NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The conscientious layman, who is anxious to be just, must often spend a considerable amount of thought in inventing excuses for the politicians. What is obvious to himself cannot be clear to them, or, being clear, is not found to be practicable. Difficulties exist of which in his ignorance the layman can have no conceptions. Or, on the other hand, the failure to take the simple course is a piece of deep policy from the comprehension of which the outsider is naturally shut off. But all these generous excuses and attributions of policy must certainly be frozen at their spring, when, after having made them, the layman discovers one morning that the thing was not done before. If he, a mere layman, saw from the first what needed to be done; if his friends, being of the same common sense as himself, agreed with him; and if, but only after first ignoring the simple solution, and then incomprehensibly postponing its application, the politicians finally adopted the self-same course—what else is to be expected but the renewed confusion of our layman? This, indeed, is his attitude towards Mr. Lloyd George’s proposals at this moment. For it was not the case that the facts upon which Mr. Lloyd George’s proposals rest were known only to an expert here and there, or that the policy proves, we think, to be reactionary as well. For what is the design in the proposal to guarantee wheat-prices for a period of six years but the design to maintain the present abnormal prices at the cost of the general consumer? The machinery, in fact, is more obvious for the moment than the implications of the proposal. To begin with, there is the guaranteed price of homogenous wheat, calculated to ensure the farmer his present rate of profit. But next, there is the consequent impost of customs-duty upon imported wheat calculated to bring in revenue to the State. And the whole of this increased cost, farmers’ profit and State-revenue as well, must necessarily fall upon the general consumer in the form of a permanent rise in the cost of bread. But who, we may ask, is the general consumer in the case? Upon what class will the increased prices fall most heavily? The reply is obvious that the most onerous burden of the bounty to the farmers must fall upon that class into whose standard of living bread enters in the largest degree; in short, upon the wage-
As if the Government were aware of the consequences of its proposal, Mr. Lloyd George and his friends have thought to sweeten its taste by an act of favouritism amounting to bribery. And it must be said that their case appears plausible. Since, they argue, wages paid to farmers are, in fact, wages paid to the agricultural labourer, it is only fair that we should guarantee correspondingly high wages to farmers' workmen; for otherwise it can be objected that we are leaving the labourers to the Law of Supply and Demand while protecting their employers against its operation. The argument, however, will not bear examination. In the first place, the ability to pay higher wages, which the farmers are hereafter assumed to possess in consequence of the guarantee of their prices, is inconsistent with the reasons offered both for the tax and for the amount of the actual guarantee.

Talking with the most honest farmer he ever met, Mr. Lloyd George tells us he was assured that the prices now paid were only just reasonably sufficient to maintain a farmer in good heart; but if they are now to afford a margin for the payment of higher wages, what are we to conclude but that Lloyd George's farmer was misinformed? Either, in short, he was understimating his profits from the new prices; or he will now find himself as badly off as before in consequence of having to pay more wages. Which is it? In the second place, as we have already pointed out, the increased cost of living due to the guaranteed prices of wheat will not fall upon the agricultural labourer exclusively, but upon the wage-labourer in general and universally. Why, then, merely because he is the employee of the farmer, should the agricultural labourer be specially protected against higher wages than other labourers, who are equally sufferers with him, with no relief whatever? This is what we call the bribery and favouritism of the present proposal; for under the plea of justice it protects the farmer's workmen against the farmer, and thus throws even their burden upon the shoulders of wage-labour elsewhere. Finally, we are not so sure that even the agricultural labourer as a class will find himself much relieved. The institution of a comparatively high minimum wage is everywhere followed by measures of economy designed, above all, to dispense with labour. What, we ask, will happen to men who, for one or other reason, are not worth the minimum wage in the opinion of their farming employers? Will they continue to be paid out of the exiguous margin of profits supposed to be allowed for in the new prices? Or will they not, by various devices, be brought down in wages to their market level? For ourselves, we have not the least doubt about it. Statutory minimum wages notwithstanding, the wages of Labour as a whole are fixed by Supply and Demand; and nothing save the complete suspension of the Law (the abolition of the wage-system) can prevent wages from falling as a whole from falling to their market level. A group of workmen here, a small class there, may, indeed, have their wages fixed above the market level; but until all wages are fixed, the wages-income of the proletariat is determined by their numbers in relation to the demand for Labour.

Turning to the farmers, the relief to such of them particularly as the present farmers is likewise largely illusory. In the first place, it cannot be supposed that a general increase in the cost of wage-living will not be followed by strikes for higher wages to meet it in all industries, with a corresponding effect upon all prices calculated to absorb the extra profit of the farmer in increased all-round costs of production. That, we should say, is inevitable from the moment that the present embargo upon wage-strikes is taken off. And in the second place, what English farmer is so unreflecting that he cannot foresee that the provision against any rise in his nominal rent which Mr. Lloyd George has made will be nullified by the shifts and devices the landlord may easily adopt. In some other countries, notably in Ireland until recently, a landlord let for rent to his tenant only the bare site of the land; and if that were the custom in England the fixing of a nominal rent would, in fact, become a tax upon the landlord and an advantage to the tenant. But in the common case in this country that the landlord is also the capitalist who in part return for his rent undertakes to keep his land in a certain order, the margin for his economies is, at least, as great as the margin of tenants' profits. What, in short, will the tenant-farmer expect to find in many cases is a disposition on the part of landlords to do less themselves and to put more upon their tenants, with the total consequence that, in fact, his land will cost him more. Nor is there, that we can see, any salvation from his predicament. Ex hypothesi he will be better able to afford to pay a higher rent than before; ex hypothesi, the landlord will be unable to insist upon a higher rent in any nominal form. Experience suggests that under these circumstances the crooked way of raising rents by withholding services will be taken; and that in actuality land will obtain its market price. Everything inures to the advantage of the monopolist; if not openly, then by subterranean ways; and the high rents that fly out of the front door at the bidding of Mr. Lloyd George will creep in at the back at the bidding of competitive economies. The only persons, in short, who will really profit by the present policy of guaranteed prices are the landlords.

Turning to the farmers, the relief to such of them particularly as the present farmers is likewise largely illusory. In the first place, it cannot be supposed that a general increase in the cost of wage-living will not be followed by strikes for higher wages to meet it in all industries, with a corresponding effect upon all prices calculated to absorb the extra profit of the farmer in increased all-round costs of production. That, we should say, is inevitable from the moment that the present embargo upon wage-strikes is taken off. And in the second place, what English farmer is so unreflecting that he cannot foresee that the provision against any rise in his nominal rent which Mr. Lloyd George has made will be nullified by the shifts and devices the landlord may easily adopt. In some other countries, notably in Ireland until recently, a landlord let for rent to his tenant only the bare site of the land; and if that were the custom in England the fixing of a nominal rent would, in fact, become a tax upon the landlord and an advantage to the tenant. But in the common case in this country that the landlord is also the capitalist who in part return for his rent undertakes to keep his land in a certain order, the margin for his economies is, at least, as great as the margin of tenants' profits. What, in short, will the tenant-farmer expect to find in many cases is a disposition on the part of landlords to do less themselves and to put more upon their tenants, with the total consequence that, in fact, his land will cost him more. Nor is there, that we can see, any salvation from his predicament. Ex hypothesi he will be better able to afford to pay a higher rent than before; ex hypothesi, the landlord will be unable to insist upon a higher rent in any nominal form. Experience suggests that under these circumstances the crooked way of raising rents by withholding services will be taken; and that in actuality land will obtain its market price. Everything inures to the advantage of the monopolist; if not openly, then by subterranean ways; and the high rents that fly out of the front door at the bidding of Mr. Lloyd George will creep in at the back at the bidding of competitive economies. The only persons, in short, who will really profit by the present policy of guaranteed prices are the landlords.

If the nation were in a mood to learn a little wisdom, the whole incident would serve to illustrate the danger of making a demand unaccompanied by an even more loudly asserted provision or safeguard. We are all aware, of course, of the reasonable demand that has been made for the protection of agriculture as a national industry. Profitable or not, in the commercial sense, it is now obvious that the country cannot live without food, and that in the coming years will depend upon what is produced within our own borders. We are, all aware, of the reasonable demand that has been made for the protection of agriculture as a national industry. Profitable or not, in the commercial sense, it is now obvious that the country cannot live without food, and that in the coming years will depend upon what is produced within our own borders. We are, all aware, of the reasonable demand that has been made for the protection of agriculture as a national industry. Profitable or not, in the commercial sense, it is now obvious that the country cannot live without food, and that in the coming years will depend upon what is produced within our own borders. We are, all aware, of the reasonable demand that has been made for the protection of agriculture as a national industry. Profitable or not, in the commercial sense, it is now obvious that the country cannot live without food, and that in the coming years will depend upon what is produced within our own borders. We are, all aware, of the reasonable demand that has been made for the protection of agriculture as a national industry. Profitable or not, in the commercial sense, it is now obvious that the country cannot live without food, and that in the coming years will depend upon what is produced within our own borders.
We are perpetually being told to admire the courage of Mr. Lloyd George in making such vast proposals, the spirit and resolution of our people in accepting them, and the intellectual resources of the nation in defining them, without intending to reflect absolutely upon the merit of any of these—for, indeed, the nation needs comfort as well as counsel—we can still maintain that relatively to the historic qualities of our race, the known capacity of men and the sincerity and spirit of the proposal, the actual proposals put forward by our politicians are petty, below the level of public expectation, and anything but intellectually courageous. To keep to the present subject of agriculture, for instance, what is there wonderful in the scheme by the politicians there would have been no other thought than of his farm could suggest that a fixed and guaranteed high price for his products would appear to be a good thing for farmers. Anybody, likewise, could have suggested the fixing of minimum wages and prices as consequent securities. But a reasonable amount of intelligence would instantly have examined the matter with a view to discovering whether so plausible and so obvious a proposal might not have failed to be applied before the date of this wonderful year, just because it had its little drawbacks; in short, because it was not thoroughly distinct from the admission of the plan, a cautious one, as we have shown, would have justified the caution. The matter, moreover, is made worse by the existence, side by side with these mock schemes, of genuine schemes of agricultural reform which do, indeed, require imagination, courage, and spirit to entertain, and whose adoption, therefore, would reflect as well upon the nation as the adoption of the present schemes reflects ill; the most notable, in our opinion, being the scheme to treat England as a single farm. There, if you like, is imagination; and in the adoption of it by the nation there would be spirit, as in the application of the idea by the politicians there would be political courage. Moreover, it has the real advantages of which only the simulacra are provided by every other method of organisation. We request the agricultural reformers men like Mr. A. D. Hall, Mr. Leslie Scott, and Mr. Prothero himself to state whether they can have said against it upon any ground that is not merely political. Is it that production would not be vastly increased by the co-ordination of all the parts of the agricultural industry? Is it that we could not guarantee prices, wages, conditions of labour a thousand times better than they can be guaranteed under a system of individualism in farming? Is it that science could not perform its miracles to greater effect upon a national scale than in the holes and corners at present grudgingly assigned to it? Look the proposal up and down and round about, there is not, as we say, an economic argument against it; and we shall not, therefore, be in the least surprised to learn that the men mentioned here have not only prevented from shouting their opinion by fear of being counted among the impractical.

The plan, we repeat, is to treat England as a single farm. But this, of course, implies certain things. It implies, in the first place, the restoration by the State of its control of the land of the country. And why is that impossible? Above all in the present condition of the general mind? The claim has been made and has scarcely been challenged that the State has the right to commandeer services, to commandeer lives, and even to commandeer property without compensation, except as an act of grace; and many of these rights have, in fact, been exercised. In view of the need of the State for land, is not the commandering of land, without compensation but with grace, the proper course? By this means the landlordship of the agricultural land passes from private to national control. It implies, in the second case, the organisation of, let us say, the mobilisation of the existing practical farmers, large and small, and of the labour they now employ; and their enrolment in the national service of food-production, on terms similar to, though not the same as, those prevailing in the military army. After all, the reflection must often have occurred to the thoughtful person that what the War Office or Post Office or other direct employment branches of the Government can do in the way of managing great businesses, the Agricultural Department cannot do in agriculture. And in any event the menace of submarine-warfare in the future will make such organisation advisable. But in the third place, we would not depend for efficiency in agriculture upon the bureaucracy. We would throw the responsibility upon the agriculturists themselves. Even, we would say, it is not too late to adopt this policy at once, and much more profitable to the nation would it immediately be than the contrivances now in operation. Suppose that the Farmers’ Union were invited to form themselves into corps of officers and to enlist workers or to be trained with organisation to procure a supply of food for immediate needs. Thus enrolled and ranked with the Army and Navy, with pay substituted for profit, and the motive of public service substituted for the motive of private gain; given, moreover, responsibility and power for the exercise of it, all in full view of the whole world—is it thought that the farmers would not rise to the occasion? But if they would not, the condition would prevail in which Mr. Lloyd George declares that he could not bring himself to risking another single life at the front, the condition, namely, of sacrifice would be less at home than on the field. We should not, however, anticipate it. We believe, on the contrary, that the vast majority of our people, employers no less than employed, are willing, nay, anxious in their hearts, to be compelled to overcome their mental sloth and their enforced practice of private profiteering, and to be counted as officers or men in national service.

