

THE NEW AGE

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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

CAPTAIN BATHURST'S reply to Mr. Thomas that "it was obviously impossible for the Food Controller, or anyone else, to take any action within an hour of the statement made by the Prime Minister," has the appearance without the reality of candour and common sense. Was the Prime Minister's announcement, in the first place, such a surprise to the Food Office that none of the officials had anticipated it? In the second place, it is the business of men in responsible executive positions to do as Napoleon did, namely, *prepare for contingencies as well as probabilities*; and surely it was at least a contingency that Mr. Lloyd George's announcement of prohibitions on imports would be followed by attempts to raise the prices of present stocks. And in the third place, what the Food Controller "obviously" could not do, the retailers did without an effort, for within an hour of the Prime Minister's speech their prices were raised. Nor are the reasons for their action far to seek; but they lie in the form and mould of current theory which not only admits profiteering as legitimate economics, but defends it as a right and almost as a duty. "It is recognised," says the "Times," on this very subject, "that the retailer may require to add slightly to his charges to maintain the level of the weekly profits on sales which are his income." In other words, it is recognised that the holders of supply have a right to maintain their income even when their sales are reduced. But what is this but to admit the sanctity of income composed of profits and to ensure it at all costs to the mere consumer? The problem of abolishing profits is, we know, difficult; and in all probability we shall not solve it practically for another century or two. But the admissions made by Captain Bathurst and the "Times" appear to deny that it is really a problem at all. In short, they are still under the delusion that production for profit is production for use.

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No more striking demonstration of the falsity of this view, however, has been offered in the history of the world than during the course of the present war.

For, looked at broadly, what have we been engaged in at home during the last three years but in attempting, with small success as yet, to transform a system of producing for profit into a system of producing for use? The war, it is clear, found us as a nation with an enormous productive system on our hands capable of turning out almost anything profitable and scarcely anything useful. And our whole endeavour, since the war began, has been to substitute production for use for production for profit. What rendings and searchings of heart the process has already involved; and what more will the continuance of the war not involve! In the region of controversy, including a great part of legislation, the struggle taking place before our eyes is the struggle between the capitalists to maintain, as the "Times" says, the level of their profits, and the State, representing the public, to eliminate profits. And in the region of production proper, the struggle is between the continuance of profitable, and its supersession by useful but unprofitable, production. And in both areas, we are glad to say, the latter form of production is winning, but slowly, slowly—too slowly, we fear, for the pace of decision set by the war itself. Look, for instance, at the reception now everywhere being given to the very notion of profiteering—a word, by the way, which characterises the social side of the war significantly; it is in anything but good odour, and in time what is condemned in the notion becomes damnable in practice. That is all to the good, and we can take courage from it if not for the immediate future then for the generation to come. And on the other side, in production itself, the revolution is even more apparent. The admission now generally made that agriculture, though not relatively a "paying industry," is nevertheless an economically indispensable industry; in other words, that its profits have nothing whatever to do with its real economic use—is something of a confession; and when we see that the nation is actually prepared to sacrifice profit to use in agriculture, the confession is proved manifestly sincere. Of all the current proposals, however, the most illuminating for our present purpose is the proposal to restore the use of our canal and internal waterway system; for of all the instruments of economic use which production for

profit has failed to employ, our inland waterways are the best example. That we should, if only in discussion, have come to consider the restoration of rivers and canals to their proper economic use, regardless of profits, is a sign of the distance we have travelled in thought from commercial economics and of the direction men's minds are now taking towards real economics or natural exploitation. We have only now to reproduce during peace the determining conditions established by war in order to complete the transformation. To what is it we owe the present tendency towards intensive home-production for use? To the fact that our island is in a state of siege. But the same state of siege, without its drawbacks, can be induced by ourselves by a simple means: that of prohibiting the foreign investment of home-produced capital! This measure alone would convert our economics from profit to use in a very few years.

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A reason that occurs to us for the absence of men of first-rate ability among our present rulers is (apart, of course, from the jealousy of mediocrities of real talent) the transitional and still somewhat doubtful process through which all our institutions, the economic being the material, are passing. Things, we may say, though all in the melting pot, are not yet sufficiently molten for great ideas to be able to shape them; and there needs a fiercer heat still before the dross of commercialism has been brought clearly to the surface. In the meantime, we cannot but admire, even while we pity, the efforts of men like Mr. H. A. L. Fisher, the new Minister of Education, to precipitate a new order in education before the thought-mixture has even reached the boiling-point. To begin with, it is not at all clear, even to the eye of prophecy, what kind of education will in fact be dictated by the actual circumstances in which the war will leave us. Nor, again, is it clear that in any event the continuance of commercial economics may be taken for granted. Finally, it is by no means certain that anybody, and least of all Mr. Fisher, has the proper present perspective for an immediate re-ordering of education even on the assumption of the restoration of pre-war circumstances. The drift, for the moment, is in the direction of a closer correlation of education with industry; of civic education, that is to say, with profiteering; and Mr. Fisher, it is obvious, is a cork on the current. "One of the defects of our system of education," he says, "is the imperfect correlation between school and business"; and his remedy, we gather, is to adapt school to business. But how if, as we think, the boot has been all the time on the other leg, and if the chief defect of the past has been the failure of "business" to adapt itself to education? For it certainly is not the case, as our experiences during the war have shown, that poor Business has proved itself to have been badly treated in the past. Not profiteering, we repeat, has proved itself weak, but economics proper. And if, under Mr. Fisher, we are now to subordinate education still more strictly to Business, will not the result be to widen still further the breach between profiteering and economics? For ourselves, we have no kind of doubt about it. Any closer correlation of school and business in the present state of things will mean inevitably the extension of Capitalism into education, that is to say, of Production for Profit into Training for Use; and is therefore for the moment altogether reactionary. What is needed, on the contrary, is a wider separation of the two and clearer divisions. The "business" of education is not Business, but education; and let Business look after itself. Given, moreover, the organised Industries we speak of, each Industry may well be left to provide the technical training of its apprentices, while the State confines its attention to making intelligent citizens.

Lord Buckmaster's Bill to enable women to practise as solicitors, which passed its second reading in the House of Lords on Wednesday, has not for us the dangers we apprehend from the admission of women into wage-service. Though less efficiently organised than the Bar or Medicine or the Church, the profession of the solicitor is still a profession. It is therefore practically blackleg-proof, has fixed fees for piece-work, and undergoes no necessary deterioration in consequence of an access of members. The greater the number of members, it is true, the more intense is the competition between them; but the increase of numbers alone is not in itself a determinant of the scale on which their services shall be remunerated. In the case of the wage-earner, on the contrary, the mere increase of his numbers is the cause of a fall in wages; for his wages are not fixed by statute or custom, but by the supply and demand of Labour. For this reason it is by no means inconsistent to claim for women, as we do, the right to enter any of the professions while denying at the same time their wisdom in entering wage-industry. In the professions they take their chance with men without of necessity bringing down men's wages; but in the wage-industries their competition is ruinous to men. When, moreover, the wage-industries have in their turn become professions, our objections upon economic grounds to the admission of women into industry will cease to exist. There will remain, of course, the other objections, based upon the desirability of maintaining the family as the normal institution of the nation; and these, we are certain, can never be overcome; but the discussion of that aspect of the subject will be less economic than psychological.

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With Mr. Bonar Law's announcement last week that arrangements had been made between this country and Russia for the mutual exchange of their subjects of military age, we may take it that another of our garments of liberty has been flung off in our war for freedom. Is there, we wonder, a principle or an institution, hitherto sacred in the traditions of England, that the wretched opportunists now in power are not ready to abandon at a nod from any reactionary force? We do not know of one. In the present instance, the excuses for the betrayal are of the flimsiest. They are, if you please, that there is a parity between Russian subjects who have fled to this country from Russia and British subjects who have gone to Russia in search of business. But everybody knows that the cases are not parallel, but poles asunder. Moreover, as Prince Kropotkin has pointed out in an admirable letter in the "Daily News," our Government's action is anything but discreet even from the point of view of international relations. With what forces in Russia is it desirable that this country should ally itself? Is it with the "dark forces" of pro-German reaction, or with the rising tide of popular government? The answer, we should have thought, is obvious. It is always and everywhere the proper policy of England to ally itself with and to encourage the popular elements in foreign States, whether friendly or enemy. For having failed to do this in Germany and elsewhere we are now paying a heavy price; and for failing to do it in Russia the price of our failure is likely to rise. But it is exactly the popular element in Russia that will be discouraged by Mr. Bonar Law's announcement, and the reactionary forces that will draw strength from it. It is, in fact, as if we had declared ourselves on the side of the very bureaucracy which is opposing the efforts of popular opinion in Russia to carry on the war. And this, at a moment when a feather may turn the scale. Our disgust is not lessened by the fact that France, a closer ally of Russia than England, has refused to make the arrangement to which Mr. Bonar Law, we suppose, has now signed our name.

The scarcity of paper has not prevented a good part of the Press from publishing, at full length, the report of the annual meeting of the shareholders of the Prudential. But what public purpose is served by informing us of the enormous wealth of the "simple kindly men" (vide chairman's speech) who act as directors of the company we cannot discover. Is it that the paid publication of their doings is another form of insurance, namely, against a too curious Press comment? It is not wholly improbable. The assets of the company are now, it appears, nearly a hundred millions, from which we may conclude that at any rate the risks of insurance are greater for the insured than for the insurers. The discrepancy, in fact, between the risks taken by the company and the risks run by its customers must be considerable to yield a profit which, after dividends of no small amount have been paid, has now accumulated to the dimensions of a State loan! It is all, of course, very good business; but we confess that we wish the directors would be satisfied with the business rôle, for their appearance as patriots in addition is unpleasing. And even the investment of twenty-five millions at five or so per cent. in the war loan cannot persuade us that the Prudential can double the part. "The profit-earning capacity of the company," the chairman was pleased to remark, "had remained unimpaired throughout the war." And about its capacity to remain unimpaired to the very end he likewise expressed no doubts. At the same time we must remember that "we are fighting a foe who has no regard for his pledged word, and no respect for the laws of humanity; and such a foe must be crushed at whatever the cost." Even at the cost of twenty-five millions of Prudential money at over five per cent. ! We approve the sentiment, but would it not have come better from businesses whose profit-making capacity has actually been impaired by the war?

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Sir Walter Runciman, the Chairman of the Moor Line, takes, on the other hand, a more ingenious point. Condoling with his shareholders in their common misfortune of a declared dividend of only thirty per cent. for the past year, the father of the late President of the Board of Trade announced himself as sick of the "copiously talkative persons" who had been "allowed to play pranks with our destinies in the process of imposing their fantastic hallucinations on a strangely forbearing people." "The shrieking tumult," this strong, silent captain of industry went on, "of platitudes one is deafened with about high freights, greedy shipowners and their prodigious profits [only 30 per cent.] is supposed to emanate from persons of intellectual ability." But that, it seems, is "a delusion." Such persons, in fact, are without any ability at all. "High freights," they are instructed, "are only a symptom of the narrow margin of vessels left for our civil needs"; and, far from being deplorable, are an admirable signal for the building of still more vessels by the Moor Line. It is all, of course, true. High freights arise from the unchecked operations of Supply and Demand in private hands; and all the exertions of the son of his father could not, as we have often pointed out, remove the symptoms while the cause, namely, private ownership, remained untouched. But is it really necessary for Sir Walter Runciman to tell us it? Do we not know it? Is it not in our sugar and tea? Have we not paid thirty per cent. to discover it? The answer, moreover, to the charge that the "copiously talkative persons" who advocated from the outset the nationalisation of the mercantile marine as a condition of controlling the operation of Supply and Demand is this: that the first practical man who has been appointed to the Control of Shipping—Sir Joseph Maclay—has adopted nearly every one of their suggestions! At this moment the whole of the mercantile marine, though not nationalised, is in national com-

mission under the direction of the managers of the industry itself. We asked for only one thing more—its final and complete nationalisation!

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Mr. Henderson must be very careful that the country does not take him at his word, whatever value he may attach to it himself. For it may very well be the case that his threats prove more attractive than his promises. Addressing, for example, a meeting for National Service particularly designed to stimulate agriculture, Mr. Henderson, ever ready with Compulsion for the helpless, threatened, in the event of the failure of the voluntary method, the State administration of farms, presumably on the model of the controlled engineering establishments. As will be seen elsewhere, however, in the Manifesto by a "Practical Farmer," this very course is recommended, not as a penal measure for Mr. Henderson to threaten, but as a measure of defence against Mr. Henderson and his colleagues taken by the practical farmers themselves. What if, therefore, the farmers should now close with him upon it, and by making impossible the present methods of producing food, compel him to carry out his threat! Would Mr. Henderson withdraw from his threat as readily as from every other form of pledge? In truth, however, Mr. Henderson knows himself to be only a Labour Minister; that is to say, one of the uneasy paradoxes of modern politics, a man with power but with no courage to exercise it, a man with responsibility but with no sense for its employment, a man raised to importance by a class but using his position to undermine his class. Look at him as he winks to his employers at the answer they put into his head to the question why wealth should not be conscripted as well as life and labour. The natural corollary, he says, of compulsion in industry is the compulsion of wealth; but if a Bill were introduced to compel wealth, the war might be over before that Bill got through! It might indeed, and no bad thing if it is true that our wealthy classes will stop at nothing but their own compulsion in carrying on the war.

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There are still, we suppose, people who can take seriously the protestations of Lord Northcliffe about his paper and his profits. And we even gather that men of affairs are bewildered by the apparent honesty of the man. What, indeed, can sound more plausible than Lord Northcliffe's appeals to his readers to give up buying the "Times" and the "Daily Mail"? What possible object beyond pure patriotism can Lord Northcliffe have in that? The directorates of the Press, other newspaper proprietors and paper merchants have, however, an inside view of the imposing exterior. From beginning to end it is business policy without a single trace of patriotism or self-sacrifice. What is the position? The income of "great" newspapers being largely derived from advertisements, it is obvious that a diminution of their size means a diminution of the space that can safely be allotted to the soap and pills by which they live. On the other hand, the supplies of paper are undoubtedly shrinking, and a reduction in consumption is therefore necessary. Happy idea! Maintain the size of your paper, and thereby provide for as many advertisements at the same rates as before; but reduce its circulation by raising the price. Thus you will effect an economy all round. Call the whole process patriotism, set aside a column a day for bringing it to the boil, and then serve out with sauce to flavour. We should not be surprised to find, however, that the habit of reading the Northcliffe Press, once broken, will never be reformed. Who willingly returns to the use of a drug from which chance has freed him? Lord Northcliffe is a creation of paper, and therefore a creature of paper. Paper made him, and it is to be hoped that paper will destroy him.

Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdad.

MR. WILSON'S carefully prepared bombshell was dropped at precisely the proper time to secure for him the instant acquiescence in his demands of the majority of the Senate Committee and the Senate itself. The powers he asked for were voted to him by a great majority—403 to 13—and the naval appropriations are to become effective "immediately" instead of in July. In other words, without calling a special session of Congress, it is now within the power of the President to make huge additions to the Navy, to commandeer German ships in American ports, to intensify the regulations against espionage, to intern enemy subjects in the event of war; and, indeed, to do all that is necessary for the waging of war. Various statements regarding German intrigues in Mexico and Cuba had been appearing in the American newspapers in the latter part of 1916; but it remained for Mr. Fletcher, the newly appointed United States Ambassador to Mexico, to discover documentary evidence on the point. The result was a revelation of German intrigues with Mexico, and an attempt to involve the Japanese Government as well, which has swept aside the pacifist elements in Washington politics.

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It is only natural that the early participation of the United States in the war should now be more than usually expected; and it is therefore all the more reasonable that there should be reserve and diplomatic "correctness" on the side of the Allies. It is not for us to instruct the Washington authorities or to suggest that we know their business better than they do. For this reason I hold that Lord Northcliffe's speech at the American Luncheon Club on Friday should instantly be disowned by some semi-official spokesman of our own Government. Lord Northcliffe's influence in England is well known throughout the United States, where the tendency is even to exaggerate it; and he has, I believe, been asked more than once to give responsible American newspapers his views on the war and the prospects of post-bellum conditions. His speech, delivered as it was to an American body, is therefore certain to be reported fully in the American Press, even if it were not cabled over in detail by his own agents. In the course of a few discursive remarks, Lord Northcliffe said:

While I am grateful for sympathy, I think John Bull can manage his business by himself. I have every assurance, in my own mind, that we can finish this war. . . . If the United States comes into the war, I suggest that she tackles some particular part of the war, such as the freedom of Belgium or the patrol of her part of the Atlantic, or the convoying of foodships across the Atlantic. . . . There were other reasons why one did not wish America to be in the war, and one reason was the peace-table. We feel that the influence of the German-American vote in the peace settlement might perhaps blunt the weapon that we use at the peace-table, but above all I do most sincerely believe that we can win this war by ourselves.

