stole it. He asked to look at it a minute, seeming to admire. I gave it, like the innocent I am. He stuck it in his belt, and asked to see the passport which he showed it back though I entreated. I am your Honour's servant, speak for me and make him give it back! It is an heirloom. That greyhaired man was crying like a baby.

Now, I was very young, and his implicit trust in my authority enthralled me. I valued his dependence on my manhood more than gold and precious stones. Summoning all the courage I possessed, I damped down the fire of my horse and galloped after the marauder.

"Give back that knife!" I roared. "O soldier, it is thou to whom I speak." The soldier turned a studiously guileless face—a handsome face with a fair moustache and a week's beard. He had a rugged eye.

"What knife? I do not understand," he said, indulgently.

"The knife thou stolest from the muleteer here present." "Oh, that!" replied the soldier with a deprecatory laugh. "That is a thing unworthy of your Honour's notice. The rogue in question is a well-known malefactor. He and I are old acquaintance.

"By the beard of the Prophet, by the August Coran, I never saw his devil's face until this minute!" bellowed the muleteer, who had come up behind me.
“Give back the knife,” I ordered for the second time.

“By Allah, never!” was the cool reply.

“Give it back, I say!”

“No, I cannot be—yet even to oblige your Honour, for whose pleasure Allah knows, I would do almost anything,” murmured the soldier with a charming smile. “Demand it not. Be pleased to understand that if it were your Honour’s knife I would return it instantly. But that man,” as I tell thee, is a wretch. It grieves me to behold a person of consideration in such an unbecoming temper upon his account—a dog, no more.”

“If he is a dog, he is my dog for the present; so give back the knife!”

“Alas, beloved, that is quite impossible.”

With a wave of the hand dismissing the whole subject the soldier turned away. He plucked a cigarette out of his girdle and prepared to light it. His companion on the donkey had not turned his head nor shown the slightest interest in the discussion. This had lasted long enough. I knew that in another minute I should have to laugh. If anything remained for me to do it must be done immediately. Whipping my revolver from the holster, I held it close against the rascal’s head, yelling, “Give back the knife this minute, or I kill thee!”

The man went limp. The knife came back as quick as lightning. I gave it to the muleteer, who blubbered praise to Allah and made off with it. Equally relieved, I was about to follow when the utterly forlorn appearance of the soldier moved me to open the revolver, showing that it was not loaded. My adversary was literally hugged each other, roaring with delight, while the donkey underneath them both jogged dutifully on.

Before a caravanserai in a small valley green with fruit-trees, beside a slender stream whose banks were fringed with oleander, J was sitting waiting for some luncheon when the donkey and its riders came again in sight. The soldier tumbled off on spying me and ran into the inn like one possessed. A minute later he brought out the food which I had ordered and set the table for me in the shade of trees.

But tell me, what wouldst thou have done had I refused? It was not loaded. After all my fright!... It is a nice revolver. Let me look at it.”

“Ah, how that soldier laughed! The owner of the donkey turned and shared his glee. They literally hugged each other, roaring with delight, while the donkey underneath them both jogged dutifully on.

I watched him jogging on his donkey towards a gully of the hills along which lay the bridle-path to Karameyn. On all the evidence he was a rogue, and yet my intimate conviction was that he was honest. All the Europeans in the land would lift up hands of horror and exclaim: “Beware!” on hearing such a story. Yet, as I rode across the parched brown land towards the city of green trees and rushing waters, I knew that I should go to Karameyn.

Views and Reviews.

LIBERTY v. EQUALITY.

President Wilson’s recent speech to the Senate was a characteristic expression of American political thought. He began, naturally, with a reference to the foundation of the American Republic and the spirit of justice inspired by that foundation. Justice is the first among all the qualities which the founders of the American Republic set up as the basis of the constitution. It is the foundation of the American Republic, “when they set the table for me in the shade of trees.”

The reason that we are not equal.” The difference cannot be called an academic one, for it concerns vitally the future governance of Europe; and pacifists themselves are beginning to differ on this very question. “Only a tranquil Europe can be a stable Europe,” says Wilson. “And tranquillity can only be established on an equality of rights. In other words, all nations are equal, as all men are equal; “we choose equality,” says Faget. “because it is the best generatrix of uniformity, we reject liberty as generating irregularity of lines, and, consequently, ugliness”; or, as Napoleon put it in a more vigorous phrase: “Liberty is the privilege of the few; therefore, it may be abridged with impunity; but equality is beloved of the multitude.”