That a national control such as we have often outlined is the corollary of any considerable improvement in agriculture output everybody knows. It is absurd to imagine that what has been gained in other industries by organisation, collective management, concentrated capital, labour, science and direction cannot be obtained in agriculture. And the plan now to be applied to it? Any farmer with no field for applied science upon a large scale is unified under the State. A Committee of experts has said that the movement is unified under the State. We should not, however, anticipate it. We believe, on the contrary, that the vast majority of our people, employers no less than employed, are willing, nay, anxious in their hearts, to be compelled to overcome their mental sloth and their enforced practice of private profiteering, and to be counted as officers or men in national service.

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**Foreign Affairs.**

By S. Vered.

It is greatly to be regretted that the Government do not appear to have realised the importance of co-ordination, which is a much more important matter than mere organisation. The lack of some sort of supreme authority for regulating the jarring departments of the State, and harmonising their functions, has been acutely felt ever since the early days of "wait and see," and was a shortening which demanded, more than any other, the immediate attention of the new Government. Mr. Lloyd George, and Mr. Procter, are, unfortunately, the only examples of chaos to which one can point. Within the last two or three weeks the authorities have been forced to give some consideration to the Navy, and naval experts of every school, "inspired" and otherwise, have emphasised yet once again the urgent necessity for more labour in the shipyards. Such labour, we have been told, is urgently needed not merely for repairing warships, but for building the no less essential vessels for the mercantile marine; and this latter necessity has become all the more pressing in view of the intensified form of the submarine menace.

Assuming that the authorities have made up their minds on this subject, it is a matter for some surprise that there should have been so great a difference in the form of expression used by Sir Edward Carson on Wednesday of last week, and by Mr. Lloyd George on Friday. Sir Edward Carson emphasised the small proportion of ships actually sunk, the fact that German submarines were being steadily "encountered" and disposed of, and his confidence that the menace would be beaten. True, he indicated the need of conserving our resources and restricting imports, but he certainly did not lead the nation to assume that matters were so bad as Mr. Lloyd George made them out to be a couple of days later. I may recall one point which Mr. Lloyd George, unwittingly or not, made the most salient feature of his speech—the fact that unless we restricted this and that, unless we did without even the necessaries of life for a spell, we were faced with "disaster." This ominous "disaster" colours the whole speech, reiterating and emphasising the scarcity of tonnage. But there is not only a discrepancy between Mr. Lloyd George last Friday and Sir Edward Carson last Wednesday; there is a discrepancy between Mr. Lloyd George on Friday and Mr. Lloyd George six weeks ago. Early in January the British delegates returned from the Rome Conference, and the Prime Minister's first public speech, delivered, I think, at the Mansion House a few days afterwards, was full of what the newspapers called buoyant optimism. "Defeat is impossible"—that was the keynote. And it cannot be assumed that Mr. Lloyd George's brigade of private secretaries allowed him to talk in this fashion without warning him of the imminence of the intensified submarine menace, which was known to every diplomatist weeks before.

Great things were expected of the Rome Conference, and we were led to believe that important outstanding questions had been decided. In view of the debate in the House (February 20), on the Balkan expedition, I think it is time for us to ask whether the most important question of all, namely, has it been found possible to supply the Salonika forces overland through Italy, plus a short sea trip from Brindisi to Vallona? Three or four months ago it was stated that Italian and French outposts had joined hands westward of Lake Prespa. But recently the Italian troops have taken part in the fighting round Monastir, and have had several lively struggles with the German-led Bulgarians in that area. Within the last week or two we have been assured that the main Italian and French armies in the Balkans have come into touch with one another, and that there is now an unbroken line of Entente troops stretching from Vallona to Salonika. If this is at last the case, are we to understand that the question of supplies for the Salonika army can now settle itself? Shipowner after shipowner, in the House of Commons and out of it, has proclaimed against the drain on tonnage caused by this expedition. The official unabridged report of Tuesday week's proceedings in the House of Commons would enlighten the public as to the causes of its ill-success—I have in mind particularly the speeches of Mr. Dillon and Mr. Procter. The Great Powers and Lord Devonport are not, unfortunately, the only "amateurs of transports" steaming in a continuous procession to Salonika and back again undoubtedly provide fine scope for the German submarines in the Mediterranean; but the question arises whether, after the Rome Conference and the liaison of the Balkan armies, such a slow and dangerous means of sending supplies is any longer necessary. The Italian naval authorities have asserted most definitely that the submarine menace has been definitely checked in the Adriatic and not likely to recur there. Well, has not the time come to turn this fact to our advantage?

It may be urged that even if Salonika could be supplied from Brindisi and Vallona, there would still be difficulty in sending men and stores overland through France to Italy. This objection has a basis of fact. In the first place, many of the supplies for the French forces in the Balkans have to pass from one part of France to another in any case. Secondly, it has already been made known that whole railways have been torn up in England and in some of the Dominions and sent to France with their rolling stock. Again, it would result in an appreciable saving of time and tonnage if supplies for Salonika could be sent to some such port as Naples, or even Marseilles or Genoa, as might best suit the requirements of traffic, and transported thence under Italian direction. However these questions may be solved, one thing is clear, and that is, that the War Office authorities cannot afford to leave unanswered the allegations made against them in the course of the debate I have mentioned. It is true to say, for example, that the War Office long ago decided that no good could come of the Salonika expedition, and that this expedition has been starved and neglected. Is it true that attention is henceforth to be concentrated on the Western front, regardless of all else? And, if so, why continue the Salonika expedition, and why continue the Mesopotamia expedition? For, if it is said that it is better for the war to be conducted in Mesopotamia, is it not the case that the Western front is in a better and more orderly state than the Balkans?

On the other hand, if the tonnage pinch is becoming felt more and more acutely; if we are near "disaster"; and if Salonika can be supplied only by direct transport across the seas, then, is it not time for the authorities to say so (if only in answer to Mr. Dillon's questions and insinuations), and let us cut our losses? If the Briand school, the Lloyd George school, the Garvin school, have all from time to time expressed their belief and confidence in the operations from Salonika; and I myself have shared their sympathies and hopes. But no operations can be successfully undertaken unless the troops engaged in them are assured of regular supplies of stores and munitions; and more than usually adequate equipment is needed in so wild, roadless, mountainous, and swampy an area as the Balkan Peninsula. If scarcity of tonnage prevents such supplies from being sent, then, assuredly, no sentimental desire for a "whole front" should be allowed to interfere with sound strategy. We can turn Cyprus into an admirable naval base, sever the light ties binding us to Salonika, and set free vast numbers of men and vast quantities of tonnage. It is for the authorities to say.
The British Consular Service.

VI.

A detailed statement of the practical consequences of the abuses permitted by Consular regulations would extend these articles to the dimensions of a book, but enough has been indicated to enable one to deduce the workings of the system in any given case. Confirmatory evidence and particular instances can be furnished by all who have had to deal with British Consulates abroad. I think it is not without some justification innovation, when discussing the reform of the Consular Service, to call upon the British colonies and business communities in foreign countries for evidence, instead of collecting the opinions of bureaucrats and professors of economics, of educational experts and Chambers of Commerce at home, none of whom has the remotest idea of the conditions of the Service, or of the real evils to be abolished. The opinion of those daily in contact with Consular officials will be unflattering, and, in some cases, unprintable; but it will be worth all the platitudes of the stock witnesses who invariably perform for the edification of Royal Commissions of Inquiry.

So far, attention has been confined to the Service as a career, rather than to its function as a branch of the public administration. This is as it should be, for it is obvious that the efficiency and utility of a Government Department depends not upon theoretic organisation, but upon the officials who carry on the work and administer the service it is called upon to discharge. The Consular Service cannot be reformed without reference to its personnel, and the latter corresponds exactly to the conditions of employment offered. So long as a premium is placed upon "grafting" the senior officers will be more concerned for their loot than for the dignity of their office, or the interests of their country. So long as the juniors are merely treated by the Foreign Office, inadequately paid, and set to earn profits for their chiefs, and long will the Service be recruited by men of an inferior type. The Consular whole cannot be greater or better than its parts.

It is hardly necessary to point out that the grievances of Consular officials are the grievances of the public, for there is not a legitimate complaint against the Service which cannot be traced to what may appear to be mere departmental shortcomings, or the incapacity of some official, or the lack of equipment of the British with the well-organised German Consulate, where the staff is from three to six times as numerous. Since the war, this superiority has been emphasised. In one of the most important, if not the most important, neutral cities in Europe, the German Consulate had five offices, each given over to one particular branch of Consular work, and each with an expert staff larger than the total number of persons employed in the British Consulate, where three underpaid, inexperienced clerks were added to an already inadequate personnel of three salaried and one unsalaried Consular officer, two out of these four being unable to speak the language of the country.

The most familiar objection that has been raised against the present organisation of the British Consular Service is its inability to promote trade. Much ink has been wasted in pouring contempt upon the Reports furnished from time to time, but especially upon the Annual Report, with which most Consuls content themselves, this compulsory effort being their only contribution to official life. The most educated and uncommercial gentlemen of the Foreign Office can tell exactly what purpose these belated compilations of statistics and out-of-date information were designed to serve. They are often published over a year after the period to which they refer, many of them having to be kept alive by urgent means to defunct Consuls, pointing out that no Report has been received for so many years, and calling for one to cover the period of silence, and those that appear regularly have degenerated into a mechanical task, whose sole virtue is a useless regularity. Consuls who are bored, the prospect of rehearsing the lifeless paragraphs which have immemorially helped to pad out the statistical tables hand over the task to a junior, who writes as best he can in the intervals of the turmoil which constitutes life in the public office of a Consulate. He finds himself placed much in the position of a telegraphist who would try to write an informing discourse on sound-waves and acoustics, while seated at the operator's table in the discharge of his daily work. One young Vice-Consul proudly explained that he had compiled the Annual Report between telephone calls. It is, as well as its predecessor's from the same Consulate.

Inasmuch as few Consular officials have any knowledge of commerce or business training, they are hardly equipped for the rôle which the Chambers of Commerce would place upon them as the representatives of nothing of the local business people, who avoid the Consulate for the reasons already dwelt upon. In most
of the large ports, that is to say, in most British Consulates manned by salaried Civil Servants, they are immersed in shipping, and none of the Vice-Consuls has the leisure or the opportunities which would enable useful commercial information to be gathered. As a rule, they are limited to answering generally the questions addressed to them by the Board of Trade, or by private inquirers in the United Kingdom. If any local person calls, in the innocence of his heart, for information regarding trade openings, he is fobbed off with a few addresses from Kelly's Directory, a copy of something or in procure, or a list of the concerns of his own country in whatever part of the world the inquiry relates to. If the Colonies are in question, he can get no information beyond the privilege of consulting the formidable tariff, which the Self-governing Dominions supply to the consulates, without adding the slightest instructions, or giving any particulars which would be of assistance to the officer whom they expect to represent Imperial interests.

With the best will and intentions in the world a Consul is much to promote British commerce. After a day of at least seven hours in an office open to anyone who comes in, where he is constantly called upon to discharge the most diverse duties, and is constantly interrupted, how can he give a thought to commerce? He is bombarded all day with requests for advice and appeals for assistance: a captain comes in to report a deserter, a group of sailors demands an inquiry into some grievance, the police telephone that So-and-so is in gaol, and wishes to see the Consul, a master is waiting to deposit the clothes and wages of the men he is leaving in hospital, another wishes to sign on half-a-dozen men, somebody else asks what is the duty on perambulators imported into Canada, a lady produces so-and-so is in gaol, and wishes to see the Consul, a master is waiting to deposit the clothes and wages of the men he is leaving in hospital, another wishes to sign on half-a-dozen men, somebody else asks what is the duty on perambulators imported into Canada, a lady produces a letter from some bogus legal adviser, who wants her to start proving her title to a property in the Hebrides. Does the Consul know the property? Ought she to claim it? An Indian lies weeping on the floor, bowing at intervals that he is a British subject, and calling upon the Consul to abrogate all the local laws and customs. Another serves notice of an impending divorce, and says that he would be of assistance to the officer whom they expect to represent Imperial interests.

