NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Perhaps a little malice is necessary to compel men to come to a judgment upon a complex issue. Too catholic a sympathy is apt to dismiss all the parties to a case without a stain upon their character. Whether this be so or not, we cannot but agree that, by whatever malice it was inspired, the judgment of the "Times" that the recent personal debates on the Dardanelles Record "missed fire" is substantially correct. It is true that in several interesting if not important matters both Mr. Asquith and Mr. Churchill added to our public information upon the whole subject of the Expedition, and upon other matters as well. We now know, for instance, that Lord Kitchener was the nominee as War Minister, not of Lord Northcliffe, but of Mr. Asquith and Lord Haldane; and Mr. Churchill has informed us that Lord Fisher, despite his indifference to the Expedition, was at one time ready to undertake the operations; and against that powerful "either...or" argument we are not entirely convinced by the "either...or" argument which Lord Fisher made to the War Council himself. It is also true that, like the excellent advocate he is, Mr. Asquith succeeded in exonerating the main persons in the tragedy of the Dardanelles from any charge that could be called criminal. One and all, they were made to appear as men remarkably like other men, and with no object in their minds but the success of the plans they were pursuing. On the other hand, from our point of view, as well as from the point of view of the "Times," the crux of the whole question as it affects public policy and our estimate of the statesmanship of the men involved, was scarcely so much as touched upon by either Mr. Asquith or Mr. Churchill. What we desired to know—though, for ourselves, we could very well have waited for the information until the end of the war, when the whole evidence could be published—was not whether this or that man had or had not fully engaged himself in the conduct of the operations, but why an Expedition which, as it proved, had such small chances of success, was ever undertaken; and, above all, why the consequences of its possible failure were not as well considered as the advantages of its highly problematical success. Was there nobody among the experts and politicians who planned the Expedition who did not know that the passage of the Dardanelles was, at any rate, an undertaking full of risk? And was there nobody to raise the question what would happen if the risk, as it did, should actually fall against us? It seems, on the contrary, that the Cabinet went into the Expedition as a Cyclops rather than as an Argus; and if there is any evidence at all, it is to be found in Mr. Churchill's "Damaged Goods." Either too much or too little has been revealed in this regard; and, in any event, it ought not to remain where it is. It was surely of the essence of Mr. Churchill's case that, far from being a scheme he had "rushed" over the minds of the War Council and the Admiralty experts, the Expedition was their common undertaking after prolonged and sober discussion, during which it is to be supposed, every important critical factor had been eliminated or placated. But what becomes of this contention when, in the next breath, Mr. Churchill alleges that the hostile influences, remaining after the unanimous decision of the Executive, were sufficient to frustrate the operations themselves? Were those influences, then, of such a character that they could actually interfere with the carrying out of the plans of the War Council? Could they, as he definitely alleged, lay an embargo on the dispatch of ships and guns and men; and in the face of a deliberate and unanimous resolution of the Government to go through with the Expedition? As we say, Mr. Churchill has told us in this passage either too much or too little. It is too much if, in fact, the enormous influences were only those of the Press and Parliament acting without the collusion of members of the Executive. And it is too little if, as we suspect, these influences were secretly...
inspired by the experts whom Mr. Churchill had failed to win over to his scheme. In any event, therefore, the matter remains in doubt; nor do we feel disposed, with our present information, to give Mr. Churchill the benefit of it.

The "Times" is at present engaged in the congenial task of attempting to restore the reactionary forces in Russia. For this is the only construction we can put upon its daily denunciation of the forces that brought the Revolution about. We are told that the shortage of bread was not only the occasion but the sufficient cause of the Revolution. In the next place, we are told that the "Committee of Labour Deputies and Soldiers" to whom, in our ignorance, we attributed the driving-power of the Revolution, "have arrogated to themselves an importance to which they are in no wise entitled." Working-men, in particular, the "Times" correspondent informs us, "have not been actively responsible for bringing about the downfall of the old regime"; nor was the result in any way due to "the Socialist propaganda which figured prominently in the troubles of 1905;" again, it seems that we are entirely misinformed in believing that there is any widespread feeling in Russia against the pillars of the old regime, and still more in believing that a considerable movement in favour of a constitutional republicanism exists. "Arrogant Orthodoxy and Tsardom," we are told, "constitute the indissoluble bases of the mentality of all Russians"; and any attempt at setting up the Republican form of Government in Russia would inevitably bring about the disruption of the Empire. It may all be so, and we do not deny, since everything but what is is possible. At the same time, we confess we do not feel easy in our minds about it. Apart from the initial fact that the "Times" is not exactly the tutor of the Reactionary party, its Petrograd correspondent is no better than a journalist whose judgment would not weigh more than the writing in the "Weekly Dispatch." The evidence of our intelligence—in both senses—is against him; and confirms our prejudice that the "Times," as usual, is writing politics rather than history. Against the conclusions set out by the "Times" we may here set out the facts for which by the "Times" we may here set out the facts for which we can quote the "Times" itself. What better evidence, to begin with, can we ask for that the "Times" is wrong in denying importance to the "Committee of Labour Deputies and Soldiers" than the fact that without the Committee's consent not a munition factory in the whole of Russia can be persuaded to resume work? Then, it is strange that, it is not, that, Orthodoxy and Tsardom are the indissoluble bases of the mentality of all Russians, both institutions should have been not merely defied in a frenzy of hunger, but abolished in a frenzy of popular feeling before which even the Duma had to give way? This does not appear to us to be a proof that these institutions are as indissoluble connected with the popular mind of Russia as with the mentality of the reactionaries everywhere. They, what are we to make of a weakness on the part of the Committee of Deputies and Soldiers that is so strong that it can withstand the Provisional Government, and compel it to adopt its new policy instead? The importance of a body that can insist upon the resignment of the resolutions of the Provisional Government to appoint a Regent and to confirm a Romanoff in the command of the Army may be arrogated to the "Times" itself. But if it must, on the contrary, appear very real and substantial in the eyes of men like Miliukoff and Prince Lvoff. A power, on the whole, that gets its own way is not an arrogated power; and the "Times" would be wise not to deny it.

Upon another ground it does not appear to us to be good English policy to be lecturing Revolution at this moment in favour of Reaction; for the lessons may be taken to heart in countries where it is to our advantage that they should be unlearned. Substitute the Hohenzollerns for the Russian and State Authority for Orthodoxy, and the dictum of the "Times" that Orthodoxy and Tsardom are essential to the maintenance of the Russian Empire becomes the dictum of Prussia that the Hohenzollerns and State authority are indispensable to the maintenance of the German Empire. And that, we understand, is the last conclusion we wish the German people to reach. We are not saying, on the other hand, that any stick is good enough with which to beat the German theory; nor would we, on any account, encourage Russian revolutionaries into courses which, however infectious as examples among the similar forces in Germany, might jeopardise the new stability of the Russian Government. Our object is to point out that our wisest policy is to guide and not to oppose the Revolution in Russia; to teach it moderation and not to attempt, by recalling reaction, to impose moderation upon it; and, above all, by no word or deed to produce the impression that England is not sympathetic with Revolution wherever it may appear, and however far it may be carried with safety. And what might we not, by assuming this attitude, effect in Russia? What might we not elsewhere? By formulating criteria for the guidance of Revolution everywhere we might not only steer Russia into security—which does not lie, we are certain, in compromise with Reaction—but ensure for ourselves a constitutional revolution in Germany with the minimum of resistance from the old regime. Our address in every instance should be made to the Revolutionary forces themselves. The criterion, after all, is simple. A Revolution is, in effect, a powerful movement Leftwards towards the extremest limits of idealist thought. As far as to the end it cannot, in the nature of things, go, since, as it advances, more and more of its original supporters are left behind. In other words, the body of the Revolution cannot get itself carried to the extremest Left of the political circumference. At what point or moment, therefore, should it cease to move Leftwards? At the point, we reply, when its original supporters require to be coerced into going with it and no hope can be entertained that its extremest elements can be brought to compromise with them. At that point, we believe, it is wise for a Revolution to stop and rather to coerce the diminishing minority of the ultra-Revolutionists than apply coercion to the increasing minority of the moderate Revolutionists. A Revolution, in short, may compromise with itself; but it may under no circumstances safely compromise with Reaction.

The food-situation, which has long been prospectively serious in England, is now on the point of becoming, if it has not already become, actually serious. And everybody is now urging the Government, most of them for the first time, to adopt the measures we began to advocate a couple of years and more ago. The "Daily News," for example, among other organs of prescience in the Press, is now advising the Government to commandeer the food-supplies of the country at their source, and to entrust their distribution to the existing organisations and to local authorities; and Mr. Watt, together with a little chorus of other members of Parliament, urged the same advice in the House of Commons on Friday. The reply of the Government to-day, however, is one of that impertinence than the replies that used to be given by Mr. Runciman in the piping days of food-profiteering. Speaking on behalf of the Government, Mr. G. H. Roberts remarked that members could have no notion of the labour that would thus be cast upon the local authorities. Besides, he added, the local authorities had no statutory powers. Anything less relevant to the actual situation before us it would be hard, we
think, to imagine, even in the mouth of the wooden images called Labour members. We are to refrain from the employment of the English Zemstvos—public bodies which have had, unlike their Russian counterparts, success during the war—on account of the labour it would cost them to save the country from starvations; and a Government that has passed the Defence of the Realm Act is to plead the statutory disability of local authorities as an excuse for doing nothing! The counter-reply, however, to Mr. Roberts is this: if it ought not to be true that we are not proposing that the Government and the local authorities should commandeer and distribute the whole of the food-stuffs available for consumption; it is not necessary to be communists just yet. All we propose is that complete control should be exercised from source to mouth over the necessary and indispensable stuffs—wheat, potatoes, milk, coal, tea, and their substitutes. This is surely not too much to ask of a Government and of local bodies, which, on the whole, have had less trouble with food than any Government engaged in the war. Hunger, however, will give orders where we can only offer advice.

It is apparently the character of the business man, when taken into Government service, to act first and to think afterwards; and we cannot say that we find it a great improvement upon the old tradition of thinking first, and of never acting at all. In the latter case, it is true, nothing is done; but, in the former, something is wrong, and injury is added to vexation. The case of Mr. Neville Chamberlain, the wonderful brother of Mr. Austen Chamberlain, is typical. Entrusted with the task of withdrawing useful labour from non-essential or relatively over-staffed industries and of distributing it among essential and understaffed industries, Mr. Chamberlain, without pausing to inquire into the natural grain of his problem, and without examining to see if much of his own labour might not be saved by the employment of existing organisations, plunged with both feet into bureaucracy, and has there splashed about ever since to his own discomfort and to no other useful purpose. For all his exertions after several months of pitiful labour, what has he to show the nation but a register, a mere register, containing a hundred or so thousand names of volunteers, the majority of whom are better left where they are? And, in fact, as far as we can gather, not one of them will be moved from where he is save to be a nuisance somewhere else. As if it were not enough for us to have to witness the spectacle of a fool in his folly, Mr. Chamberlain has added to our chagrin by a confession. He has confessed that he should have begun, as we advised him to begin, by appealing to the organised industries to "\textit{ex mero}" themselves out, and to pool their labour on their own joint responsibility. Listen to his belated wisdom as he addresses the Chambers of Commerce after eight weeks of following his own advice: "I am now considering a classification, and I am proposing, through the intermediary of employers and employed in certain specified trades ... that they should go through those who are engaged in each industry and furnish from it a quota of men for the Army and for munitions." Why did Mr. Chamberlain not begin by considering and proposing this? Why has it been delayed until the very name of National Service is unfit for publication? The reply, we suppose, is that he is a business-man, and none of your mere theorists.