But Mr. Bertrand Russell is as sincere a pacifist as, and a more profound thinker than, President Wilson; and in a memorable passage of his “Principles of Social Reconstruction,” he has refuted President Wil-
son's contention: "The State has one purpose which is, on the whole, good, namely, the substitution of law for force in the relations of men. But this purpose can only be fully achieved by a world-State, without which international relations cannot be made subject to law. And although law is better than force, law is still not the law. Law is not the law. In law is too much on the side of what is decaying, too little on the side of what is growing. So long as law is in theory supreme, it will have to be tempered, from time to time, by internal revolution and external war. These can only be prevented by perpetual readiness to alter the law with the present balance of forces. If this is not done, the motives for appealing to force will sooner or later become irresistible. A world-State, or federation of States, if it is to be successful, will have to decide questions, not by the legal maxims which would be applied by The Hague Tribunal, but as far as possible in the same sense in which they would be decided by war. The function of authority should be to render the appeal to force unnecessary, not to give decisions contrary to those which would be reached by force.

In other words, the equality of rights is no more than a right to judgment in equity. The fact is that force has rights, itself the determinant of rights. A right that is not enforced is not a right; it is nothing, it does not exist. The attempt to equalise rights without equalising forces, which is President Wilson's solution, is foredoomed to failure. To take an example: if Montenegro is to have equality of rights with Russia, it must have equal power with Russia; if that cannot be conferred, then the equality of rights will only mask, not destroy, the inequality of forces. In a Conference or a Parliament, where each nation had an equal number of representatives, the statements of the Russian and Montenegrin members would not receive an equality of deference. So long as they agreed, of course, Montenegro would seem to be equal to Russia; the disparity would be revealed only when they differed. Or, we may take an example from the American Confederation: the State of New York, represented in the Senate equally with the State of Utah, is represented in the Senate equally with the State of New York, but the equality does not extend beyond that fact. The State of New York counts for more in the counsels of America than does the State of Utah, and the equality of representation only disguises the fact.

There is no escaping the dilemma: liberty and equality are antinomies. "We can be free only by means of inequality," says Faguet, "for the very fact of which is equality and a common participation in a process of augmentation of moral value throughout the universe. Personalities must be interpreted, dramatised; and a profound sympathy with the subject is necessary if this feat is to be successfully performed. Mr. Draycott is handicapped from the very beginning; he regards Islam as a spent force in politics and civilisation, and as a religion he argues that it died with Mahomet. No new revolution has occurred, no new interpretation is allowed. But this is not to prove that Islam is dead; the real question here is: 'Is there change in the Absolute?'

For Mahomet's great and primal assertion was a statement of the nature of the Absolute; 'There is no God but God'; and this is the assertion of a final fact, and to argue that the assertion of a final fact is futile really commits the disputant to the task of proving that there is change in the Absolute. If Mr. Draycott had pressed his argument to the point of proving the limits of progress, he would not have remained satisfied with his judgment that Islam is essentially an unprogressive religion. It may be the very nature of religion to be unprogressive; Christianity may be fundamentally fallacious because it asserts the development of a process of augmentation of moral value throughout the universe. Perhaps these are questions beyond the province of a biographer; certainly, Mr. Draycott does not hazard them. He is content with his statement that Islam is dead, that this vast body of believers in a tradition is no more than a concourse
of walking corpses, that the world has gone beyond them, and has "sought out many inventions," and that it is possibly to look disparagingly on the originators of this decay, and disseat the religion of the dead hand. The effect is to reduce Mahomet to very small beer indeed; it is impossible to understand how he differs from any Mad Mullah of modern times, except by his success—it is precisely his success that needs explanation. His personality hardly explains this; when his inspiration was most vital, and his personality, presumably, most vigorous, he could induce only a rich widow, Khadijah, to believe in him—and no extraordinary extraordinary success per sonality is needed to explain such a marriage from any Mad Mullah of modern times, except by his death. Mr. Draycott does not reveal it.