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The personnel is inadequate and unfitted for the services required. The office accommodation is bad, and interferes with the efficient discharge of Consular business. The Service is so unorganised that mutually conflicting and utterly incongruous duties are imposed upon the same staff, who, perforce, neglect most important fields of Consular work, and do their best with such work as can be dealt with under existing conditions. In practice, this means that merchant shipping absorbs most of the energies of the Consulates, to the detriment of other equally important interests. Shipowners alone profit by the existing disorganisation of the Service, and it is significant that the only duties of a Consul which are clearly defined and provided for are those connected with the Merchant Shipping Acts, all of which are under the jurisdiction, not of the Foreign Office, but of the Board of Trade. There are many classes of taxpayer who have just as much right to look to the Consul for assistance as the shipowners, but nothing comparable has been devised to meet their requirements. The most patent instance of this pre-differential arrangement is the curious fact that a distressed British seaman, i.e., any seaman serving on a British ship, irrespective of his nationality, can demand assistance from his Consul, and there is proper machinery for relieving his distress. All other distressed British subjects depend upon the private charity of the Consul, who is supposed to be interested in very few cases, but does not receive a penny for doing so. If he advances money, it is most unusual for him to obtain a refund through the Foreign Office. In short, all such expenses, as also expenses incurred in official entertaining or in procuring official information, are a charge on his personal account. Needless to say, by a natural interworking of cause and effect, the tendency is for the Consular Service, the General Service, at least, to be nothing more than a collection of Mercantile Marine Offices, masquerading expensively as something more pretentious. The function of a large number of officers drawing from £600 to £1,200 a year, with the perquisites previously mentioned, is identical with that of the Superintendent of Mercantile Marine at any of our home ports. The work done outside this field is negligible and useless. It would be cheaper, more honest and more efficient to organise upon that fact, instead of bolstering up a system which is a sham, so far as it fails absolutely to correspond to what the public expect of the service for which they pay so dearly.

GEORGE BERKELEY.

Solace from the Past.

III.

The City of London, in the course of her long history, had witnessed many scenes of agony: the terrors of the Plague and of the Great Fire were still fresh in the minds of all but the youngest citizens. But it may be doubted whether she had ever known a darker day than that on which the tidings brought by the "Lark" were announced on the Royal Exchange. Few of the merchants there present were fortunate enough to have no share in the catastrophe, and even those who were not involved directly had relatives and friends, or business connections, that were. The mourning was universal, and not less general was the anger against the Government, which, after retarding the departure of the Mediterranean Fleet for eighteen months, had contrived at last to speed it to its doom.

It was not only officers of the garrison and the wrath of the refined citizens found expression. As might have been expected, the loudest anathemas came from the Turkey merchants—the greatest victims of this overwhelming calamity. The irritation that had been gathering in their breasts for eighteen months was now given vent. A deputation from them went to Queen Mary, and were promptly admitted into the Council Chamber. They found Her Majesty seated at the head of the Board, and craved leave to lay before her "the unhappy state and condition their trade and affairs are reduced unto" by her Ministers' superlative incompetence.

They began by describing the steps which they had taken to obtain protection for their ships ever since the 4th of September, 1691: their successive appeals to the Commissioners of the Admiralty; their sterile conferences with the Lords of the Committee of Trade; their disappointing interviews with the Secretary of State. Then, after setting forth the cost of this dilatoriness to their nation at large. Their recent experience discouraged them from laying out any more money in the importation of the raw silk of Turkey. The woolen manufacturers would suffer severely, and the silk industry, which employed so great a number of artificers, would be utterly ruined. Thousands of poor people would be robbed of their means of subsistence.
So much concerning England. In Turkey the credit of the Company was exhausted—a disgrace which the English nation had never yet undergone, and one which deprived them of the means of keeping up the Embassy—at a time, too, when our Ambassador at Constantinople was trying hard to argue or to bribe the Turks out of the French alliance. Nor was that the worst. The long interruption of trade with Turkey might well lead to its total cessation: while we were idle, our competitors were busy: it was hard to recapture a market once lost—to entice back customers once driven away. Moreover, the French might improve the late disaster which the Company had proposed—a disaster that the petitioners knew, endanger the property and the persons of English residents in the Grand Signor's dominions.

Stress was laid on the fact that the fountain of all these sorrows was the Government: adequate protection might, in all probability, have been obtained, and the Company might have gone on with absolute safety, at any of the times which the Company had proposed—indeed, at any time except only the particular time chosen by the Government: "This unhappy conjunction which hath prevented like mishaps in the future. They were, no doubt, pleased to find that what was much more soothing, that she had already made a serious reflection. The political was exhausted—a disgrace which the House of Commons undertook with great alacrity the genial task of finding out. Some of its prominent members were closely connected with the

Levant Company: one of the leaders of the Opposition, Robert Harley (afterwards Earl of Oxford and Mortimer), had a brother trading at Aleppo. In the circumstances, a certain liveliness was natural, and there was no fear of the proceedings languishing through lack of plain speaking. The inquiry was opened on the sixth day of the Session, and the Levant Company was summoned to produce the petitions which they had delivered to the Commissioners of the Admiralty for convoy. Nothing loth, the Company obeyed, and, bettering the instruction, went on to lay before the Knights, Citizens, and Burgesses in Parliament assembled at the Bar the proofs of facts, all going to show that, quite apart from the dilatoriness with which we are already familiar, there was a strong presumption of foul play.

A sea captain had seen the French Fleet come out of Brest early in May, and informed the three Admirals, Killigrew, Delaval, and Rooke. A letter from a French captain of Brest, dated May 8/18, contained advice to a similar effect: that letter had been carried up to the Admiralty and left with the Lords. The foreign and English gazettes had published full accounts of the preparations of the French Fleet: that it was ready to sail about the 10/20 or 12/22 May, and that it did sail on the 16/20. Their Majesties' ship the "Restoration," one of the "headmost" in the Royal Navy, came across some Swedes and Danes about the 2nd of June between Plymouth and Land's End, and learnt from them that a few days before they had met off the North Cape about 25 or 30 French men-of-war standing to the southwards. One of our Grand Fleet's frigates, the "Adventure," while cruising, had taken a French prize, by whom her captain was informed that the French Fleet was one, and he passed the information on to the Admirals before they sailed from the Spithead. Among these sinister allegations there was an ugly story, according to which a commander of an English ship had reported to the Committee of the Privy Council that, six weeks before the misfortune at Lagos Bay, he, being at Marseilles, had heard our whole plan talked about "in common and ordinary discourse amongst the merchants there": namely, that the Mediterranean Fleet was not to come out until our Grand Fleet should sail, that the latter was to conduct the trading vessels fifty leagues westward, and then leave them to proceed with their convoy of twenty men-of-war to Lagos Bay, "and there be delivered up to the Grand Fleet of France."

After bringing this tremendous charge against the Admirals in general, the Company attacked Sir George Rooke in particular on what had happened after his separation from the Grand Fleet, by laying before the House the rejoinder which two captains had made on oath to the answers given by Rooke to the Committee which Queen Mary had appointed to inquire into the affair. Rooke, too ill to stand or speak, was brought in a chair to the Bar, and there handed in an account of his doings. It appeared that he had, as in duty bound, carried out orders which he did not approve, and dared not disobey. The House acquitted him, and concentrated its fury on his superiors.

A vehement debate followed, and it was decided, by a considerable majority, that there had been treason. But when it came to naming the traitors, all sense of truth, of justice, and of national welfare was stifled by party interest. The Whigs accused the two chief Admirals Killigrew and Rooke, while the Tories charged the virtual officers, the three Tory admirals. The Admirals were saved by a Tory majority of nine, and the virtual officers by a Whig majority of thirty-six.

Not less farcical were the proceedings in the House of Lords. After several violent debates, it was resolved by a Tory majority that the Admirals had faithfully carried out the instructions they had received from the Earl of Nottingham. It followed that, if the
Admirals were innocent, the Earl of Nottingham was guilty. But the Earl was a Tory. How could he be convicted by a House in which his party predominated? So an attempt was made to transfer the blame to the other Secretary of State, Sir John Trenchard, who conveniently enough happened to be a Whig. But he, in his turn, was screened by the Ministry in which his own party predominated.

So these matters were managed at Westminster in 1693.

However, public opinion could not be altogether ignored, nor common sense be outraged beyond a certain limit. The whitewashed Admirals could not possibly be employed again. The Commissioners of the Admiralty also, when asked to produce the evidence of the Earl of Nottingham was dismissed from his office as Secretary of State, Sir John Trenchard, who conveniently enough happened to be a Whig. But he, in his turn, was screened by the Ministry in which his own party predominated.

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(To be concluded.)

Some Considerations on Class Ideologies.

II.

Something of the nature of an answer to the question as to what the proletariat can stand for is suggested by M. Sorel's "Reflections on Violence," more especially in his formulation of the "ethic of the producers." The proletarian ideology, indeed, something which has to be "created." But the theory is that the very conditions under which the proletariat is brought into conflict with the capitalistic interest in the modern social world are such as to tend to elicit, where that conflict is definitely realised, a set of virtues which have no place or scope in any part of capitalistic society. Yet, M. Sorel is no Utopian. He would not have us look to a possible state of society constituted as a historical event by the emancipation of the proletariat. A society is no real, stable state of affairs. It is only a point of view, a hypothesis. Its existence is purely logical. It is bad enough to neglect this in considering past history; but to make our attitude to our practical efforts subordinate to the idea of a future state of society, is to pit the idea against the actual. In this way, one might say, we only get hopelessly entangled in the antinomy of end and means, like the Socialist parties. Our idea of the programme of the working class, and also of its nature, must rather be sought in the class-war itself. To recognise the reality of class-struggles would be to discover the truth to go. Russell was appointed First Lord; the Earl of Nottingham was dismissed from his office as Secretary of State, not because he was culpable, but because he was unpopular; and public opinion was satisfied.

Verax.

Social life. But the centre of gravity is decisively altered. For, in compensation, there is demanded a stern pruning away of consideration for the wage-interest of the proletariat in the market. If the principle of working-class action is to be the increase of wages, what more do they than the capitalist? But this does not mean that in giving up such action the class of producers becomes an organisation for the satisfaction of consumers in the most efficient way possible. Not at all. The great exemplar of the consumer and true representative of all consumers is now seen to be the capitalist himself; just like production, consumption has been seen to receive its due interpretation in terms of a whole social class. Thus, I think, the purport of the socialist revolution which critics say that the conflict, which from the standpoint of capitalistic society was that between capital and labour, is transfigured; it is now at last revealed as the eternal struggle of producer and consumer. The proper attitude of the former to the latter is war, and it will be preserved by the producers taking up in their actual work the attitude that industry is already their concern, and that the "ownership" and "management" by the capitalist of what he calls his own business are really the aggressive interference from outside of an interest hostile to productive and the productive spirit.

Such a view may be strange to us who have been accustomed to the idea that the claims of producer and consumer are continually being harmonised by means of the familiar institution which we call the market. Why, we have even reduced the laws of supply and demand to an exact science! We see that and how we must make our production and consumption balance. But we must remember that we are now considering the producing and consuming interests in the widest social sense. We cannot dismiss the problem simply by saying that we are all consumers as well as producers. The legitimacy of using such a proposition as a principle in social interpretation is one of the things which are here precisely called in question. It is only an assumption that, because two characters, such as production and consumption, are normally present together, or are even correlative, in the individual human being, they are, therefore, concomitant features or correlative aspects of every social formation. Or, to take the matter in another way, there is no reason a priori on which we can be divided into the proletariat and the capitalist, or into the wage-earner and the capitalist. In this way, one might say, we only get hopelessly entangled in the antinomy of end and means, like the Socialist parties. Our idea of the programme of the working class, and also of its nature, must rather be sought in the class-war itself. To recognise the reality of class-struggles would be to discover the truth to go. Russell was appointed First Lord; the Earl of Nottingham was dismissed from his office as Secretary of State, not because he was culpable, but because he was unpopular; and public opinion was satisfied.

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Verax.
this view undoubtedly fails to distinguish between the technical meaning and the economic meaning of the word "management," for one cannot divorce the direction of the man of business from the idea of the realisation of a profit as the end of his activity. But if we take the "salariat" quite generally, we can see that it is approaching a position where its allegiance lies less clearly with the employing interest.

Still, the traditional element in the ideology of the class of producers must be largely contributed by the wage-workers. The "salariat" is a class whose divergence from the capitalistic interest is much more recent. But yet what the wage-workers do bring to the struggle is not so much money as "ethical" and traditional mainly characterised by the absence from it of certain class-dispositions typical of the capitalistic order. On the other hand, we may not go far wrong if we anticipate that the "poor clerk" may less easily come to acquire anything beyond a consumer's interest in the clash.