It is something to know that the most powerful Government that ever existed in this country will make another attempt to administer an Act of Parliament in a corner of Ireland. But it would be better to know that they recognise both where the trouble lies and what will be the consequences of failing to deal with it. Having declared, however, that they will under no circumstances "coerce" Ulster into accepting the Home Rule Act, they have in a considerable measure thrown away not only the weapon of Government in every last resort, but the very right to govern at all which is their assumed claim. For what is the alternative to the "coercion" of Mr. Hodge? The "coercion" of Parliament by Ulster? The declaration, moreover, was made by Mr. Lloyd George at a moment when the true character of the Ulster resistance was at last beginning to be understood in this country. The pestiferous friar in Elys, the question was: "Who are the British provinces responsible for immobilising a quarter of a million British troops were dwindling in numbers; and their remaining prestige was being rapidly safeguarded by their desertion of the Ulster banner. They knew, too, better than anybody else, that the moment was fast approaching when Ulster would have to give way to the Empire; and they were as well aware as we are that the only course to take was to maintain the threat of "coercion" and even to add a little reality to it if need be. What a misfortune for England it then was to choose the psychological moment to demand the surrender of Ulster! From his own discomfort and to no other useful purpose. For all his exertions after several months of pitiful labour, what has he to show the nation but a register, a mere register, containing a hundred or so thousand names of volunteers, the majority of whom are better left where they are? And, in fact, as far as we can gather, not one of them will be moved from where he is save to be a nuisance somewhere else. As if it were not enough for us to have to witness the spectacle of a fool in his folly, Mr. Chamberlain has added to our chagrin by a confession. He has confessed that he should have begun, as we advised him to begin, by appealing to the organised industries to "ex mero" themselves out, and to pool their labour on their own joint responsibility. Listen to his belated wisdom as he addresses the Chambers of Commerce after eight weeks of following his own advice: "I am now considering a classification, and I am proposing, through the intermediary of employers and employed in certain specified trades ... that they should go through those who are engaged in each industry and furnish from it a quota of men for the Army and for munitions." Why did Mr. Chamberlain not begin by considering and proposing this? Why has it been delayed until the very name of National Service is unfit for publication? The reply, we suppose, is that he is a business-man, and none of your mere theorists.

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Foreign Affairs.
By S. Verdad.

It is useless to overlook the fact that a struggle is still proceeding in Russia between what have been called the Extremists and the Moderates, the Provisional Government’s supporters being comprised in the latter. Apparently, the first reports laid too much stress upon the definite and completed character of the revolutionary movement as things stood a week or two ago, and no guidance at all has been afforded by the editorial comments in the English Press. It is indeed true, as Russian correspondents here have pointed out, that our editors and public men seem to be more anxious to assure the ex-Tsar of their sympathy for him and his family than to applaud the Provisional Government for bringing to an end the most undesirable state of things in the war, or to congratulate Russia on having at length achieved her emancipation.

I do not propose to enter into any detailed controversy with regard to the position as between the Moderates and the Extremists. In view of the condition of the powers, it seems to me that the Moderate elements are more entitled to consideration than the doctrinaires; and the fact that the new Government has been recognised by the more important Powers, including America, may be taken to mean that it is believed that the disputes between the Moderates and the Extremists will end ultimately in the triumph of the former. We in this country are concerned at the present time chiefly with the political and military effects of the new régime, and there is one military fact of considerable prominence which is not particularly reassuring. It is known—where there has been much vacillation—that the Grand Duke Nicholas has been definitely relieved of his supreme command of the armies in the field, the ground given being that the extreme elements in Petrograd objected even to one member of the Romanoff family occupying any post of public importance. It is not for us to question the motives which led the Provisional Government to acquiesce in this decision; but there is nothing to prevent us from expressing an opinion of it. I regret the step for two reasons. In the first place, although the Grand Duke before the war was associated with certain reactionary elements, his popularity during the war has been enormous; and I have some ground for saying that this popularity has gone on increasing even down to the time of writing these words. The Grand Duke’s popularity even now can be compared only with that of Kitchener here during the first month or two of the war, and his support of the new order would have been of the utmost value in association with the supreme command. Secondly, the Grand Duke Nicholas is a military leader of considerable initiative and sound judgment. His temporary successor, General Alexeieff, the Grand Duke’s former Chief of Staff, is certainly a man of parts and a good tactician; a man whose weight would have been much more readily assuaged—that the Grand Duke Nicholas has been definitely relieved of his supreme command of the armies in the field, the ground given being that the extreme elements in Petrograd objected even to one member of the Romanoff family occupying any post of public importance. It is not for us to question the motives which led the Provisional Government to acquiesce in this decision; but there is nothing to prevent us from expressing an opinion of it. I regret the step for two reasons. In the first place, although the Grand Duke before the war was associated with certain reactionary elements, his popularity during the war has been enormous; and I have some ground for saying that this popularity has gone on increasing even down to the time of writing these words. The Grand Duke’s popularity even now can be compared only with that of Kitchener here during the first month or two of the war, and his support of the new order would have been of the utmost value in association with the supreme command. Secondly, the Grand Duke Nicholas is a military leader of considerable initiative and sound judgment. His temporary successor, General Alexeieff, the Grand Duke’s former Chief of Staff, is certainly a man of parts and a good tactician; a man whose weight would have been much more readily assuaged.

Perhaps M. Miliukov, the new Foreign Minister, has by now been able to devote some attention to the possibility of improving relations between Russia and Sweden. To the contrary, the Provisional Government has adopted with regard to Finland may justifiably be taken to deprive the Swedes of any ground for anti-Russian agitation; for it must be recollected that their main reason for disliking Russia was the oppression—always exaggerated for propagandist purposes—of the Swedish Finns. There are one or two outstanding questions of a different kind, such as the fortification of the Aaland Islands as a naval base by the Russian Admiralty, but on these matters assurances have, for the most part, been given already. On the other hand, there has been a considerable amount of pro-German intriguing in Sweden itself, and the “Activist” groups in and out of Parliament have not yet given up hope of embroiling the Swedish Government with Russia on behalf of Germany. In this connection, it should be noted that the Activists and Conservative influences—pro-German, all of them—have suffered a steady succession of defeats in the Riksdag in the course of the last few weeks. M. Hammarskjöld, the Premier, has been accused by the Liberal, Labour, and Socialist Press—with good reason—of trying to bully the Riksdag “on grounds of panic”; and “scares” of many kinds have been devised for the edification of the public. It has not been found possible to keep England out of the agitation which has been going on; for the pro-German papers in Sweden openly accuse England of being behind the “Activist” movement, and from Berlin, and for months past the German agents in Stockholm have been unusually active and alert. Despite all these influences, M. Hammarskjöld was defeated in the joint session of March 5 ; “Svenska Dagblad,” March 3 and 5; “Aftonblad,” March 4 and 5; “Aftonblad,” March 10; “Sandbladet,” March 4 ; “Aftonblad,” March 4 and 5; “Aftonblad,” March 3 that there is a difference of opinion even in the present Cabinet regarding the attitude to be adopted towards England; and it is hardly a secret any longer that only the prestige of the Prime Minister himself has been able to maintain a state of things which we have at times found rather trying. On the other hand, the Foreign Minister, M. Wallenberg, is admittedly in favour of the Entente Powers and opposed to Germany, and the Wallenberg family is of considerable importance. I observe (“Aftonblad,” March 4) that M. Marcus Wallenberg (who is, I believe, the brother of the Foreign Minister) urged at a meeting of the Industrial Association, representing over 600 firms, that a memorial should be presented to the King, drawing His Majesty’s attention to the fact that Swedish industries were seriously suffering from a lack of raw materials, including particularly rubber, hemp, jute, tin, tin-plates, paraffin, wool, cotton, linseed, resin, petroleum, sulphur, and oils, and praying for an understanding with England, as these commodities were largely controlled by England—that is, through the blockade. It is necessary to remember that this movement is not limited to Sweden itself, the business community and the liberal elements generally being desirous of coming to an agreement with the Entente Powers, including Russia, and the Conservatives, the Court party, and the pro-German “Activists” being equally anxious to embroil Sweden with any country which is separated from it by anything but Russia. For that reason the attitude of the reformed Russian Foreign Office is of special importance at the present time.
A Landmark.

"Capital must have its dividend."—The British Minister for Labour at the Rotary Club in London, March 14th, 1917.

Anyone who has acquired History knows that any great development is curiously divided into separate phases by distinct "landmarks," which fix the close of one category of change and open the next. No matter how slow or how unconscious the process be, there always is passed through a particular sharp moment in which what has hitherto been nothing more than an increasing tendency is realised in a phrase or an act which, for the first time, stamps the completion of a stage.

For instance, there was a tendency all through the latter twelfth century in England to levy true general taxes, as contrasted with the personal dues payable to the King as a feudal chief, and side by side with this went a necessary tendency—rapidly increasing as the embryonic tax differentiated from the old personal duties—to consult with the taxpayer and discover what he could or would pay. All Southern Europe was already alive with that atmosphere, and it could not but affect Britain. Out of that necessity there evolved, very gradually and very late, upon foreign models and through the example of the monastic orders (notably the Benedictines) a true system of representation. Two knights were ultimately summoned as a regular part of government from every shire to attend the king's council and discuss what sums the smaller landowners could or would pay. Hence, after centuries, the House of Commons: hence—centuries later again—the House of Commons declared indispensable to a true Parliament and to the full ratification of a Statute.

The process might be said, at first sight, to advance by imperceptible degrees, each indistinguishable from its predecessor and its successor. But if you look more closely and define your terms exactly, you find a certain act on a certain date which is decisive. Before that date, open declaration of the principle is to seek. It is desired, guessed at, implied—all the rest of it: but it is not the act of a stated and translated into a public life. That date is November 7th, 1215. On that day King John signed a writ addressed to the Sheriffs of Oxfordshire in which that public official is hallowe'en hoven and invoked by the Barons, four discreet men of the State, "to discuss with us the money-business [negotios] of our realm."

The occasion was obscure and insignificant. No record of the proceedings remains. Four men, two men, twelve men had often been summoned before to judicial proceedings. The innovation in connection with national revenue was slight or imperceptible—nevertheless the act and the date are a landmark. The fluid had solidified. The first crystal of ice had formed.

Most of these landmarks of history are of that unemphasised sort. The vivid thing, the striking, revolutionary, mature decision is commonly a much later event—and its date generally passes into legend. But the true landmark, for the Historian, is the deed and the moment when definition emerges. Thus, in the matter of English Representation, legend looks to a time fifty years later, when Simon de Montfort, the lean ascetic, on fire with religion, summoned his trembling Parliament: but true history looks to this act of John, which John certainly intended for no novelty—still less for any creation—which he probably signed of routine, which was drafted, I suppose, by some clerk who had summoned shire-men for this or that other function ever since he could remember, and to whom (and whose contemporaries) it seemed a commonplace repetition.

Well, there has just passed us, quite unnoticed, what I take to be a landmark in the development of our time. It is so small that history will probably not notice it at all. I shall always remember it. In the "Morning Post" of Thursday, March 15th, I read the brief report of a public speech made by that honest man the present Minister for Labour. It was a speech exactly consonant with what millions of excellent men have been saying and thinking for many years. It denounced the wastage and error of strikes, just as Mr. Henderson denounced "industrial warfare" years ago. It took for granted the natural division of English society to-day into Capitalist and Wage-earner, just as everybody has been doing it all the time. It takes it for granted. The speech, accepting as normal this arrangement of society, dealt with the necessity of making it more productive, and enlarged upon the value of harmony between these two necessary human categories of agency: one small and possessed, the other larger and dispossessed—the "employer" and the "employed." All that is no more novel than taking a railway ticket or signing a cheque. The novelty was in one tiny phrase: "Capital must have its dividend."