Just as Christ was content to tell the woman of Samaria all the things she ever did (if we remember rightly, they amounted to no more than a reckoning of her husbands and paramours), so Mr. Draycott is content to tell us all the things that Mahomet did. When he does explain, he traces an institution of Islam to a momentary desire or decision of Mahomet; Mahomet did what he wanted to do, asserted that it was the will of God, and enjoined it as a law upon all Islam for ever. It may be so, but the argument is a criticism of all religion, turning, in turn, from Mr. Draycott to the invocation of the name of God as authority for any social usage or custom whatever. This itself implies a division between the human and the divine that Mr. Draycott nowhere asseverates, yet which was surely his duty, as the biographer of a prophet, to make clear. For the whole value of the life of a prophet is that it makes clear a verity or a falsity of some kind. If Mahomet was not the Prophet of God, is it possible that Christ was an Incarnation of God? If Mahomet was the Prophet of God, is it not likely that his social edicts partook of the Divine character and authority? But Mr. Draycott answers all questions with the external facts of Mahomet's life, which do not answer the questions.

State Services. By George Radford. (Smith, Elder. 3s. 6d. net.)

This is a companion volume to "The State as Farmer," which, a few months ago, startled the Press with its idea of treating England as one great farm. Mr. Radford here presses his argument for the nationalisation not only of the land, but of the railways, banking, coal, and the public-house. The volume is argumentative rather than constructive, and follows the usual line of argument from amalgamation to nationalisation. The argument is frequently ad hominem, and is, therefore, very lively reading; and its enthusiasm for what we may call a strategic plan of production is exhilarating. Mr. Radford has no misgivings concerning the value of State action in these matters; the State, he assumes, can do anything better than any other combination of individuals, no matter how extensive their organisation may be. The general prejudice against State action, he ignores; that double-edged objection that the State must insist on uniformity, and, therefore, be both oppressive and inefficient, and, on the other hand, must be unjust if it allows its schemes to be modified to suit local conditions. What would be the result of throwing all these great services into politics, he also does not contemplate; apparently he forgets that under a system of State production the system of patronage would be eliminated. His argument is not as he thinks it is, an argument in favour of State action, but an argument in favour of a more systematically organised industry and agriculture; but what system, and in what detail, is not immediately clear rather than born, and the real value of Mr. Radford’s lively volume is that it insists upon this. But the fact that the Irish Agricultural Organisation Society could (before the war, at any rate), borrow money more cheaply than the State, is only one of those disquieting facts that make us dubious of the value of these sweep-}

ing assignments of industry to the State. The State has other things to do besides making the drunken sober by selling him pure beer, or artificially maintaining the price of wines; besides, there is no guarantee that the beer would be any better than the tobacco that is even now supplied by the State in various countries with unsatisfactory results, at least, to the consumer. We look rather to the development of existing organisations into organs of national supply—working, perhaps, within a general scheme outlined by the State; but the State as farmer might well choose to feed us all on beans (in spite of the Pythagorean prohibition), as publican, to make us drink "Nonal," and so forth, and as a general employer of labour, to be more concerned with teaching us the economy of low wages than making the Paradise that Mr. Radford desires.

With Botha’s Army. By J. F. Kay Robinson. (Allen & Unwin. 36. 6d. net.)

Mr. Kay Robinson’s recollections of the campaign in German South-West Africa seem to include everything but fighting; indeed, he calls it “that pantomime campaign.” Once (or was it twice?) they saw some Germans, but there seems never to have been more than four of them together, and their forts, usually a tin shed with a painted name, were usually empty. But of discomforts, and the heroic blasphemy that they inspired, the book is full; a sandstorm that can set great water-tanks bowling like hoops, and bouncing over bivouacs and railway embankments at sixty miles an hour, would inspire most men to vivid description. Sandstorms were common, and when there was no sandstorm there was a Taube with bombs. The meteorologist invented this epigram: “If it blows—hell! If it doesn’t—bombs!” And they preferred the bombs to the blowing, for the bombs always missed, but they could never keep the sand out of their mouths. They learned to “praise the Saints thin ants have no bones into them,” and as Mr. Robinson says, this narrative does tell us of much continuously suffered and little occasionally achieved. But they did take Fort Grasplatz; indeed, taking Fort Grasplatz became a hobby, more dear to the men than were the three camels that loved them so, and followed them wheresoever they went. It is a very lively narrative, and well worth reading.