There is, then, a real struggle, and of the most deep-seated character. It is imminent, because the development of modern capitalism is understood to render the capitalist interest more definitely that of the consumer, or rather the "merchants" as their true nature is deep-seated, because the standpoint of the consumer is one which extends to a whole view of life. The consumer is typically the man who expects that his wants will be satisfied, and that they unconditionally ought to be satisfied, because they are his wants. If they are not satisfied, he considers he is either being robbed by man or ill-used by God. He cleaves to the optimistic faith that this world is a place in which he may reasonably look for satisfaction, and that in the absence of that, someone is to blame and should be punished. The producer, on the other hand, is constantly face to face with a stubborn and alien material, whose most striking characteristic is not its natural utility, but its eminent reluctance to gratify human needs or desires. He must, accordingly, develop the virtues and beliefs of the warrior if he would, at the same time, subdue nature, and keep in their proper place those who have the insolence to postulate that their demands on him constitute the natural proper virtues, appears upon earth. Nor, the account proceeds, is his ideology far to seek. It is to be found in the Calvinistic Reformation. According to this theory (an excellent presentation of which may be found in the articles "Calvinism and Capitalism," by Principal Forsyth, in the "Contemporary Review," 1910), so long as men believed that productive efforts were merely a necessary evil consequent on the Fall of Man, they were quite contented with a system which limited production to the supply of the needs of small feudalistic communities within these communities themselves. For the people to think of creating new wants and supplying them, would, indeed, have been pandering to the flesh. The means of grace lay in another region—that of Faith. There was no justification by means of external works. And hence this position the true producer never "advanced." But where the Calvinistic doctrine of Election spread, all this was changed. Works, in truth no means of grace, were still a sign of grace. "By their fruits shall ye know them." Under the liberating influence of these ideas men's minds were disposed to the exploitation of the world's resources to the fullest extent, to foreign exploration and adventure, to the development of international trade and a world market—all to the greater glory of God and the consequent benefit of man.

It might, indeed, be objected to the whole view that it is a good thing for himself, and for society as a whole, to be ever on the look-out for fresh supplies. No one who has used the word "proletariat" sigh for cakes and ale.

With or without the theological garb, but certainly in the metaphysical setting which they imply, these are the ideas which are taken to be the basis of the capitalistic organisation of the economic life of man. It is certainly some such view that capitalism invokes to justify and defend itself, however dimly present to its exponents the ideas may have been, in the actual operations laid to their door. According to this theory, the economic life is fundamentally a great adventure. It is an activity with a purpose, that of the greatest possible production. The main protagonists are man on the one side and Nature on the other. Nature must be reconciled by man's labour. If he would live and not perish of starvation, he cannot afford to leave untouched any part of the resources of the world which can be subordinated to his uses. He knows not when those of which he now avails himself may give out; he must be ever on the look-out for fresh supplies. No Providence will supply his deficiencies here. If poverty be his lot, that is because he has not been productive enough; because he has been a graceless inefficient. Or, if the mass of the people are poor, that is simply because man is not sufficiently productive. It is only what we should expect that from this standpoint we should see developed explanations of social history in terms of the pressure of population on the means of subsistence. The relation of the capitalist class to the true producer, with his proper virtues, appears upon earth. Nor, the account proceeds, is his ideology far to seek. It is to be found in the Calvinistic Reformation. According to this theory (an excellent presentation of which may be found in the articles "Calvinism and Capitalism," by Principal Forsyth, in the "Contemporary Review," 1910), so long as men believed that productive efforts were merely a necessary evil consequent on the Fall of Man, they were quite contented with a system which limited production to the supply of the needs of small feudalistic communities within these communities themselves. For the people to think of creating new wants and supplying them, would, indeed, have been pandering to the flesh. The means of grace lay in another region—that of Faith. There was no justification by means of external works. And hence this position the true producer never "advanced." But where the Calvinistic doctrine of Election spread, all this was changed. Works, in truth no means of grace, were still a sign of grace. "By their fruits shall ye know them." Under the liberating influence of these ideas men's minds were disposed to the exploitation of the world's resources to the fullest extent, to foreign exploration and adventure, to the development of international trade and a world market—all to the greater glory of God and the consequent benefit of man.
their discovery or use. And not the least of these is the direction of the efforts of other men.

The influences of this tradition are not difficult to trace in our own time. How many estimable and sympathetic people are there not who, under all their sympathy with the "toiling masses," preserve a sort of overgenerosity, which views Capital and Labour as if they were something unnatural and anti-social—something that by its very nature is evil, and which it would be well if we were without? And for why? Because Trade Unions, however infrequently with those of the "best type," are in the way of the proposition. That this should ever be the case, their possible methods is a scandal of so great magnitude as to blot out everything else about them, however admirable. As for a strike, it is an abomination. It is an act of treason against society at any time.

Now, it is of no use to tell such people that it takes two to make a strike. They are, furthermore, quite ready to agree that a lock-out is equally bad. But if we consider that it is the easiest thing in the world for a lock-out to be effectuated in the form of a strike, we shall understand how much they are impressed by the comparative frequency of these two operations, or, rather, by their reported frequencies. They give a ready ear to the numerous calculations provided of the enormous sums "lost"! a year to the public, or, if not the periphery concerned, or to both, or to all, by industrial disputes. It is almost as if those who maintain this attitude think that they are eminently impartial, or "speaking for the whole nation," provides the best possible illustration of the statement that the standpoint of an economic class, in respect of its distribution, does not mean the ideas of the individual members of that class, but does mean the general outlook of the whole society for the time being. It would not be the least important symptom of the predominance of the capitalistic interest that there should prevail the idea that Capital and Labour are two interests standing on an equal footing, both of which must be prevented from injuring society, and can be by the same laws. Whereas the only equality concerned consists in the fact that either might upset production. W. ANDERSON.

(To be concluded.)

An Industrial Symposium

Conducted by Huntly Carter

(Chairman of Hassel, W. T. & V. Ltd.)

You invite me to say something as to the after-war industrial situation. I have not the gift of prophecy, and I find it very difficult to predict what will happen. There can be no doubt that many of our institutions and preconceived ideas are in the melting-pot, and that after the War conditions in many, if not all, sides of life will be greatly changed.

You suggest that I should say something as to partnership between Capital and Labour after the War. This is an ideal condition to be aimed at, though, like all great movements, it is, of course, surrounded with difficulties; but difficulties are created in order to be overcome, and I have long held that a line of division between those who own the capital and manage undertakings and those who do the actual manual work, but have no proprietary interest in the concern where they are employed, is altogether arbitrary. The system of limited liability companies, while it has tended to absorb small concerns into the larger undertakings, and has made possible the employment of thousands of people, has made the workers employed more difficult, has the great advantage on the capital side that, as the capital is often provided by a number of shareholders, there is no reason why every three or four years the workers should be faced with a(rising or falling) capital which is owned by many small shareholders, who cannot, by a rule of the society, hold more than £10 capital each. Such joint ownership would have many advantages. The management of business is done by the workman's capital would be a more or less important addition to his income, but perhaps an even greater advantage would arise from the fact that, as a shareholder, he would be encouraged to feel that added exertions brought him an income or a dividend. A small amount of capital saved early in life leads later on, by the accumulation of years, to greater sums, and also encourages the habit of thrift—a habit difficult to acquire, but, when acquired, comparatively easy to maintain. On this side of the question I have some opportunity of speaking from experience. For nearly a generation I have encouraged, in every way possible, the employees in my firm to save, and through the organisations which we have set going they have put by about £50,000, made up by hundreds of thousands of small payments.

Whether employees become shareholders or not, there is much argument in favour of their having representatives chosen from themselves to confer with the management as to the administration of the business, at least so far as it affects their comfort and welfare. If these ideals were worked out on a wide scale, it would gradually merge the earner and the capitalists into one body, though, I admit, this would be a matter of slow growth.

As to profit-sharing, by which I mean giving the worker a bonus out of the profits, irrespective of his special work or competence, this is excellent on paper, but difficult of satisfactory application. Most large businesses have ramifications which are unseen by the employees. Few businesses go on year after year exactly on the same conditions. The yearly result may have been so good because of changes in the markets, successful or unsuccessful developments, and so on, and while they would affect the total, the increased share of profit or its disappearances would arise from circumstances of which the ordinary workman might have no knowledge, and over which he had no control whatever.

As to piece-work compared with time-work, there can be no doubt that piece-work would enable employees to earn higher wages than he would on time, by his being encouraged to feel that added exertions brought at once increased income. I know that many workers have been disheartened because, after a piece-rate has been established and men have found out how to increase the output, the employers have reduced the rate. This is a most disastrous proceeding, and must take the heart out of any man who so exerts himself only to find that he is no better off in the long run. It is difficult for the management to arrange a piece scale which will be equitable; it is very difficult for the employers, too, to arrange a rate which will be satisfactory both for the employer and the employee. Many employers are of the opinion that the rate should be fixed once for all, and that it should be reduced if the worker even less than he would earn on time, and this, of course, would necessitate a raising of the rate. On the other hand, a slight modification of the process may bring the piece-rate closer to the time-rate, and so give an increased rate which, in my opinion, should not be reduced. I offer a suggestion which I have not seen tried, but which may be worth consideration. Let us suppose that various groups of men are working on piece work at the same factory. A few, without undue exertion or
extraordinary cleverness, earn very high wages, because the rate has been highly pitched; others quite as deserving do not earn enough. It might be possible to arrange that, after the extremely highly paid men have reached a certain sum greatly above their time rate, any excess above a sense of reward, one man to do the work of two, and the other half to be pooled for the benefit of those who are earning less than they expected. This may seem fantastic, but with good feeling and common sense on both sides do not think it is impossible; at least, I offer it as a better solution than what I consider the objectionable system of reducing the piece rate once fixed.

There is a side of the industrial question which has not had full consideration. It is the monotony and the narrowing of outlook which comes from minute happiness, but it is very difficult to be.

We have been shaken out of our personal touch with his employees. This is a trust which they are bound to carry out of the whole population to the basis of the best, the giving of the whole population a real stake in the country, and the abatement of the inequalities of wealth and common losses, and in our determination to stand by our country and Empire in the hour of its greatest crisis. Let employers and employees aim at a better understanding of each other, putting honour and duty before mere money advantage.

(65) Mr. Edward Cadbury, Bournville.

The answer to the question as to the best policy to be pursued by Labour, Capital, and the State depends on the point of view from which the problem is approached. If the end in view is one of merely material progress and the capturing of the trade of the world as an end in itself, then I am afraid it will be impossible to harmonise the relations of Capital, Labour, and the State. The end we ought to have in view should be the levelling up of the education, physical, intellectual, of the whole population to the basis of the best, the giving of the whole population a real stake in the country, and the abatement of the inequalities of wealth and common losses, and in our determination to stand by our country and Empire in the hour of its greatest crisis. Let employers and employees aim at a better understanding of each other, putting honour and duty before mere money advantage.
operations will have to be carefully studied so as to economize effort. The possibilities of output will have to be ascertained by careful time study methods. Labour, in the future, will not have to fight these methods, but to understand them, and see that the workers get a fair share of the gains made by Scientific Management.

**Division of Profits.**

If Labour is entirely to loge in the future all idea of restriction of output and whole-heartedly to co-operate with Capital, there must be some safeguard as to profits, and, if manufacturers are to work in close co-operation with each other and in alliance with Labour, the consumer must be protected. I suggest that there should be a fixed remuneration of Capital, varied, no doubt, in accordance with the risks run. After this fixed remuneration of Capital has been paid, and ample depreciation and reserves allowed for, the surplus profits should be divided into three parts:—Management and Labour, Capital, the State.

Not only Labour, but the Management also, should have a share of the surplus profits. Ability and skill of management will be more than ever necessary under the new regime. Labour's share could either be divided as a cash bonus, or put aside to form pension funds, insurance against unemployment, etc.

The share of the State should go towards research, education, housing the workers, pushing British trade abroad, improving the means of communication, all of which will mean money, and will be productive. In order to be able to face the enormous taxation that will be necessary after the War, the State must co-operate with and stimulate industry, assist Labour to be efficient by providing healthy surroundings and the best education. If the State is a partner in industrial profits, it will tend to make the State increasingly interested in the efficient management of industry and the education and welfare of the workers.

**Drama.**

By John Francis Hope.

The production of "The Aristocrat" at the St. James's Theatre reminds me that I have seen many plays dealing with the French Revolution, but not one comedy. We have had Napoleonic comedies without number, but we never get anything but melodrama relating to the Revolutionary period. It is curious when we remember that Carlyle, in what Wilde called his "historical novel," laid such stress on the fact that the Revolution was, heralded, essenential, epitomized, by the "Figaro" comedy that depicted all Paris in the days immediately preceding the summoning of the States-General. We can make fun of Napoleonic man, of the people as well as of Destiny; we can even put him in musical comedy, where nobody but an Englishman would ever dream of looking for him. But of the Revolution of which he was the child (in this case, the child devoured its parent Chronos), we can only think in terms of the Terror, forgetting once again that theatres and dancing halls were open during that period, just as, at the present moment, revues and cinematograph exhibitions flourish while we effect equally sweeping political changes in the constitution of the country. That same brutality of imagination that makes English popular theology concentrate on the shedding of the blood of Jesus seizes upon the one similar fact of the Revolution, the shedding of the blood of the French aristocracy. Just as Christ suffered for His virtues, so the French aristocracy suffers for its virtues in our theatrical traditions; and to the virtues, our French aristocrats add the graces.