Note the conditions. A responsible Minister is speaking. He is making a public declaration: not in Parliament, it is true (that will come), but on one of those occasions which bind a man in office to a certain course of action. This Minister is the one specially chosen to represent the "employed." That is his function in what is theoretically a combination of the varied and often opposing interests in one administration. His public position, anterior to this phase of office and fundamental to it, is that of a "Labour Member," i.e., a Member of Parliament who is theoretically chosen by "the employed" to speak for them against the older "Capitalist" parties at Westminster. He is speaking, on this particular occasion, of the permanent relations between the Capitalist and the Proletarian—he is sketching out a "settlement." And his postulate, from which his whole theory of a settlement proceeds, is that "Capital must have its dividend."

The value of the thing as a landmark in our history is not at all impaired by the unreality of this theoretical position. We all know, of course, that as a fact a "responsible Minister" is not the agent of legislation to-day, but only a figurehead: that a member of the "Labour Party" is not specially chosen by wage-earners, but nominated in the same Caucus fashion as a member of any other party, and not freely elected at all: that he speaks for the Caucus and the forces that govern us—not for the people: that a "public man" is not really bound in honour by anything he says on policy, and that he has a right to change his policy upon receiving counter-orders—we none of us treat such things seriously as we treat private promises. But that is not the point. A landmark in History is characterised by the official, the public, emergence of a formula which has been led up to, by events, no doubt, which has become more and more possible, which has at last become inevitable, but which is not in being till a certain moment, and which, after that moment, has record. Such a landmark is the perfectly clear and final phrase used in these particular conditions by this particular official. "Capital must have its dividend."

The words, or their equivalent, have been pronounced a thousand times by those who denied the claim of the worker to the whole produce of labour. They are a truism in the mouths of all those who regard Capitalism as established. But the new significance here is that they proceed, and proceed officially, from the other camp. In these days, when the labour of definition is thought too burdensome, one must make oneself as clear as possible, and make it as easy as possible for the reader to think. Let me, therefore, state the thing in as detached a manner as I can. I do not for one moment blame the author of the phrase.
I do not think the phrase an abandonment of principle. I do not think it extravagant. I believe it consonant with all that is thought to be practical—that is possible—by all men in public life. I believe it corresponds to the instinctive respect for property always which the Englishman has preserved. Subject to a much wider distribution of capital, it is a phrase I would repeat myself without hesitation. The whole value of the phrase as a landmark lies in the fact that the speaker felt it to be true, obvious, just. The word "must" which it contains may not mean "must in accordance with my ideal"; it may mean, just as well, "must, as things are and will be."

He does not say that he loves Capitalism: he only says that he accepts it. So the most ardent Irish Patriot might say, of the debates in a Free Irish Parliament, that: "They must be in English." But if those words were said at the end of a recent development in which the claim for Gaelic had been gradually defeated, they would be a landmark. So is the phrase set down the claim for property from which the European cannot escape. The whole value of the phrase as a landmark lies in the fact that the speaker felt it to be true, obvious, just. The word "must" which it contains may not mean "must in accordance with my ideal"; it may mean, just as well, "must, as things are and will be."

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For the first time in Europe since modern Capitalism arose and since the consequent proletarian protest arose there were at last a few years ago an official admission from the proletarian side that in the settlement the claim of Capital would be granted: restrained, canalised, controlled—but granted.

Hitherto the test was clear. On the one side, the effects of private Property in land and machinery were called right, and it was claimed that they should be supported, though such property had fallen into the hands of very few through the dispossession of the mass of citizens: on the other side, this private property was denied, and it was claimed that its private character should be transformed into a public and corporate one (of the State—the guild—the town), and its dividends and rents be held in trust for the community. Such must inevitably be, in the absence of all effort to distribute property widely, and of what is now an irremediable corruption of the Courts of Justice; the domestic settlement of the near future. It will not be indefinitely permanent, because industrial England is only a part of Europe—and the main part of Europeans are not amenable to enforced labour. This domestic settlement will be overturned in some measure of time long or short by the force of European opinion. But the force which shall overturn it can only come from public opinion, and the communities now caught in the Capitalist net; and so far as this country is concerned, and so far as its immediate future is concerned, the die is cast.

H. BELLOC.

A Mansion House Meeting

OR "WE MUST SEE TO IT."

"RACE-RENEWAL" was the stimulating subject of the meeting. It was a little late when I entered the Mansion House; the Lord Mayor had concluded his opening remarks, and was resting easily in his Chairman's seat. The Bishop of Birmingham faced the audience. In one hand he held a sheet of paper, the other was thrown out in appeal. "Joy," he exclaimed, as I went in, "social joy is what our fellows want when they come home on leave, and we must see to it that they are provided with full opportunities for social joy."

That is what I must confess," continued the Bishop, and he turned to smile archly and apologetically to the serried ranks on the platform behind him, "I must confess that we religious bodies have not been very successful, have we, in our attempts at social joy? Are not our gatherings dreary? The State should help us in the work of providing what I have called social joy: it should take large halls and hire bands." (Applause from the audience; apparently only one member doubts if State-aided social joy would be any less dreary than the denominational kind.)

After a few remarks on the desirability of early marriages and of "seeing to it" that young men and maidens had opportunities for meeting, the Bishop sat down, and Sir James Crichton-Browne was asked to give his views on the regeneration of what he calls the "worried". He spoke an otherwise sensible appeal for improved housing by the exclamation, "Me Lord Mayor, we do not look for the white flower of a blameless life in a dreadful slum!" One listener in the audience choked with fury, while the general applause paid tribute to the speaker's eloquence. The next two speakers had grey heads, and, from the back of the hall, looked like twin brothers; it is believed, however, that one was a Jew, and the other a Nonconformist; one spoke about money, and the other about the Secretary of the National Council of Public Morals. Then the Lord Mayor announced Dr. Saleebey, and that athletic gentleman strode forward.

"It is always difficult to follow Sir James Crichton-Browne," he began, with an air of meek diffidence...
that would have become an ingenue, “but I would like, if I may, to cap what he has said so admirably about housing with the word homing.’” (Indulgent laughter from the audience, who think this is meant to be a joke.) Warming to his subject, and speaking with increasing rapidity and rigidity, the compiler of statistics resumes: “We want homes not barracks for the people, homes where they can bring up a family.

Before the war it was my privilege to explain in a lecture at the Royal Institution a scheme which had this very object in view—homing, if I may so term it. The scheme was that in conguious houses one room should have a movable partition, so that as one family shrank and the other grew in number the latter might take over this extra room.” This idea did not appeal to the audience very much, and the speaker went on to his next proposal. “I think one family shrank and the other grew in number the latter might take over this extra room.” This idea did not appeal to the audience very much, and the speaker went on to his next proposal. “I think one family shrank and the other grew in number the latter might take over this extra room.”

The Lord Mayor gasped, as the orator sat down; and as I made for the door, I wondered how all these well-intentioned persons expected a race to renew itself on such scraps of food-substitute as they had thrown to the audience.

Alice Kimont.

Carlyle’s Russian Revolution

On that bleak Friday in March, Petrograd lay enfledged in snow, grey sky, gloomy and depressing, ice-floes jostling each other under the Alexandrovsky Bridge, near by the Tauris Palace, where sit the Duma leaders, waiting for the Tsar’s ukase of dismissal. Beyond the barracks of the Preobrajensky Guards, in whose stove-heated rooms lounge non-commissioned officers, thinking strange and forbidden things as they nervously puff drugged cigarettes, beyond the Horse Artillery, stretches the Nevelsky Prospect, flanked by royal palaces and divers strange emporia that minister to appetites sharpened by Oriental vices. Footfalls can scarce be heard on the thick blanket of snow; an uncanny silence is broken by silver bells that tinkle from the collars of drosky horses, and anon by raucous shouts of drivers who squat immobile in their grotesque garments upheld by monstrous proportions. But if the Pavlovsky and Preobrajensky Guards, over there behind the British Embassy, where the Troitski Bridge leads over the chill waters of the yet chili Fortress of SS. Peter and Paul—truly a Bridge of Sighs—are dully conscious of impending drama, what think the courtiers and menials in that Winter Palace, as they sip their interminable tea, gossiping methinks in whispers, discreetly hinting, cunningly suggesting that, perhaps, Fredericks and Protopopoff—perhaps better more cautious—safety valve . . . ? Up and down the steps of the great rounded Cathedral of St. Isaac pass hooded women, hungry women, to prostrate themselves before their favourite shrines, praying that, perchance, through the Saint’s intervention, God might mercifully vouchsafe food for their starving children. Food, oh thou purblind Tsar; food, oh thou “German woman” of Tsarskoe Selo, thou that walkest through the perfumed corridors, with proud mien, firm set, thin, and cruel lips, eyes flashing as thou ponderest that thou art truly the Consort of God’s Anointed. Food, thou fallow burisbudy of a Propotopoff, with thy schemes and trickeries, thy misplaced faith in the Emperor’s Guards, who scowl, didst thou but know it, as thy shadow falls across their sentry path. Hunger, grim and terrible, stalks through the crowded streets where herds the patient workmen; yea, unabashed, it walks, like a ghost, past the luxuriant bazaars of the Nevelsky Prospect, grinning at its sister Corruption, who presides, with due decorum, at the money desks of proprietors fabulously rich, if those aristocrats across the way, in Grand Ducal Palaces, would but pay their debts lawfully incurred, with such bargains and commissions as Dame Corruption has privily arranged.

At this awful moment, when men await the birth of a new era, when the forces of God and Devil meet to decide the never-ending question—thou or I—we may say, upon the margin of that historical page, whose reverberant voice echoes through the Duma Hall stillling clamour and unseemly noise. Something in him do we perceive—of John Hampden, country squire, and lover of liberty, fearless before King and Commerz; something, too, of Danton, deep-chested, rock-marked, vociferant, who also flung his dace with death, meeting it in the end with “Courage, Danton!”
look with kindly eye upon this Rodzianko. Called to
preside over the voluble Duma, he seems to say, "Am
I President? Then, by Heaven, I will preserve order.
Nay, more; because I am President, this Duma shall
be respected." Let the moles and badgers of the
Winter Palace be afraid! So he sits waiting for the
Tsar's couriers, who, in due time, arrives with a
paper, signed with form and ceremony, and sealed by Nicholas
II, Emperor of All the Russians, Tsar of Poland, Grand
Duke of Finland, and sundry minor titles, in which he
instructs his faithful lieges to go about their business,
attends the Empress at a spiritualistic seance.

Nay, more; because the

preside over the voluble Duma, he seems to say, "Am

look with kindly eye upon this Rodzianko. Called to

Nay, more; because

lobbies, and are soon talking in groups, casting shrewd

people, by and with the advice of his trusted Minister

of the Interior, the said Protopopoff, who, even now,

attends the Empress at a spiritualistic seance. Rodzianko
gravely reads the document to the representatives,
who, with angry murmurs, move out into the

rooms and talked of liberty. He seems tingling with life

remember in former days. We suspect that his iron-

cheeks, and even now is President of those Committees united
that they may the more effectively produce munitions
for our sore-pressed soldiers. He has seen the Proto-

muffled roar of Demos, driven infuriate into mob dis-

order. The leaders of the nation ponder as they smoke,

and the men of the Army are thoughtfully musing.

Kerensky, nerves drawn taut, is impatient for the

believe. Kerensky, nerves drawn taut, is impatient for the

historians. Kerensky is impatient for the Army red

Kerensky, nerves drawn taut, is impatient for the


glimmerings of Marx and other modern writers

of such national existence as is permitted to a people

the Tsar's

shall be null and void. Nay,

his sharp nose surmounted with pince-nez,

the Elders to speak. "This will be no
drawn taut, his short-clipped beard brist-

..."In the early thirties, of medium

to be

his face tapering sharply to the chin."