I pass over the extremely bad taste, in every respect, of these remarks in order to consider their substance. What do they imply as the opinion of a man who, as we know, is more or less able to impose his whims upon people at home? In the first place, they imply a greater confidence than anybody is entitled to have of our ability to manage Armageddon by ourselves. We have not found the German resistance up to date so easy a matter to overcome that we can afford, even now, to be cockahoop about our position. And what about France and Italy, and even Russia? Is Lord Northcliffe, like any pothouse Bill Adams, to say in the face of the sacrifices made by our Allies—sacrifices, moreover, still to be made (for they are not out of the wood yet!) that alone John Bull did it? The thing is absurd. If, as is probable, the Allied victory will

be due more to England than to any one of her Allies, the truth remains that alone we could not have done it. In the second place, mark the impudence of our Fleet Street Napoleon in laying down the areas in which America, if she enters the war, is to confine her modest and not very welcome assistance. With a spirit worthy of the arm-chair strategist, Lord Northcliffe waves to Belgium, the American coasts and our own food-ships as sufficient to keep the American police-forces busy while John Bull is doing the man-lion's share of the work. The ineffable condescension of the gesture must be apparent to all America; and I can well imagine the annoyance, to use no stronger word, this caricature of England's traditional attitude may cause. The assumption, moreover, upon which Lord Northcliffe proceeds is utterly inconsistent with all the facts of the case. Like one of his own "Daily Mail" readers, he appears to think that America, if she comes into the war, is entering to be a very junior partner with the Allies and in the hope of picking up crumbs that fall from our table. Nothing of the kind. Let us get it into our heads that America is an independent Power of the first importance at this moment, and of incalculably greater importance in the future; that she has no intention whatever of bottle-holding to any European Power, even one that contains Lord Northcliffe; and that, far from taking orders as to what she shall do, if she joins the war, or what she shall not do, the Allies are quite as likely to receive as to give. Nor do I think that there is anything in the least derogatory to ourselves in the claim of America to stand upon an equal footing with us. If the war were, as Lord Northcliffe's young men think, a war for the Balance of Power in Europe and nothing more, America's discretion in remaining outside would be undeniable. And equally her discretion in coming in would be doubtful. But exactly because the war is an affair for humanity, America is not only right in entering, but enters as an equal with an equal right to give and to take counsel with the rest of the Allies.

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The medium of a public dinner, especially when presided over by Lord Northcliffe with nobody to keep the panjandrum in fear of proper ridicule, is, moreover, the last to choose for a diplomatic communication with America at a moment such as this and upon such a subject as her place at the Peace Conference. Fears, no doubt, have been expressed that the presence of America at the Peace Conference is not only likely to mitigate our claims upon a defeated Germany, but is calculated by Germany and by Germans in America to have that effect. But even if that were certain to be the case, we should still maintain that a peace-settlement guaranteed by America and sealed by her sword as well as by ours would last longer than a peace-settlement dictated by Lord Northcliffe and unsupported by the best American opinion. And is it even likely to be the case? President Wilson is no fool, nor has he given anybody the smallest ground for inferring his blindness to the menace of a renaissant Germany. Quite as much as to ourselves, it is to the interest of America that German militarism shall cease to be able to aspire again to power; and, hence, must be put into a position from which that ambition is excluded. And do we, indeed, ask anything more than that ourselves? Finally, I will only mention a consideration that apparently Lord Northcliffe is unable to take into account—the chance, the bare chance, that our own little peace conference may not be quite the family-gathering we like to picture. The presence of America, on the whole, may not be unwelcome at the table as in the field. And in any event if she is at the latter she will be at the former. I repeat my hope that someone in authority will take an early opportunity of assuring America that Lord Northcliffe is not yet our Foreign Minister, plenipotentiary and Generalissimo Poo-bah.

The War for Peace Without Victory.

I.

WHY has Germany, wildly seeking peace, continually and deliberately provoked America to war? And why has America, so wantonly and often provoked, evaded so long the German challenge? We have here to do with perhaps the most stupendous paradox in the history of nations. The paradox is, furthermore, accentuated by the conflicting purposes and methods by which President Wilson and the German Government have crossed each other. In one thing, it is true, they have obtained the same result: each resorts to war in order to compel peace. But the paradox is not thereby diminished; for there is a great gulf fixed between the quality of the peace desired by Germany and that desired by the head of the Great Republic; and the peace of Wilson presents a human horizon that is heavenly indeed when compared with the horizon that opens beyond the peace of William II. Then, how comes it that these two, the German Government and the American President, working at cross purposes and for ends that are the antipodes of each other, arrive at what outwardly seems the same calamitous conclusion as to the way by which apparently the same end is to be reached? It is almost as if one should try to interrogate the Sphinx, but I think the riddle can be read and reported.

II.

Let us first consider the question of America's delay, for this delay is the pivot of Germany's present procedure.

The delay is due to the fact that at no previous time could President Wilson have entered the war with the support of the country behind him. It is true that there is an intellectual minority, chiefly along the Atlantic fringe, that both intelligently and ardently supports the cause of the Allies, and from which some of the best expositions of the issue between Germany and civilisation have come. But this New York and New England minority neither represents nor knows actual America: it has always been ignorant of the nation, as a whole, influencing the national mind but little at any time. The real America is embodied, both geographically and temperamentally, by those States which lie between the Alleghany and the Rocky Mountains, and which we somewhat loosely call the Middle West. And this great Middle West, increasingly unmindful or disdainful of the Atlantic fringe, is not deeply concerned with the embattled hopes and despairs of Europe. The Middle West American has little or no knowledge of what the war is about, and he does not trouble himself to learn. In so far as he gives it his attention, the war seems to him without sense or meaning, and none of his affair. He regards it as an Old World delirium, a needless universal annoyance, interfering with the comfortable ongoing of mankind. Moreover, his pro-German sympathies are there, even though they be of an origin that is either calculative or careless.

The pro-Germanism of the Middle West American is easy to understand. He has had Germany for a neighbour all his life. The adjoining village dooryard, or the next farm-yard, encloses the home of a German-American. Or he may have been born in Germany himself; or, if not himself, his parents are German-born. If he is of substance and ambition sufficient to send his sons and daughters to college, they will pass under the teaching of professors, the most of whom have studied in German universities; for a German diploma is practically the pre-requisite of a professorship in an American college or university.

There are indeed large sections of the Middle West, large towns and agricultural communities, in which German is the prevailing language; and also where, as a consequence, the German mentality is subtly

and surely displacing the mentality of the early Anglo-Saxon, and still earlier French settlers. And aside from ancestry and language, is the economic condition and social influence of the average German-American. He is usually frugal, substantial, often jovial, sometimes religious. He has the habits of what we are fondly and fatuously accustomed to regard as "a good citizen."

With England and France, on the contrary, the Middle West American has not been intimate. He does not know that the enforcement of the Monroe Doctrine, and the protection of his country's political interest in South America, has depended chiefly upon the British Navy, and the somewhat generous consent of the British Government. He does not much remember Lafayette—it is the Atlantic fringe which does that. His knowledge of English history is confined to the highly coloured tyranny, exercised by Lord North and George IV, which prevented the Puritan merchants from smuggling, hampered their trade in negroes and rum, compelled them to pay their taxes, and thus brought on the American Revolution. And all his conceptions of France are derived from schoolbook or Sunday School tales of the Reign of Terror, and from the usual traditions of French frivolity and atheism—tales that have been accentuated, these recent years, by the growth of the political power of the Catholic Church alongside that of the German citizenry. He has heard of France and England from afar, and with poisoned or provincial ears, while he has had the industrious and assertive German in his daily midst.

It is only when we keep this whole American situation in mind, and remember that probably President Wilson knows it, as no other man knows it, that we can understand the tremendous difficulties with which he has had to deal, and the adroitness and patience he has had to exercise. Neither his verbal nor his factual movements are academic and theoretic, nor are they mysterious or indecisive, to one who knows the present mentality of the American people, and the perilous complexity of the American national problem. And foreseeing that the entrance of America was inevitable if the war continued, it is not strange that he tried to forestall the inevitability, and, at the same time, render a revolutionary and unprecedented service to humanity, by first stopping the war altogether, and then by getting the nations to agree to fight no more, but to live federally together in the bonds of the League to Enforce Peace.

III.

But the American President does not so well know the diverse national minds of Europe, nor the dynastic impostures and subterranean methods by which so much of European history has been made. He does not understand how different is the national psychology of Germany, which is essentially tribal and primitive, from that of Elizabethan Virginia or Emerson's Massachusetts. He does not enough consider the antithesis between the mental lineage of the men who made choice of Abraham Lincoln and the mental ancestry of the men who applaud the speech of Kaiser William as courageous and sacred. It is even possible that Germany would never have made her submarine challenge to the world had not the pervertible phrase, "peace without victory," possessed and obsessed both the Central Powers and the neutral nations. It may be that this phrase is the solving key to the riddle of Germany's last madness, giving method and meaning to what were else an impenetrable national mystery.

Germany has, I believe, based her decision upon a complete misapprehension of the real import and essence of the immortal address to the American Senate. She thinks—and, apparently, the rest of Europe thinks also—that peace without victory is the first principle which President Wilson lays down as the basis of peace. This is not at all true. The phrase is but incidental to his fundamental proposition, which is

that of universal peace on the basis of the common international adoption of the principle of government by the consent of the governed. But Europe seems blind to his basal and vaster meaning; and Germany, seizing upon the incidental phrase, has transmuted it into the programme which she is now desperately determined to have fulfilled, and for the fulfilment of which she will resort to the last craft and cruelty of which even she is capable. Germany's new and merciless submarine war, in its last analysis, is nothing else than a war for peace without victory; or, rather, if you analyse still more closely, a peace that is but a miraculous and well-masked victory for Germany.

IV.

Germany counts on obtaining this portentous victory through American intervention on the side of her enemies. It is Germany's hope that, when the Peace Conference weighs the rival demands of the belligerents, the power of German-American citizens will turn the scales in her favour. To this end, seeing that America could not sit in the Conference except as a belligerent, she decided upon forcing us, at all costs, into the war. This, nor else than this, is the motive behind the submarine assault upon humanity.

And the far-plotted Prussian deception has been espoused by the omnipresent pacifist—whose emotional immoralities are exceeded only by his intellectual vapidities; and whose babblings, should ever they prevail, would undermine the only foundations whereupon a decent and durable peace can be raised. A present day pacifist is always a pro-German masquerader—this, and nothing else, whether he knows it or not. His wrath is always for England; his indifference is always for France; his impatience is always for the stupid resistance of the Belgians; his pities are always for sorrowing and misunderstood Germany. If there are other pacifists than these, I am so unfortunate as not to have met them—and I have harked unto pacifists by the score. And how can we hold commerce with minds so purblind, how can we commune with emotions so perverse, that they would place murdered Belgium and her German murderers on the same moral level, entitled to receive equal respect and consideration from the Conference that assembles to make peace? The Power that professes regard for the weaker nationalities against which it commits, even now, a series of crimes without precedent since civilisation began; the Power that bewails the woes of the war while pursuing the savage enslavement of the Belgians and the pitiless extermination of Serbia; the Power that sobs for the freedom of the seas and kills the unwarned and unprotected babes and mothers who sail upon them; the Power that claims the exclusive patronage of the Christian's God while blessing the Turkish massacre of the Christian Armenians—this is the unrepentant Power for whose peaceful professions the pacifists are proclaiming their sympathies, making the very name of justice a thing of derision, and depthlessly debasing our common humanity.

V.

There is no need to say that a condition of universal peace is supremely desirable, and that incalculable are the reach and the rapidity of the progress which mankind might thereby make. But you cannot build the House of Peace upon the sands of evasion and cowardice. You cannot procure an enduring and honourable international amity apart from the causes and consequences of the conflict in which Europe is now engaged. The whole spiritual question of the present war must be faced and settled before there can be a peace that will be other than a tragic fraud, and the breeding bosom of vaster catastrophes to come. You cannot put into the same moral category the desire for dominion which inspired the German initiative and the self-existence for which France and Belgium are fighting. You cannot unify the autocratic principle which

is basic in the Central Empires, and the democratic principle which is the moving force of French and English political evolution. You cannot wipe from the German slate the horrors of Belgium, the destruction of Serbia, the Armenian massacres, and the submarine assassinations, in order to simplify the task of the League to Enforce Peace. You cannot federate the nations in a fellowship of mutual justice by closing your eyes to the most monstrous acts of injustice ever perpetrated by nations pretending to civilisation. To propose a peace that proceeds from putting Germany and Austria and Turkey on one moral level with Belgium and France, with Italy and England, is to propose the moral suicide of the nations. The proposal for such a peace, based upon abysmal lies and the world's dishonour, is a sign of the intellectual insincerity, the spiritual shabbiness, of the generation that is now so violently passing away.

VI.

Wherefore, I would bid you mark it well, and not for a moment to forget, that peace without victory is, in every essential effect, a victory for Germany. Make no mistake about the fact that, as the European situation now stands, the peace that is proposed, apparently granting victory to neither side, would leave Germany in possession of vast territories and spoils. Germany has achieved an extraordinary triumph that she herself probably did not anticipate at the beginning of the war: she has conquered her own allies, and is practically in permanent possession of their lands. The Austrian and Turkish Empires, as well as Bulgaria, are substantially annexed to Germany, to say nothing of Roumania, Serbia, and Montenegro. Germany can well afford a great display of generous renunciation. She can evacuate Belgium, return Alsace-Lorraine to France, and give the Trentino and Gorizia to Italy, and still have made a tremendous conquest. The programme of peace without victory, if it be adopted, according so marvellously as it does with Germany's designs, will be the greatest historic imposture that has been perpetrated since Constantine blazoned the name of Christ upon his red and reeking banners.

VII.

So it comes about that, by this very addition to her enemies of perhaps the most powerful of existing nations, Germany is in the possible way of achieving, through a well-plotted peace, ends immeasurably greater than those she had primarily planned to achieve by the war. Nor do I hear the nations resounding with any instant or effectual warning. No familiar voice is divinely uplifted, no recognised vision goes abroad, sufficient to recall the people from the pit to which Prussian plotters and pacifist preachers are leading them, reinforced, as they are, by the mercenaries of a decadent Catholicism.

Yet such of us as see must speak—even if we have no authority save such as resides in our souls—even if men hear but to mock, or, belikely, hear not at all. We must forbear not to cry that peace without victory is black with God's defeat and the world's disgrace; that it is a peace pregnant with the doom of freedom's faith. No matter upon whose lips it comes, nor what immediate nobility of purpose inspires it, it is a peace whose propelling power is of Prussian generation. It can have no place in the councils of justice, no reception on the part of the compassion that is prophetic and comprehensive. The nations cannot sit together at a table of peace on any such terms, for it would, indeed, be no table of peace: rather would it be the table of a covenant by which humanity would turn traitor to itself. There can be no treaty of peace—unless, indeed, humanity thus betray itself—short of the complete destruction of that Prussian militarism which, for now these many years, has been the menace and disease of the world, and which has blocked all the wheels of the

progress that makes for fraternity and democracy among the nations.

VIII.

Nor is that enough. The Allies must have the spiritual strength to say that they intend to destroy—not the German people—but the Prussian State and system. There can be no true civil order, no sane progress, no faithful international comity or community, until Prussia is dismembered and rendered impotent. As the Romans of old resolved, for material and Roman reasons, that Carthage must be destroyed, so must England and Italy and France resolve, for reasons of humanity and the soul, and in order that a decent and fraternal civilisation may come into being, that the Prussian Kingdom shall come to an end, and no more lay its malefic influence upon the family of nations. And if the Allies of Western Europe have not the faith to affirm this; if they have not the courage to persist until this be accomplished; then they themselves are recreant to the pitiful divine judgment now relentlessly enwrapping them, consuming the old and divided world, and making way for a world that shall be united and new.

GEORGE D. HERRON.

A Manifesto to the Farmers of Britain

I.

THE situation is so serious that any further hiding of the truth is intolerable. What are the facts? Farmers have been badly treated ever since the war began. They have been abused, neglected, and harassed. Their men have been taken away. No one has heeded their cries of alarm. They were told on every hand that food could be imported from overseas, that in trying to keep their sons or labourers they were unpatriotic and selfish, that it was no use trying to keep the land under cultivation if the Germans won, that they must manage with labour made up of women, clerks, old-age pensioners, invalids, and school-children; that railway facilities must be reduced on war-grounds; and that agriculture could have no special or, indeed, any consideration whatever.

But the scene is changed, and the farmer is now hailed as the potential saviour of the nation. The Prime Minister has discovered that our foodstocks are "alarmingly low" and that we are in serious danger of being starved out before the Germans. Farmers are now urged, entreated and threatened, by turn, to produce "more food."

But they cannot.

Despite Mr. Lloyd George's allusion to "efforts that might yet be made" to increase the coming harvest, no effort of the farmers can have that effect. The release of a hundred thousand labourers by Lord Derby, by midsummer (it would take that time to arrange it) would ensure that the best would be made of the circumstances—but no more! To produce an increased harvest you must begin to lay your plans long before the last of February.