The thing has been done so often, and with such success in this generation by Mr. Martin Harvey's production of "The Only Way," that a critic would naturally think that there was no need to do it again. But Mr. Louis N. Parker understands the British public better, and the St. James's Theatre is full to overflowing. Certainly he has the advantage of contrast with the comedy prevailing elsewhere; he has also the advantage of the presence of Miss Genevieve Ward, the last representative of the grand manner, and of Mr. William Stack, one of the most notable of our young actors, who was fortunately trained in Shakespeare. But good as the acting is (and there is a magnificent "crowd"), "the play's the thing" that has attracted the "better half" of London. The sufferings of the elegant aristocrats at the hands of the insignificant mob still grip a people that has taken the sting from its own House of Lords, and worships not its manners but its possessions. The play follows the usual course; the first act, elegance and piety threatened with masquerading as patriotism; the second act, rude revenge condemning elegance and piety to death; the third act, the reconciliation of the Revolution and the re-action in the persons of a Napoleonic Marshal of France and of the aristocrat who held that rank in the dim and dismal days of Louis the Locksmith, of blessed memory.

Mr. Louis M. Parker's handling of the theme is, of course, workmanlike and individual. He is not concerned, as Dickens was, to try the effect of the French Revolution on an English aristocrat, but he has made Dickens more English than when he made the Terror the means of moral reformation of an Englishman, when he saved the soul of Sidney Carton by making him go to the scaffold for love of another man's wife. All the sentimentality that clogs "A Tale of Two Cities" is due to the evelangelizing purpose of Dickens; "love and blood" are the constituents of popular theology, literature, and drama, the phrase itself was used as the climax of that very successful farce, "Ye Gods." Not by grace, but by love, are ye saved in English literature; and Dickens did his moral duty by showing that an Englishman could find salvation by losing his life for love even in the French Revolution.

Death, like charity, covers a multitude of sins, and it is charity that says "de mortuis nil nisi bonum." But Mr. Parker has no individual problem to deal with; it is the class war that he represents. He certainly gives little personal touches to his characters; but the opposition is not of persons but of classes and of political principles. Gaspard Chepy would have condemned the Duc de Chasteflanc just as ruthlessly if Mr. Parker had not remembered the personal grudge of Defarge against the Marquis de St. Evremonde. But apart from that really irrelevant reminiscence, Mr. Parker introduces an unusual touch of subtlety that is as historically accurate as the merely mechanical horror of the guillotine that usually obscures the imagination. Carrier used the "noyades" and the "marriage à la revolution" as well as the guillotine, and Chepy in this play refines still further on this variation. He condemns to death those who want to live; he condemns to live those who want to die; not marriage, but divorce à la revolution is the device that he invents, so that Mr. Parker may be able to have a third act that is not entirely peopled by ghosts.

The theatrical effect is perfectly produced; Mr. Parker is careful to commit his aristocrats to none but a ghost, but what we, in these days, should call "technical offence." It was then a crime to describe the night of Primidi, 17th Nivose Year II, as Tuesday, December 31, 1793, or New Year's Eve; it was a crime to celebrate Mass; it was also a crime to conceal an unconstitutional Bishop. These aristocrats only adore their martyred King, and deplored, and, so far as they could, ignored the Revolution. They were politically harmless, and socially so exclusive that they could not fairly be said to live except in an ideal France. To arrest them at their devotions for the crime of performing those devotions is a perfect appeal to the pious sympathies of an English audience; and Mr. Charles Glenney is so magnificently villainous as Chepy that it is easy to believe that the majesty of the people was merely murderous. No God, no King, no priests, no manners, and a new
Jack London.

By Upton Sinclair.

I see him vividly, as he was at our first meeting, when he came to New York in 1905 or 1906. At this time he was in the full glory of his newly won fame, while I was known only among Socialists. I had just organised the Intercollegiate Socialist Society, sitting up till all hours of the morning to mail out "Literature"—sometimes to people who indignantly sent it back.

We had made Jack our President, and had got up a big meeting for him at Grand Central Palace. Our hero came, on a belated train from Florida, arriving just when our hearts were sick with despair; he came, glorious and radiant, in spite of an attack of tonsillitis, and he strode upon the platform amid the waving of red handkerchiefs, and in a voice of calm defiance he read the city of New York his stunning "Revolution."

New York did not like it, needless to say. There were even some among our budding "Intercollegiate Socialists" who did not like it. But I liked it—it fitted so well that I was prepared to give my hero the unqualified admiration of a slave. But we spent the next day day together, chatting of all the things we were both learned nothing and forgotten nothing of his acting. Sir George Alexander is, as ever, irreproachable; Sir Henry Irving is, as I have said, a really monstrous exhibition of perfection, upon a pedestal of his own self-reproach.

But the children trained by Miss Italia Conti made amends for their putative fathers; and the "crowd" is, as I have said, a really monstrous exhibition of blood-thirstiness.

debut of the drink problem, a wrong it did to men who never touched it—in depriving them of companionship making them exiles among their fellows. So much of men's intercourse depends upon and is coloured by drinking; I, for example, had always felt that my friendship with Jack London had been limited by that disharmony.

He wrote in reply that I was mistaken; that it was especially with my attitude towards sex that he disagreed; and we exchanged some letters about the matter, and mentally prepared ourselves for that duel which will never be fought. Now I am left alone, and may have the last word, if I can get any satisfaction from it.

The controversy over alcohol was not a personal matter between Jack London and myself, but was a conflict between two philosophies, and Jack's philosophy was, in my opinion, a snare for the feet of those who read his books unthinkingly. I judge that he himself had come to the
same conclusion; for at the election held a few days before his death, Jack London voted for "California Dry." His explanation was that while he enjoyed drinking himself, he was willing to forgo the enjoyment for the sake of the younger generation; and it would indeed be a graceless ascetic who asked for more than that!

So far as concerns the matter of sex, the test of a man's philosophy is that at the age of forty he has kept his belief in womankind, in the joy and satisfaction that true love may give. Where the philosophy of "self-expression" had led Jack London was known to some, whom he told of a book he planned to write, giving the whole story of his experience with women. He mentioned the same as if he had used in "John Livermore"; revealing his tragic disillusionment, his contempt for woman as a parasite and a snare.

It was to be published under some such name as "Jack Livermore"; but anyone must admit that would hardly have been a very good sign for the present writer. I had heard one of his best friends say that he is glad Jack never lived to write it; but for my part, believing as I do that the salvation of the race depends upon the unmasking of the falsehoods of our class-morality—the institution which I call "marriage plus prostitution"—I cannot but sigh for this lost story. What a discovery that these shining, golden-haired pets of luxury, guarded at home and in their relations with the thousand and sleepless eyes of scandal, found it safe and pleasant to repair to secret rendezvous in the woods outside the city, and there play the nymph to handsome and sturdy fauns of a class below the level ever reached by the thousand sleepless eyes!

I suspect that Jack London's real attitude towards woman was expressed in "Martin Eden," his most autobiographical novel, whose hero gives his final conclusion about life by dropping himself out of the window in his pride; and no man could tell what new battles he would fight, what new heroism he would forge in the heat of his genius.

There were some who thought before he died that he was beginning to weaken in his revolutionary attitude towards privilege. He went to Hawaii, and the "smart set" there made a lion of him, and he concluded to refer approvingly to their "sweet charities" on behalf of the inferior races they exploit; he went to Mexico, and fell under the spell of the efficiency of oil engineers, and wrote for "Collier's Weekly" a series of articles which caused radicals like John Kenneth Turner to write him, "I have nothing to say but that you could never give Jack London up; he had a mind, a terrific mind, which worked unceasingly, and impelled him irresistibly; had a love or truth that was a passion, a hatred of injustice that burned, volcanic fires. He was a deeply sad man, a bitterly, cruelly suffering man; he surely realised his own weaknesses, even while he defied the gods in his pride; and no man could tell what new battles he would fight, what new heroism he would forge in the heat of his genius.

But I had given up my hero several times before, and so had learned my lesson. Six or eight years ago I said, "He is writing pot-boilers, and I am through with him." But then he sent me "Martin Eden," and my faith was bright again. And when he died a second time, there came "John Barleycorn!" It was a fact that you could never give Jack London up; he had a mind, a terrific mind, which worked unceasingly, and impelled him irresistibly; had a love or truth that was a passion, a hatred of injustice that burned, volcanic fires. He was a deeply sad man, a bitterly, cruelly suffering man; he surely realised his own weaknesses, even while he defied the gods in his pride; and no man could tell what new battles he would fight, what new heroism he would forge in the heat of his genius.

Yes, for he had been in the place of these stokers, and their feelings had been stamped upon his soul. He might set up to be a country gentleman, and fall into a fury with his "hands," for their stupidity and incompetence; but if you said to him, "How about the class war?" instantly he would be there, with his whole mind. "Yes," he would say, "I know how they feel. If I were in their place, I would never do a stroke of work I did not have to." It is a stressful thing to have an imagination, and to see all the many sides of life at once! For years the memories of the stunted and depraved population in the East End of London haunted him beyond all peace; the pictures he wrote of them in "The People of the Abyss" will be read by posterity with horror and incredulity, and recognised as among the most powerful products of his pen. Those, with his vivid and intensely felt Socialist essays, constitute him one of the great revolutionary figures of our history. In that role, he is of course doubly precious to the present writer. I know that he kept the sacred light burning to the very end, for a little over a year before his death I tried him with the bulky manuscript of a revolutionary anthology, "The Cry for Justice." The preface he wrote for it is one of the finest things he ever did. Some paragraphs from it might be carved upon his monument:

"It is so simple a remedy, merely service. Not one ignoble thought or act is demanded of any one of all men and women in the world to make the fair world.

The call is for nobility of thinking, nobility of doing.
The call is for service, and such is the wholesomeness of it, he who serves all, best serves himself.

That is what life had taught him, at the end. It was not easy for him to learn such a lesson, for he had an imperious nature, fierce in its demands, never entirely to be tamed. And it is this which makes him so interesting to us, so vital; the struggle between individualism and socialism which went on, not merely in his mind, but in his whole being. I recall the inscription he put in the copy of "Martin Eden" which he sent me; I have not the book at hand, and cannot quote it literally, but the substance was that without exception the critics of the book had missed his point. He had meant it for a refutation of the philosophy of individualism; the story of a man who won success, gratifying his desires, dies at the age of forty, because his kidneys fail to act!

If you wish to know the message of his life, as he himself wrote it, take that essay in "The Cry for Justice," the last word he wrote upon ethical matters, quote it literally, but the substance was that without exception the critics of the book had missed his point. He had meant it for a refutation of the philosophy of individualism; the story of a man who won success, gratifying his desires, dies at the age of forty, because his kidneys fail to act!

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an event to call his greatness forth. He is his own 
event—and also that of others!
If MEN were EQUAL—if men had been equal at the 
beginning, they would never have risen above the 
savage. Equality in absolute equality even the conception 
greatness could not have come into being. Inequality is 
the source of all advancement.

THE ILLUSIONISTS. How shallow are most artists! 
How childish! How subject to illusion! This novelist 
at the end of each of his novels leaves his heroes, would in 
An Utopia, from which all sorrow and trial have been 
banished, a condition absolutely unreal, contemptible 
and absurd. And all his readers admire without 
thinking, and call the author profound! He is not 
human—all-too-human, the unrepresentative: it belittles 
banished, a condition absolutely unreal, contemptible 
and absurd. For in absolute equality even the concept of 
aristocratic natures, who would make Man nobler; but 

THE ORIGIN OF TRAGEDY. Here is yet another guess 
at the origin of the tragic.
A man is told of some calamity, altogether unexpected, 
the engulfing of a vessel by the sea, an 
average men it is flattering, for it proclaims 
this acceptance of men as they are, is resented by the 

Well, in which of these forges, Tragedy or Comedy, 
may our hopes and visions of the Future best be 
expressed? Surely in that which idealises Men, and says 
Yea to suffering, Tragedy, the dynamic form of Art.

SUPER-ART. In the works of some artists every- 
thing is on a slightly higher plane. It is, however, 
The figures they create fill us with astonishment; we cannot un- 
stand how such unparalleled creatures came into being. 
When we contemplate them, in the works of Michel- 
angelo or of Nietzsche, there arise involuntarily in 
our souls sublime dreams of what Man may yet attain. 
Our thoughts travel into the immeasurable, the undis- 
covered, and the future becomes almost an intoxication to 
us.