4

saw the people and the Cossacks saluting each other in friendly understanding."

"Good!" exclaims Konовалoff, rich bourgeois, whose
Manchester ambitions have not yet (not yet, we say,
oh, Konovaloff!) dimmed a deeper vision. Thus on
that eventful night, round Rodzianko's hospitable board, these men, chosen of the nation, diverse, of alien purposes we may not unreasonably infer, decide that the Tsar's ukase shall be null and void. Nay,
more, that the Tsardom itself, if needs must, should also be null and void, cast into the Abyss of Oblivion, into which are incontinently tumbled all those poor
sons of men who miss their way, the perverse, the
obstinate, those of good intentions Hell-embroidered.

The winter solstice draws near its close (a fact not
uninteresting to necromancers, occultists and others
who dabble in the black arts), yet still the day breaks
grey and dismal, snowflakes vainly seeking entrance
through the cotton-stuffed windows of Petrograd.
Hunger is a poor bed-fellow, not conducive to high
hopes and good spirits. Nevertheless, by some
strange psychical alchemy, the spirit of the crowd
is bright and resilient. The word has gone forth:
"The Army is with us." Truly the winter solstice has
well-nigh run its Cimmerian course. Well may ye
rejoice, ye poor toilers, too long the sport of kings and
tyrants, for indeed the Army is with us. We have
not unmoved, on that dramatic scene in the great
Catherine Hall of the Tauris Palace, where the giant
Preobrazjensky Guards are drawn up, four deep.
Rodzianko strides out to greet them. His thoughts
fly back to those other days, ginger hot i' the mouth,
when he was young and strong. "Soldiers saluting each other in friendly understanding,"

"The Army is with us." Truly the winter solstice has
well-nigh run its Cimmerian course. Well may ye
rejoice, ye poor toilers, too long the sport of kings and
tyra...
them. Will they come at his call? "We are ready; show us the way," shout back the Guards. The Provisional Committee of the Duma, the "Committee of Public Safety" of another great revolution of which we have written in great detail, is busy on similar errands. Dryasdust will in due course, a century throated, "We are ready; show us the way," we have Artillery, the Cossacks, too, belike—a task not to our perusing papers, as though he were still directing Public Safety" of another great revolution of which them. Will they come at his call? "We are ready; "The Army is with us!" Take heart, all ye that are oppressed; in our joy, we have hopes that no longer shall ye go the old way of Calvary.

On this historic day, when the Guards shout, full-throated, "We are ready; show us the way," we have a passing glimpse of bitten biters; the old régime is under lock and key. We see that hoary recreant Goremykin, who stuck to power when the Duma bade errands. Dryasdust will in due course, a century throated, "We are ready; show us the way," we have Army, the Cossacks, too, belike—a task not to our perusing papers, as though he were still directing Public Safety" of another great revolution of which them. Will they come at his call? "We are ready; "The Army is with us!" Take heart, all ye that are oppressed; in our joy, we have hopes that no longer shall ye go the old way of Calvary.

Vain is it, as the ancients said, to gloat over the fallen; we, too, ere the sun go down may find ourselves in the same quagmire. More to our purpose is it to discover what the Army Chiefs think of these events. Nicholas, himself a Grand Duke and of some consequence, hates the Germans more than he hates the revolution. From the far Caucasus he implores his Imperial cousin to take heed; warns him that the tide is rising. The Empress will have none of it. "For twenty years we have sat upon the Throne; fear not the people love us. Have not the Spirits spoken words of comfort, as we clasped hands with the godly Rasputin? God anointed us; He is surely with us. Observe, too, that they who would do us hurt are atheists and worse." She proudly draws herself up and goes to her own apartments. Meantime we may observe, not without anxiety, the munition trains travel with suspicious deliberation from Archangel and Ekaterinberg. A traveller tells us that armaments at Vladivostok are piled up to the skies for miles upon miles. In all the world, at this time, only in Russia is there abundance of food; only in Russia do the people starve. We have already heard, by certain devious channels, that Brusiloff has sworn to bring Petrograd to its knees. "Some fall, some rise; for time; suggests that he should confer with his kinman." Thus and thus does the narrative end. We note that the stolid Sturmer sits at a desk perusing papers, as though he were still directing affairs. Potopoff, brought back from the spiritualistic seance at Tsarskoe Selo, reclines on a sofa, a physical wreck.

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The drama moves to its appointed end. Some inkling of grim change and tumult reaches the Tsar. He decides that Pskoff is safer. He arrives there at 9 o'clock in the morning. Russky pays his respects. "This man, brought hither by Charm, once a weak and vacuous smile and bitter tears." In vain, we strain our ears for the verdict.

--SECURITY.

III.—SECURITY.

This inevitable result of the divorce of the ownership of labour and capital has been the loss of security by the wage-earner. Speaking broadly, the slave was secure; his job was continuous, and his master was obliged to maintain him in employment and in unemployment, in sickness and in health. This security, which was a security without rights based upon the denial of freedom, the wage-system swept away. For an actual security based upon bondage it substituted a no less actual insecurity based upon an incomplete personal freedom. Our problem to-day is that of re-establishing security without re-instituting virtual chattel-slavery.

In the Tudor period, when the migration of workers from agriculture to the factories threatened to deprive and Shulgin are on their way as Commissioners of the Duma. Nicholas hears that even his own bodyguard has joined the Revolution. He becomes inattentive; his thoughts wander; he is falling through space; his little world (so big to his courtiers and sycophants) is at an end. "The spider hath woven his web in the imperial palace; the owl hath sung her watch song on the towers of Afrasiab." Listless, he signs the abdication papers; weary of all, he mechanically appends his signature to other documents that brook no delay. He asks to see the Empress. The Commissioners sharply refuse. The Tsar, the Lord’s Anointed, Emperor of All the Russias, weeps bitterly, and there is none to comfort him. Thou Royal Moralist, long since, in the morning of Man’s days, wrapped in rich cerements, and, to the plaintive strains of harp and psaltery and the mellowed tones of tabor, sepultured with most majestic pomp, break thy tomb’s long silence and tell us if, when, in thy bitter disillusion, the anguished cry escaped thy lips, “All, all is vanity,” didst thou too weep? Was there none to solace, to console? Amidst all thy counsellors and advisers, thy alleged Em- thy Captains of the Guards, thy Queen of Sheba (to whom not half thy glory had been told), thy wives and concubines, was there none to smooth out the furrows ploughed by sorrow and God’s stern decree? Contemplating the Departure, the Official Demise, of this unhappy son of Danaus, we have much food for the digestion of social and proverbial philosophy. We are not, however, minded to sit at such Timonic feast. One last picture suffices to close our melancholy chapter. An obscure cousin summons courage to tell the Emperor the truth. This cousin, one Nicholas Mikhailovitch, seems at this distance to be an honest God-fearing man, of scientific bent, President of the Russian Imperial Historical and Geographical Societies (with which, if memory serves, a certain Prince Krapotkin was once connected); sweats blood as he tells the Head of the Romanoffs that the day is black as Erebus, be seaching him to act while yet there is time: knows the severe penalties he has incurred, as the beads of perspiration, like the tears of Jacques, “course one another down his nose in pitious chase”: at length cries out in nervous exhaustion—"Now call your Cossacks and have me killed and buried in your gardens." The Em- peror, so Dryasdust tells us, lstens with vacuous, smiling incredulity, “politely lighting matches for his kinsman.” Thus and thus does the narrative end. We hear the indictment of Aeschylus before dread Minos:—"This man, brought hither by Charon, once a weak and duped King amongst the Mortals, passed his futile life between vacuous smiles and bitter tears." In vain, we strain our ears for the verdict. S. G. H.

Reflections on the Wage System.

the landowner of the means of tilling the land, legislation was enacted to prevent the workers from moving freely. Without a security at all comparable to the security of chattel slavery, the worker was tied to his employer. In our own time, the passage of the Munitions Act placed for a time many workers in a similar position. The employer could refuse his employee a leaving certificate, and so prevent him from getting work elsewhere, and, at the same time, withhold from him both work and wages. Even now, though this abuse has been modified, the worker who is subject to the Munitions Act is virtually tied to his employer, receiving in return security of employment. The War Munition Volunteer and the Army Reserve Munition Worker are even tied, not to a particular employer, but to any employer to whom the Government may send them. Under such conditions, the worker recovers the security of chattel-slavery; but he does so at the sacrifice even of the limited freedom to choose his employer which the wage-system has hitherto allowed.

One of the objects which National Guildsmen must attain in destroying the wage-system is the re-establishment of security; but they must beware lest, in seeking this, they succeed only in riveting the chains more firmly upon the working-class. This is the peril that lurks in some of the proposals for the re-establishment of security which are now being put forward in the name of reconstruction.

The proposals fall into two classes. On the one hand, it is suggested that the State should assume the responsibility for security of employment or for maintenance in unemployment on behalf of the whole working-class. On the other hand, it is suggested that the maintenance of the worker in employment and unemployment alike should become a direct charge upon industry itself. And these proposals are applied to periods of sickness as well as to unemployment.

Within restricted spheres, both principles are operative at the present time. On the one hand, we have the State administration of Health and Unemployment Insurance, and a certain amount of State relief of unemployment under the Unemployed Workmen Act: on the other, we have the Employers' contributions under the Insurance Act, and, what is by far a purer case, the Employers' Liability Act and the Workmen's Compensation Act. Moreover, in the Insurance Act we have a mixed principle, which makes the employer to some extent an agent of the State and an intermediary between the State and the worker.

It is, however, generally recognised that none of these measures constitutes an establishment of security, and active propaganda is proceeding in respect of the two rival methods. The advocates of State action desire the complete assumption by the State of the responsibility for the provision against and for unemployment, on a non-contributory principle—that is, out of revenue raised by taxation. To this it is objected by employer and workman alike that it would immensely increase the element of bureaucratic control over industry, and by workmen, in addition, that it would place Labour as completely in the hands of the State as it is now placed there by the Munitions Act and the Military Service Acts. The saner advocates of State action argue that the remedy lies in placing the administration of Employment Exchanges and of the provision for and against unemployment, not in the hands of State officials, but in the hands of employers and workmen jointly. Here, again, objection is taken on the ground that this would increase the expenditure of money raised by public taxation by bodies not publicly responsible, or, at least, not publicly controlled. This is, indeed, a serious objection, because it will probably shipwreck the scheme. If "public money" is to be expended, Parliament and the Treasury will insist on controlling the expenditure of it. If this happens, we at once find ourselves back under the domination of bureaucracy.

We shall be better able to meet this difficulty if we first look at the opposing solution of the problem. By the opponents of State control, among whom National Guildsmen, as advocates of industrial autonomy, most naturally find their place, it is urged that the way out of the difficulty is for industry itself to assume the burden. Nor is this put forward as a mere expedient; for it is clear that National Guilds must afford security by assuming responsibility for the Guild members in employment and in unemployment, in sickness and in health.

This suggestion at present lacks precision; but it seems to assume roughly this form. Each industry, it is proposed, should assume the responsibility for its whole personnel, in bad and good trade alike. The unemployed, and probably the sick also, should be a charge upon the industry, and should be maintained out of its product. To the capitalist, it is pointed out, this principle already applies: he, at any rate, can be maintained by the industry, whether he is well or ill, working or idle. It applies, further, to the management, not, to a considerable extent, to the workmen. Why should it not apply to the workers also? Would it not, indeed, be a most important step in the recognition of industrial democracy that the workers' right to full maintenance out of the product of their industry should be securely established?

The peril of this suggestion clearly lies in the fact that we are as yet very far off the establishment of National Guilds. To make unemployment and sickness a charge on the Guilds is one thing; to make them a charge on industry, as it is now constituted, is clearly quite another, and might easily involve the placing of the worker in a more complete subordination to capitalism than ever. If he who pays the piper calls the tune, there is evidently a danger that capitalism, in assuming the responsibility for the worker in sickness and unemployment, might also virtually assume ownership of the worker. In that case, we might have made a breach in the wage-system; but we should have substituted for it a new form of chattel-slavery.