But so far from releasing labour, Lord Derby is still calling up able-bodied men; and still further to encourage the farmers Lord Devonport harasses them almost every day with new and alarming orders either about milk, potatoes or wheat, until farmers are positively at their wits' end!

On the first day of the week the farmer loses his shepherd to the Army; on the next his oats are commandeered at less than his neighbour is making; on the third there is fixed for his next year's potato crop a price that spells apparent ruin (and he sells his seed!); on the fourth a Milk Order comes out (he sells his cow!); on the fifth his best labourer goes off to a munition-factory near-by; on the sixth the potato maximum becomes a minimum (but he is unable now to

buy any seed at a reasonable price!); and on the seventh day Lord Derby fetches his last horseman!

This is the Job-like ordeal of the man who is to save England by growing more food!

II.

This bureaucratic muddling will go on. It will get worse; and very quickly, because the food-shortage has been realised at last. It has forced itself into prominence, as famine is apt to do, and in May we shall probably have a crisis, when some hasty action will be taken (greatly to the farmers' detriment). His position will become intolerable as the year advances. Every Order, every "decision" makes it more impossible for him to produce food; and soon he will be even more abused and threatened and attacked than now.

III.

What is to be done?

The only possible course is for the farmers to take over the entire control of their industry.

The National Farmers' Union contains nearly every farmer of standing in England; it is strong in Wales and spreading across Scotland. It is a purely democratic body and through its local committees, its county executives, and its National Council, is in the closest touch with agriculture, from top to bottom.

Instead of looking on hopelessly while farmers are being dragged from bad to worse, the Farmers' Union must stand up and make an offer to the nation. They must speak for every tiller of the soil just as the Medical Council speaks for every doctor in the country.

The first step is for every remaining farmer to join the Union. Only when the Union is complete can it make its own terms with the State. Like the Doctors and the Lawyers it will have its Charter giving it power over every acre of soil, and over every farmer in Great Britain; and in return it will save England from starvation, both now and hereafter.

IV.

When the Ministry of Munitions was formed, it proceeded to take over and "control" all the engineering works and to turn them into munition-shops. In the same way the Farmers' Union would take over agriculture; the difference being that the organising would be done by the National Committee of the Union instead of by outsiders.

Every farm should be a "controlled" establishment under the Union. The landlord would receive a payment based on past rentals, as long as he lives, and would vanish from the history of England. Of course, he may wish to till his home-farm and join the Union (and this would often happen), but as "landlord" he disappears, and is seen no more.

The farmer will be left alone by his Union so long as he farms properly; but if he takes to drink and neglects the place, then the Local Committee, after warning him, will pension him off and give his farm to another.

The Union will take over the banks, the manufacturers, and the merchants, and all the trade machinery connected with agriculture. There will be little difference at first—only the profits will go to the Union instead of to shareholders and landlords, as before.

There will be a trade section of the Union, and the inclusion of its delegates with the various committees will bring a welcome business infusion to these bodies.

The National Council of the Farmers' Union will be one of the most influential and important bodies in the country. It will sit continuously, be highly paid, and will have at its disposal the best lawyers, financiers, merchants, etc., ready with advice and assistance. Its members will require to be well paid, and will earn their salaries; for the Union will be the greatest Trust that the world has ever known.

V.

The vexed question of agricultural labour will be settled, for the labourers will be formed into their own

Union, and once their committees are in working order a settlement is easy. Given two councils whose aims are common, and arrangements are soon made. As the farmer will have security of tenure from his own Union, and security of labour from the Labour Union, and as he will no longer be suffering from that greatest of handicaps—scarcity of capital—he will be only too willing to have all the skilled labour possible; and as his living is secure he will want his labourers "to be contented and thriving, and ready to work their best. There is no obstacle to an understanding between the two Unions. Much ground must, of course, be turned over, but the root of a common aim is there.

These dual Unions are the only possible settlement of the agricultural labour question at this moment.

VI.

To take over agriculture sounds a terrific business, but it is not so bad as it sounds; and this suggestion is the only practicable course at the moment.

Unless it is grasped, agriculture will slide quickly into a hopeless morass before a year has passed.

Let the National Farmers' Union therefore take heart and follow the example of the Medical and Legal Councils. The Farmers' Union is built on an excellent democratic basis; its delegates are the best and most trusted of their class, and its National Council is a fine body of authority and standing. All that they require is imagination, and a leader, and the thing is done!

It can be done now!

The chairman of the National Committee would have to be (ex-officio) Minister for Agriculture, and the Board of Agriculture must pass under the Union control, whilst no Food Dictator or other outside bodies must interfere with farmers. The Union in return for its Charter, and its power, would make its bargain directly with the Government.

The only opposition will come from the landed gentry, but at this crisis their weight (decisive at other times) could hardly be thrown into the scale. There would be nothing to prevent them living in their mansions, however, and the Farmers' Union will no doubt leave a reasonable area of park to each. The preservation of game must vanish, but the landlords will not desire to perpetuate so unpatriotic a waste of the nation's food, now that it has become evident as such.

VII.

There needs no great army of officials to run the Farmers' Union, for the present machinery, suitably extended, will cover the ground. The Trade Section will, after a time, enormously cut down overlapping establishments, to the greater advantage of all. It is likely that the Union, adopting a foresighted policy, will insure its members against every accident, free of charge. It will have great surpluses of money to deal with, and after a generation has passed, and it no longer has to pay the rent commutation (or any tithe), its revenues can hardly be calculated.

It will certainly be a great power in the political world, for it can carry or swing more constituencies than any other class in the country. It will have international interests concerning chemical manures, machinery, certain seeds, etc.; and, through the co-operative societies of England, will be in touch with the ultimate consumer.

But it is idle to speculate. The chief point is, that it can be formed here and now with the greatest ease. If there is a spark of genius in the present National Committee, it can be done immediately. The nation would welcome it, the Government would jump at it, Labour would work alongside; and our oldest and greatest industry would come again to its own.

A PRACTICAL FARMER.

The British Consular Service.

VII.

THE reform of the Consular Service is primarily a question of internal reorganisation. By improving the conditions of Consular employment, and properly defining and delimitating the functions of the Service, the improvements so constantly demanded would be achieved. It is useless, however, to propose changes which do not involve fundamental structural alterations. Yet that is invariably what happens when the subject comes up for discussion. Lamentable are the exhibitions of invincible ignorance which have passed for serious criticism of the Consular Service. The representatives of the commercial community talk glibly of the promotion of British trade, and lament the fact that Consuls are of little help in this connection, but none of their suggestions takes into account the actual facts of the case, which are, as has been shown, incompatible with efficiency. No scheme, be it as practical as it may, will work so long as the Service remains as at present constituted. The Executive Council of the Association of Chambers of Commerce would be better employed in demanding a revision of the entire system than merely in passing resolutions about the nationality of Consular officers.

The first step in that direction will be taken when the public realises the absurdity of having a commercial branch of the Civil Service under the control of the Foreign Office, with the Board of Trade as a sort of sleeping partner. The Service cannot be reorganised unless this state of affairs is reversed. What organisation is possible so long as the Consular Department at the Foreign Office does not contain a single person who has any knowledge or experience of the Service which the Department administers? There is no interchange between the Consular Service and the Foreign Office. The consequence is that the heads of the Consular Department are quite incapable of understanding the needs of the Service, in which they have never been, but which they, nevertheless, represent. Consular officers are regarded in the Foreign Office as vulgar interlopers, unworthy to mix with the aristocratic members of the Diplomatic Service, who occupy all the administrative and important posts. As one of these said, in the presence of a number of Vice-Consuls, "I don't know what the Foreign Office is coming to; the place is full of Consular men. They'll be bringing crossing-sweepers in here next." It is quite probable that in the course of promotion this gentleman may some day be Controller of Commercial and Consular Affairs. Yet he would not demean himself even by speaking to any of the Consular officials temporarily employed in the Foreign Office, so great was his contempt for the lower classes.

While he, doubtless, was an extremist, his attitude illustrates the dangers of the system by which the Consular Service is controlled by men who regard it as the domain of inferior mortals. Even if there were no such social barrier between a Consul and the heads of his Department, the mere fact of being under the jurisdiction of officials who do not belong to the Consular Service makes it impossible for him to maintain the official relationship necessary for the harmonious working of the Service. The Controller of Consular Affairs may never have even seen a Consulate, yet he is supposed to be responsible for the welfare and prospects of the personnel. Needless to say, there is little chance of his interfering to the advantage of an officer with a grievance, or of his making helpful suggestions for the discharge of Consular work. At best, he may remain a figurehead, concerned with purely bureaucratic problems: to be visited by Consuls home on leave for a glacial period of five or ten minutes. The Foreign Office may be nominally the headquarters of the Consular Service, but it does not stand in any intimate relation to the officers of the Consular Corps, who have

no place in that club-like atmosphere, where Second Division Clerks and porters minister humbly to the needs of the superior persons who dally with international questions. The Consul creeps in dubiously between the Second Division Clerk and those few promoted Staff Officers who, by dint of much agitation, have secured the higher status freely accorded in every other Government office.

The necessity for removing Consular officials from the control of the Foreign Office is emphasised by the nature of their work, which is nine-tenths commercial, and, therefore, should be referred to the Board of Trade. At present, a Consul serves two masters, only one of whom is competent to pass judgment upon what he does. The other unjustifiably controls his destiny. This necessitates a dual system of accounts which unnecessarily increases and complicates the labours of already overworked men. The amount of Foreign Office work done by Consuls in maritime posts is negligible; and, such as it is, might easily be entrusted to someone specially appointed for such duties. As the majority of paid Consuls are appointed to seaports, solely because of the shipping (i.e., Board of Trade) business involved, the point need not be further elaborated; the conclusion is obvious.

It may be asked why, if the Consular Service occupies so mean a position in the Foreign Office, there has been no disposition to make the transfer suggested? The truth is, the Foreign Office is far from desiring to relinquish its hold upon the Consular Service, for the simple reason that the consequent reorganisation would not suit the convenience of the Diplomatic Service. The latter are enabled by retaining Consuls to throw upon them certain irksome tasks, while excluding them from the privileges and opportunities of the Diplomatic career. In France and Germany, the two Services stand together, and it is natural that they should be counted as part of the Ministry for Foreign Affairs. A French Ambassador begins his life in the Consular Service, and is promoted. An English Ambassador takes no chances; he begins in a privileged position, and never has to face serious competition in his well-guarded branch of the Civil Service. If the Consular Service were reorganised, his safe-burrow would be liable to invasion, as one of the essential features of the reorganisation would be a clear definition of the duties to be performed by Board of Trade and Foreign Office officials in foreign countries. The result would be an extension of the functions and a restriction of the privileges now enjoyed by the Diplomatic Service.

If it were seriously desired to endow England with an efficient Consular Service, the first step would be to abolish a large number of the existing Consulates, substituting for them offices of the Mercantile Marine, as in Colonies and home ports. Such places as Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Galveston, New Orleans, Marseilles, Barcelona, Bilbao, Odessa, and all the other numerous large ports which now boast of Consuls and Consuls-General absorbing large sums of money for salaries, and often non-existent office equipment, might easily be served by Superintendents of Mercantile Marine. The duties are identical, and it is unnecessary to waste money on the imaginary importance of these glorified shipping offices, whose occupants do not fulfil any other function but that of a Superintendent of Mercantile Marine. Their foreign colleagues, who are members of the Diplomatic as well as of the Consular Service, do not regard them as men of the same rank, for they know how different is the status of the British Consular officer, even if he is furnished with a uniform and a sword by way of lending dignity to his office. The much-decorated, titled Consuls of the other great Powers take their cue from the Foreign Office. They recognise as interlopers the plainly uniformed undistinguished functionaries who are marked off by everything except their title from the

rank whose simulacrum is dangled before them, but of whose reality they are deprived.

This simulacrum is a convenient fiction which enables the Foreign Office to fill the worst Diplomatic posts in the most outlandish places with Consular officials, who then hold "local Diplomatic rank," obviously an honour not to be conferred upon mere employes of the Board of Trade! Similarly, the Embassies find it useful to be able to dump troublesome work on the nearest Consul, who is thereby constituted "devil" to the Ambassadorial staff. If the majority of the seaport Consulates were eliminated in favour of offices to deal with Merchant Shipping work, a vast saving would be effected, and a more efficient service would result. It would then be necessary to constitute in every country a certain number of real Consulates, for the discharge of the commercial and political duties at present neglected by officials wholly occupied with other matters. These Consulates should be staffed by Foreign Office officials, who would be assisted by commercial attachés, appointed by the Board of Trade. The latter should have independent accommodation, and be occupied only with questions concerning their own Department. Both the Consulates and the shipping offices should be furnished by the Board of Works and Stationery Office: quarterly receipts should be received from every person employed locally, and forwarded to headquarters; all moneys expended in the Public Service to be accounted for. A reasonable amount should be granted to meet emergencies, such as relieving distressed British subjects, and no Consular official should be asked to advance out of his own pocket money for the Public Service. A rigid control should be exercised over these offices, by inspection, competent inspections by qualified officials from headquarters, not the farce recently instituted in a few countries, known as "Consular inspection." This, of course, cannot be done unless the Service is administered by those who have themselves performed the duties of a Consul, and are familiar with the work, and the problems arising therefrom.

Thus reconstituted, the Consular Service would have to be amalgamated with the Diplomatic Service, and brought into line with the existing practice in all important countries. The first appointment of a Diplomatic officer would be that of a Vice-Consul, and promotion would follow through the existing grades. There should be a definite status and pay attached to each grade in the Service, not as at present, where the status attaches to the post, not to the occupant, with the result that a Vice-Consul may be performing much more onerous and important work than a Consul-General. By having regular grades and pay, as in the Army, the evil system whereby a *locum tenens* automatically draws the salary of a post, without any regard for his own value or qualifications, would disappear. Moreover, it would then be impossible to deprive an official of an adequate pension based upon his salary and services. Under present conditions this can easily be done, as pensions are calculated upon the pay of the post held at the time of retirement. Consequently, a man with influence, who is about to retire, gets appointed to a highly paid post in order to qualify for a good pension. Another, who has had to accept a poorly paid post, may find his pension based upon a salary far lower than that which he enjoyed during the greater portion of his life when he served in unhealthy, or other posts, to which the maximum salary is attached. A Consul-General should be able to retire on a pension calculated upon the pay of his rank, and each grade should have its own scale, which cannot be diminished by appointment to badly paid posts. In short, the essential condition of any reorganisation of the Consular Service must be a drastic change in the manner of remuneration and the terms of employment. Without these, no progress is possible.

GEORGE BERKELEY.

Solace from the Past.

IV.

THE episode narrated in the foregoing pages was symptomatic of a political demoralisation almost too grotesque for criticism. But even such an episode can hardly give an adequate conception of the cancer that afflicted our country two centuries ago. It was as if some malignant miasma had overspread England and created an atmosphere in which nothing could flourish except fraud. When the Commissioners of Accounts issued their reports in 1693, the nation learnt, without much surprise, that all its representatives, irrespective of party, had their price. So many honourable members of Parliament were in receipt of bounties, grants, pensions, and other euphemistic synonyms for bribery, that the King could baffle any Bill, quash all complaints, smother every attempt at investigation, silence opposition as effectively as any Oriental autocrat. Owing to this all-pervading corruption, the very Navy, which alone stood between the nation and ruin, was starved that its servants at Westminster and Whitehall might grow fat. That year the House of Commons, after absolving the officials responsible for the miscarriage of the Mediterranean fleet, voted a grant of £400,000 in part payment of the £1,000,000 due to the sailors for wages. It had to make this advance on the Estimates of the ensuing year, we are told, "to quiet the clamours of the seamen who were become mutinous and desperate for want of pay."

The discontent excited by corruption was heightened by other ills. At home the public saw a motley Ministry divided against itself: politicians who, instead of working in concert for the good of their country, wasted their time in thwarting the plans and blackening the reputations of each other. Abroad, it heard of ceaseless quarrels between the English commanders themselves as well as between them and their Continental allies: the sea and land officers appeared to live in a perpetual orgy of dissension. Even more ominous than this discord among the leaders was the lack of unanimity among the led. In Ireland the partisans of James and Louis kindled a rebellion which was not quelled before it absorbed much of the strength that should have been employed against France. The friends of the Stuarts in Scotland were busy trying to kindle a similar rebellion. In England herself the malcontents did all they could to serve the dispossessed monarch and his patron at the cost of their country. And meanwhile private incomes went on shrinking in proportion as public expenditure increased.