The Insurrection In Dublin. By James Stephens. (Mansell. 36. 6d. net.)

Apart from the chronicle of the events that he witnessed and the rumours that he heard during the period of the rising, Mr. Stephens’ pamphlet is a plea for friendship between England and Ireland. The plea is sound enough, but the manner of its statement practically puts Mr. Stephens out of court. He is so deliberately slip-shod, so meticulously casual, that he irritates us. An ambassador in dressing-gown and slippers creates unnecessary prejudices against himself; if it is not worth Mr. Stephens’ while to correct a “hasty impression of a most singular time,” it is really not worth our while to bother about his impression. Mr. Stephens tells us: “I knew nothing about the rising. I know nothing about it now, and it may be years before exact information on the subject is available.” That may be true, but surely he could have found someone who did know something about the rising; enough, at least, to stiffen Mr. Stephens’ narrative, and to save him from such banalities as: “Meanwhile, the insurrection, like all its historical fore-runners, has been quelled in blood. It sounds rhetorical to say that a nation is not quite noble. He tells us that England’s only possible friend in Europe is Ireland in such a way that the average Englishman will hump his back, and grant: “England’s only friend is England.” Surely it is time that Mr. Stephens made himself presentable to English readers, and wrote like a man with a backbone.
Notes on Economic Terms.

LAISSEZ FAIRE. As applied in Economics, Laissez Faire is the doctrine that claims for the individual complete freedom, at his own risk, to make, to buy and to sell, what, where and as he can. Such a freedom, however, is incompatible with human society; and it is only fair to say that the Manchester School employed Laissez Faire rather as a guide-post than as the goal itself. What they demanded was as much freedom as possible, as little restriction on the individual as possible; and that every proposed restriction should be specially justified as a departure from the normal, and not taken as a matter of course. Within a certain area of possible economic activity, it was universally agreed that Laissez Faire should not be admitted. For instance, burglary is a means of procuring wealth—and Laissez Faire, strictly interpreted, would appear to approve of it; but no economist or practical man would push his theory to the inclusion of the burglary profession. Similarly, commonly admitted forms of unfair dealing, falsification of trade-marks, misrepresentation, etc., were by common consent ruled out of contention. But no economist or practical man would demand that Laissez Faire should be admitted; at the other extreme there was, however, an area of economic activity in which the Manchester School would claim really complete freedom: in the employment of labour, in the fixing of wages and conditions in the order of prices and market. And between these two extremes of no liberty whatever and no restriction whatever there was a debatable area (the political playground of the nineteenth century) in which economic activities were the subject of a kind of tug-of-war—one side wishing to place them under restriction, the other side wishing liberty and free enterprise. This area is still far from being completely marked out—as the demand for the abolition of the wage-system clearly proves. But the criterion is becoming more clear. Plainly freedom is not a criterion in itself, or we should see with every step of progress a fresh extension of freedom downwards as well as upwards. More and more economic activities would become legitimate if, in fact, freedom were the criterion of progress. But neither is restriction in itself a criterion. Restriction for the sake of restriction is not a better guide than freedom for the sake of freedom. What is, then, the proper criterion? We can see it as clearly manifested in the agreement to include burglary as an area of the principle of Laissez Faire, as much as the agreement to admit emulation: it is the spirit of the community. The welfare of Society, and neither Liberty nor Authority, is the true criterion of the province of Laissez Faire.