There seem to me to be insuperable objections both to the complete assumption by the State of the provision for and against unemployment, and to an assumption of the same responsibility by capitalism. It is, however, evident that somehow this responsibility must be assumed, and that Labour is not in a position, and cannot fairly be asked, to assume it. There seem to be two further alternatives which we have not yet considered.

First, there is the "Ghent system" of unemployment insurance, by which the State subsidises Trade Unions to the extent of a proportion of their expenditure on unemployment benefit. This system already occupies a subordinate position in the scheme established under the Insurance Act, one of its defects lying in the State's insistence on a fairly large element of control in return for its subsidy. But there is a more serious defect; for it makes the amount of State assistance depend upon the amount spent by the Trade Unions on voluntary unemployment insurance. This both rules out the possibility of the worker himself paying into a fund for himself, and it is, besides, unfair in that it places a large part of the cost of insurance upon the shoulders of the wage-earner. It is not, and cannot be made, a universal scheme of maintenance in times of unemployment, and, what is more important, it is wholly ineffective in furthering the decasualisation of labour.

This should be one of the first objects for National Guildsmen; for casual labour is one of the greatest obstacles to blackleg-proof industrial organisation. Can we not, then, devise means of getting round the
objections to the assumption by industry of the burden of unemployment? Clearly, if the burden is placed upon industry, those who control industry will have every incentive for making it as light as possible.

This brings me to the remaining alternative, which is the control of maintenance benefits in sickness and unemployment by the Trade Unions, the cost being borne by a levy upon industry exacted under authority of an Act of Parliament. Let an Act be passed setting up for each industry a statutory body representing employers and Trade Unions, with power to levy a rate upon all the firms in the industry in proportion to the numbers employed by them. Let the payment of benefits from this fund be placed absolutely in the hands of the Trade Unions, and let Parliament have no control either of the amount of the levy or of its expenditure. This would be a clear step in the direction of industrial autonomy.

This, however, would not solve the whole problem; for industry is not a single uniform body, but there are many workers, and not a few employers, who cannot be assigned definitely to any industry. For these there would have to be a general body, on which, from the Labour side, the General Labour Unions would be strongly represented, and this body would levy a general rate on all employers employing such unallotted labour.

To these bodies, and to a Central body co-ordinating them all, should also pass the control of the Labour Exchanges, and of any other industrial agencies set up by the State for dealing with questions of employment.

That there are perils in this scheme, as there are perils in all forms of co-operation between employers and Trade Unions, need not be denied. But, in a socialism which we are, perforce, driven to choose between evils, we have the choice between bureaucratic State control and a limited co-operation with the employers for particular purposes, and it seems natural that advocates of National Guilds should prefer the second alternative to the first. Those who dwell upon the danger seem to hold that the effect of co-operation with the employers will inevitably be that Labour will fall in love with capitalism. Is it not far more likely that a taste of control will produce a taste for control? National Guildsmen have never believed that the new Society can spring full grown from the old, like Athene from the head of Zeus. The new conditions must germinate within the old, by the gradual assumption by Labour of functions which are now the preserves of the employers. Labour can control, it must learn how to control; and this it will do only by actual experience of control. For this experience, we must be prepared to risk much; and the risk in such a scheme as this does not seem to me to be great.

The danger that is real in the preaching of security lies in schemes that would have the effect of tying the workers more closely to a particular employer. We have already experienced the effects of such security in the Royal Dockyards, and wherever the prospect of a pension ties the workman to his job. For this reason, there must be no attempt to deal with the problem of security in relation to the particular workshop. The workman must get security, not as an employee of such and such a factory, but as a member of the industry in which he works. This is the path of industrial autonomy; and, if this is followed, it will be a long step towards the abolition of the wage-system, though it will not by itself abolish that system. Ultimately, the complete control of employment and unemployment, and complete responsibility for the workers in sickness and in health must pass to the Guilds; but the most we can hope for at present is a system in which the workers' right to security is recognised and in which, without any sacrifice of freedom, he plans an equal part in the administration of the means to that security.

**An Industrial Symposium.**

Conducted by Huntly Carter,

With a view to pooling the practical wisdom of the nation upon the main problems of the post-war period, The New Age is submitting the 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?

(Mr. F. W. Hirst. (Editor, "Common Sense.")

In my opinion, the more the clerks and officials of the government departments interfere with trade and business, the worse it will be for the taxpayer and the consumer, the employer and the hungry multitudes who, after the War, will be seeking employment. The State, unfortunately, has great power for evil, and very little for good.

Mr. H. Sanderson Furniss, (Principal of Ruskin College, Oxford.)

1 (a). The answer to the question, "What will be the industrial situation after the War?" would seem to depend to a large extent on the attitude of the employers now in the Army who will be going back into industry. How will they have been permanently influenced by the military machine? Will they come back prepared to be drilled into any kind of work to which their employers choose to put them, and on any terms that may be imposed from above; or have they been thinking and talking in the trenches, and will they return with an unwillingness to accept the conditions that prevailed before the War, and a determination that they will be treated as men, and not merely as wage-earners?

1 (b). One of the most prevalent ideas just now as to industry after the War appears to be that a large increase in production will be essential. No doubt increased production was necessary before the War—for the national income was insufficient for our needs—and it will be more necessary after the War, but not so much more necessary as is sometimes supposed. Organised Labour should make it clear that it will not consent to increased production unconditionally and at all costs. It is, however, one of the utmost importance that restriction of output, both by employers and employed, should be abandoned, and it cannot be beyond the wit of man to devise some method of securing the maximum of efficiency in production without the risk of undue strain upon the workers, and with adequate guarantees against rate-cutting by the employers. Full and frank discussion between employers and employed must be insisted upon, and the workers must formulate a definite policy, and be able to show that it is practicable. The workers must obtain more and more control in industry, and must insist on having the opportunities for education and the training of capacity which are necessary if this object is to be attained in the near future.

The position of Capital—or, rather, of the owners of capital—and the employing classes after the War will be extremely strong, and public opinion will probably be inclined to support them in their desire to get as large a share as possible of the work that will be necessary for repairing the damage done by the War, and in their efforts to capture new markets, and will be inclined to resent the interference of industry and the friction caused by disputes. It will, therefore, be particularly necessary that Labour should be able to make its voice heard, and, also, that it should be able to show that it has reason on its side.

1 (c). The sooner people give up thinking of individual States as commercial entities, and realise the world-wide nature of commerce, the better. If, the moment this War is over, we are going to organise ourselves on a military basis with a view to the next war, there is no doubt something to be said for the British Empire and the Central Powers each attempting to make themselves self-sufficing economic units. But, then, we should have an equal hope for the future peace of the world.
Bernard van Dieren.

A REPLY TO CRITICS.

By Cecil Gray.

The outbreak of fury and indignation which greeted the concert of Bernard van Dieren's works at the Wigmore Hall last month was not altogether unexpected. The proverbially indiscriminate tolerance with which English critics accept any manifestation of art which has received the sanction and approval of authority always gives place to contempt and hostility whenever they are confronted with any new art or thought. It is not insignificant to remember that the two most eminent composers of English nationality at the present time—Delius and Elgar—were both completely ignored.

Since the outbreak of War, the sphere of the State in the control and direction of industry has been greatly widened, and the Government has attempted to regulate the affairs of people to an extent almost dreamed of three years ago. While the State has, no doubt, done much of its new work well, its action in many directions, though accepted as necessary under the circumstances, has been not a little resented. It seems probable that, after the War, a marked reaction may set in against State interference, but it would be unfortunate if this reaction were carried too far. The distinction between State ownership and State control should not be lost sight of. The War may have shown that State control under the State as we have it to-day may have its disadvantages; but it has not shown it to be undesirable, for instance, that the rent of land should go into the public purse instead of into the pockets of the landlords. National ownership does not necessarily mean direct national control. Although, as a general rule, it may be best for industry to be actually carried on by groups of producers, the State owning the means of production, there is, under present conditions, much work of national importance which is not likely to be undertaken by private enterprise, and which only the State can successfully carry out—such as, e.g., housing and afforestation. The State might also help towards the better regulation of production and distribution through taxation, by taking a greater proportion of the incomes of the well-to-do (now largely spent on things which are not essential to well-being), and spending it on objects such as those just mentioned.

In connection with the distribution of wealth, it is surprising that the Labour movement has never taken in hand the question of inheritance, for, if this question were seriously attacked, one of the principal causes of the inequality in the distribution of wealth might be removed.

The State should be able after the War to do much in the way of bringing Capital and Labour together, and providing opportunities for full discussions of industrial problems between employers and employed; while it could give the force of law to agreements arrived at, should this be desired. In my opinion, Labour, Capital, and the community as a whole should widen their outlook generally as to the industrial situation, and try to realise more clearly that the production of wealth is only a means to an end, not an end in itself.

I have not time at this moment to answer the questions. I can only say that I should rejoice at the success of the movement resulting in the old antagonism and bitterness between Capital and Labour being buried and never to be resurrected.
One has only to keep up a steady persistent unchanging rhythmic figure for some 50 bars—like Rimsky-Korsakov or Stravinsky—to be acclaimed as a master of rhythm. It is exactly the same in literature. Swinburne's muse is a logical figure; and mechanical jingles have always been considered the supreme rhythmical achievement of English poetry. But why not the limerick?

Here, then, are the serious attempts at criticism. But, surely, to say that the music is ugly, uninspired cacophony, or excessive eccentricity, is no criticism at all. (Incidentally, is there a period in the history of music when is it not ugly, and when does eccentricity become excessive?) Neither is it of any value to say that the trick of being incomprehensible is an old one. It is certainly no older than the trick of being comprehensible, which is quite as easy, and far more profitable. But there seems to be a strange conviction about that, while anyone can write discords, only a consummate genius can write a common chord.

Other critics, however, scarcely mention the music, but limit themselves chiefly to gibes at the analytical programme, from which they frequently misquote—whether from carelessness or intention, it would be interesting to know. The fact is, the writers of the programme had expressed very definite opinions on the subject of Mr. van Dieren's art seems to have been greatly resented; the theory being, evidently, that people who have studied the music closely should not express an opinion on it; this being a privilege reserved exclusively for those who know nothing whatever about it.

Taken all together, then, these criticisms constitute a most pitiful display of ineptitude. One can understand and appreciate adverse criticism which is based upon sound knowledge, and is the outcome of careful consideration. It is not when criticism is hostile that an artist resents it, but only when it is incompetent; and, in this particular case, as we have seen, every critic who attempted to justify his attitude merely exposed his ignorance. It seems, in fact, that even mere technical knowledge is not to be expected from those whose lives are spent in delivering judgments upon the life-work of others.

Fortunately, however, the musical critic does not represent enlightened opinion; he is more journalist than artist, and, consequently, is only at pains to say what the policy of his employer dictates, or to describe what, in his opinion, his readers would have thought had they heard the music themselves.

If, then, I seem to be wasting paper in refuting the statements of such nascently incapable persons as newspaper critics, it is only on account of the very considerable influence they exercise over the minds of those for whom printed words are gospel, and the writers of them almost mythical in importance. It is only the journalist who knows that "le journal est monsieur," and he is careful to preserve the mystery. But if the public cared to find out what the critic's qualifications are for the work he performs with such almighty authority, they would be very rudely disillusioned. However, since one can hardly be expected to retain the patience to wade through the monster, it may not be superfluous to point out that the critic's imagination—it existed—not having time to come into action between his impression and his relation of it, pays homage to his forgotten confidante by quoting the stock remarks and phrases which they in their time applied to the undesirable innovation of the particular period. If anyone would trouble to read contemporary criticisms on the works of Beethoven, Berlioz, Wagner, Liszt, or even of Richard Strauss, he would discover the source from which Mr. van Dieren's criticisms have drawn their vocabulary and inspiration. Indeed, they could have paid him no greater compliment.