The enemy, it is true, had not an idyllic time either. In spite of all her victories—military, naval, and diplomatic—France was suffering from a scarcity of provisions that threatened to develop into famine. The war had left few hands to cultivate the soil, and the labour of those few hands was frustrated by a succession of unfavourable seasons. The French Government, with characteristic foresight and diligence, organised a system of supplies from neutral countries, and endeavoured to keep the markets full and prices low. But its efforts could not prevent poor people perishing of want. Louis, in the midst of his successes, pined for peace. On one hand he tampered with the Allies, in hopes of dividing them and coming to terms with each separately. On the other, he tried to get the neutral Powers to act as mediators.

In England public opinion wavered. The bulk of the nation had lost its enthusiasm for the war. Sobered by misfortune and sickened by mismanagement, many an average Englishman would have welcomed a cessation of hostilities in 1694. As to the politicians, the Tories deprecated the continuance of an adventure which so far had yielded neither gain nor glory to the country. But the Whigs would not hear of a compromise: rather than risk a return of the exiled

dynasty and a loss of their financial profits (they had in their hands the so-called "moneyed interest," which consisted in advancing money to the Government on the funds established by Parliament), they were prepared to let the country go on bleeding. William, therefore, leaned on the Whigs, and with their support pursued his object—that of crushing France. His Ministers vowed not to sheath the sword until the aim of the war had been achieved; his Parliament decided that the nation, though heavily laden, could still bear additional burdens; and the fight went on.

It would be foreign to my purpose to describe this fight in all its vicissitudes. Enough to state that France got her second wind and carried on the struggle with the determination of a person who has no alternative. During the ensuing years the English taxpayer had more and more reason to regret the rejection of Louis's overtures. A contemporary writer, Davenant, in his illuminating "Discourses on the Public Revenues and on the Trade of England, 1698," observes that "Besides the ordinary expenses of the war, our dead losses at sea have amounted to a greater sum than is fit here to mention." We need not be so reticent. Let a few figures speak for themselves: the English shipping annually cleared outwards declined from 190,533 tons to 91,767; the foreign from 95,267 to 83,024; and the value of the merchandise exported, as officially estimated, from £4,086,087 to £2,729,520, or by about a third of its whole amount. Within the same period, also, the revenue of the Post Office was reduced from £76,318 to £58,672; which may be taken as evidence that the pressure of the war was not confined to our foreign trade, but was felt throughout our social system. In the light of these facts, we may well believe the statement that the kingdom felt like a man staggering with fatigue and weakness. The only consolation our miserable forefathers could derive from the survey of their own condition was that, if they were no gainers, their enemies, at any rate, were losers; for we then captured some of the industries which France had monopolised. For the rest, the Peace of Ryswick, signed in 1697, was a patched-up peace. France had not been crushed. The overbalance of power remained the same: only both scales had been considerably lightened.

Such were the fruits of an enterprise upon which Englishmen embarked with an optimism the height of which is reflected in the emphatic resolution of the House of Commons, urging King William to draw the sword in 1689. It may not be irrelevant to add here that when King William returned to England in 1697, after sheathing the sword, he was acclaimed by those same Englishmen, with equal emphasis, "as their deliverer from a war by the continuance of which they must have been infallibly beggared." Comparisons are instructive.

Any man who takes the trouble of comparing the state of England under William III with her state under George V will, I think, be convinced that the country in which we live is a great improvement on the country in which our ancestors lived. To be sure, we are still a long way from the millennium, and we should be much mistaken if we regarded the men who govern us to-day as paragons of virtue. But we may safely pronounce that the most depraved of our modern administrators and legislators would find it impossible, under actual conditions, to rival the exploits of their predecessors. A mutiny in the Royal Navy for want of pay at the present day is a thing utterly unthinkable. And not less unthinkable is the contingency of a public servant imparting secret intelligence to the enemy for pay. However defective the probity of our politicians may still be, their patriotism has long since ceased to be in question, and only evidence of an exceptional order would now make us

believe that an English statesman has deliberately carried his turpitude to the length of treason.

The nation is no longer divided in its allegiance. There are no Englishmen to-day who look to Potsdam as the Jacobites of two centuries ago looked to St. Germain. Faction of the old pattern has faded into a picturesque memory. It is true that we are still split up into parties the members of which fight against each other for the loaves and fishes of power without scruple or shame. But however much they may hate each other, they love England more; and the moment she is threatened from without they join forces in her defence. Their mutual animosity is the animosity of suitors serving the same mistress.

Scotland, but for a few fantastic Nationalists, is solid in her loyalty, and foreign emissaries would now meet in the Highlands with the same reception as in Highgate. The Irish sore—to our infinite discredit, be it confessed—has not yet been healed. We have again witnessed in that island an attempt to exploit a foreign war for the fulfilment of domestic aspirations. But, as the violence and oppression which once goaded the majority of Irishmen to revolt are things of the past, the recent eruption was too limited in its dimensions to do more than cause us a momentary embarrassment.

I do not propose to pursue the comparison through the intricacies of the economic labyrinth. Arguments based on statistics are notoriously double-edged. But, so far as everyday observation may serve as an index, the probability is that the sinews of the country will prove equal to the strain. If our ancestors were less dependent upon foreign imports for their food and their comforts, it must be remembered that both their food and their comforts were of a nature at which many a modern Englishman would turn up his nose. And, should the occasion arise, we could reduce ourselves to a standard of frugality which would still be above the level of seventeenth century luxury.

Having travelled so far on the high road of complacency, I may now be permitted to wander a little in the field of criticism. For I should be doing my readers a very questionable service if I let them take this solace from the past as a soporific for the future.

Thanks to the present war, we have already banished from our minds the belief, which long-enjoyed security had fostered, that Great Britain is invulnerable. It should by this time be clear to all that a combination of circumstances can arise to menace the very being of this country. Yet too many Englishmen regard the present war merely as an interruption of their normal repose, and hope, after repelling the danger, to relapse into their former habits. Nothing can be more erroneous or more mischievous than such a mental attitude. The present war, rightly considered, is not a passing incident; and, be its immediate issue as satisfactory for us as it may, it will not absolve us from the necessity of continued exertion.

Superior though we are to our seventeenth century forefathers in the things that make for national safety, we are very inferior to our twentieth century rivals. Beside contemporary Germany, England to the unblinkered eye appears as a body vitiated by prosperity and enervated by luxury. That is the comparison it behoves us to ponder—the difference to remove. How far the people, as a whole, may have been roused to realisation of our inferiority I know not; but this I know with certainty: that if our old way of life, or anything like it, should continue, it will be of very little moment whether we are beaten in this contest or not.

For this contest will go on after peace is signed—it will go on even if we become Germany's political friends; and, unless we become like our rivals, its ultimate issue cannot long remain doubtful. Though possessing individually the greatest imaginable vigour, we cannot hope, in the long run, to compete success-

fully with a nation whose genius is guided by science and whose strength is multiplied by system. By the natural operation of those immutable laws which regulate human affairs—an operation which has been demonstrated again and again by the history of all nations—the incoherence, the somnolence, and happy-go-luckiness of an undisciplined mob must necessarily sink before the vigilance, the boldness of conception, the promptitude of execution of a people fixed as one man on the attainment of power and opposing to indolence and self-indulgence habits of strenuous thought and organised endurance. VERAX.

An Industrial Symposium.

Conducted by Huntly Carter.

WITH a view to pooling the practical wisdom of the nation upon the main problems of the after-war period, THE NEW AGE is submitting the two following questions to representative public men and women:—

- (1) What in your opinion will be the industrial situation after the war as regards (a) Labour, (b) Capital, (c) the Nation as a single commercial entity?
- (2) What in your view is the best policy to be pursued by (a) Labour, (b) Capital, (c) the State?

(47) HON. AND REV. JAMES ADDERLEY.

I think that the War has brought home to the conscience of the nation:

- (1) The utter breakdown of the private profiteering system when the nation is faced with a crisis.
- (2) That long before the War we were (and again after the War we shall be) in quite as critical a condition as in August 1914.
- (3) That the war of commercial interests is at least as serious as any war between nations, and that there are national enemies, such as discontent, injustice, sweating, slums, ignorance, etc., quite as terrible as any Germans.

(4) That there is a quite extraordinary power for good in a united nation, a unity of classes, etc., which has become a very real thing during the War, and must not be allowed to subside.

(5) That it is industrial co-operation which we need quite as much as political. That it is foolish for the State or Capital or Labour to organise separately and keep up feuds which have largely lost all meaning.

Though I am not the person to suggest any detailed plan, I most earnestly hope that social reconstruction will be taken in hand in a spirit of honest co-operation, and with a desire to let many bygones (especially verbal ones) be bygones.

I own to being attracted by many points in Lever's profit-sharing if it could be made really democratic and the State, Labour, and Capital be allowed to have a real say in what is done; the State, as an outward political agency, having the least possible and the other two the most.

I think that the whole of our educational system requires immediate overhauling and dealing with apart from religious controversy.

(48) MR. P. H. KERR.

(Editor, "The Round Table.")

In regard to the first of your questions I should say that we should go through a considerable period of unrest after the War. This unrest, however, I think, will arise, not from any revolutionary movement, but from the inevitable readjustment in the points of view and programmes of all concerned in industry, owing to the experience gained in the War. Hitherto a great part of the energy and organisation which ought to have been spent in productive enterprise has been spent in the struggle between employer and employed about the division of the product of their joint labours, while the public looked the other way and only paid attention when the row threatened to endanger the public peace or their own supplies. We have all learnt in the War how fatal this attitude of mind must be for everybody, because we now see that industry is in essence national service—a service which must be conducted for

the public benefit, and in which everybody must give a normal day of his best work in return for a fair day's pay. The readjustment of programmes and policies to this new idea will cause unrest; but if the motive of public service really overrules that of private interest among both employer and employed, I do not believe that it will produce serious trouble.

As to the practical measures of reform. I don't believe in universal nationalisation. I have served on a State railway and lost faith in public management as a universal panacea. There must be public supervision under certain conditions, and in the case of certain monopolies, public ownership, perhaps; but that is as far, I think, as it is worth while to go, as a general rule. For the rest, I believe that the problem resolves itself down to finding the organisations best suited to give effect to the principle that industry must be conducted as a public service. The purpose of industry ought to be, I suggest, to provide:

- (1) Adequate and ever-improving conditions of life for all its employees.
- (2) Reasonable remuneration for capital.
- (3) Improving products at reducing prices for the consumer.

That is conducting industry as a public service, and in industries, conducted from this point of view you can also expect all employees to work their best during normal hours, and to surrender regulations and practices which restrict output.

The question is, how are you to get all industries conducted on these lines? In great measure it can only come from a great change in public opinion, from a greatly increased sense of social responsibility and social service among all citizens. But it will also mean, I think, an alteration in the present system of appointing the boards of management. The responsibility now rests with Capital alone. That responsibility will gradually, I think, have to be shared with Labour and the community. But it is difficult to see exactly how this is to be done, especially in small scale industries. In any case, no good can come from placing difficulties in the way of the board of management doing its own work. That board must always be composed mainly of persons expert in management, and, provided they have the public welfare in view, they must have full powers of control, and their instructions must be loyally carried out. Otherwise, industry will fail, and there will neither be high wages, fair dividends, nor reasonable prices for anybody. But the first thing is to get recognition for the general principle that industry must be conducted as a public service for the benefit of all concerned, and that all engaged in it must give the best work of which they are capable. Once this spirit prevails in industry, it will not be difficult to find the form of organisation necessary to give permanent effect to it.

(49) MR. R. T. NUGENT.

(Director of the Federation of British Industries.)

The immediate result of the end of the War should be an enormous demand for all manufactured commodities, in order to replace the wastage caused by destruction and by the partial cessation of ordinary production during the War.

This should mean, for Labour, full employment and high wages, tempered by high cost of living; for Capital, a large demand and high interest; for manufacturers, plentiful orders tempered by high cost of raw material, high freights, and high interest on fresh capital; and for the country generally, a period of considerable prosperity, coupled, however, with heavy taxation.

The extent to which these results will be produced will, however, depend almost entirely upon a factor which will be of overwhelming importance to the future of the country, the intense international economic struggle which will follow the War, and the success or failure of British industry in that struggle.

The War will have to be paid for, necessitating a great increase in the earning power of all the belligerent countries if they are to succeed in recovering from "war exhaustion." At the same time the resources of many neutral countries have been enormously increased, and the value of the belligerent countries as markets sensibly decreased; this must result in a much fiercer competition for the markets in which purchasing power

has not been diminished by the War, and especially for those markets, such as the Far Eastern and South American, which are capable of considerable expansion.

If the country can secure a good share of the world markets, the period of full employment and prosperity immediately following the War may continue indefinitely; if it does not, a very few years will see Great Britain a poverty-stricken minor Power.

The future competition of nation with nation for the trade of the world will, therefore, be of infinitely greater importance to every individual in this country than any of those questions of competition between firm and firm, or between Capital and Labour, which before the War absorbed nearly all our attention. It is essential to have a cake before one can divide it, and a thorough realisation of the fact that the cake can only be obtained by combined effort, and that quarrels between employers and employed, or cut-throat competition between employer and employer, will mean no cake at all, is absolutely essential.

My answer to the second series of questions, therefore, is that there must be one common policy for the three classes mentioned—co-operation, co-operation between employer and employer, between trade and trade, between employers and employed, and between all classes and the State, so that the whole industrial and commercial power of the country can be directed to secure success in the coming struggle.

The first obvious essential for co-operation is goodwill based upon an appreciation by all classes of the gravity of the issues at stake, and of the continued necessity of subordinating private or class interests to those of the country.

Given goodwill, the next essential will be organisation to enable that goodwill to work, organisation by which manufacturers in the same trade may co-ordinate their efforts, by which trade may consult and co-operate with trade, employers with employed, and, finally, industry as a whole with the State and with other interests in pursuing a common national policy.

This organisation must be built up by various means too elaborate to describe in detail, but it is obvious that trade associations must be expanded and strengthened, the associations of different trades linked together by some central body, the means of discussion and joint action between this body, the central bodies of other interests such as labour, finance, or commerce (which themselves will need expansion and strengthening) perfected, and the State itself brought into closer touch with them all.

If co-operation based on goodwill, and organisation based upon an intelligent appreciation of the situation, and a determination that no individual and no class must pursue a policy calculated to benefit themselves temporarily but to injure the country and themselves with it eventually, can be secured, there seems to be no reason to regard the future with apprehension.

(50) REV. WILLIAM TEMPLE.

(Hon. Chaplain to H.M. the King; President of the Workers' Educational Association.)

The original Gospel was a proclamation of the nearness of the Kingdom of God on earth. In founding that Kingdom our Lord based his action on two kindred principles—Freedom and Fellowship. In the Temptation at the beginning of His ministry He rejected the only three ways there are of governing men's conduct without first winning the free devotion of their hearts. His Kingdom is not of this world; which does not, of course, mean that it is not to be realised on this planet, but that it is of another fashion than earthly kingdoms. They rest on the exercise of authority; our Lord's Kingdom, in distinction from them, rests upon the appeal of love expressed in service and sacrifice (St. Mark, x, 42-45). Christians may reasonably infer from this that the one thing indispensable to the perfected civilisation for which we are looking will be the acceptance as the fundamental principle of free personality, which must on no account be violated.

When we turn to the actual conduct of industry today, we find that for the working hours in most firms the employees are in effect treated not as persons but as hands. They are not consulted about the policy of the industry, even where it affects themselves closely. These things are determined by people whom they may never have seen; often their only way of securing

attention is by threatening to hold up the industrial process altogether with a strike. They are in one sense free to come into the industry or to stay outside, but that does not amount to much, for the alternative to going into some sort of industry is starvation. They are free in a measure when working days are done, and can spend what energy they have left, and what money they have earned, as they choose. But within industry itself they are not free persons; they are "hands." They are part of the economic equipment, a living part of the plant; "Chattels with life in them," which is Aristotle's definition of slavery. Those, then, who believe that all society should be permeated with those principles upon which the Kingdom of God rests, will desire first and foremost to give to employees the position of real persons within industry, which must at least involve their having some measure of control over the industry so far as it affects themselves.

But if this were the only principle involved, chaos would be the most probable result. The Kingdom rests upon another kindred principle—namely, Fellowship. Freedom is first respected and then used; authority in the Kingdom does not coerce, but neither does it abdicate. It seeks to win men and to hold them in the one way in which men can be won and held—namely, by showing love. When our conduct is determined by the consideration that such and such an act will give pleasure to another, it is that other's pleasure which controls our conduct, and yet we never feel in such a case that our freedom is one jot diminished. The principle of personality must be supplemented by that of fellowship and mutual service, and only so far as this supplementation takes place can it be safely made the basis of our action. This means that what we want first and foremost is to realise the actual truth of the situation with a new vigour. The three elements in industry—capital, management, and labour—do in fact co-operate; industry cannot go on for a moment without that co-operation. If, then, the people who represent these three elements find themselves in antagonism, it must be because their present attitude to the industry is somehow wrong; and the way in which it is wrong appears when we ask: What is the motive of most men going into industry? Nearly always we may say that the motive is to gain something for self; the object of the whole enterprise for those engaged in it would seem to be the profits of Capital and the wages of Labour. Because attention is concentrated on the material goods that may be obtained, division arises; for at any given moment the material goods are limited in amount, and if one party gets more there is less for the others. But industry does not exist to supply capitalists with profits, or labourers with wages; it exists to supply the community with goods. If men's minds were fixed first on this, and industry were organised in such a way as to express this truth, the greater number of our difficulties would be solved. When men think first of the community, and of that which must always be its only secure foundation—namely, justice—and care for the community more than for themselves, and for justice more than for gain, our troubles will be very nearly over. When men "seek first the Kingdom of God and His justice," the distribution of material goods will come right of itself.