PROFIT-SHARING. Or sharing its tail with the dog. This consists in employing men for personal profit and returning a share to keep them at it. But of two things one: either the employer is entitled to the whole of the profits or he is entitled to none. If the former, his sharing of the profits with his workmen is (a) charity; or (b) conscience-money; or (c) bribery; or (d) an insurance against strikes; etc. If the latter, the men are as wrong to accept a part as the employers are to reserve a part. Let us discriminate, however, between profits and, on the one hand, the salary of management, and, on the other, the salaries of the managing staff; and (b) renewal and replacement of capital. Thus we know the element common to both is the ability to satisfy; and that the only difference between them is that qualitative goods satisfy intensely or for a long time, while quantitative goods satisfy only moderately for a short time. For we know that if the latter were in some cases be converted into the former: in other words, Quantity can be converted into Quality by the means of putting more work or labour into a commodity. Similarly Quality can be diluted into Quantity by skimping the work that is ordinarily put into it. This convertibility of the one into the other is the symbol of the convertible of Society into a better from being a worse, or into a worse from being a better. Commodities show the direction of the movement; and, as it were, the index of the state of Society. If, for example, we find that the majority of men in any given area are becoming qualitative in value, that is, contain more and more concentrated satisfaction, we know that Society is itself becoming more qualitative in character, more value-producing, better organised, and therefore better. And if the reverse, then the worse. A tree is not made the poorer for having known the social condition of America by the woodcarvings he found adrift off its coasts; and a Society is known by its commodities. Or the argument can be reversed. We can say that if a Society becomes better organised, its products will tend away from Quality—or diffused and unorganised value—and towards Quantity—or organised value. It is not that Society needs be organised for qualitative production directly; for that is to subordinate human to economic values. It is simply that, as a consequence of a right ordering of Society, economic values reach their maximum. Economics as a test of social virtue! Applying this to National Guilds, we may say that the object of National Guilds ought not to be the production of Economic Quality, however necessary Quality is at this period in our history. The object of National Guilds, on the contrary, is economic justice. But as a consequence of economic justice, Economic Quality will infallibly be produced. As the tree, so the fruit.

CREDIT. Its associates and kinsmen are belief, faith, confidence. For instance, my credit is good if my promise is believed, if confidence is felt in my ability and willingness to keep my word, if faith is put in my pledge. Credit is thus in general a belief in a man's ability and will to perform what he undertakes to perform. Willingness, however, though important, is not everything. It is not even the greater of the two factors in credit; namely, willingness and ability. For assuming the ability, the will can be compelled, and Law is there to compel. Hence ability, even more than willingness, has to be looked into before credit is secure; since, unlike will, ability cannot be compelled. The usual procedure is, therefore, to require, as a condition precedent, that a reasonable ability exists to make it good. This, however, may be and often is highly speculative; but it must, at least, have a solid basis. For instance, it is speculative to give credit, as an English company recently did, on a hundred thousand acres of newly planted wheat in Canada. It is speculative to buy the cherry-yield of an orchard still in bloom. It is speculative to lend upon the prospect of the production of a mill. It is speculative to give credit upon a few months' gold than the sum of the credit. But in each instance, there is a solid basis said to be the seed of, which the credit represents the developed fruit. But this seed is capital. Hence
credit may be regarded as the future of capital, and as only as speculative as the future itself. By means of credit we can deal with the future as if it were present; though always at the risk that the future will not turn out as expected. It is this risk in prophecy that accounts for the delicacy of credit.

Pastiche.

POOR LIZA.

(From the French of Gabriel Vicaire.)

Poor Liza died two days ago,
And not a word foretold her doom.
Now on a stretcher she lies low,
Set midmost in the church's gloom.
The Virgin straight upon her stares,
Who sinned so sore among the quick.
Now at her feet a candle flares,
Set in a wooden candlestick.
Good folk, new-shriven, outward pass
In fearful haste to leave the ghost.
The cure mumbles through the mass,
Lest his lean steak be over-roast.
For thriftless folk his pray'rs are brief
That ever leave the coffers bare.
There's no-one nigh for sign of grief;
You well might think a dog lies there.
Alone beside the door in dread
I kneel, but nearer dare not go.
I think of the dead girl's dear head
That once the sunlight gilded so;
And of her eyes like pansies blue
That were so soft awhile for me,
Her mouth that now finds nought to do,
And nevermore will smile for me.
Now all your comeliness is spent
As any shepherd's burnt-out fire
And you are gone like smoke that's blent
In air above the belfry spire.
Poor soul forlorn, say have you had
A glimpse of the good God on high?
Are you in hell, and are you clad
In flames that from the furnace fly?
Does burning sulphur sheathe your head,
Or mitre made of molten ore?
Speak, speak! and is it true the dead
Die, death on death, for evermore?
If nine days' fast may win reprieve
From that dark way you're walking in,
And for your soul white raiment weave,
Nay, now will I straightway begin.
O'er flood and forest I will fare
With bleeding feet and heart that's riven.
To Notre Dame de Fourvières,
And pray to her to be forgiven.
Thrice blessed is the hand that stirs
Her rosary of golden beads.
One single holy word of hers
Can wash us pure of evil deeds,
And white as milk. Her nod can slay
The wickedness whereby were lost.
And I will give her on her day
A summer gown, and one for frost
And at the fair I'll buy anon
A windmill for her Jesukin.