Drama.

By John Francis Hope.

The Lord Chamberlain has at last licensed for public performance a translation of M. Brieux's "Les Avariés," and it is now being played at the St. Martin's Theatre. It is only a few months since the West End theatres were publicly charged with contributing to the spread of venereal disease; and although the Bishop of London subsequently apologised to the authors of "legitimate" stage plays, he maintained his charges against certain revues and music-hall performances. It was assumed that if a soldier saw a chorus girl's legs, and heard a comedian make a joke that had a sexual reference, he would at once qualify for admission to a V.D. hospital. The connection was never shown, but the assumption of it served the purposes of the purity campaigners; and enabled all those people who do not go to theatres to plume themselves not only on their superior morality, but on their immunity from contagious diseases. At that time, "Damaged Goods" was considered unfit for public performance; but the Royal Commission has concluded what the agitators against the White Slave Traffic began, and the names of these diseases have passed into current speech.

Presumably the purpose of the performance of "Damaged Goods" is to counteract what are called the "pernicious effects" of vaudeville. Just as it was not considered right to allow the Devil to have all the good tunes, so it is not considered right to allow him to monopolise the contagious diseases. They were, in the time of Shakespeare and of the Restoration comedy, the subject of innumerable jokes; surely they may now furnish texts for sermons, "For Adults Only"?

Vice is a monster of so foul a mien that, to be hated, needs but to be seen. That may be true, although Pope wrote it; but surely its truth depends upon the persons to whom the monster is exhibited. What guarantee have we that this performance will attract the audience for whom it is intended? None whatever. It does not invade the province of vaudeville, it offers no attractions to the patrons of that form of entertainment. Who is likely to go to see it? All the purity-mongers, all the defenders of public morals, all those who are already acquainted with the play and want to see what Mr. Fisher White makes of the part of the doctor. But the general public whom it is proposed to enlighten by this means will probably avoid it as though it were the plague that it explains; the form in which the teaching is proffered is so formidable that it is more likely to frighten than to attract the very people for whom it is intended.

I am supported in this reasoning by the facts relating to this very play. It is known that, since the war began, there has been an increase of these diseases in every belligerent country. The play was first produced in this country by the Stage Society about ten years ago; in 1911, Mrs. Bernard Shaw published a translation of it in "Three Plays by Brieux," which had three editions here, and is still in demand. In America, it had even a better sale, and ten thousand copies of a special edition of "Damaged Goods" were sold in Connecticut, and more were asked for. In 1914, M. Foss produced the play at the Little Theatre, and a series of performances (all, of course, subscription performances) were given at the Court Theatre. Mr. Fifield published a shilling edition of the play in the same year; and yet, in spite of all the publicity given to the play, we are faced with the fact of an increase in the very evil that the play is intended to combat.

I do not mean to imply that the publicity given to this play is in any sense or degree a cause of this increase; I do mean that this play fails to effect what it intends. I believe myself that a four-page pamphlet written by
doctors, stating the causes, symptoms, and consequences of these diseases in plain language, and the hygienic means of preventing them, and distributed to every household, would do more good than all the dramatic sermons that M. Brieux could write. Make it clear that M. Brieux does, attempt to impose a system of morality in the name of science, and you do nothing to reduce the incidence of the disease. By the nature of the case, it is the wilful and the wayward who are most likely to fall victims to these diseases; they have already settled the moral question for themselves, and have decided against chastity or matrimony. It is impossible to make a man monogamous against his will, and the only social duty that he can be compelled to perform is to prevent himself from becoming a danger to his fellows. Brieux's play does nothing to prevent the spread of these diseases except to affirm, what is manifestly untrue, that the only way to avoid them is "to love only one woman, to be her first lover, and to love her so well that she will never be false to you."

It is useless to use the "awful consequences" argument, as M. Brieux does; in certain moods certain people will always "damn the consequences." The Bishop of London has declared that at least ten per cent. of our soldiers on leave go out "looking for trouble"; and it is really absurd to suppose that they will cease to seek for it if they are told, what they already know, that they are running serious risks of contracting disease. Besides, M. Brieux is so concerned to state the awful consequences that he does not "hold the mirror up to nature"; the most horrible scene in his play is the most unconvincing. A woman who, like the patient's mother, will deliberately scheme to get the nurse infected by the child for no earthly reason (for the doctor assures her that the baby is not likely to suffer by being bottle-fed), has no relation to an awful consequences argument, which will be discounted by everyone who sees the play. The whole conception of the play is wrong; it is not necessary that the general public should be informed concerning disease, and the opening of the lazaret-house only offends them. Not pathology, but hygiene, should be the study of the public; and that may be taught without any dwelling upon the horrors that M. Brieux recounts. The defect of most moralists is that they are more interested in the horrors of vice than they are in the beauties of virtue. "A practical difficulty arising in connection with it, virtue would hardly be distinguishable from a kind of sensuality," said Bishop Wilson; and did not St. Paul tell the Philippians: "Whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things." The fulness of saying "Shoo!" to sin, of trying to scare the sinner, should be apparent to every moralist by now; and Brieux is really belated.

TO THE POET.

Soft singing 'midst the foam of clustered waves,
Soft voices 'neath the fringe of lowly light,
Soft amorous looks that weave a passage bright
Through lucid atmospheres where moonshine braves
The swooning depths of secret, still sea-caves;
Loose, subtle dream that lures each watching wight
Mong misty halls enlampèd in opal light;
To each their syrens and their wanton slaves.
Poet! thy mind with sickness is bewrayed.
Deat thou not see the skull beneath the flesh,
The greenly honest, beneath the chaps frayed,
Sathey's dull tomb, the brazen mesh
Of lechery and doubt, the haunted haze
Where virtue moans, adrift in this wild maze?

J. A. M. A.
the greater part of what I copy is chosen because I admire it.

The finest use of geographical names in amorous poetry that I know of is Donne's "O my America, my Newfoundland!" which charms me anew whenever I remember it.

For concentrated descriptive excellence, Hall would be hard to excel in his 2d Satire, Book IV, of the thirty-fifth letter of the lawyer son: "When Lollo feasted in his revelling fit, Some starven pullet scours the rusted spit." I like Byron's (from "The Giaour") "Who falls from all he knows bliss lies little into what abyss." Not to tire out your patience, as already I fear I may have done, I will close by quoting from Henry James. The first piece is from "Terminations," and is descriptive of a character suggested in part by Coleridge. The second part is from "The Two Magici": "It can have happened to no man, however, to be paid a greater price than such an enchanted hush as surrounded him on his greatest nights. The vast gates of the kingdom of light seemed to open and the horizon of thought to flash with the beauty of a sunrise at sea." "The way in which a man pays his highest tribute to a woman is apt to be but by the more festal celebration of one of the sacred laws of his comfort."

The extracts from my correspondent's note-book remind me of a suggestion I have often intended to make to my readers. Every man is illuminated upon occasion, and drops happily a gem of expression, sometimes, as it were, in witty retort, sometimes alone and to himself. If only there were a Boswell always present with us, which of us is so dull as not to be able to provide him, after a fairly long life in our company, with, at least, a little volume which we might call our table-talk, or what not? And what an intellectual creamery which charms me anew whenever I know to the horizon of thought to flash with the beauty of the age.

The first piece is from "Terminations," and is descriptive of our contemporaries. The second part is from "The Two Magici": "It can have happened to no man, however, to be paid a greater price than such an enchanted hush as surrounded him on his greatest nights. The vast gates of the kingdom of light seemed to open and the horizon of thought to flash with the beauty of a sunrise at sea." "The way in which a man pays his highest tribute to a woman is apt to be but by the more festal celebration of one of the sacred laws of his comfort."

Another of the four books referred to is a reprint of the articles contributed to The New Age by my colleague, "S. G. H.,," under the title of "The Permanent Hypothesis," together with articles contributed by him to the "Contemporary Review," and other journals. Messrs. George Bell and Sons are the publishers. These essays form together a thorough-going criticism of the various schemes of industrial reconstruction that are now so popular, with the current addition, however, of reconstrucrable propositions based upon the theory of National Guilds. The Editor of The New Age has contributed a special preface on the subject of "Unemployment After the War." Finally, I have to announce that on Friday next there will be—What am I saying? Forgive me, I thought for a moment I was filling up the interval between the sermon and the hymn! Finally, I am to inform you that the "Industrial Symposium," still in process of publication in these columns, will shortly be published, under the editorship of my indefatigable colleague, Mr. Huntly Carter, by Mr. T. Fisher Unwin.

R. H. C.

Some Experiments in "Psychological Education."

II.

The next subject set was a dream, in which each boy was supposed to find himself transported to some country or town in the past, or, if he liked, to London a hundred years hence. This seemed to offer as wide a scope for imagination as one could wish for, but boys of thirteen seldom miss a chance of letting you down. Z, for instance, spent a very tedious day with an ancient Briton, whose habits and customs were published in opening pages of an elementary English history. A and W visited ancient Egypt and satirized their papers with erudite facts. C wrote a lengthy and incoherent description of travelling by public aeroplane in A.D. 2000, and Y would have done the same, but...

After looking at these for a time, I felt quite dizzy, and I decided not to go for the trip (round England),
so I got out and said that I wasn't going. The man then gave me back my five shillings, and I went into a wide street.

I think perhaps he was wise, though a most original simile at the beginning had raised my hopes.

I dreamt that I was walking down a street in London, and as I went round a corner a most wonderful sight met my eyes. The street ended abruptly, like a bull-dog's face, and I thought that the occasion of the Spanish Armada. Here X and B, whose essays were by far the best, chose the simile at the beginning had raised my hopes. The street ended abruptly, like a bull-dog's face, and I thought that the occasion of the Spanish Armada. Here is X's effort, which, like Y's, the time before, showed a marvellous improvement on his former work. I transcribe it merely in order to give some idea of what his former work was like.

LONDON (1588).

"X, write me out 'The Armada, 1588,' two hundred times, and show it up to me to-morrow morning." From half-past six to seven I wrote, and before the Preparation Bell went I had finished it. Preparation done, after a while I found myself in bed, quite tired, and ready for a good sleep until next morning. My last thoughts were of what I had to write out, the excitement caused in London when news reached the capital that the Great Armada was sailing up the Channel. Here I was in a strange town; everything was strange, and yet the people spoke English, while at the corner of a street I saw "Fleet Street" written on a house. The street ended abruptly, like a bull-dog's face, and I thought that the occasion of the Spanish Armada. Here is X's effort, which, like Y's, the time before, showed a marvellous improvement on his former work. I transcribe it merely in order to give some idea of what his former work was like.

A DAY AND NIGHT WITH SIR FRANCIS DRAKE IN 1588.

One night I had been doing some very hard work, and, therefore, I soon fell asleep when I went to bed. I was woken by someone shouting out, "Come on, Mus* Drake!" I looked round and saw a man smoking, but the most striking figure was a man dressed in a dark blue doublet with a cap of the same colour. He was short and stumpy. His clothing was old, and had several grease-spots on it. As I stood there he came up to me, and cried out, "Ho, my gallant! where do you come from?" I said, "From Hampshire, sir," and he began to relate to me the following lines by Edward Cracroft Lefroy, a poet who appears in a few anthologies, but has been, I think, unduly neglected by the reading public. They can't say that I agreed with the sentiment (only think of Meredith's penetrating "Reading of Earth")! But I thought it would be interesting to offer what insight into Nature the boys possessed before this psychological education made them too reflective.