If all this is true, it would seem that the Church's function in relation to these problems is to discover that ordering of society which most fully embodies these principles, and to support those who seek to establish such an industrial order. But it will also be perpetually insisting that no industrial order by itself will give us what we want. If it is true that the institutions under which we live largely shape our characters and motives, it is equally true that they are the expression of our characters and motives; and the matter with which the Church must first be concerned is to keep the spiritual orientation right; for as long as men are selfish they will work any institution in such a way as to produce disunion and faction. To me personally it seems that the scheme which goes under the name of Guild Socialism or National Guilds is that which most adequately embodies the principles of which I have spoken; but just because it does this, it will break down unless those who work it whole-heartedly believe in these principles.

Readers and Writers.

Is it altogether my fault that I have been absent from THE NEW AGE during the last two weeks? Suspend your judgment until you have read the concluding paragraphs of these present notes. My own opinion is that it is my misfortune. . . . *

In the interval, however, some interesting correspondence has reached me on the subject of Education. I am pathetically aware of the inadequacy of my references to a curriculum of "psychological education"; and the more so for the interest my remarks appear to have aroused. For at this moment I cannot even begin to live up to my promise. However, psychological education is another of the matters I intend to devote myself to during the coming year; and my generous and expectant readers shall certainly, if they wish, share in my discoveries. * * *

One correspondent draws my attention to a comment made by Dr. Johnson on Milton's scheme of education. Milton, it appears, was so little consistent with himself that he had the notion that what he did not like must needs be good for his pupils. It is a common adult fallacy. Milton himself, as he in many places boasts with splendid exaltation, studied at large among the literary classics, and, not least, in the "Æneid." But to his pupils he recommended, if you please, the "Georgics," which, of course, are not contemptible, and Science. Dr. Johnson thereupon remarks, after observing that Milton turned out no great scholar, statesman, or man from his school, that Milton was wrong. "The truth is," he says, "that the knowledge of external nature, and the sciences which that knowledge requires or includes, are not the great or the frequent business of the human mind. Whether we provide for action or conversation, whether we wish to be useful or pleasing, the first requisite is the religious knowledge of right and wrong, and the next is an acquaintance with the history of mankind. . . Prudence and Justice are virtues and excellencies of all times and of all places; we are perpetually moralists, but we are geometers only by chance." This confirms my opinion—or, rather, supports it—that the proper education of mankind is in morality wherein we differ from clever animals; and I could go on to show, but with Johnson's Essay at hand it is superfluous, that Dr. Johnson likewise supports me in my contention that the Socratic dialectic is the true method of moral instruction. The method, I know, is open to abuse, as what excellence is not; but we are at present as far from abusing it as from using it. * * *

Another correspondent, a practical teacher, sends me a set of papers written by boys and girls at his suggestion after reading my recent Notes. It does me honour, and I am cognisant and grateful. Among the papers, and slipped in, I fancy, by chance, my eye caught a sentence or two in a dictation exercise taken from my colleague's "Notes of the Week" of a few issues ago. There, sir, is fame: to be read and mis-spelled by posterity while you are still alive! The literary exercises proper, however, are more directly interesting; and I shall take the liberty of transcribing one or two of them here. The first exercise, it appears, was one in sympathetic imagination. Having listened to the reading of a few well-known stanzas from "Childe Harold," describing the eve of Waterloo, the children were invited to write an imaginary letter as from a girl present at the famous ball. The following was written by a girl of eleven:—

My dear Uncle George,—I thought that you would like to know about yesterday's grand ball. The Duke of Brunswick was there, and, strange to say, I met your friend, Ensign Rothering. It was a lovely night. First we had a delightful waltz, then a two-step; in both dances I danced with Mr. Rothering. At dinner I had

a Captain of Artillery on one side and Mr. Rothering on the other, with the Duke of Brunswick opposite. He was in full uniform. In the middle of a waltz we heard a funny growling kind of roar, which everyone thought was a carriage. About a quarter of an hour later, just as I was sitting down, we heard the noise again. There was a high window-seat in the corner, in which was sitting the Duke of Brunswick. The noise seemed to be coming nearer, and I asked a Major sitting beside me what it was. "Guns," he replied. At the same time the Duke jumped down with a funny smile, put on his shako hurriedly, and rushed out. Then there was confusion. The dance broke up suddenly, all the ladies rushing out to see their friends and relations going off. A squadron of cavalry clattered down the street, crying out, "The French!" Men and women were rushing about everywhere. To-day I heard that a big battle had been fought, and two miles away another was going on. I heard that Mr. Rothering was badly wounded, and also that the Duke of Brunswick was one of the first to be killed. The farm we went to has English in it, and is on fire. I must stop now.

I am not, of course, putting this forward as a model essay even for so young a pupil. Nor is my correspondent under any illusions concerning its merits. He says, in fact, that the results were not very successful. But as an all-round exercise in the humanities it contains all the raw material of real moral instruction. Even to begin such an essay involves an attempt to put the writer in somebody else's place, to see with their eyes, and to feel with their heart. At the same time, it involves a constant act of judgment. The writer in question fails, of course, from many points of view. In other words, the attempt at sympathetic imagination is in many respects a failure. Think, only to pass on, what Defoe would have made of it! But the errors are corrigible; and every one overcome is a step in the direction of real progress.

The following imaginary letter was written by a boy after several lessons on the Civil War. He was required to write an account of Naseby as by a Puritan captain who had taken part in the battle:—

My affectionate Friend,—I am now an honest captain in the first regiment of cavalry under the leadership of the renowned Oliver Cromwell, God bless him; and a few days past I partook in the battle of Naseby Field. The Royalists drew up opposite us with as much show of lofty contempt as they could possibly muster under the circumstances. I rode my steed down our line of sturdy troopers, and methought I saw the very radiance of heaven shine down upon their strong, hairless faces. And when I viewed them some little time after charge into the fray, crying, "God with us!" their teeth set, their eyes gleaming honest with justified anger midst the rumbling thunder of the charge, I knew that nothing but death, and death alone, could possibly check that onward sweep of such God-fearing men. And I tell thee, honest friend, that if you had had the good fortune to be at their side on that memorable day, you would assuredly think the same now. But God willed that it should not come to pass, so that unfortunately you were unable to view it.

That, I think, is not an unsuccessful effort at imagination; and what a wealth of matter it suggests for psychological handling. These, remember, are first exercises by ordinary boys and girls; they are the mere sketches and hints of the powers and faculties latent in children. That almost all of this is never developed, scarcely even suspected, in the rising generation is the failure of civilisation the new education should do everything to avoid in future.

A correspondent from abroad sends me the last October issue of the "Bulletin de l'Ecole Ferrer," containing an account of an educational method in dialectic ethics practised by Mlle. Descœudres, of Geneva. It consists in setting children little exercises in casuistry, and in requiring them nicely to discuss the rights and wrongs of the various cases. Among them are the

following: John has broken a cup, and in order not to be found out, throws the fragments into the river. A man inadvertently steps upon his neighbour's foot, and, when he apologises, is assured that he caused no pain. A boy, in order to conceal his parents' poverty, boasts of their affluence. It would be easy, of course, to object that the discussion of such cases might lead to priggery. But for myself I am less afraid of priggery than of downright stupidity—the inability to feel that a moral problem is a problem at all. Children accustomed to such exercises as these may, it is true, develop the unpleasant habit of splitting hairs; but under correction the habit may begin at home, where it is no bad thing. Moreover, it is obviously the foundation of social judgment, than which nothing is worse trained in these days. And a very little of it would go a long way to rid us of the charlatans now in public life for want of a social power of discriminating values. My compliments, therefore, to Mlle. Descœudres, and may she continue her method.

A valued but anonymous correspondent to whom I am often indebted for an interesting letter approves of my suggestions for a psychological method in education, but asks where the teachers are to come from. The teachers of to-day are often, he says, energetic, conscientious and painstaking much above their modest salaries; but they have not the qualifications for subtle intellectual instruction. It may be so, but I have the doubts of a patient optimist. Who would suppose, before discovering it for himself, that the ordinary child of to-day has the makings of a poet, moralist, essayist and critic? Yet teachers like Mr. Lamborn, Mr. Caldwell Cook, and my above-mentioned correspondent offer the proof of it. Similarly, my present correspondent is entitled on the evidence of the present-day teachers, as they have become as a consequence of the system, to doubt their capacity for developing the faculties we know now can be developed. But has he, I wonder, seen teachers before they have been dyed in the wool, while they are still in training? Among the variety of my occupations it has been and still occasionally is my business to inquire into the personnel and methods in use for training teachers; and it is my frequent experience to have to deplore the transformation of the sympathetic, imaginative, and enthusiastic student of teaching into the merely energetic and painstaking, practical teacher. But is that transformation any more necessary and inevitable than the corresponding frustration of the children's minds committed to their care? Suppose it were required that children should be educated psychologically—is it not probable that the training of teachers would be made consistent with it? We must begin at both ends; and I would suggest that a revolution is possible if begun simultaneously in the training schools for teachers and in the junior classes for children. Give me a couple of years of power and I would promise it!

In this concluding note I return to the subject of my first. My readers must have been aware of the cries raised from time to time here and elsewhere concerning the predicament and future of THE NEW AGE. The fable of "Wolf, Wolf," however, must have been too readily recalled to allow of seriousness being attached to my remarks, with the consequence . . . but read for yourselves the resolution passed at the meeting of New Age shareholders held on Thursday last: "That it has been proved to the satisfaction of the Company that the Company cannot by reason of its liabilities continue its business, and that it is advisable to wind up the same, and accordingly that the Company be wound up voluntarily under the provisions of the Companies Consolidation Act, 1908." From the fact that this resolution was carried unanimously after the recital by the directors of the difficulties they had encountered during the eight years of the Company's life and of the

present position of the Company, my readers will believe now, if they have never believed before, that in truth the wolf has been always at our door. The Company's debts (wholly in the form of loans due to friends) amount now to a considerable sum; and unfortunately while the war continues they show signs of mounting into heights too great for the Company's endeavours to keep pace with them. Under these circumstances, therefore, there was nothing for it but to wind up; and it has been with this business that my last few weeks have been employed.

* * *

Unfortunate, however, as the history of the Company has turned out to be, there is resolution enough in the original founders of THE NEW AGE to carry on. We are by no means done with the world yet, nor has the world done with us. THE NEW AGE, I am defiantly proud to say, will continue much as ever, under the same editorship, with the same policy, and with the same kaleidoscope of writers. Two Companies have been killed under us, and the difficulties still hurtle about our heads and in our hearts. But we are personally still unscathed and still confident. Henceforward in all probability the responsibility for THE NEW AGE will be solely in the hands of the present editor, to whom his colleagues and many of our readers will direct their wishes for his success. THE NEW AGE Company is dead! Long live THE NEW AGE! R. H. C.

Towards National Guilds

THE object of Labour being to control Capital, the question we should like to set as an examination-paper is how Labour is to accomplish this object. Forget for the moment that you have anything to gain or to lose by the answer; and reply with the impartiality of a judge, a man of science, or a man of intellectual honesty. How would you advise Labour to set about obtaining the control of Capital? When you have tried every reply that it is possible to invent, you will fall back upon the reply which is here made: by Trade Union action, and by Trade Union action only.

It follows that the first concern of those who desire to see Labour emancipated from the wagedom of Capital is to encourage, maintain and strengthen Trade Unionism. True that if emancipation could be reached by any other means, it would be folly to wed ourselves to the method of Trade Unionism. But there is no other means. Consequently, the development of Trade Unionism is a necessity—mark the words, a necessity. There is nothing that Labour can obtain without Trade Unionism that is worth the sacrifice of Trade Unionism to obtain—nothing! The question then arises: how are Trade Unions to become strong? Answering this with the same impartial mind we reply that the strength of Trade Unionism depends upon three things: (a) upon Trade Unions becoming blackleg-proof—which means that they can count upon every man in the trade sticking to his Union in the event of a dispute; (b) upon becoming internally well-organised, which means being industrially organised; and (c) upon becoming as a Trade Union clear in its aim, that is, fully conscious of its ultimate object, namely, emancipation from the control of Capital. Every endeavour of each and all of us, whether Trade Unionists ourselves or simply well-wishers, should be directed to strengthening Trade Unionism in each and all of these respects.

Now we have always maintained that as the Trade Unions grow in strength in any one of these directions, Capital will begin to sit up and take notice of it. Capital is one of the most sensitive and intelligent and timid creatures in the whole world of phenomena. It apprehends a danger while it is still a long way off; and it warily begins to sniff its nature before even the approaching enemy is aware of its own mission. Oh

yes, Capital has a remarkable scent for the future, and an ear that cocks at the most distant rustle of danger to itself. What is more, Capital has a marvellous judgment of values, an instinct for power that is positively uncanny. Not only is it aware of the approach of an enemy, but it can tell in a moment what power the enemy brings against it, and whether that power is likely to increase and how it may be diverted or weakened. Quite a romantic chapter in natural history, in fact, could be written about Capital. Consider, for example, its treatment of the threatened approach of Labour in the form of a political party. Did Capital blink or hang its tail? On the contrary, divining the powerlessness of Labour in politics, Capital forsook its lair and went out to meet its enemy half-way, hurling not defiance, but amiable contempt at its head. . . But to our muttons. Capital, we say, will not treat Labour in economic armour in this way. Oh no; but, as we were saying, as the Trade Unions grow in strength Capital will begin to grow uneasy, then to put on its thinking-cap, and later to devise plans for saving its skin.

The oldest trick known to established power when confronted with a rising power is to offer the rising power a substitute for its demands under the same name. "We are sorry, Madam, but we are out of stock of that particular brand, but we have here the same article in a superior form; everybody recommends it as a great improvement upon the brand you mention." Confronted with the demand for the control of Capital, Capital will reply to Labour in somewhat similar terms. "Control? Certainly—what particular kind have you in mind? Control of Capital out and out, exclusive to Labour! Well, yes; but really, you know, that brand is not selling at all these days. Now we have here a very good brand, only recently put on the market. Suppose you give us a trial order?" As a matter of fact, of course, there is no possible substitute for a unique article, and well enough Capital knows it. But Labour, unfortunately, is an easy-going and not very clear-sighted customer; with the result that we may expect Labour to be deceived upon many occasions yet to come. To save, however, an infinity of mistakes, let us consider the kinds of Control that Capital will be likely to offer as Trade Unionism develops. In general, they fall into two classes: (a) measures of Control that require or involve the weakening of Trade Unionism in respect of one of the three elements of its strength; and (b) measures of Control that either do not affect or that actually increase the present and prospective power of Trade Unionism. Every scheme, we say, that is now being advanced by Capital for the "reconciliation" of Labour belongs to one or other of these two types. Either it ensures the weakening of Trade Unionism or it does not.

Now there are two things that urgently need to be said at this point. The first is this: that the chances are a million to one that every offer made by Capitalism for the present is deliberately or instinctively designed to weaken Trade Unionism. It stands to reason that Capital would not be making any offers at all unless it were a wee little bit afraid of the growing power of Trade Unionism; and, equally, therefore, that its first endeavours will be to weaken Trade Unionism while it is still only growing. Be a philosopher and transform yourself into Capital for a moment, and then ask what you would do if you saw Trade Unionism bent upon your destruction, but only, as yet, in the bud—would you not try discreetly to nip it? Very well, then, our first affirmation is substantiated, namely, that in all probability, amounting practically to certainty, every offer at present made by Capital has the intention of weakening Trade Unionism. And our second affirmation is this: that no offer that Capital is likely to make for the next ten years is worth running the smallest risk of weakening Trade Unionism to accept. Return once more to the point from which we started—the in-

dispensability of strong Trade Unionism. If Trade Unions are necessary to Labour's emancipation; if there is no other way to emancipation save by Trade Unionism; then nothing, short of Emancipation itself, is worth the sacrifice of a single ounce of Trade Union strength. Not all the treaties of peace, scraps of paper, leagues and partnerships that Capital can offer are worth the sacrifice either of the present or of the prospective strength of Trade Unionism. To every offer, therefore, coming from Capital which involves as a condition the weakening of Trade Unionism in any respect whatever, Trade Unions must say No at the top of their voices. No, no, no!