WILFRID THORLEY

A BALLADE OF BAFFLED Topers.

Anent man's inhumanity to man
(Which, as you know, makes countless thousands
I sing anew; in sooth, since time began,
Never was such unholy torment borne:
Save meagre thrice a day, are now forsworn
All fruits of ferment and the tendrilled vine,
Since all carouse must end at half-past nine.
Let curses light upon this graceless ban
Which leaves the genial roysterer forlorn:
And out upon this frowning Ramadan
Whereby all revelry is grossly shorn.
The goblet from our nerveless clutch is torn;
Farewell, 0 draught of red (or yellow) wine.
I chant a rhapsody of hate and scorn,
For all carouse must end at half-past nine.
With lips awry and peevish gaze I scan
Swipes, which to quaff I ever had forborne:
Distilled, methinks, from lollipops and bran,
One of the flaccid fluids that adorn
Tables of even the dastards who suborn
Their minions to procure this fell design
(In flesh of all good-fellowship a thorn),
That all carouse must end at half-past nine.

ENVOI.

O G. E. C., we leave them to the Norn
Debased shall be (in Psalmist phrase) their horn,
Who fob us off with potions meet for kine:
Distilled shall be (in Psalmist phrase) their horn,
Since all carouse must end at half-past nine.

P. SELVER.
Sir,—The quality of the "Representatives" of Labour can be underlined by the fact that shows through Mr. T. E. Naylor, secretary of the London Society of Compositors, writes in the "Daily Chronicle" of January 22: "The will to win the War is as strong among the workers as it is among those who have more to lose than they." (The italics are mine.)

So this is the secretary of the London Society of Compositors! His masters are not likely to give him the sack; Keep it up, lad, and you'll get on—perhaps be a Minister of Labour! Who knows? V. A. Purcell.

* * *

"THE GUILDSMAN."

Sir,—It is only courteous to you and to those who have seen our new paper to offer a few observations on the letter of "Custos" in your issue of a fortnight ago, and on the editorial note appended thereto.

We should first deplore the extraordinary touchiness of the writer, and his haste in discovering pettiness and ingratitude where none exist. We believe that we are "Guildsman," and, as we hope he will, continues to propagate and refuse to be interested in personal questions raised by differences of temperament and outlook.

Our chief interest in the letter of "Custos" is derived from the discovery that the vagaries of the postal system seem to have deprived the Editor of The New Age of the copy of the first number of the "Guildsman" which was at once posted to him. This omission we regret, and by the same post remedy.

The question of mentioning The New Age specifically in the first number may be regarded as one of taste or accident; but as the Editorial Committee are all fervent admirers of The New Age, and two of them are contributors of recent articles in its columns, the real situation would be better represented by comparing the absence of reference to The New Age to the absence of a temple in the Apocalyptic paradise of St. John. That a thing is the right or wrong, Mr. Hope would have come to the same conclusion from which, in fact, he now admits he started—namely, that the woman is to blame. As I have not admitted any such fact, I could not possibly arrive at such a conclusion. If I were a fantastical fool of a misogynist, the inference might be justified; in that case, my work would show a consistent praise of the works of men, and a consistent depreciation of the works of women. But it shows nothing of the sort; it shows usually a more vigorous criticism of male than of female authors. Your correspondent's inference, therefore, is not descriptive of my, but of his, methods of judgment. He began this correspondence by accusing me of being unjust to Miss Gladys Unger, and he has offered no evidence in support of the accusation; he concludes by accusing me of being a woman (by the same token, Congreve was a woman), and he offers no evidence in support of that accusation. In concluding this correspondence, I will pay him the compliment of imitation; I accuse him of being a gentleman, but I have no evidence to offer in support of that accusation.

JOHN FRANCIS HOPE.

Memoranda.

(From last week's New Age.)