Accordingly, the next day I asked them to describe a scene in Nature, such as a sunset, a brook, waves breaking on a rocky shore, anything they liked. I told them particularly not to begin to write until they had got a fairly vivid impression of it; and on no account to write anything they couldn't see in their minds. Just as they were beginning I remembered the bulldog's face, and told them to bring in a few similes and metaphors. Up till then I don't suppose I had come across more than a dozen similes in the hundreds of schoolboy essays I have waded through during the past two and a half years, while metaphor, except in its most elementary form, had been entirely absent.

The following morning as I walked into the classroom I was greeted with cries of "Have you corrected our essays, sir? Who got most marks?"

"Oh, you little rascals, how many times have I implored you not to think of your wretched marks? Haven't I told you that you're all working as hard as you can? You're all working, and that you'll see that you get the wind in your sails. Europe? I can see that you'll all have to write another essay on 'The Futility of Marks and Marking'—out of school, this time."

(Providingly): "Oh, please, sir."

* Behind the Spaniards, so that the wind was behind us, and the Spaniards could not get near us.

† Compare the letter about Waterloo written by him (when the facts were fresh in his mind), quoted by "R. H. C." in *The New Age* of March 8.

** Old Devonshire word for "master."
"Haven't you got any decent ideals? I really did think by now I'd got you interested, and that you worked for the sake of working and not to get marks. They don't mean anything; you know that. The point is whether you did well or not." (Anxiously) "Did we do well, sir?"

"Yes, very well." (Joyfully) "Oh, sir! Who did best, sir?"

"There you are again. The interesting thing is not who did best, but why the boy who did best did do best. Do you follow me?"

Well, I'll try and explain, though I don't like doing it—in fact, I've never done this before. I don't mind rowing any of you in form, but it seems an unfair thing to compare one boy with another to their faces. However, I want you to understand as much about this method of extracting your latent powers as you can, so I'll begin by saying that some of you are cleverer than others. You must all realise that. Well, if I were asked to name the two cleverest boys in the form, the two who'd obviously read most and had the most receptive minds, I'd say—it's unseemly, I know—but I'd say without a doubt A and B." (General delight, and cries of "Good old A," "Good old B!") "When the applause has died down—Thank you. Now, if I were asked to name the two—what shall I say—the last two clever boys—(amused anticipation, and furtive exchange of apologetic glances)—by which I mean the least receptive and slowest at perception, I should be obliged to say—well, there's one boy who pleads guilty to seeing some of my feeble jests in bed, weeks afterwards." (Terrible applause, and cries of "Bad luck, V.")

"Yes, Z, you may well hide your face. I'm afraid you're the other. I'm awfully sorry, but really you're both so very nice about it that I don't think I need have felt such compunction. Well, now, without wishing to be unkind, I feel tempted to compare your two minds to virgin soil, whereas—(loud laughter). No; that's where you're all wrong. As a matter of fact, the seeds of this new system which I sowed in their virgin soil have produced the most luxuriant vegetation. (Sensation; and a voice, "Some metaphor, sir.")"

"It's all right; I got that out of your awful geography. Mind you never use such dreadful language. As I was going on to say, A's and B's minds are so overgrown with weeds, the thoughts and phrases of other people, that their own thoughts haven't room to grow. In fact, they're both too receptive.

Y: "Please, sir, what does receptive mean?"

"It means receiving and retaining impressions of things in your mind.

Y: "But you told us the other day that all the things we had ever seen or heard or felt or smelt were impressed on our minds somewhere."

"Well, so they are."

"Well, then, we must all be receptive."

"I don't think you are, Y."

"No, sir, honestly, sir."

"Well, if you will have it, I suppose I shall have to drop the word—it's quite a good word, too, if you only knew it. What happens, I suppose, is that some people's impressions are fainter than others; or else some minds keep on the top things that are buried right away in other minds. The point is you've got to be careful not to pick out the first thought that comes along—it may be someone else's. You've got to dig down and bring your own thoughts up to the surface and—you won't believe it—but your own thoughts are better than other people's. Don't go in for anything second-hand when you can make something new yourself. Everybody must have no end of rubbish floating about on the top of his mind, and probably the clever people have more than the stupid ones. That's why A and B wrote a lot of stuff about 'Happy Easter Morns' and 'Babbling Tricks.' Horrible! Why is it horrible? Well, you see, the first person that thought of babbling brooks must have been fairly smart, but so many people have used it since, that nowadays it's absolutely dead. Do you follow? Yes, I can see you do; so now perhaps you can see not only why Z, who always had done worst, did best; but B, who generally does best, did worst. I must say, Z, I was delighted with your essay. It's much the best I've ever had from a boy in my life."

"Oh, do read us Z's, sir."

"All right, I will." A STREAM IN AUTUMN.

It started in a little spring; then like a little baby it grew, gathering speed as it swept down the hillside, winding this way and that, as if to avoid the rough edges of rock. At the bottom of the hill it turned, and with an angry roar it plunged downwards, then, rushing round like a runaway horse who has been caught, it plunges and kicks, tossing its white mane with anger and fright, then, running on a bit, goes quietly home with its master. In a few seconds trees appear in sight, forming an archway across its path; some broken branches fell in on one side; then, like a haughty person, it brushes them aside and is lost to sight.

It appears again quite soon, but what a change! A beggar clothed in a brown and ragged suit; then it flows on along a narrow passage, and soon it becomes a wide stream, and takes a turn; then, walking slowly, it meets another friend, and they go away talking merrily.

I will not dwell on the actual merits of this little sketch. I think it can be left to speak for itself; but, as a proof of the value of "psychological education," its relative merits took my breath away; for Z's essays in the past were not only invariably the worst in the form, but showed no sign or promise of decent thought, perception, or expression. He always works hard, but for more than a year I had regarded him as a hopeless case so far as writing English was concerned.

I was now faced with the knowledge that on the last three occasions I had obtained astonishing results from Y, X, and Z in turn. Could it be that this method was succeeding in giving the dull boy a fair chance, an object which few educational methods dare claim to effect? The clever boy gets educated at school because he is clever; the dull boy merely vegetates. Most masters will, I think, admit this. When I first began to teach I tried, especially in mathematics, to make the pace of the form the pace of the slowest boy, but soon discovered how unfair this was to the others. One doesn't like to abandon the hindmost to the devil, but, on the other hand, it seems absurd to let the clever ones stand still. The only reasonable thing to do is to try and steer a middle course, which probably is the practice of most teachers. But an educational method that gives all minds the same chance ! I should not like to claim as much as this for the "psychological" method, though in this particular instance it obviously did place the backward boy at a positive advantage.

"Poea nascitur non fit." I begin to wonder.

T. R. C.

Views and Reviews.

THE C.W.S.

Some time ago (on November 23 of last year, to be exact) I reviewed in these columns a pamphlet by Mr. Frederick Temple, entitled, "The 'Tattooed Man,' or Labour Leaders and the Workers' Money." That pamphlet told the story of the origin of what is now called the 'National Co-operative Bank, Ltd.,' and of the peculiar treatment accorded to it and its founder, Mr. Temple, by the leaders of the Labour Party. Mr. Temple retorted with an exaggeration of the finance of "The Daily Citizen," for which the Labour Leaders were responsible, and the pamphlet, I believe, is being well circulated in the Labour movement at this moment, and is quickening Trade Unionists to a sense of the importance of finance to the working class movement.
Incidentally, that pamphlet contains a correspondence between Mr. Temple and Mr. Thomas Goodwin, Manager of the Banking Department of the Co-operative Wholesale Society, a correspondence which, I think, is a controversial victory for Mr. Temple. His argument was supported by the facts when war was declared, and the C.W.S. Bank, like any Joint Stock Bank, "was dragged into the operation of the Moratorium," as Mr. Temple says. Apart from the pamphlet, my review of it seems to be returning to the subject in this article because my reference was referred to at the London Quarterly Meeting of the C.W.S. on March 10, 1917. I will quote the reference in its proper place.

The readers of The New Age have probably forgotten the argument, so I may summarise it here. It became clear in the autumn of 1912 that the financial arrangements of the Trade Union movement were not perfect. The Miners, for example, although they had several million of securities, sought accommodation from a capitalist bank, and were refused. The Railwaymen, as we all remember, discovered that about twenty-five per cent of their funds were invested in Railway stock, some of which they would have to realise to finance the projected strike, and to realise at a loss because of the projected strike. It became clear that the Labour movement was, financially, in the pockets of the financiers; the Miners, for example, being refused accommodation by the capitalist bank, turned to the C.W.S. Bank and were accommodated. But the C.W.S. Bank itself had to draw the money from a capitalist bank; and as the leading London banks had passed a resolution to give no accommodation to Trade Unions, this would have been very serious if the strike had been prolonged, and further accommodation had been required. The necessity of establishing a Workers' Bank, self-contained and not amenable to financial "influence," became apparent even to "The Daily Citizen"; the "Daily Herald," "The Manchester Guardian," the "Financial News," all dealt with the subject at that time, and at the Newport meeting of the Trade Union Congress, the subject appeared on the agenda. The members received a short pamphlet on "Banking for Trade Unions" from Mr. Temple, which apparently scared the leaders out of their wits; for when the subject appeared on the agenda, they promptly caused it to disappear by relegating it to the Parliamentary Committee, with instructions to report to the next Congress. Meanwhile, Mr. Temple put his own scheme in operation by founding the National Co-operative Bank, Ltd.

Of the merits or demerits of this particular application of his banking principles, I do not pretend to speak; but with the principles themselves, I am in the heartiest agreement. If the Labour movement, or the Co-operative movement, really does represent an alternative to the present industrial system, then it ought not to allow itself to be hamstrung financially by being at the mercy of the capitalist banking system. If the three forms of control of industry, capital, and producers, are really antagonistic, if each of them implies the same idea of eliminating the competition of the others, then it is obvious that each should be self-contained, and should not devote its savings to financing its opponents. Just as the capitalist system of control of industry is represented by the Joint Stock banking system, so the consumers' control of industry should be represented by the Banking Department of the C.W.S., and the producers' control by a Workers' Bank. If either system uses the banking system of the other, it is obvious that the other which clears the cheques, must actually be controlling the industry. That "other" happens to be the Joint Stock banking system.

Recognising this, Mr. Temple's bank is a self-contained bank; it clears its own cheques. This means that when we receive from customers or suppliers cheques drawn upon other London banks, or adopt the plan largely employed by the other bank, that is to say, we send a messenger to the other bank and request payment across the counter. When the cheque is drawn upon a country bank, we remit it to that bank by post, and request a remittance by return. The reply is usually in the form of a draft upon the London agent of the other bank. The consequence is, that we not only receive cash for the cheque sooner than we should do if we had paid a clearing bank to collect it for us, but we avoid the expense of paying the clearing bank a commission for the collection, and also render ourselves independent of any possible pressure which, by the adoption of the alternative course, the clearing bank would be enabled to put upon us. Curiously enough, the only provincial bank that ever demurred to sending a remittance by return was the Banking Department of the Co-operative Wholesale Society; and Mr. Goodwin's letter suggesting that "a more convenient method would be to pay such cheques into your clearing agents" began the very interesting correspondence published in Mr. Temple's pamphlet.

The point at issue is, I think, perfectly clear to every one, except the C.W.S. Banking Department. It is this: if the Trade Unions intend to fight for the control of industry, particularly if they intend to use the weapon of the strike, then they will be well-advised to keep their money under their own control; and not put it under the control of the capitalist, either directly, or at one remove, through the C.W.S. Banking Department. A month after I made that point in my review of Mr. Temple's pamphlet, the following letter appeared in The New Age:

Our attention has been called to a review which appeared in your issue of November 23, in which reference was made to the Banking Department of the Co-operative Wholesale Society. Your reviewer states that, when the C.W.S. Bank helped the miners after the capitalist bank had refused to do so, "it could not have repeated its accommodation without the consent of the capitalist banks." We would point out that no bank would dare to dishonour a C.W.S. cheque upon it, provided there were funds sufficient to meet it, and this latter point is fully answered in the pamphlet upon which you based your review.