Room has, however, been left for the bare possibility that among the offers of Capital will be offers that do not involve the weakening of Trade Unionism. We cannot imagine what such offers are, any more than we can imagine that at this stage such offers will be made. But allow that there may be such offers—how are we going to test their value? What criterion can we apply? Back to first principles again! What is the object of Labour of which the apparently necessary means is Trade Unionism? It is the control of Capital. But the control of Capital by whom? The answer, of course, is by Labour. Having this clearly in mind, we can now approach Capital without blinking. Any offer that surrenders the control of Capital to Labour is worth consideration; but none other is genuine; beware of imitations. As we say, however, such offers are improbable. In the meanwhile, let us keep our Trade Unions dry and their steel polished.

Oriental Encounters.

By Marmaduke Pickthall.

III.

THE RHINOCEROS WHIP.

"WHERE is the whip?" Rashid cried, suddenly, turning upon me in the gateway of the khan where we had just arrived.

"Merciful Allah! It is not with me. I must have left it in the carriage."

Rashid threw down the saddlebags, our customary luggage, which he had been carrying, and started running for his life. The carriage had got halfway down the narrow street half-roofed with awnings. At Rashid's fierce shout of "Wait, O my uncle! We have left our whip!" the driver turned and glanced behind him, but, instead of stopping, lashed his horses to a gallop. Rashid ran even faster than before. The chase, receding rapidly, soon vanished from my sight. Twilight was coming on. Above the low, flat roofs to westward, the crescent moon hung in the green of sunset behind the minarets of the great mosque. I then took up the saddlebags and delicately picked my way through couchant camels, tethered mules and horses in the courtyard to the khan itself, which was a kind of cloister. I was making my arrangements with the landlord, when Rashid returned, the picture of despair. He flung up both his hands, announcing failure, and then sank down upon the ground and moaned. The host, a burly man, inquired what ailed him. I told him, when he uttered just reflections upon cabmen and the vanity of worldly wealth. Rashid, as I could see, was "zi'lân"—a prey to that strange mixture of mad rage and sorrow and despair, which is a real disease for children of the Arabs. An English servant would not thus have cared about the loss of a small item of his master's property, not by his fault but through that master's oversight. But my possessions were Rashid's delight, his claim to honour. He boasted of them to all comers. In particular did he revere my gun, my Service revolver, and this whip—a tough thong of rhinoceros hide, rather nicely mounted with silver, which had been presented to me by an aged Arab in return for some imagined favour. I had found it useful

against pariah dogs when these rushed out in packs to bite one's horse's legs, but had never viewed it as a badge of honour till Rashid came to me. To him it was the best of our possessions, marking us as of rank above the common. He thrust it on me even when I went out walking; and he it was who, when we started from our mountain home at noon that day, had laid it reverently down upon the seat beside me before he climbed upon the box beside the driver. And now the whip was lost through my neglectfulness. Rashid's dejection made me feel a worm.

"Allah! Allah!" he made moan. "What can I do? The driver was a chance encounter. I do not know his dwelling, which may God destroy!"

The host remarked in comfortable tones that flesh is grass, all treasure perishable, and that it behoves a man to fix desire on higher things. Whereat Rashid sprang up, as one past patience, and departed, darting through the cattle in the yard with almost supernatural agility. "Let him eat his rage alone!" the host advised me, with a shrug.

Having ordered supper for the third hour of the night, I, too, went out to stretch my limbs, which were stiff and bruised from four hours' jolting in a springless carriage, always on the point of overturning. We should have done better to have come on horseback in the usual way; but Rashid, having chanced upon the carriage, a great rarity, had decided on that way of going as more fashionable, forgetful of the fact that there was not a road.

The stars were out. In the few shops which still kept open lanterns hung, throwing streaks of yellow light on the uneven causeway, a gleam into the eyes of wayfarers and prowling dogs. Many of the people in the streets, too, carried lanterns whose swing made objects in their circle seem to leap and fall. I came at length into an open place where there was concourse—a kind of square which might be called the centre of the city.

The crowd there, as I noticed with surprise, was stationary, with all its faces turned in one direction. I heard a man's voice weeping and declaiming wildly.

"What is it?" I inquired, among the outskirts.

"A great misfortune!" someone answered. "A poor servant has lost a whip worth fifty Turkish pounds, his master's property. It was stolen from him by a miscreant—a wicked cabman. His lord will kill him if he fails to find it."

Seized with interest, I shouldered my way forward. There was Rashid against the wall of a large mosque, beating himself against that wall with a most fearful outcry. A group of high-fezzed soldiers, the policemen of the city, hung round him in compassion, questioning. Happily, I wore a fez, and so was inconspicuous.

"Fifty Turkish pounds!" he yelled, "A hundred would not buy its brother! My master, the tremendous Count of all the English—their chief prince, by Allah!—loves it as his soul. He will pluck out and devour my heart and liver. O High Protector! O Almighty Lord!"

"What like was this said cabman?" asked a sergeant of the watch.

Rashid, with sobs and many pious interjections, described the cabman rather neatly as "a one-eyed man, full-bearded, of a form as if inflated in the lower half. His name, he told me, was Habib; but Allah knows!"

"The man is known," exclaimed the sergeant, eagerly. "His dwelling is close by. Come, O thou poor, ill-used one. We will take the whip from him."

At that Rashid's grief ceased as if by magic. He took the sergeant's hand and fondled it, as they went off together. I followed with the crowd as far as to the cabman's door, a filthy entry in a narrow lane, where, wishing to avoid discovery, I broke away and walked back quickly to the khan.

I had been there in our private alcove some few

minutes, when Rashid arrived with a triumphant air, holding on high the famous whip. The sergeant came across the court with him. A score of soldiers waited in the gateway as I could see by the light of the great lantern hanging from the arch.

"Praise be to Allah, I have found it!" cried Rashid.

"Praise be to Allah, we have been enabled to do a little service for your Highness," cried the sergeant. Therewith he pounced upon my hand and kissed it. I made them both sit down and called for coffee. Between the two of them, I heard the story. The sergeant praised Rashid's intelligence in going out and crying in a public place until the city and its whole police force had a share in his distress. Rashid, on his side, said that all that would have been in vain but for the sergeant's knowledge of the cabman's house. The sergeant, with a chuckle, owned that that same knowledge would have been of no effect had not Rashid once more displayed his keen intelligence. They had poured into the house—a single room, illumined only by a saucer lamp upon the ground—and searched it thoroughly, the cabman all the while protesting his great innocence, and swearing he had never in this world beheld a whip like that described. The soldiers, finding no whip, were beginning to believe his words, when Rashid, who had remained aloof, observing that the cabman's wife stood very still beneath her veils, assailed her with a mighty push, which sent her staggering across the room. The whip was then discovered. It had been hidden underneath her petticoats. They had given the delinquent a good beating then and there. Would that be punishment enough in my opinion? asked the sergeant.

We decided that the beating was enough. I gave the sergeant a small present when he left. Rashid went with him, after carefully concealing the now famous whip. I suppose they went off to some tavern to discuss the wonderful adventure more at length; for I supped alone, and had been some time stretched upon my bed on the floor before Rashid came in and spread his bed beside me.

"Art thou awake, O my dear lord?" he whispered. "By Allah, thou didst wrong to give that sergeant any money. I had made thy name so great that but to look on thee was fee sufficient for a poor lean dog like him."

He then was silent for so long a while that I imagined he had gone to sleep. But, suddenly, he whispered once again:—

"O my dear lord, forgive me the disturbance, but hast thou our revolver safe?"

"By Allah, yes! Here, ready to my hand."

"Good. But it would be better for the future, that I should bear our whip and our revolver. I have made thy name so great that thou shouldst carry nothing."

Some Considerations on Class Ideologies.

III.

It is assumed throughout the optimistic view just considered that the productive habit and disposition in man are specially encouraged and brought to perfection with the appearance of capitalistic conditions. The theory finds its historical basis in the way in which the development of industry is accompanied by a certain wholesale exploitation of natural resources, in which it would seem that all considerations of locality have vanished and the only significant terms are human wants on the one hand and nature on the other.

But all this is to leave out of account some of the most essential features of capitalism. It is to neglect entirely its money-lending, investing, "profiteering" side. In capitalistic societies the exploitation of nature by man only occurs as qualified by the condi-

tion of the exploitation of man by man. The "end" of capitalist industry is power over labour or services.

We have, in fact, to bring into our account of the economic life sociological considerations which are not recognised in the "man versus nature" view. We must take note of the conflict of classes. The Marxist doctrine that "History is the history of class struggles" makes of the general principle, that, within the recorded epochs of social life, the solution of the practical problem of production, of the satisfaction of human needs from natural resources, has ceased to be a differential condition of development, a universal presupposition for the definition of social issues. In other words, it is problems of distribution, though seen in a wide context to include the questions of social power and freedom, that are central. We get the same view, in a modified form which does not seek to give a generalised theory of History, in Sorel's doctrine that it is in periods of "economic progress," when production is, for whatever reason, on the up grade, and only then, that the class-war appears in its full vigour and, for him, its purifying power. The former view holds that class struggles are dominant all the time; the latter maintains that they are dominant some of the time, and tries to say when. But both bear witness to the way in which, even where industry is most productive, capital is, in the first instance, concerned to make certain claims against Labour.

Exception is, indeed, sometimes taken to the application of the term "exploitation" to this relationship. Such objections are based on the consideration that capitalistic industry alone exists; on no other basis has it yet been shown in practice that there can be any industry at all; so that it is quite misleading to use such a term as "exploitation," conveying, as it does, an idea of wrong or injustice. But why should we not use the word at least in the same sense as we use it with reference to the productive relation of man to nature, where the principle is that as much as possible is to be got at the minimum of expenditure? Whether or not this is unethical in the case of man and man is a subject for further consideration. But we can say that the onus of proof is on those who would show that it is just, inasmuch as we cannot say without more ado that inasmuch as a certain state of affairs exists, and provides for a certain concord of opposing tendencies in practice, it is good. We are entitled to work from the standpoint that there is exploitation of labour just as there is exploitation of natural resources.

The doctrine, then, that capitalist industry at any time involves the entertaining of a general view of the relation between man and his means of subsistence, or between his wants and their satisfaction, or that capitalists are typically those men who are capable of apprehending such an ultimate practical issue, is far too rationalistic. And if we set the ultimate economic problem in these terms, we are employing an artificial simplification which will hinder us from seeing the social classes in their true characters. For these are to be found in the interaction of the classes with one another in society, and not in any principles which their members may be presumed consciously to apply to their practice when we have made abstraction of the social situation as a whole.

It is indeed a legitimate task to proceed to test any form of economic organisation from the standpoint of its success in satisfying the simplified conditions of the "biological" problem of subsistence, or of the supplying of human wants in general. But this is an investigation from the outside, and does not entitle us to read into the actions we are studying any explicit recognition of the principles we have in view. Thus we may recognise that, without the capitalistic form of industry, production on the scale on which it has been developed in modern times could not, as a matter of fact, have been carried on. Yet it will be

the truer view of the facts if we say that large scale production is an industrial condition to which capitalism adapted itself, than if we assert of it any characteristic "will to produce."

When we are referred to traditions which would seem to show that the latter is a proper part of the capitalistic ideology, we have to remember how far those belong to a time in which the capitalistic interest and that of labour had not yet been completely differentiated. The old exhortation "Work apace, apace, apace, apace," is immediately followed by the promise that "Honest labour bears a lovely face." But the typically capitalistic virtues and habits, on the other hand, while they are undoubtedly "energetic" and, by no means leisurely, are rather of the prudential than of the heroic order. Even in our own day we see production sacrificed where it does not pay. Do we not hear, every now and again, of the destruction of goods where there is such a superabundance as is likely to produce even a temporary lowering of prices? Certainly they are produced in the first place—that is the business of labour. In fact, as a practical creed, "maximum production" is strictly for the proletariat. For capitalism it belongs rather to the sphere of apologetics.

This general view is, I think, borne out by Sombart's study of Capitalism, and he is a writer who cannot be accused of minimising its "dynamic" character. Indeed, with him, it is rather the business man, the organiser of industry, than the investor, that occupies the centre of the picture as the typical capitalist. Sombart brings out the fact that there is a certain absolutely rationalistic character about the activities of the capitalist, which is manifested in a supreme degree in modern times. And this will show us at the same time what capitalistic rationalism is not. "Economic activities are ruled by cold reason, by thought. As we have already seen, that has always been the case; it showed itself in the making of plans, in considering whether any policy was likely to be successful or no, and in calculation generally. The modern capitalist spirit differs from its predecessors only in the degree in which this rule is obeyed. To-day the rule is strictly, one might almost say sternly, enforced. The last trace of traditionalism has vanished." ("Quintessence of Capitalism," Eng. trans., p. 182.) There is, however, more in rationalism, economic or other, than simply frigidity. In "rationalistic" activity we should have the deliberate adaptation of means to a clearly defined end, according to principles that are clearly understood and formulated. What these elements are, in the case of capitalism, appears in what follows. "Production for exchange (as opposed to production for use) is the motto of economic activities. As much profit as possible is their ideal; consequently what matters is not the goodness of commodities produced by their saleability." (Ibid.)

But (1) this is a rationalism of a very restricted scope as compared with what has been claimed as the practical content of capitalism. As regards the activities of a particular interest in industry, there is everything to favour their reduction to a set of rules which can be more and more exactly applied in a variety of practical situations. But when it comes to be a question of the nature of the economic life as a whole, or of the valuation of economic activities in regard to human experience and welfare, we do not find in the capitalistic order an enlightened class which applies in action general principles derived from such a view of life. So far as concerns its relations to other classes, and to society at large, Capital is quite as traditional, proceeds quite as much on unquestioned assumptions, as any other class. It is only in such a state of affairs as that contemplated by those socialists who foresee the end of the class-war and the disappearance of classes that such an issue as "the exploitation of nature for the benefit of man" could become at once

the subject of deliberate human efforts and a determining condition in economic activities.

(2) We are not entitled to look for the virtues of ideal producers in the representative orders of capitalistic society. In it courage, honour, and even industrious habits come to exist only on sufferance—they must not be allowed to interfere with the prevailing modes of industry or commerce. At some stages, for instance, honesty is recognised as necessary to trade, at another time it is repudiated or thought little of. Finally, Sombart indicates that the tendency in the most recent developments of capitalism is for economic rationalism itself, in the proper sense, to disappear; it becomes mechanised. "In our own day capitalism must suffer wreck because of the increasingly bureaucratic character of all our undertakings. For that which is left after the dividend receiver has had his share goes to the bureaucrat. It is clear enough that in a huge business run on a bureaucratic basis, where economic rationalism no less than the spirit of enterprise is a mechanical process, there is no room for the capitalist spirit." (Op. cit., p. 359.) With the mechanisation of the process, then, the capitalist reverts to the feudal type. His specific virtues, in short, are unstable in social experience. Beyond a certain point they can no longer be sustained, but tend to be replaced by leisurely ideals.

What we have to deal with, then, is a tradition which does not admit of expansion. True, as a tradition, it can be relied upon so far. When challenged to deal with the question of shipping freights as affecting food prices, the late Government, wise in their generation, steadfastly maintained that it was better that shipping profits should be piled up, with a view to the building of a new mercantile fleet, than that they should be dispersed in the way of cheaper food. For they saw in the former case a better chance of saving being effected; the general public cannot be trusted to save as can those who are either in the habit of doing so or who are in a position to adopt the practice. Even then it was found that the Government had presumed too far on the efficacy of the tradition; the profits were being distributed as general income instead of being reserved for the special purpose in view. A deliberate prevision of national requirements in its characteristic operations is, in effect, too much to expect of the capitalistic interest and tradition. All we can expect is a certain adaptation between the two, which leaves the nature of the interest untouched. But what does give plausibility to the position of the Government in the instance just noted is simply the consideration of how much worse it might have been in the alternative case.

Further than this, however, the capitalistic tradition and standpoint will not take us. At the point of its fullest development, there is much to show that on the side of enterprise and direction of industry, the active side as against the passivity of shareholding, what was once rational tends to become mechanical. In such an interpretation, indeed, we are availing ourselves of a very common analogy in the explanation of human affairs—that of the "secondary automatic actions" of the individual. What is here in view is those cases where we proceed from a "learning" stage, in which all the parts of a certain process have to be made the subject of definite and deliberate volition, and their combination has to be calculated, to a stage where the action as a whole has become habitual, a second nature, and is performed without deliberate reflection on how it is to be done. But the use of such an interpretation in history has to be qualified by the fact that it is towards the culmination of a development, rather than at its beginning, that there becomes feasible that reflection upon it by which we can estimate its possibilities and its limitations. Thus, while the activities of the capitalist may not be to-day by way of being so rationalistic as, in certain respects, they

have been, yet it is now more possible than ever before to see the rationale of the capitalistic order.