In Nietzsche, especially, this attempt to make Art 
perform the impossible—this successful attempt 
to make Art perform the impossible—is to be noted in 
every book, almost in every word. For he strains 
language to the utmost it can endure; his words seem 
to be striving to escape from the bonds of language, 
seeking to transcend language. "It is my ambition," 
says, in "The Twilight of the Idols," "to say in 
ten sentences what everyone else says in a whole book— 
what everyone else does not say in a whole book."
In the same way, when in his first book he wrote about 
Tragedy, he raised it to an elevation greater than it 
had ever known before, except, perhaps, in the works 
of Aeschylus; when, in his essay upon "Schopenhauer 
as Educator," he adumbrated his conception of the 

LITERATURE AND LITERATURE. Literature that 
is judged by literary standards merely is not of the 
highest rank. For the greatest works are themselves 
the standards by which literature is judged. How, 
then, are they to be valued? By a standard outside of 
literature, by their consonance with that which is the 
raison d'être of literature. In them a far greater 
problem than any literary problem faces us, the prob- 
lem, Why does literature exist? What is the meaning 
of literature?

Through whole generations men forget this problem, 
and literature becomes to them a specialised form of 
activity to be pursued for its own sake, a part of Man's 
soul, thrown off and become static and separate, with 
a sterile life of its own. The more shallow theory and 
practice of literature then came into being; Realism 
and Art for Art's sake flourished. But the eternal ques- 
tion always returns again, Why does literature exist? 
What is its meaning? And, then, the possibility of 
other blossoming of literature is not far away.

LITERATURE AS PRAISE. A. Would you erase from 
the book of literature all that is not idealisation and 
myth, you neo-moderns? Would you deprive us of all the 
charming, serious, whimsical, and divinely 
touching aspects of literature, by their consonance with that which is the 
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What is its meaning? And, then, the possibility of 
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LITERATURE AS PRAISE. B. Would you erase from 
the book of literature all that is not idealisation and 
myth, you neo-moderns? Would you deprive us of all the 
charming, serious, whimsical, and divinely 
touching aspects of literature, by their consonance with that which is the 
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What is its meaning? And, then, the possibility of 
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LITERATURE AS PRAISE. C. Would you erase from 
the book of literature all that is not idealisation and 
myth, you neo-moderns? Would you deprive us of all the 
charming, serious, whimsical, and divinely 
touching aspects of literature, by their consonance with that which is the 
raison d'être of literature. In them a far greater 
problem than any literary problem faces us, the prob- 
lem, Why does literature exist? What is the meaning 
of literature?
Jacob Epstein's Sculpture.
By J. B. Manson.

SCULPTURE is not indigenous to the English character; it is even less so than other forms of Art.

Its appearance in this country is so rare, save in the form of imports, that we have come to regard the Burlington House substitute almost as the real thing. The exhibition at the Leicester Galleries of Jacob Epstein's sculpture, therefore, be an astounding revelation—the overthrowing of a pet theory—were it not for the knowledge that Mr. Epstein's origin is Russian-Polish and not British.

It happens in his case that the plastic method—the sense of depth and relief: of line and volume—is pre-eminent in his natural means of expression. There are solidarity and a warmth of feeling in his use of it which indicate how thoroughly it expresses his inner vision. What we, in England, have had, perforse, for want of something better, to regard as sculpture is a poor, anemic thing, a mere imitation of models without any plastic sense, without play of mind or emotion, and by a dry mechanical method learnt in a school, and practised with a certain negligible skill which might as well be the operation of a detestable perfection of machinery.

To turn from this sort of stuff (with which we have grown familiar in a degree of apathy), and to come upon, as one may at the Leicester Galleries, these living, virile expressions of human character and life which we owe to Jacob Epstein, is to emerge from a museum of mediocre memorials into the fresh air, and the pulsating and glowing life of reality.

The essential quality of Epstein's art as we see it at this stage is the flower of many influences, and of much imaginative experience. It is a goal, though probably not a final one, reached after many journeys of the mind through strange countries, mentally unexplored by most English sculptors, who are content to remain within the confines of Burlington House.

What atavistic force led Mr. Epstein to plunge so deep into the remote regions of primitive Art may not be immediately apparent, unless it reveal itself in the necessity to him of that direct, enhanced, instinctive expression of primitive man to whom the joy of the act was in his only compelling motive.

After a period of immersion in the study of Assyrian and Egyptian Art, Mr. Epstein indulged even more profoundly his predilection by the study of the less sophisticated primitive native art of West Africa and Easter Island. This had for him a more direct appeal. It seemed to offer him a medium for an immediate and intense relationship with life, in which the essence of it was not obscured or hidden by superficialities. It awakened a responsive chord in his nature. This was, at the moment, of importance to his development, for he is concerned with elemental things, with life forces and not with the mingling gait and gesture of civilisation, and the simple sincerity of aboriginal art forms brought him at once into the very atmosphere of it.

If he is pre-occupied with the question of sex, it is because this of all forces is the most vital, the most potently inevitable. But to the Sophisticated mind of present-day civilisation any expression in Art of such forces is not only incomprehensible but provocative of the outcry of outraged "sensibility"—the sensibility of the vitiated mind which can no longer view things in a natural light. This may have confirmed indirectly his predilection for it, if there was any, as a sort of corollary, a desire on the sculptor's part to shock the susceptibilities of the suburbs.

But Art, despite the red-tape entanglements of official institutions, will express itself, will be free and unashamed of its strange, dramatic, sinister expressions—attempts to realise the most abstract qualities in a concrete form—of vivid forces and motive powers which, for a time, formed the main absorption of Mr. Epstein's mind, not by the pedantry of his genius, and marked the range and extent of his curiosity and his spirit of adventurous exploration.

The present exhibition is not concerned with these matters, with the exception of two monuments, echoes of his primitive abstract period. It shows, for the most part, the creations of a later stage of development, which is, nevertheless and despite a total lack of superficial resemblance, the fine efflorescence of the earlier. For without his restless experiments in primitive philosophy—his research in primordial Art expression—Mr. Epstein's power of captivating and making concrete the quintessence of personality could not have reached its present height and intensity.

Rules of Art, other than those inevitably imposed by the essential limitations of material, if they fulfil any useful purpose whatever, are solely for the use of immature students, and this, despite the fact that most artists prefer to remain wrapped in the swaddling clothes of the student. Mr. Epstein demonstrates repeatedly that he is and will be free to express his own emotions—emotions aroused by his ideas—in his own way, that is, in the only and most fitting form in which they can be expressed. And this is shown nowhere more beautifully than in his bust of "Mrs. McEvoy" (4). Yet this freedom is precisely that ancient freedom of all true art, and it cannot be said that Mr. Epstein's work at its most personal is not fully traditional. For freedom of expression we have, in these days, substituted respectability, and when Art, or what passes for it, becomes the handmaid of respectability and ministers to the likings of refined nonentities, and can consider for a minute such a function, let alone make it the main basis of appeal, it is already dead and buried. And such is very much the condition of art in England at the present day.

What Mr. Epstein's exhibition does demonstrate is his own quality of artistic restraint almost as much as the extent of his power. In art there is no power without restraint, and this is particularly true of sculpture, the exigencies of which impose quite definite limitations. Mr. Epstein's gift of revealing to the uttermost the character and psychology of his subjects is unrivalled. His people are simple separate persons. They are here crystallised in plaster or bronze. If he has a predilection for marked types, he is equally successful with the most subtle and elusive individualities. His portraits, in their way, are as symbolic as his abstract monuments. With these last he is, probably by the nature of the case, less successful than with his realistic works. It is clear that they are an artificial rather than a spontaneous product. From the subtle art of Mr. Epstein's portrait busts it is obvious that his mind is not that of a primitive savage, and he cannot completely express his personality by the methods of one. His pre-occupation with these primitive monuments is the result of a reflex action and he cannot discard the effect on his character and outlook of the evolution of centuries. In these monuments he is unable completely to realise his thought. He cannot by their means express it in unmistakable language, and there appears to be in them even some conflict of thought. The interpretation of these depends too much on the subjective point of view of the observer. His "Venus" (15), for example, might appear a ridiculous or an impressive figure with almost equal justification.

The composition avoids, anyhow, a pitfall into which falls most of that modern Art which is pleased to label itself "abstract"—it provides no conflict with reality. The figure is unreal enough to evade any appeal to the centre on the ground of realism, and yet its thought-out and simplified construction of the thing, with its juxtaposition and contrast, its provoked comparison of sharply defined and opposing planes, makes
a quite forcible and poignant impression. Its companion monument, the weighty granite carving, may lead the critic by its title of "Mother and Child" (23); it entices him on to unsafe ground to an untenable point of view. It institutes for the critic, with a certain deliberate wilfulness, an impossible relationship to the work. It forces on him a foreign standard as though there could be no relation of mother and child other than a human one. This solid, expressive mass—this granite "Mother"—holding up its offspring in a pride of achievement does sensibly present the idea of a relationship analogous to that of Mother and Child, for that also is a life-force. It might be "Mother Earth," "Iris Tree" (14), and "The Bronze Head" (24), and "Euphemia Lamb" (9) are examples of sheer beauty of craftsmanship—is, as it should be, a matter of secondary consideration. He is master of it, and, consequently, it is unobtrusive, being, indeed, inseparable from the intuition.

His work is, for us, the outpouring of a vivid and prolific spirit rather than the accomplished work of a gifted artist.

**Modern Polish Fiction**

From the large labyrinth of modern Polish fiction the translators of this volume have constructed a smaller one; but they have forgotten an important detail—the introduction, to guide the wayfarer through the tangles of their maze. Let me, therefore, another Ariadne, supply a few wisps of thread for any Theseuses (if that is the plural!) who may venture in this direction.

I will stop for a moment to wonder why people who take the trouble (and believe me, it is a trouble) to translate Polish stories, appear to think it unnecessary to say anything about their authors. You would suppose, would you not, that the enthusiasm which has led them to such a task, could not help telling the world at large what manner of thing they have discovered on remote journeys. Or, again, you might be led to believe that every English reader has easy ways of getting at this information. If these ways exist, they have managed to elude my notice, in spite of the sharp look-out I have been keeping for several years past.

Although, too, the selection is a curious one, I will not argue about it, for these matters are beyond argument. Besides, it is something that there is any selection at all! The authors represented are these: Adam Szymanski, W. S. Reymont, Stefan Zeromski, Wacław Sieroszewski, and Bolesław Prus. This is very much as if we had selections from, let us say, Kipling, Bret Harte, H. G. Wells, Arnold Bennett, and Thomas Hardy in one volume—at least two generations and more tendencies than authors! But I will do my best to sort them out after the manner (but, I hope, not too much so!) of the literary historian.

Szymanski (b. 1852) and Sieroszewski (b. 1868) suggest a pair, as, although they belong to different generations, they are both, just as the Russian writers Kolorolenko and Mamin-Sibiriak, specialists in depicting Siberian life. Perhaps at this particular moment it would be indiscreet to ask why. But it is strange that Sieroszewski, whose book, "Twelve Years in the Land of the Yakuts," is a standard work of science, was elected a member of the Russian Academy of Sciences. Why it has been thought necessary to devote so much time and space (three out of six) to the stories of these two men, excellent though they may be, I do not know. Poland is not always in exile, and Englishmen have enough to depress them at home.

A closer search among the works of Bolesław Prus might have rewarded the translators with something that also is a life-force.

* "More Tales by Polish Authors," *Translated by Elsie Benecke and Marie Busch. (B. H. Blackwell. 8s. net.)
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more cheerful than "The Returning Wave," with which they have thought fit to represent him; for Pras', whose real name was Alexander Glowacki, b. 1847, d. 1912 (please forgive these fragments of pill among the jam), was, on the whole, an optimist. The mildly satirical humour of his earlier sketches (he was, said one biographer, "conservatively-clerically-agnostically-aristocratically-democratic writer"), developed into a bent for fiction with a social purpose. For instance, he wrote "The Emancipated," to express his disapproval of the feminist movement; while in "The Outpost," he gets at an even more practical subject—Peasants,—for it is impossible to write descriptions of people and scenery, it cannot be worth the disapproval of the feminist movement; while in "The Returning Wave," with enough skill to remind some people of "Salambô"; and after Sienkiewicz, he was, in his season, Poland's best novelist.