Fixed maximum prices are the beginning and not the end of reconstruction.

What has never been lacking is right ideas, but only the appreciation of them.

During the last quarter of a century or so, the outstanding feature of world-economics has been the relative increase of industry at the cost of the relative decline of agriculture.

No more popular or respected Government could be created than one which should compel money to do its duty, as men have done theirs.—"Notes of the Week."

The programme of the National Guilds is followed everywhere, and is everywhere considered. Men use the idea for all it is worth, and they use it more and more, although it is as much as their place is worth to mention The New Age in connection with it—as yet.—H. Berloc.

New ideas and new methods are not at a standstill because the Fabian leaders have stopped thinking.

If "Custos" will re-read the first number of the "Guildsman," and, as we hope he will, continues to read the second and future numbers, he will find little foundation for his fear that it will confine its activities to a narrowly conceived Trade Union propaganda.

As the advice on "What to Read" was an advertisement received in the ordinary way and paid for at the usual rates, "Custos" will understand that it is no part of our policy to suggest to advertisers what wares they shall push in any particular number.

THE EDITORIAL COMMITTEE OF THE "GUILDSMAN."

* * *

"LONDON PRIDE."

Sir,—Your correspondent "M. G. S." (whose controversial methods have a remarkable resemblance to those of your other correspondent R. G.) is wrong in his facts and in his inferences. He is wrong in his facts because he does not want me to mean what I say, but to mean what he says that I say. I have never admitted, and I do not admit, "to sexual selection in judgment." I do not even know what the phrase means! When I admitted "an anti-feminize bias," which, as I showed in my last letter, had been determined by experience. I have seen and admired, many fine female authors, and, like Congreve, "I confess that I have never made any observation of what I apprehend to be true humour in woman." I have no reasonable expectation of observing such a thing, and all that my "anti-feminize bias" means is that I shall be surprised if I do observe it, and shall say so. But your correspondent, finding that the facts do not support his accusation against me, now contends that they would do so if they were other than they are: in his own words, "What I contend is—that, right or wrong, Mr. Hope would have come to the same conclusion from which, in fact, he now admits he started—namely, that the woman is to blame." As I have not admitted any such fact, I could not possibly arrive at such a conclusion. If I were a fantastical fool of a misogynist, the inference might be justified; in that case, my work would show a consistent praise of the works of men, and a consistent depreciation of the works of women. But it shows nothing of the sort; it shows usually a more vigorous criticism of male than of female authors. Your correspondent's inference, therefore, is not descriptive of my, but of his, methods of judgment. He began this correspondence by accusing me of being unjust to Miss Gladys Unger, and he has offered no evidence in support of the accusation; he concludes by accusing me of being a woman (by the same token, Congreve was a woman), and he offers no evidence in support of that accusation. In concluding this correspondence, I will pay him the compliment of imitation; I accuse him of being a gentleman, but I have no evidence to offer in support of that accusation.

JOHN FRANCIS HOPE.
PRESS CUTTINGS.

The Party System existed by hoodwinking the people. The system of Secret Party Funds is open to these abuses; a capital levy be used by the country in order to betray it; they are certainly used to force upon the nation representatives who do not represent.

For years the Party Machines have worked to prevent constituencies thinking for themselves and have prevented honest men from being elected. We must get back a Parliament which is independent.

There must be an end made of two things: Secret Party Funds and the sale of public honours. They are both detested by all honest men.

An honour is a receipt given by the Party Caucus for a Party bribe. If Judas had lived in the present epoch he would have been made a Baronet or a Privy Councillor at least, or even a Peer of the Realm.

The first step should be the abolition of great funds secretly collected and administered. We suggest that the funds be investigated and audited by a strong Commission.

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An honour is a receipt given by the Party Caucus for a Party bribe. If Judas had lived in the present epoch he would have been made a Baronet or a Privy Councillor at least, or even a Peer of the Realm.

Two suggestions may here be made for dealing with our war debt as substitutes for the simple process of raising, selling, Customs, Excise, and Naval charges, to raise, year by year, a revenue adequate to meet the burden of interest in addition to Civil, Military, and Naval charges. The first is by the imposition of a high inheritance tax, which should be applied solely to the extinction of debt. It is possible that fifty millions might be raised every year in this way, with the result that, in course of a generation or more, all of the new debt would be extinguished. This expedient has the advantage of simplicity. On the other hand, the procedure is slow, and in the years when relief is most needed it will be felt. There is also the danger that capital, which is a nervous thing, would somehow shrink away and clede the officials of the Inland Revenue.