So far are we, then, from finding in Capitalism anything like the "producer's" point of view, that even the narrower standpoint of the exploitation of nature by man is no true part of its tradition. It is true that, in our time, we hear redoubled the cry of "Produce, produce!" And this is quite apart from present military necessities; it is to be the motto of future industry. Maximum production is recommended today as one of those causes in which we can all bear a hand, just like temperance reform, plain living, or the discouragement of profane swearing, while the differences of conflicting class-interests are being thrashed out in private—the pre-supposition being that if we persevere in such efforts we shall suddenly find that there are no class-differences left to settle. This latter is apt to be true, though perhaps in a different sense from that intended. We can say, in short, that it is by no means repugnant to capitalism that people should be thinking how production may be increased, but that is all.

W. ANDERSON.

Epstein.

By B. van Dieren.

WE are inclined to believe that the great masters of art have been living in the past, because it is only when they belong to the past that we see them as such. It seems rather like believing that a mountain only becomes a mountain when we walk a mile away from it. All this is only human. It also explains why some think art is declining because we see a great number of masters when looking backward; while looking round us we frequently fail to discover them. But is it unwarrantable to assume that through the centuries mankind's cumulative efforts lead in an ascending rather than in a descending direction?

Though prepared to accept this view, many again complain that, in the past, great masters were readily understood and hailed as such. When this is not complete ignorance of historical facts, it is deliberate perversion of the truth. The very fact that evolution of ideas in the community is a much slower progress than it is in the mind of the individual of genius, in whom the greatest human power is concentrated, shows that it must take some time before the latter's standpoint is reached. And even then he is only really understood by those whose appreciative talents are relatively as great as his creative genius was. It is only when for a certain period the men of recognised brains have kept pointing to the same man as the best of his craft that the public, accepting their authority, are willing to accept him as a "classic" master. But he is only understood by the best brains, and their number hardly varies through the generations. Our accepted great masters have not in reality a greater "public" now than they had at the time when the chief reward for their labours was opposition or negligence.

And though many people consider it sound policy to pretend to a real understanding of the classic's clear mentality while complaining about the obscurity of the modern's meaning one may safely assume that they have little notion of what the aims and ideals of either are.

Jacob Epstein is a striking example of what I say. Though we see that most people whose opinion carries weight will accept him as a great master of his art, we may at the same time observe that, despite the popularity of his name, he is little understood.

He is accused of being—and in his most important work too!—unintelligible, a cubist, futurist, or vortical, or otherwise an exponent of exotic, so-called "savage" forms of art, which are supposed to be primitive, curious if not comic, or at the best of ethnographical value only.

Though the reason for such objections is in essence the same through all times, it varies in appearance. As it happens now, we have in the last decades passed through the different stages of realism, in all arts, and the public mind is still focussed on its requirements and conditions. It reacts, unconsciously, with the promptitude of reflex action, against efforts to revert to the abstract and imaginative forms of art which are preferred by those creative artists whose ambition goes out beyond the limits possessed by realism. The more so because it deprives them of a feeling of comfort which their appreciation of the latter allows them. For most people the degree of actual representation of facts and matters with which they are acquainted supplies them with the only medium through which art can have any meaning for them. This is the consequence of either lack of intuition, talent, or education—mostly of all three. From this notion they arrive, in a wider sense, at asking what the "meaning" is of whatever work of art, naively ignoring that even a definite answer to such an unreasonable question, if possible, would leave them exactly where they were, as in an abstract sense it is admittedly impossible to explain what the meaning is of anything on earth.

Would any man love a woman only when he knew what the meaning of her beauty was, assuming one could explain. Or, if the artist were willing and able to give an explanation of what he has finally expressed already in a different form, would it satisfy the eager ignorant any better?

It is beside the question that in many instances pictorial or plastic art seems to originate in imitation, more or less realistic, of surrounding objects. This is obviously a beginning, serving the artist to acquire manual skill for the handling of any subject he may then choose. It is taken for granted that an artist has eyes; it is of greater importance that he should have brains. Those details of individual expression that constitute the difference between the work and its model will later, clearly, become the starting point for a conception of abstract qualities which we see superficially described as decorative.

Now, the only importance of the human race consists, as far as we are able to see it without venturing into the domain of theological speculation, in its ability to create, to give actual form to abstract thought. This is often taken to be a contradiction of the profound "*Natura artis magistra*," as if thought, even in its purest abstraction, were not as much a manifestation of "nature" as our visible surroundings.

For creative work it is the abstract conception that chiefly matters, and when an artist commands sufficient skilled power to express it, he has added to the riches that alone constitute the pride and the justification of our existence. The actual copying of existing things differs from the production of children only in the amount of conscious skill needed, and for neither of these could we claim admiration for the result of creative effort.

If I speak with that admiration of Epstein's portraits, it is because I see in them abstract conceptions. That they also represent existing beings is of secondary importance. Those works will long outlive their memory, though curiosity may attempt to preserve it for the sake of anecdote.

To believe that the sitters inspired the sculptor with the idea of the work may be justifiable in some cases; in most it is to start reasoning at the wrong end. They constitute for me sculptural conceptions expressing certain human qualities which rested clearly defined in the artist's mind till in his search for them he came across the individual who could serve as a medium of the particular expression conceived.

While nobody may know who posed for "The Tin Hat," everybody will see the head as that of a repre-

sentative of the wiry, weather-beaten, strong-nerved, and good-humoured fighters who climb over the parapet with no more apparent concern than as if war were a cricket match.

The same impression in a wider and more impressive sense will be felt before the "Sketch for a Monument." There could be no better illustration of the striking expression of quiet and unpretentious courage of these mud-besmirched, heavily packed men, deliberately and slowly moving forward, driven by an implacable desire to perform an almost superhuman task with that simplicity which marks heroic actions. Also, the balance of the composition, the rhythm of the figures, and the unsurpassable force of line are qualities that must make us ardently desire that Epstein will execute the monumental work for which this sketch is obviously a design.

With hardly an exception, the portraits are symbols of often complex but always clearly defined human traits and sentiments.

Nothing could better express self-sacrificing tenderness coupled with clear intelligence, womanly sentiment, and cultured intuition than the wonderful "Bust of Mrs. A. McEvoy." It is a work powerful in its softness, in which the emphasising of certain lines and features, physiognomically demonstrating those qualities, are so modelled as to be in perfect harmony with the additional very careful study of detail.

This last remark might also be applied to the study "Nan," though there the sculptor's modelling affords a more abstract delight. The attention captured by the studied detail is not diverted to reflection on purely human qualities of character, which in the other case may make us forget that we are concerned with it as the work of a sculptor rather than as a natural phenomenon.

The extreme simplicity and directness of "Lord Fisher's" bust, expressive of concentration of all mental and physical powers on a single aim, and with features that appear to us almost legendary in the Homeric sense, make it a work one must accept without commentary, as one accepts a thunder-storm or an earthquake.

"Marcelle" is an admirable conception as form. The simple compactness of the head, emphasised by the feline pose of the head on the strong neck, only revealing a suggestion of tenderness in a softer line towards the shoulder, is very striking. The almost noble human sentiment expressed by the profile is in uncanny contrast with the scornful and sceptical mouth and the hardly concealed hate in the eyes. The face recalls Camille Maclair's "Femme Apache," the horrible and lovable creature our own sins have created, seduction and scourge combined, professionally loving and filled with instinctive, atavistic hatred of the class on which she preys, fulfilling a divine justice by the act.

Something of the same dualism can be observed in "Billie Gordon," though here neither of the two sentiments have the same strength, and both are overshadowed by a voluptuousness conjuring up scenes from Pompeii, if not, indeed, from Nineveh and Sardanapolic orgies.

There is something frightening in the intensity of the beautiful head of "Meum Lindsell-Stewart." It is the blinding desire to grasp a Fata Morgana; a startling expression of weakness' strength.

Coming to "Lillian Shelley," one feels the impulse to whisper, so as not to awake this sleeping beauty from her artificial paradise; one ponders on hashish and Baudelairian perversity—and walks away on tip-toe.

But however admirable Epstein's portraits are, it is not in these that his true greatness is seen. The more abstract his work becomes the more he becomes entirely individual, and in his creations of pure

imagination he appears a Titan who, with towering strength, staggers us in works of Old Testamentarian power. That such almost prehistoric simplicity can exist in one man with the fine nervous sensibility and refined intellectual qualities we are used to link up with the more modern mind is a comforting fact to set off against the prevalent fear that art is in a great process of degeneration, from which, perhaps, a second wandering of the nations alone might save it. But it is here, unfortunately, that Epstein is least understood by his contemporaries. This is due partly to the reasons I enumerated when mentioning the gospel of realism; also to the attitude of professional critics who live in constant fear of seeing art developing in a direction they had not foreseen. Moreover, there is one point on which they have the support of members of the public who cry out against Epstein's work because they think they perceive in it what they call an immoral or even indecent element. I need not discuss this point at length. The underlying principle seems to be that any clear relation between art and sexual matters or emotions should be strictly avoided. Concerning this point I have never heard a reasonable argument put forth. For the most part, people substantiate their view by saying that "Art" should not be concerned with indecency and obscenity. When pressed on this point, they offer the lame contention that the Great Mystery of life's continuation should be respected, as being too holy for public handling. Thus we must conclude (1) that we owe our existence to indecencies; (2) that holiness and obscenity are identical; (3) that art is not concerned with holy mysteries.

However, the argument is popular and made much of by some of Epstein's critics. One should realise that, if they missed this support, they would have to rely on the actual value of their opinion in and knowledge of questions of art, and that both these they often possess in doubtful quality and quantity.

In Epstein's case, as in so many, the professional critic's standpoint is not more intelligent than that of the ignorant public they profess to instruct and educate. As I have said already, they start reasoning at the wrong end. On the untenable assumption that actual representation of facts, actions, and objects is not only the root (which may be true), but also the basis and the aim of art, they claim a right to judge a work according to its being nearer to or farther off from what they call the "Truth." Though it might be proved either way, it does not make a material difference whether art started in the abstract or in the opposite, because it is undeniable that great works of art owe their existence to abstract conceptions, and that the claims of the abstract cannot be waived. There remains the drawback that people shudder at the necessity of looking at a work either without thinking at all or of thinking very hard, because either they believe that their thinking is very important, or that one should not be compelled to exercise one's brains over subjects that do not in their eyes serve "a useful purpose." If people complain they do not understand Epstein's work, the obvious retort would be a demand to explain what they mean by saying so. Besides, so many people want to "understand" *faute de mieux*, not being sure enough of themselves to like or dislike before they attempted to "see through" the artist and grasp his intentions down to technicalities with which they need never be concerned, and which have only been popularised by writers on art who were in need of assuming an authoritative air.

Starting from an abstract sculptural conception, which consists, let us say, in an emotion primarily concerned with a material, Epstein gives it a form consisting in a juxtaposition of planes and angles, lines and rhythms that are pleasing in themselves. He arrives at the same time at an idea, the relation of

which to the former could be conceived by a sculptor only because it could only be expressed in sculpture.

If this appears to have a connection with objects and facts known to us, or if, to make himself perfectly clear, he even indicates certain things so that he might almost seem to be making a concession to realism, there are two reasons for gratification. People are displeased because of what his work lacks in realistic detail, while they pretend to a genuine admiration for very incomplete fragments of antique sculpture that probably do not in reality convey anything to them at all.

Thus, if in his "Venus" (instead of going so far as to break up the rhythm, spoiling the form, violating in a sense the law of the material, and thereby deviating from the original logic of his conception, which is the greatest error into which an artist can fall) Epstein indicates hands, a head, and an abundance of anatomical details, and, moreover, gives the work a title which helps us greatly, these are the two reasons for which we should be grateful. It will be granted that the latter fact alone makes the symbolical meaning perfectly clear, and if one did not insist on asking from a work just that which it did not propose to give, there is no reason why one should not only love but even "understand" this work.

Of course, it would be entirely wrong to start with supposing that this "Venus" represents a woman with all detail simplified for "cubist" reasons—one should start at the opposite end; it is first of all a beautiful tower of white marble which the sculptor has modelled so that a wonderful rhythm of three conspicuous planes and a base, so arranged as to suggest a great lightness and elegance of pose, convey a single artistic emotion. He has gone even further, and the rhythm of planes and curves has become suggestive of a human form in which the very arms and hands and breasts are indicated. If one could see nothing more than this in it, there would be quite sufficient to admire. But the soft voluptuousness of the beautifully finished material and form further suggests things lovable and seductive. This, and a suggestion of physical virginity and sterility coupled with lasciviousness, constitutes what in an exalted sense the word "Venus" means for us.

The birds at the base complete the idea. "Venus" is not a woman; Venus herself is an abstract idea, which, by the imagination of sculptors of a different school, has been embodied in a woman; and this is the fact that leads people astray. In this embodiment that Epstein gives us, the attention is not for one moment diverted from the highly essential qualities I enumerated. It is this concentration on the really all-important that makes the work so strong an expression of the charm and seduction of love which we think of as being symbolised in Venus.

Need one ask whether a realistic representation of the most charming model would have conveyed the symbolical world-pervading idea with the same simple grandeur?

The third great symbolical work is the granite carving, "Mother and Child." As regards the form of the work and the absence of realistic detail, I need not repeat what I have said on the subject. The simple beauty of this work has the same compelling intensity of the "Venus," which it equals in grandeur of the symbolical idea. Moreover, one could not even speak of a problem here; the huge child that seems to grow while one looks at it conveys with extreme clearness the underlying idea of the young generations making slaves of their mothers, who are doomed by nature to this hard fate because everything must be given to the future that belongs to the children. The work is of great monumental beauty, and, without trying to fathom the mystery it seems to hold for many, one can admire the two heads between the two sloping triangles on the shoulders, and the finely modelled contours of the child's limbs.

To dismiss works like these with facetious superficiality as being of the South Sea Islands or West Indies type is an imbecility that has two amusing aspects. Apparently these people feel themselves superior to "blackies" with the same complacency as a keeper believes himself superior to the elephant he has to look after, and thus they sneer at art which they do not understand. Also they believe they have found out Epstein. Yes, why shouldn't they?

In reality, the whole criticism is nothing but a pretentious confession of ignorance derived from the uneducated man's "That is Greek to me."

Views and Reviews.

AS OTHERS SEE US.

It has been my fortune to read many of the pacifist works that have been published, more particularly since the war began; and if I were allowed to use only one word to express my opinion of them, I should choose the word "irrelevant." For it is the sense of their irrelevance that most impresses me; their use of reason is based upon the assumption that the belligerents are really only neutrals at war. But the very fact of being at war marks a difference not only of mind but of feeling; and the ideas relevant to a state in which the feelings are not engaged seem to have no relevance at all to a state in which they are engaged; and I doubt whether even "An American" could write this pamphlet* to-day, when his own country seems to be passing from neutrality to belligerency. Just as the man who is not in love cannot understand what the man who is in love sees in that particular woman, and can only exhort him to be "reasonable" (that is to say, not in love), so the neutral to whom the war is only something in the papers, and a scramble for contracts, can only exhort the belligerents to behave as though they were not at war. Reduced to a phrase, the teaching is: "Can't the thing be arranged?" but if it could be arranged, we should not be at war.

The simple psychological fact that states of mind are conditioned by states of feeling is always over-looked by the man who has no, or another, feeling on the subject; "an impulse," says Mr. Bertrand Russell, but the fact is notorious, "to one who does not share it actually or imaginatively, will always seem to be mad. All impulse is essentially blind, in the sense that it does not spring from any prevision of consequences. The man who does not share the impulse will form a different estimate as to what the consequences will be, and as to whether those that must ensue are desirable." But it is by no means certain that the man who does not share the impulse will form a truer estimate of the consequences; and, indeed, in this case, the neutral does not attempt the task. "An American" asks the belligerents to formulate their own estimates of the strength, direction, and consequences, of their impulses, to deposit those estimates with neutrals, and to vary them as and when they choose; but to bind themselves to make peace on the terms they have deposited if these are accepted by the other side.

The whole scheme is as reasonable as any other scheme of bargaining; and its affinity with the quotation of prices on the Stock Exchange is obvious. For each belligerent is asked to state not only what she claims, but what she is willing to concede; and the neutral "brokers" will, therefore, be able to quote to each belligerent buying and selling prices of Peace Stock. The assumption that the war is being engaged for certain definite and determinable ends, such as the possession of territory, or trading rights, or indemnity

* "Via Pacis: A Suggestion Offered by an American." (Allen & Unwin. 1s. net.)

ties, is true for only one state of mind, and that the most neutral. But suppose that the war is, as it was declared to be at the beginning, a spiritual conflict; the statement of material terms would not express, but only mask, the fact. The question of Right or Wrong is not to be decided by Germany's expressing her willingness to evacuate Belgium, or by Russia's claiming possession of Constantinople. If this is a spiritual conflict, there can be no more compromise than there was in the American Civil War; and the assumption, therefore, on which "An American" bases his argument is that the European War is not a spiritual conflict.