We are left with Zeromski and Reymont, both born, I believe, in 1868. Zeromski became widely (too widely) known by a long and tedious tale in two volumes packed with sugary sentimentality, crass sensationalism and tawdry lyrical patches. I refer to The History of a Soul, which combines the worst features of H. Caine and Compton Mackenzie—so let us leave it. I am inclined to think that Zeromski's most considerable novel (as the critics say) is the one called (Heaven knows why!) "The Beauty of Life," where the relations between Russia and Poland are shown to be, mildly speaking, of an unsatisfactory character. In the course of this narrative, Zeromski exhibits a sharp eye for incident and character, and this, I suggest, may safely be placed to his credit account. At the same time, the problem is left unsolved; for the hero, with the best of intentions towards the Polish cause, gets himself and others into some highly unpleasant situations, without, as far as I can see, doing Poland the least bit of good. Zeromski certainly did little good for himself by his statement of the Polish case, and he soon found it convenient to leave Warsaw. We find him in Paris, Cracow, and elsewhere—one of the "Homeless People" who supply the title for another of his novels.

Reymont also uses problems that are peculiarly Polish as material for his novels, though in at least one instance he has achieved something more than the mere local description of which it consists. "The Peasants," for it is of this work I am speaking, is just a record of a year's events in a Polish village. I do not estimate novels by their bulk, but I cannot help remarking that The Peasants runs into some five hundred pages; it is in four volumes (each volume for a season of the year). If there is any detail of Polish folklore that Reymont has omitted from his minute descriptions of people and scenery, it cannot be worth troubling about. And do not think that Reymont has wasted time over a trifling subject: remember that the Polish peasant is the backbone of the Polish nation. It is unlikely that this book will (or can) ever be translated into English; but, I assure you, it is the English reader who loses.

Before writing this prose epic of country life, Reymont had performed a similar service for the city. And the city he chose was Lodz. It is not hard to see why. In Lodz, three nationalities—Poles, Germans and Jews, apart from the Russian authorities, who sometimes step in—live together on the worst of terms. I am inclined to think that in choosing the title of "The Promised Land" for this novel, Reymont was satirising the Jewish capitalists, whose influence makes Lodz familiar with, and adept at, all the tricks by which men (not only Jewish capitalists in Poland) usually become what is known. I believe, as "captains of industry." I cannot attempt to enter into the details of this long novel (it appeared in two volumes). I can only say that nobody who wishes to have more than a casual knowledge of Polish questions can afford not to have read it. And those who do read it will, I think, admit that this gen-

lery of characters from all stations of life, these descriptions of city ups-and-downs, could only have been written by a man of, at any rate, pretty considerable talent. But Reymont also leaves the problem unsolved. Zeromski's hero is a Pole who fails by noble means; his hero is a Pole who succeeds by ignoble means. Perhaps the solution lies somewhere between the two.

P. SELVER.

Views and Reviews.

A PREFERENCES FOR PAPER.

These are times of hasty action and exiguous thought, and even less discussion; and there is manifest such a determination to throw everything into the melting-pot that it is difficult to get people to consider the form of the mould into which the contents will be poured. We are urged to think in terms of Empire, of Europe, of the world; in a phrase, to adopt extensive policies instead of intensive economics. We fight for nationalism abroad, and the battle of the intellect for nationalism at home; as though we were really determined to let Britain perish so that the Empire might flourish. But once in a way, a little book such as this* is issued which, by its brevity, its simplicity, and its clearness, arrest the attention, indicate the lacuna in the reasoning of contending parties, and point the obvious way out of the difficulty. Written in 1903, when Mr. Chamberlain began his propaganda in favour of Tariff Reform, it is peculiarly applicable to this time, when it seems probable that nothing but the caution of Sir Frederick Smith (no immeasurable quantity) stands between us and a plunge into the crudest Protectionist proposals. We cannot expect, and do not desire, a repetition of the Battle of Statistics that ended in the defeat of the Unionist party; but as that party is now trying to take by stealth the position that it could not take by storm, it is necessary that the general public should understand the real nature of the problem. I know of no clearer statement of it than is given in this little book.

The main facts are simple. When Mr. Chamberlain began his campaign, the British export trade had continued to repeat but not to exceed the figures reached a quarter of a century ago. Taking the average annual exports of 1870-4 as 100, the figures for the following quinquennial periods were 86, 100, 96, 100, 101. To jump to the conclusion that this state of affairs was due to hostile tariffs, and to demand retaliation, was the natural reaction of a very natural man. Free Trade was a "shiboleth," Free Traders were Little Englanders who had no Imperial Preferences, and so forth. The Free Traders, whom Mr. Phipson calls "the Christian Scientists of economics," simply denied that there was anything wrong with British commerce; and overlooked the very important fact that the position that they defended was not a Free Trade position.

Mr. Phipson shows us that the principles of Free Trade were triumphantly vindicated in the thirty years following the repeal of the Corn Laws. Taking the average annual exports of the last quinquennium of Protection as 100, the figures for the following quinquennial periods were 112, 160, 222, 226, 346, 449, the last figure being that for the years 1870-4. It was as if some omnipotent voice had cried "Halt!" to the exporters of Great Britain, for at once all progress ceased, and the augmenting increases of 1864-74 are suddenly transformed into decreases; and thereafter and up to the end of 1899 the annual average of British exports remains either reduced or stationary.

What was the cause? Not hostile tariffs, as the Protectionists alleged; for, as they had been operative

international currency, with the result that people could have prevented the prosperity of 1844-74 as they would have during the whole period, they would as surely have prevented our international commercial relations to a commercial level, instead of being, as at the present time, subject to financial influences. A national currency would enable us to pay for imports with exports, instead of an international currency; it would not be possible to depress the value of our exports, nor to enhance the value of our imports to our detriment. Only by this means can the mad rush of the world into industrialism described by Kropotkin be checked, and an harmonious relation between industry and agriculture be established.

Once this recovery of our exclusively national currency was effected, not the value of a tin-tack could enter Great Britain as imports, except for the purpose of discharging tribute, effecting investments, or paying dividends, without taking a corresponding value of exports out. Foreign competition, the nationalised currency, and the undermining of British labour power would at once cease. That this mean would for many British industries, and, above all, for the great British industry of agriculture, struggling now to maintain a precarious existence in face of such competition, can scarcely be realised. That such recovery, and the just regulation of the national currency which was necessarily accompanied by it, would mean much more than mere industrial and commercial prosperity—that it would mean the opening up of a new era of social and internal development, through an acceptance of economic truth too long ignored, and rejection of economic falsehoods too long enforced—should be further recommendations in its favour.

A. E. R.

Reviews.

The Autumn number of the “Sociological Review” has just appeared. It is thin and careworn, but continues bravely to reflect the sociological fashions. One of the latest of these is regionalism. In a very readable illustrated article on “Berlin and its Region,” Professor Fleure continues, in a strictly geographical way, to encourage the souls of regionalists by applying his theory of the regional-regarding habit to Berlin. To Professor Fleure “Regional Folk-life is one of the greatest sources of freshness, art and health.” Decentralisation will conduct nations to this life. But how is the present centralising habit to be overcome? We know not. Miss M. E. Robinson, who is concerned with “The Priest in the Pulpit,” reflects another fashion, namely, that of appointing the scientist as priest. It is not a fascinating fashion, and, indeed, has a fish-like look. It seems, according to all accounts, the pulpit has ceased to make an appeal. Great leaders of the Church fearfully admit that the Service, and Church business generally is dismally dull. To Miss Robinson, the fault is in the parson, not in the Church stuff. He lacks the human note which scientific education could supply. And here is Freud waiting to supply it. “Their first care should be the study of human nature. On this no one has thrown light than Professor Freud.” Apparently, the persons of England cannot have too much of Freud thrust upon them, whether they like it or not. For, “the clergyman who shrinks from learning the psychology of sex ought to remember, that although it may tickle our nose with it, the psychology of sex ought to remember, that although it reveals the ugliest characteristics of the mind, it also brings to light the most beautiful.” In our view, the clergyman who needs a course of Freud to enable him to touch his congregation with the Holy Ghost is better employed in a munition factory. Still, it should be said in fairness to Miss Robinson that she is out to improve the pulpit as a spirit-communicating agency. But all she has done so far is to pick up a straw of scientific idea from a mass of sociological evidence, and tickle our nose with it. A third sociological fashion appears with Mrs. Branford and Mr. C. R. Ashbee, who consider the recent Arts and Crafts Exhibition in its relation to civic education. Mrs. Branford makes a highly appreciative survey of the exhibition, while Mr. Ashbee in a more critical mood asks it one or two straight questions. Why, for instance, if the Arts and Crafts Society have so radically altered the aesthetic life of the Nation in its hands during this war-time, they have given the Nation so little—or, should it be—nothing?
Notes on Economic Terms.

POLITICAL POWER. The political power of the individual is his power of self-direction; but since it is obvious that the power of self-direction presupposes the power to keep oneself alive, the condition of political power is economic power. Assuming, however, the possession of economic power (the power of keeping oneself alive or self-direction for political power) that depends upon it, cannot always be best employed by the individual himself. He may find it advantageous at times to surrender temporarily his power of directing himself, and to confide his direction to someone else. This act of trading a portion of one’s own right and power of self-direction is accomplished in a modern democratic State by the process called voting, which, in essence, consists in concentrating upon the Executive (empowering, as it is called) the powers hitherto dispersed among the individuals voting. By electing, in fact, we empower, for we surrender in voting a portion of the power we possess of directing ourselves, and transfer it to an executive representative who speaks for us upon the matter under a different image. Suppose that a thousand individuals each possess a sovereign; this is their spending power to the same amount. And suppose that they each agree to transfer their sovereign to a single one of their number who in return agrees to spend the £1,000, in a certain way. The advantages that may accrue are obvious; for every individual of them has a sovereign’s worth of control over the sum of £1,000 which, from its concentration, is of greater value than one thousand sovereigns scattered in one thousand pockets. It has, in fact, all the increased value that concentration possesses over dispersion; and thus enables each individual to draw more from the sum than he put into it. Political power is exactly analogous. In consequence of the deposit with an executive representative of a portion of their power of self-direction, each of the electors is entitled to share in the proceeds arising from the superior value of concentrated over scattered power. It is true that each has surrendered or placed on deposit a portion of his power of self-direction, but in return for the surrender he obtains the advantage of controlling a larger measure of self-direction than before. The assumption we have been making, however, is that the individuals who thus surrender a portion of their power of self-direction have equal powers of self-direction upon which to draw. In other words, that the economic powers of the individual are equal in amount. But such, in fact, is not the case. Men’s ability to keep themselves alive differs in consequence of their possession of varying means of economic support. And it is obvious that the power of self-direction is proportioned to the economic power of self-maintenance. Now suppose that of a thousand voters, ten only have the power of keeping themselves alive. It follows that only these ten have any power of self-direction to transfer. All that the other voters in such a case do, when voting, is to transfer a symbol of power, but not the substance. Being economically dependent the power of self-direction, which itself implies economic independence, does not exist in them; and their political power is thus empty. The point can be seen more clearly if we inquire how the representative himself must look at the matter. He finds himself entrusted with a mandate empowered by the promises of a thousand electors to submit to his direction in the articles of the mandate. But among the thousand promises he has, only one hundred and ninety-two men who have no economic power, and only ten by men who have the means to be as good as their word. What else can he do — be the depository of power — but ignore the wishes of the nine hundred and ninety-two and attend only to the wishes of the ten men of substance?

GUILD. A Guild is a self-governing association of mutually dependent people organised for the responsible discharge of a particular function of society. Guilds organised for the function of a particular industry over the whole area of the nation are called National Industrial Guilds. Guilds organised over the same area for such functions as Medicine, the Law, Religion, etc., are called National Professional Guilds. And Guilds organised to discharge State functions are called State or Civic Guilds.

CRAFT. Properly speaking, a craft is any complete industry that can be carried out by a single person. Tailoring, for instance, is a craft; cabinet-making, hedging and ditching, wood-carving are crafts. With the division of labour, however, crafts tend to disappear. Industry cannot be divided into separate crafts, and tends to become divided by processes. Men engaged on process-work, though skilled, are not craftsmen, but workmen; and since their numbers are always on the increase relatively to the number of craftsmen, the direction of modern industry is away from crafts and towards processes. Political power is exactly analogous. In its superior organisation (concentration) Capital, however, is able to employ Labour and hence to take its products. The surplus of products over costs of production, Capital, still by virtue of its superior organisation, takes for itself under the name of Profits, and these are distributed among the investors in the proportion of their investments. An investment thus becomes a legal claim to share in the profits which Capital makes by employing Labour.

EXPLOITATION. There are two forms of exploitation: the exploitation of Nature by Man; and the exploitation of Man by Man. The former is wholly good; and it is the work, in the largest sense, of Science. The latter is wholly bad, and is the work of Capitalists. Natural exploitation consists in the extraction of artifices from Nature of things useful to men as men. Capitalist exploitation consists in the extraction by artifices from labourers of their Labour-power. But it is obvious that labour-power (including strength, skill and intelligence) is itself the only means of exploiting Nature. Capitalist exploitation consists in the exploitation of Nature, but the exploitation of the powers that exploit Nature. It is, in short, the robbery of the natural exploiters.