The second plan is more novel and ambitious. Sir Robert Giffen and others have attempted to estimate the value in pounds sterling of all the wealth possessed by the inhabitants of the United Kingdom in houses, land, and property of all kinds, whatever fixed or movables, including foreign and colonial securities. Obviously, these estimates are only approximate, and they vary considerably. There is no possibility of ascertaining what part of the total wealth and capital possessed by the inhabitants of the United Kingdom may be assessed at twenty thousand millions sterling, as against an aggregate income in normal times of perhaps one-eighth—£2,500,000,000. It will be remembered that before the war the German Government made a capital levy rather than borrow money for military preparations. Why, then, say the ingenious authors of this proposal, should not a capital levy be imposed for the purpose of clearing away the war debt? If the property holders of the country are worth twenty thousand millions, then the tax should be paid, say, 10 per cent. on all would produce two thousand millions, which would remove from the shoulders of the taxpayer a debt charge of more than one hundred millions sterling annually. A flat rate, which applied upon a man who possessed £100,000 to deliver up £10,000, and a man who possessed a million to deliver up £100,000, might seem hard upon the small man. But if the proceeds were used partly to abolish the sugar duties and reduce the tea duties, as well as to mitigate the severity of the income tax, the small man would have every reason to be thankful for the capital levy. Probably a graduated scale would be introduced, yielding an average of 10 per cent. The difficulty is, of course, that a great deal of property is neither liquid nor capable of being rapidly liquidated. Still, in most cases, the difficulty would be got over by resort to mortgages or by giving owners of particular classes of property a number of years in which to pay their levy by instalments. If we take the case of a millionaire who has £2,000,000 in the funds, the transaction is simplicity itself. He hands over £200,000 worth of Ws Loan or the Chancellor of the Exchequer puts them into the fire.

The man whose property is entirely in agricultural land, and whose income consists of rents, would hand over, say, 10 per cent. of his £4,000, or £400, and so the levy might be the means of reconstructing a large class of peasant proprietors, and thereby increasing enormously our rural population and our home supplies of food... "Lucellum" in "The Nation.

People will lay down their lives and their sons' lives willingly; but it appears to need urgent appeals to get them to lay down their money, with absolute security at 5½ per cent. The loan, we are told by the Prime Minister and Mr. Bonar Law, has been made "attractive." We confess to a feeling of shame that it is necessary to make the loan "attractive" before they will be taken up by a people which has sent five millions and more of its sons to fight its battles for it. If money is needed to shorten the War, and to save valuable lives, the Empire, and civilisation, as Mr. Lloyd George indicated in his speech, then, for God's sake, let the Chancellor of the Exchequer take it by taxation or by compulsory loans... "The Athenaeum."

If, then, new systems of joint action are to be devised, they must be worked in a spirit of full acceptance of Trade Unionism, and of the fact that on many questions the interests of the empleado and employer are not the same. If co-operation is to be secured in those spheres in which interests coincide, employers must be prepared to grant to the Trade Unions, both through works committees in the workshops and to joint committees in the districts and nationally, a real share in industrial management. If the employers and the State rise to large conceptions of policy after the war, all may be well; if not, the war is likely to be followed by an industrial conflict at home which will be none the better for any of the parties concerned, because, in the circumstances, it will seem to be inevitable. The demand of Labour for a share in industrial control is a real demand, only rationalised and made definite by social philosophers such as the advocates of national guilds, and statesmen and employers will do well to accept its reality, and devise means of satisfying it, at least for a time... "Manchester Guardian."

There is much that is very attractive in Guild Socialism; but the time has not yet come when any of our national industries could in the best interests of the community be entrusted to the control of the workers, even if such control were checked by the community as a whole. How far distant this time is depends very largely upon how rapidly developments take place in our educational system. When one or two generations of the working classes have had the advantage of a free elementary and secondary education up to the age of eighteen, and equal opportunities with other classes of entering the Universities, the ideals of the Guild Socialists may be more easily realised.

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