It may, of course, be argued that "An American" is right, that the war has been moralised by Europeans far beyond any relation to political fact; but the belligerents cannot reasonably be expected to accept that argument, nor will "An American" accept the argument if his own country enters the conflict. It is a fact not without interest in this connection that this pamphlet was written in December, 1915, and was privately printed and sent to the Governments of Belligerent and Neutral States in July, 1916. The plan has not been accepted: Germany has expressed her willingness to attend a Conference to discuss terms of peace, the Allies have issued a statement of their claims, but have made no offer of concessions, and America which, with the other neutrals, was to be the clearing-house of claims and concessions, seems likely to become a belligerent for as illimitable an issue, the freedom of the seas in wartime, as that which the combatants are deciding. Apply "An American's" scheme to America's entry into the war, and the apparent reasonableness of neutral brokerage of peace terms will vanish. If she defines her peace terms as the immunity of American shipping from loss or damage from belligerent action, how can those terms ever be approximated to the German proclamation of blockade and her determination to sink everything within certain areas? Are we to suppose that if America has considerable success, that the Germans will modify their claim to sink all American shipping to, say, the sinking of seventy-five per cent., and if the American success continues, to fifty or twenty-five per cent.? Would not the American terms of peace rise correspondingly until they demanded immunity for all neutral shipping; and if they did, if the terms did vary in inverse ratio, would they not finally come to the very issue from which they started, viz.: *that Germany must renounce her blockade?* And if this is true of America, surely it is equally true of the other belligerents. They are not agreeing, or even trying to find a basis of agreement, about certain things; they are actually in conflict about those things, and many more besides. The Germans are in Belgium, and we are fighting to get them out; the Turks are in Constantinople, and the Allies are fighting to get them out; the Austrian Empire is still a political entity, and we are fighting to break it up into a number of constituent States, and so forth. And if, at the back of it all, there are two impulses that are in conflict, if the issue really is the spiritual issue: "Who is to be master of the world?" all the good offices of all the good neutrals would never be able to make the declared terms of peace approximate until they meet in agreement. It is the nature of incompatibles to differ, and there is no composition of their differences.

"An American's" scheme is very ingenious, but it is based upon the assumption that what the belligerents want most is peace. After two and a half years of war, I doubt it. It was a characteristic of German military literature before the war that it did not speak of war with the usual apologies or deprecations; with us, it was customary to deplore the regrettable necessity, to insist on the evils of militarism, and to idealise the blessings of peace. But how much we really believed of it, it is difficult to calculate; when the issue is presented that has a personal appeal, the most reasonable man will find himself fighting before he has de-

fined his objects. But although the issue may be joined on one point, the issue that will be determined will vary according to the apprehension of the seriousness of the menace. America herself may join issue on the submarine question, but if she does, she will probably end by accepting, and adding to, the whole programme of the Allies; and no neutral will be able helpfully to advise her any more than "An American" can helpfully advise us. For if bargaining is the method, and exchange the object, of Peace, War has other aims and different methods.

A. E. R.

THE HOME GUARD.

Ah, lucky me, that nights should be so grand,
When sentry on the bridge I chance to stand!
To-night the sphere of heaven is pricked with holes,
Showing the silver sea through which it rolls.
On other nights, grand is the threat of storm
That never breaks to test my "British warm."
I've seen the fleecy snowflakes flutter down,
Enfolding London in a samite gown,
While signal-posts and tugs upon the Thames
Yield white and amber, gold and ruby gems.
Betimes, the broad white shafts devised of man
Map out the sky on his protective plan.
Then, in her turn, I challenge the dear moon
That never comes for quiet folk too soon.
The work I feebly do she does so well,
O'er every harmless home the sentinel—
Grandest of all "grand rounds" the night can see:
Of all "reliefs," greatest relief to me.

O. B. C., 1917.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

THE CINEMA CRAZE.

Sir,—The recent discussion at the Conference of Educational Associations, held at London University, on the effects of the cinema on child life has once more brought before the public the position this form of amusement holds. It was acknowledged by some of the speakers that the cinema was an instrument with educational possibilities. The Rev. Dr. Lyttelton, however, did not accept this view, and urged that pictures were not an important element in the acquisition of knowledge, and that cinema shows, as a rule, were an indication of spiritual disease. Yet it would be safe to say that the most popular form of amusement of the day is the cinema. It is more than a passing craze; it has entered the warp and woof of everyday life, and cannot be ignored. Nor is it confined to the working classes; all ranks of society are under its spell. The sense of sight is temporarily satisfied with a series of pictures that have the semblance of real life to the ordinary observer.

But we venture to believe this new force or power requires guiding. It will be admitted that it is not guided in a direction tending to the betterment of life. For how is life represented? It is, in the first place, usually highly exaggerated. The reality of the stage with living actors does not exist. Feeling is well-nigh impracticable, and vocal expression—one of the tests of the true actor—is absent. Hence, from an artistic standpoint, the cinema entirely fails. But it is not only the artistic side of the cinema to which objections may be raised. It is, rather, the educational side, for it is a well-known fact that children frequent the picture-palace—as it is often called—to a very large extent. Now, students of child-life know that the mere massing of knowledge without assimilating it is not merely useless but distinctly harmful to a child. The process of thought must proceed on natural and not artificial lines. It is true moving pictures arrest the attention, but thought is difficult or impossible. By one sense alone—that of sight—the mind is for the time being employed, and the rapidity of motion produces a confusion of ideas. As every teacher is aware, education can only be received in a limited quantity at one time, and by associating an object with something that is known. The mere gazing at an infinite number of pictures in rapid succession must produce perplexity. There cannot be any real assimilation of the food thus provided. The

brain becomes fagged, and unable to receive influences of a really educational nature, and, in fact, becomes demoralised.

It has been assumed up to the present that these "pictures" are suitable in every respect for a child. But can this assumption be entertained? Up to the present the Film Censor has been practically the servant of a large commercial undertaking. Canon Rawnsley asserts that, "out of 7,088 subjects, the Censor took exception to 166 films, only 22 subjects being definitely eliminated." The fact is that the business has grown to such gigantic proportions in a comparatively short period that adequate supervision has never been given. Before the films are exhibited, they are prefaced by the statement that they are "approved" by the Board of Censors, and it is assumed they are perfectly harmless. The contrary is, however, frequently the fact. In view of the report of the Inspector of Education at Liverpool and of the Education Committee of the London Teachers' Association and of other public bodies, we are forced to the conclusion that the cinema is one of the gravest dangers in the educational world at the present time. One of these reports states that "nothing but ill, both moral and physical, can be the effect on young children attending such a place. The cinema entertainments are generally continuous shows, and consequently many of the children remain in the building to the end."

We are glad to find that the National Council of Public Morals is instituting an independent inquiry into the 'physical, social, educational, and moral influences of the cinema, especially in the case of the young. A commission has been appointed, of which the Bishop of Birmingham is the president, and the members are all men and women of note. The chief matters to be considered relate to the position of the cinematograph with regard to its social and educational value, and the nature and extent of the evils of cinemas. We also observe that two lady inspectors of places of public amusement have been appointed in the City of Birmingham. It will be their duty to deal with complaints relative to films, and they will visit picture-houses and report their views to a committee.

In view of the decision of the Home Secretary to abandon for the present the proposal for establishing a central censorship of films, it behoves local authorities to exercise the powers vested in them by the Cinematograph Act of 1909, so that objectionable films may not be shown.

J. C. WRIGHT.

REVIEWS.

Sir,—In THE NEW AGE for February 22 there is a section headed "Reviews," of which nearly one-fifth is absorbed by a facetious outline of the plot of a novel which its reviewer obviously did not consider worth reading. At a time when your space may be called valuable, not only by conciliatory correspondents, but also by those who have no designs upon it, is it desirable to use half a column in saying what might be said in half a dozen words? If your reviewer wished to explain why he considered the book not worth reading, he might have substituted direct for oblique criticism, with an economy in space that would have been a profuse compensation for the loss of his humorous extravagance.

It would be interesting to hear why reviewers of fiction nearly always are slaves of a formula (and I abandon the particular for the general with a timid recognition of my own garrulity), a formula which runs: "Padding + Plot + Criticism (a trace) = Review." A novel is not read necessarily for its plot; in any case, the best place to find the plot is in the book itself. Imagine the disappointment of a novelist, ingenuously anticipating helpful criticism, when the majority of the reviews he receives consist of little except résumés of his plot, as if their writers wished to display their ability for précis-writing! The instances of the plot being quoted to illustrate the author's or the critic's argument are rarer even than were appreciative notices in THE NEW AGE in the days when every issue was shaken by the explosive protests of militant authors.

ERIC LEADBITTER.

[The Reviewer writes: "I trust that your correspondent's zeal for economy in the use of paper will be suitably rewarded by the proper authorities."]

MR. EPSTEIN.

Sir,—There is a real NEW AGE touch about the appearance of Mr. Jacob Epstein in your last issue. While your soaring contributor Mr. Manson seeks to raise him into one light, your correspondent "H. C." bids him descend into another. Between them, Mr. Epstein continues to blink at Fate unconcernedly. If we want the truth about Mr. Epstein's latest sculpture, it seems our choice lies between these three altitudes, of which the following opinions are a brief expression. Says Mr. Manson, "Mr. Epstein's selective power is one of his remarkable characteristics. He seizes at once the essential and discards the superficial, thus presenting his people in sheer beauty, that is the truth of their fundamental character." Is there any criterion of this truth? But no matter. Mr. Epstein's "people" are themselves. To "H. C.," however, these "people" have had too much of Mr. Epstein thrust upon them, and something besides. He thinks they look like sexual degenerates, and he is careful to note certain stigmata of sexual degeneracy. As for Mr. Epstein, he simply takes his life in his hands and gives us this statement in his catalogue: "I rest silent in my work." This means that Mr. Epstein is there all the time, but he blows no heartening blast; he betrays a deplorable want of it. One other point. I notice that Mr. Manson says, "Jacob Epstein is an artist of genius." But a few lines farther on he cancels this by saying that Mr. Epstein's work "is the outpouring of a vivid and prolific spirit rather than the accomplished work of a gifted artist." How long has an "artist of genius" not been "a gifted artist"?

C. KING.

Memoranda.

(From last week's NEW AGE.)

The proposal to guarantee to farmers a high price for wheat is tantamount to a universal tax on wages in particular.

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 competing economics.

To him that hath, Protection without nationalisation giveth; and from him that hath not, Protection without nationalisation shall take away even that he hath.—"Notes of the Week."

Not by grace, but by love, are ye saved in English literature.

One cannot compliment perfection.—JOHN FRANCIS HOPE.

The aim of Art was once to enrich existence by the creation of gods and demi-gods; it is now to duplicate existence by the portrayal of men.

The eyes of the artist, no longer having an ideal to feed upon, are turned towards the actual, and imitation succeeds creation.

Why did the ideal of Man decay? Because there were no longer examples to inspire the artists in the creation of their grand, superhuman figures.

Works of art should only end tragically, or enigmatically.—EDWARD MOORE.

Poland is not always in exile, and Englishmen have enough to depress them at home.—P. SELVER.

We are urged to adopt extensive politics instead of intensive economics.—A. E. R.

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.

A Guild is a self-governing association of mutually dependent people organised for the responsible discharge of a particular function of society.

Capitalist exploitation is the robbery of the natural exploiters.

The minimum of human use is often compatible with the maximum of economic use.

One could easily show that gravity no more becomes a true artist than ass's ears.—H. C.

PRESS CUTTINGS.

Lady Sykes requires an experienced housemaid, head of 4 or 5, for Yorkshire; about 14 servants kept.—Write full particulars, age, wages, etc., or call after 6, 9, Buckingham Gate, S.W.

Housemaids, upper and under, wanted; ages about 25 to 30 and 16 to 20; wages £26 to £30 and £18 to £22; 2 in family; 6 maids kept.—Apply to "M.," 40, Netherhall Gardens, Hampstead, N.W.

Under-housemaid wanted, for 25 minutes London; 11 servants kept; wages £26, all found.—Apply Mme. Mouravieff, Dirrymor, Stoke Poges.

Superior girl, of nice appearance, wanted immediately for town only, to work between parlourmaid and housemaid; 2 in family; 8 servants; wages up to £26; uniform provided.—Write or call, Lady Broughton, 45, Grosvenor Place, S.W.

Kitchenmaid, single-handed, for country house near Retford; good wages, according to experience; 6 servants; 2 in family; no washing or dairy.—Write or call after 5, Brown, Ford's Hotel, Manchester Street, W.

The "New Statesman" had last week an admirable article called "The Mind of the Employer," criticising the mean swagger of the Employers' Parliamentary Council. This body apparently proposes not only that the nation should break its word to the workman without another word of apology or compensation, but should seize the opportunity to make things worse for the workmen even than they were before. The "New Statesman" wisely does not waste time searching for a sense of honour in such "business men," but warns them that such a declaration of war "on the whole wage-earning class" will produce "the longest, fiercest and most widespread industrial strife that it has ever, in its darkest moments, imagined." It proceeds: "To propose what will everywhere be remembered as the 'Great Betrayal' . . . coupling this Great Betrayal, indeed, with explicit proposals to put down strikes by law, repeal the protective sections of the Factory, Mines, and Merchant Shipping Acts, and stop all remedial action by the municipalities—mounts to such a political absurdity at a moment when the electoral franchise is about to be more effectively democratised than even Chartists expected. . . ." Reading that sentence is like walking vigorously along a good road and then suddenly stepping off a precipice into empty air. Does the "New Statesman" really believe that the monopolist princes of our plutocracy can be frightened at this time of day by an extension of the poor old parliamentary franchise? Does it not realise yet that to-day every election is a jerrymandered election; and that these Capitalists are the men who jerrymander it? The Chartists expected . . . yes, and there were a good many things the Chartists did not expect. The Secret Funds, for instance.—"The New Witness."

Practically all the strikes, whether official or non-official, of the last few years never touched the basis of economic power. We quarrelled much before the war as to whether men should strike at all. We never thought much over the question as to what men should strike for. For half a generation before the war, despite the advent of the Labour Party, despite the growth of Trade Unionism, the position of the worker had been worsened; wages had moved but little; prices had gone up enormously, and real wages had declined. Labour had still fought for the right to barter itself as a commodity, and whether through industrial or whether through political action it never asked for more than this. Recognition of Trade Unionism meant collective instead of individual bargaining over the price of a commodity called labour.

Now comes the moral equivalent for war, the impulse, the adventure. Suppose all of us, whether we be capitalist or working class, commence to look out upon the world and to say that the worker is a man, a human being. Suppose we leave the capitalist out and ask the working man to allow this thought to enter into his brain. Just fancy, Bill Smith, of any industrial town

in Great Britain, you are a man—a human being—not a bundle of nerves and muscle sold on the labour market like so much butter, eggs, iron, coal, or any other raw material. To-day you are not a man, you are a commodity. No wonder there is war. You can fight and can do your part, even as the bullets and the explosive shells can do their part. For the moment your labour power can be more usefully employed in this way than in the way it was formerly utilised. The time is soon coming when you will be wanted in peace industries and your soldiering will cease. With all the flattery they bespatter you, Bill Smith, you are still a commodity—a mere bale of goods.—JOHN SCURR in "The Herald."

Presiding yesterday at the meeting of the Telegraph Construction and Maintenance Company, Lord Selborne said:—I am sure that those who try to delude the public with optimistic forecasts of speedy victory and the complete collapse of Germany are great enemies to the public mind, because nothing can be worse than to feed our people with hopes which are only born out of a desire to make "copy." I do not think the signs are at all in favour of an early peace. You see in the German Reichstag that the speakers are still talking about extracting an indemnity out of the Allies. To us that appears quite childish, but I do not think it is mere bluff on their part. I think it indicates the sense of the speakers that their country has still great resources—not only material resources, but great resources in national spirit, and they do not feel themselves at all at the end of their powers or of their opportunities and means of defence. We can make no greater mistake, in my judgment, than that of under-rating the power of our foes in this war, and therefore I think that all sensible and patriotic women and men ought to prepare themselves for a prolonged state of war and support the Government in all measures of precaution and prescience which are taken, and to say as little about it as they can.

The new food regulations—or, rather, want of regulations—have resulted in an increase of prices for all the commodities of which there may be a shortage. We were told that apples went up 2d. per lb., that tea is to advance in price; that, in fact, the prices of all the goods Mr. Lloyd George mentioned are to be increased. We wish again to remind our readers that this is the operation of what is called the law of supply and demand, and only means that those who own these stocks are going to get their pound of flesh from the public whilst they may. No amount of threatening, no amount of orders from above can deal with this question effectively. Only the national organisation and control of supplies from the producer to the consumer can really secure that advantage shall not be taken to increase prices. All those who own stocks of foodstuffs just now will try to make extra money out of them, not because they are put to extra expense, but because the nation needs food. This is a monstrous state of affairs, considering the many hundreds of thousands of pounds sterling that are being spent on directors and organisers, who apparently are only able to organise official staffs at very high and costly salaries.—"The Herald."

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