REVOLUTION. A revolution is a turning-point and change of direction. It is to be contrasted with Evolution or continuous transformation. A simple example of continuous evolution is provided by the history of the locomotive. It is true that locomotion by steam has been succeeded by locomotion by petrol and by electricity; and that locomotion on land has been followed by locomotion on sea and under the water and locomotion in air. But the transformations from steam to petrol and electricity and of the medium from land to water and air are not revolutions, since they involve new principle of power, but arose from adaptations of the already known principles. On the other hand, the introduction of steam itself was a revolution, since it brought into practical use a form of power before unutilised. In social organisation the same distinctions may be traced. Between chatted and wage-slavery, for instance, there was a revolutionary turning-point. Wage-slavery was already a variation on the theme of labour-power, but the revolution brought in a new element, the element of exchange. The wage-system remains any transformation within it is a process of evolution. Only action designed to end it is revolutionary.

USE. Means in economics "use towards making
contribution to the Government, for without a Government none of us would be able to live, and very likely I shouldn’t be able to grow potatoes. The second heap I pay for the rent of this land. The third heap is divided between the clergy who so zealously show me the way to heaven, the Army which keeps our national honour so clean, and the police who watch so carefully to prevent thieves robbing me of what I owe to the Government, the landlord, the clergy, the Army, and the police themselves. The fourth heap, the bad potatoes, are for the pigs, and what the pigs won’t eat I eat myself.

"And so, sir, I live contented and industrious, working for the Government, the landlord, the Church, the Army, and the pigs. God bless us all!"

"But, good man," I asked, "what do you do with the pigs?"

"The pigs, sir? Oh! they are for the railway company, so that they will carry the potatoes to the Government, the clergy, the Army, and the landlord. Things work out very well, don’t they, sir?"

I don’t know whether the old man spoke in bitterness or simple contentment.

Translated by C. Cooper from "El Tribuno" of Las Palmas.

ON THE WAR.
I.
How dismal is the panoply of war,
The plume of worship’s nest above the sky,
The steampipe’s hiss, the searchlight’s wicked eye,
The glowing mine, the signal flicked afar
Through exists of desolation, the drear
And countless monotone that droneth by,
Of days so profileless, the piteous sigh
That veils a sabbath city with despair.

Needs must endure, to battle and cast down
The tyrant that bestrides Europa’s plains
In vaunted viciousness; oh, should thy brow
Reliberate such foully handled gains,
There wait thee yet, my country, stressful days,
Lest Prussia mastered Prussianise thy ways.

II.
Two branching paths: a mournful, long decrease,
A phantom wailing o’er the slaughter red,
A pestilence through hungered rabbles led
Of drunken pomp, with misery’s increase
To make it move, to make it
Of days so profileless, the piteous sigh
In spirit of common sacrifice,
See how the worker fails—
The rich are nobly eating spice,
But he wants puppy-dogs’ tails.

A CONVERSATION.

Taking a walk one afternoon in the country, I came across an old man hard at work in a field.

"What are you doing?" I asked him.

"I am digging potatoes, sir," he said.

"Ah! And how do you sell them?"

"I don’t sell them," he said.

As I came nearer, I saw several large heaps of potatoes.

"But," I said, "what do you do with all these?"

"As you see, sir, I divide them into four heaps. The finest, which are in the biggest heap, are to pay my

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

LETTERS ON ART.

Sir,—In my previous letter I suggested I had perceived two kinds of quality in some pictures recently exhibited in London. Broadly speaking, they were creative and mechanistic, or a refining and an automatic quality. The first I perceived at first sight in Mr. William Shackleton’s pictures; the second on looking into and investigating Mr. Nevinson’s pleasant business-like reports of the war. I observed that Mr. Shackleton’s outcome presupposed a spontaneous refining agency, which I will call vision, as the cause of their existing; while Mr. Nevinson’s postulated a carefully
and somewhat debased Egyptian? I am quite sure there is nothing of the degenerate Roman gladiator about Mr. Muirhead Bone. If his wartime drawings at Collinghi and Osechi’s Galleries say anything, it is that Mr. Bone is a quiet, unobtrusive gentleman, with fine technical ability. He was born without a front of inspiration itself. They will not be overworked by the undertaking. For it must be said that to-day very few pictures exhibit the quality of vision; most, indeed, are exercises, and very skilful ones, in interpretation. Take, for instance, those by Mr. Roger Fry’s little group of painters at the Omega Gallery, or those by the leaders of the London group. They reveal artists who glory in an excited notion of technique. Certainly all are sincere, efficient craftsmen; all have the courage to shut out the finest source of inspiration; all really feel the classical tradition, and of a mind chimney-stacks, kitchen stuff, bedrooms furnished on a hire-system and decorated with ladies of easy virtue, factory walls, and pestiferous canals; all have embraced the commonplace; and when we come to the root of the matter, all have nothing to say, and utter it with the air of one who cannot be denied. Such eloquence assures them immortality for life.

This interpretative quality alone has a frost-bitten air. It covers one with icicles, and forces the sensible among us to withdraw from the frigid zone to the torrid one. If we are fortunate in our retreat, we shall presently find ourselves warming up before such visual quality as may be found in the drawings by Bagaria at the Twenty-One Gallery, Adelphi. The spirit of laughter is responsible for this quality. Bagaria is one of these rare draughtsmen who have the frivolous fancies and follies of vice at human beings. Actually in his work one can detect joyful laughter taking full possession of him, pouring through him, seizing the querulous expression of German culture, ransacking the reality of them, stripping them to the bone, and revealing the signature of each in a simple abstract line of truth that makes the spectator to the intensity of Bagaria’s enjoyment. They can up the staircase of the artist’s creative impulse. Further than this a caricaturist cannot go. How many go as far? Do we find Mr. Max Beckman, or Mr. Rausche, or the satirical Mr. Will Dyson making one intimate of the universal spirit of laughter? It would not be a difficult matter to point out caricaturists who, compared with Bagaria, do not laugh at all. A similar defect is to be found in painters who are not caricaturists. It will be objected this is to be expected, as they are not asked to laugh. Absurd. One could easily show that gravity no more becomes a true artist than ass’s ears. It certainly does not add to the vigour and expression of Mr. Jacob Epstein’s exhibits at the Leicester Galleries. It may even account for the very striking impression made by some of the works on survey in examining these exhibits for the first time. This impression is made up of three things. There is a consciousness of lowered vitality, of a sculptor dominated by the material idea of basin and vase, struggling with a theory of creation. The first yields a roomful of busts of degenerates. The second provides a variety of early degenerate types, Assyrian, Egyptian, Greek, Roman, Mongolian, and so on. The third offers huge blocks of stone carved into abstract forms by a notion of fecundity. Evidently the sculptor is obsessed by a notion that behind all phenomena there lurks a creative, a fertilising spirit which seeks to embody itself in human sexual forms. This, roughly, is, I think, the fundamental constructive idea which Mr. Epstein has embraced. High from the union has proceeded, in the present case, two sexual symbols, “Venus” and an unfinishable “Mother and Child.” A fine accessibility to laughter would have rid the sculptor of this unholy and clogging sexual fungus, sublimed him out of creation. Moreover, it would have prevented him from overlaying his busts with the stigma of degeneracy. How Lombroso and his disciple Nordau would dance, notebook in hand, round these studies, observing with rapture the enlarged thyroid of one female and the exaggerated svent of another. I do not believe the degeneracy belongs to an oversight rather than to an insight of Mr. Epstein’s. As to the atavistic types, perhaps Lord Fisher is a Mongolian of the Year One. But it is correct to express Miss Iris Tree as an ancient

**Memoranda.**

(From last week’s *New Age.*)

What has been our difficulty? It has been to make a choice, and, having chosen, a transition, between the commercial economic system that prevailed before the war, and the real economic system that ought to prevail during the war.

Public spirit is usually incompatible with private success.

Democracy yesterday, democracy to-morrow, but never democracy to-day.

The demand for education anywhere is not so considerable that we can afford to refuse it because it oversteps public opinion.

To-day, when revolution is called for from the very soul of man, the Church talks of reform.—“Notes of the Week.”

While a nation is merely a potential value deserving of respect simply because it is a potential value, a State is an active value and must be judged by its acts.—**RAMIRO DE MAIZET.**

The only possible defence of the individual against the State is membership of a body of equal sovereignty with the State—a National Guild, for example.

Only by Caesar can Caesar be restored to a constitutional monarch.

What is needed is a Council of Equity to determine the economic value of the abandoned rules, and to award the Trade Unions the equivalent in the form of new privileges.

The two main motives of modern production are the Greed of Profits and the Fear of Starvation.

The idea of Playing the Game is the most magical trumpet-call of the English soul. Our plan is simply to base our industry upon this motive of Playing the Game, and to require our guildsmen to play at industry as they play at war or cricket.—“National Guildmen.”

To write of the Jew with veracity it is essential to depart from convention.

The great Jewish novel is yet to be written.—**J. BULVAR SCHWARTZ.**

The original Blue-stocking was Fve, the first dabbler in moral philosophy.—**EDWARD MOORE.**

It is impossible to write a life of Herbert Spencer: he never lived.

Spencer held the mirror up to Spencer, and called the reflection Nature.—“A. E. R.”
PRESS CUTTINGS.

Housesmaid; upper of 2; £5; age 30-36; 7 servants; good references; family 2; excellent situation.—Mrs. Kalcik, 2, Lower Annandale, Berks.

Under-housesmaid wanted for town; 2 in family; 6 servants; good wages, according to experience; good references required; liberal outgoings.—Write, Box 8666, The Times Book Club, Oxford Street, W.

Under-housesmaid wanted, for town only; 1 lady, 4 servants; good wages; good references essential.—Write Mrs. Stokes, 8, Chesterfield Street, Mayfair.

Kitchenuis wanted, single-handed, wanted for town and country (Northamptonshire); 3 in family; 10 servants kept; experience not essential; good references; wages £22-24.—Apply Hon. Mrs. Edward Wyndham, 6, Upper Grosvenor Street, W. —The Times.

As things have gone so far, we are disposed to suggest complete industrial conscription, if the Government—first, from a workable scheme, and provided certain conditions are fulfilled. It is by no means clear, however, that a workable scheme could be framed. Assuming that it could, then we should ask three things: first, that it should be made compulsory on everybody and not merely on the wage-earning classes; secondly, that private profits should be eliminated from industry; and, thirdly, that people should be prevented from opening new businesses. Lastly, the best way of national service to labour for the private gain of everybody and not merely on the wage-earning classes; set-up schemes for ex-soldiers, and, for that matter, secondly, that private profits should be eliminated from the Dominions have already got ready to offer? The Times Book Club, Oxford Street, W.

Sir,—In view of the Prime Minister's statement to-morrow, may I call attention to the urgency of pushing on with permanent agricultural policy, not only for the sake of stimulating food production during the war, but in order that the Government may be ready with a scheme for the dominions of the future. We are all aware that home policy cannot be divorced from the whole of the Empire. We have the right to expect the Dominion policies to be consistent with national interests, as laid down by our leaders. I am asked to say that the Fourteen Houses would be relieved of most of their harassing industrial business (upon which the opinion of insurance agents, lawyers, and importers is not very valuable), and would be free to deal with purely national problems. It might even become clear that these could be dealt with by one National Parliamento.—VANCE PALMER in the Sydney "Bulletin."

Any participation by Trade Union representatives in the management of monopolies already controlled by the State. A Railway Guild, for instance, including the salaried personnel as well as the shunters and navvies, might receive a charter to run the railways, paying taxes to the State in proportion to its profits and interest on moneys advanced for new works of construction. The ownership of plant and rolling stock would, of course, be vested in the State, but the details of the management would be arranged by the guild directorate, and the workman would have some control over his work. He would be a guildsman instead of a unionist, and the feeling that he had an interest in his industry would give him a new sense of dignity and make him a better citizen. And with a guild directorate controlling the management we would no longer be inflected by the spectre of the capitalist trusts which might fork into office for a few moments, laying down the law about the kind of rolling-stock to be used on any particular railway. But railways are only indirectly productive enterprises, and it is in production that the guild idea would bear its choicest fruits. As things are, politics rob the industrial world of its most brainy workers. Instead of concentrating on the problems of their own craft, the improvement of technical processes and quality of goods, they spend their energies on organising purely political machinery, and naturally have for their personal objective a cushioned seat in the parliamentary bench. But the direction of their guilds would give them all the politics they wanted, and their interests would be to stimulate production instead of hindering it. The Fourteen Houses would be relieved of most of their alarming industrial business (upon which the opinion of insurance agents, lawyers, and importers is not very valuable), and would be free to deal with purely national problems. It might even become clear that these could be dealt with by one National Parliament.—VANCE PALMER in the Sydney "Bulletin."

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