The balance-sheet of the C.W.S. shows that the total assets of the society on June 24 last amounted to £18,326,900; of this, £1,395,775, or less than 7½ per cent., was in other banks, and the amount represents less than one day's deposits into such banks. If cash in hand and balances in banks are referred to, it is quite true that 98 per cent. is in other banks. The bank balances are, however, earning interest, while cash in hand is dead money. The C.W.S. Bank has never experienced the slightest difficulty in getting their money from the banks, so that there is no point in the case presented by your reviewer.

The Co-operative Press Agency.

I replied at some length the following week, and have, so far, had no further communication with the official apologists for the C.W.S. But it is clear that the "point" in my case was missed by the apologists; I had not accused the C.W.S. of being a bank, and it was, therefore, irrelevant to my charge to state the assets. I had never suggested that a bank would "dishonour" a C.W.S. cheque upon its balance, and the assurance that it would not "dare" to do so was quite unnecessary. But the fact that the C.W.S. deposits more than a million and a quarter a week in other banks, and admits that its cash in hand and balances at other banks amount to 98 per cent. of its funds,
suffices to show me that the C.W.S. Bank does not understand that its business should be to finance the co-operative movement, and not the capitalist system. That naive confession that the balances at banks are "earning interest," instead of developing the productive resources of the C.W.S., makes me wonder whether the Co-operative Press Agency really understands what "Co-operation" means. Apparently, they are satisfied that it means co-operating with the capitalists, one result of which has been that the C.W.S. has to pay the Excess Profits Tax, and is at least in danger of having its reserves raided by this means.


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

This, of course, may not refer to me. For all I know, Mr. Temple may be the "disappointed man," and have written an article in some other paper. If it does refer to me, I may confess that I am "disappointed" by the controversial incompetence of the C.W.S. Banking Department, but there is something that does refer to me, a statement made at the London Quarterly Meeting of the C.W.S., and published in the "Co-operative News" of March 17:

Mr. Young (Eccles) asked what the committee had done in regard to the two articles appearing in The New Age on the C.W.S. Bank beyond the letter sent to the paper.

Mr. Hayhurst, replying, said that they had taken direct action in the face of the reply sent to the paper. The C.W.S. would be impregnable to attack if societies would only use the power they possessed. The Joint Stock banks were willing to be second cousin to the C.W.S., and there was no bank in the country which did not want to be on the best terms with the Wholesale Society. The C.W.S. did not want to provoke a fight, but they would not be thwarted. (Hear, hear.) Trade unions were coming in every week, but why did not all co-operative societies bank with their own institution? They had appealed five times to some societies to let them (the C.W.S. directors) into the board-room to show committees that they were losing money by not banking with the C.W.S., but they could not get admitted. There were local influences at work which were keeping things back, and he (the speaker) could tell the delegates stories that would make them think. Some societies concerned were represented in that room. Any society not banking with the Wholesale Society was losing money, which the board was quite prepared to prove. (Hear, hear.)

Let me say at once that I was not aware of any "drastic" power in the letter sent by the Co-operative Press Agency; and that I have not "purged my contempt" for the controversial intelligence of the C.W.S., this article shows. The utter lack of perception of the point at issue amazes me; if every society now in existence were to bank with the C.W.S., it would be no more "impregnable" than it is now, so long as its balances were held by Joint Stock banks, and its cheques were cleared by them. If the co-operative movement is a mere annex to the capitalist system, there is reason for self-congratulation in the fact that every bank in the country desires to be on good terms with the co-operative movement. I believe that confidence tricksters desire to be "on the best of relations" with the fool that has the money. But I always understood that the co-operative movement represented an alternative and antagonistic system of industry to the capitalist; but I am gradually being convinced by the action of the C.W.S., "drastic" and otherwise, that I was wrong.

For who, but a capitalist, would insist on no other argument than that the bank balances held by Joint Stock banks were "earning interest," that societies were "losing money" by not banking with the C.W.S.? Has the co-operative movement become a federation of money-lenders; has Robert Owen been superseded by Shylock as the patron saint of co-operation? What are we to think when, at the March Quarterly Meeting of the C.W.S. for the Newcastle Division, Mr. Pringle (of Chester-le-Street) should be able to say?

The policy of the directors was not sound or economic from the point of view of the societies. They had not shown foresight in making huge profits for the Wholesale Society, or the Government could have taken them. If the directors had pulled down the prices of flour is a sack, they would not have shown these big profits.

Has the whole movement gone dividend mad? or are we faced by an incompetence of the higher command similar to that which drove Sidney Webb out of Mr. Lloyd George's Labour Government?

Still Life. By J. M. Murry. (Constable. 6s.)

Mr. Murry's people are self-conscious; they know so much of themselves that they cannot be others. They are so sharp-sighted that they can neither work nor think; they are "sudden to start off cross-wise," but their self-consciousness only makes a tragedy of je le sais quoi. They are all lonely social-speaking union, forgetting that only the flesh unites; they can neither give nor take, they can only understand and try to explain, forgetting that language distorts and that their silences have already spoken. These people understand each other; their tragedy is the soul's tragedy; but they are, always trying to explain what they understand. They know, but are not content to know; they must speak, although they know that speech can add nothing but futility to their knowledge. They have genius, but no talent; they have the typical vellity of the spirit, they are creators who do not know what they want to create, and are sometimes doubtful whether they really want to create. Their inspirations are too frequent, too feeling, and too various in direction to permit of the development of a technique of expression; they are too near the source of life to be able to live, and they are subject to perpetual fear. They are aware of the permanence of eternity, and it horrifies them; they desire change, but are fearful of it, and when it happens, they are disgusted. They are always offering the noumenon and giving the phenomenon, forgetting that what they want to give, i.e., themselves, cannot be given, but must be the result of some consequences in Russia? Do these silly people know their own silly business, or are we to suppose that they are already safe in the arms of the capitalist system?

A. E. R. Reviews.
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

IS ENGLAND AT WAR?

Sir,—Are we at war? For two and a half years I have been under the impression that not only were we at war, but that we were fighting for our very existence. During the period mentioned I have served in camps and barracks extending from the far north to the far west of England, and all that came under my notice went to establish the fact that we were really at war. In the interest of war I have seen life and labour conscripted, and I have seen maid, mother, and grandmother enter the northern factories in their thousands, working night shift and day shift, to make the necessary ammunition for their lovers, husbands, or sons at the front. To one who has consorted with thousands of troops of all arms, and observed how cheerfully they submit to the hard life and training of a soldier, and who, further, has travelled with women munition workers after their exhausting labours of night shift, and discovered that the majority have no clothes or bedding to cover them at night, I say, apparently must be paid by those who are doing the fighting and labour.

Well, that is not good enough. Every man or woman who at this moment is fit to work or fight, and who is unwilling to do either, should forfeit, under compulsion, their investments in war loans and be placed on rations as are we.

It is monstrous to suppose that we are going to flatten the external Huns, only to place an internal heat of the same type and temperament in supreme power in this country for generations to come.

When Tommies comes marching home, and observes how in his absence things have been deliberately altered, to his detriment, I have not the least doubt that he will begin to ask a whole series of questions of those who are running the show, and it will be well if they can return satisfactory answers, otherwise—A SOLDIER.

AUSTRIA AND THE WAR.

Sir,—I wonder to what extent the underlying idea of Mr. George Herron’s interesting thesis is based upon fact. I write inquiringly. Until I read the article in question, the agreeable notion that the dismemberment of the Austria-Hungarian Empire was a morally justifiable policy had not occurred to me. Mr. Herron makes many determined statements which are certainly stimulating, and may be perfectly true. Only what does he exactly mean?

For instance, what does he mean by “the Prussian ruling class”? Does he include in this term the industrial and commercial plutocracy of the Hanse cities, or the ruling class ? Does he include the bankers of Berlin, these last the most cohesively Semitic aristocracy in Europe?

His thesis needs further elaboration. The Junkers stand grimly isolated, an Imperium in imperio, threatened within and without. These overlords have no popular following. If every Pomeranian squire, every Freiherr in Brandenburg were converted to Romanism to-morrow, what effect does Mr. Herron suppose this would have on the agricultural holders of Prussia? As to the industrial capitalists and wage-earners, are they united, if in that one bond alone, by a common detestation of their agrarian profiteers.

And yet Mr. Herron’s incisive pen has scared my mind. The sting remains in the puncture.

This sinister propaganda, where is it manifest? By what outward phenomena shall we recognise the “masked purpose” of these neo-clerical conspirators?

I am not of those who scoff at the danger from priest-ridden Rome. I know the Jesuit, and I know what Mr. Herron means when he says that “the Prussian temperament is Roman Catholic.” Nietzsche’s temperament was Roman Catholic, so was his teaching. Scratch Nietzsche and you find him.

But at this point let us try and discover how far Prussia as a whole is going Nietzsche’s way. One wants to hear more about this Black Peril. S. S.

THE INDUSTRIAL SYMPOSIUM.

Sir,—Mr. Hilton’s proof, which arrived too late for the printer, contains the following alterations and additions:

2 (a) should conclude: “I see no better way of shifting the wealth-toll over from Capital to Labour than the dilution of Capital. Labour should dictate Capital’s capital with the largest measure of Labour’s capital.”

(b) After “getting the last ounce out of it when hired” add “Employers and employed should unite
to employ their employers." Conclusion: "Efficiency, confidence, goodwill, right understanding, loyalty, openness, co-operation, are variously put forward as the key to reconstruction, but more than any or all of these one thing is needful—courage. The industrial ills of the past have been due more to fear than to selfishness. The old order continued largely because both sides, for a change to any other order would call for a lowering of our defences; better not risk it." Well, men are more in the mood for risks to-day. I hope that in industry the War courage will prevail. "

### PSYCHOLOGICAL EDUCATION

Sir,—Apropos of your correspondent "T. R. C. & Y.'s" remarks on the power of visualisation, I wonder whether it is the advantage he suggests. It appears to me to be a handicap to quick thought and concentration. The victim's mind is an involuntary cinema screen. At a word, rapid pictures flicker across it, presenting people with their thoughts and feelings, and backgrounds changing like transformation scenes. For instance, when I read a Zeppelin had been brought down in France, I had no desire to ponder over the tragedy, and determined to read no further account of it; but in the twinkling of an eye my imagination had a further adventure. The scene changed. I was the Zeppelin commander, experiencing his fears and hopes and impressions in the few minutes between coming under fire and death; and in turn I was every member of the crew. I was put to the agony of the awful impulse which drove four of them to jump to death rather than to wait for it; I was each of those who awaited cremation and had several seconds in which to feel it coming. Again the scene changed. I was a French soldier in deadly earnest behind the gun, which had just brought me death.

It is true that the first performance of these picture-plays lasts only a few minutes, but the fatiguing part about them is that they keep repeating themselves, sometimes on a smaller but often on a larger scale, whenever the subject, or even bear it referred to. Neither do only rare events-set them working. The most trifling occurrence will ring for a few minutes, but the fatiguing part to the human mind is the repetition of these events. The effect of the colours of the sky at that early hour, and the effect in it of the hovering Zeppelin sprayed with shells, then breaking into flames. Even the solitary aeroplane in pursuit of the Zeppelin, falling from it, the exact spot in which it fell, the wall of the gardens, which themselves were drawn in detail, with a coloured view of the country around stretching right away to the horizon. The sky was dyed with the colours of the Zeppelin, which itself was drawn in detail. The result is that most of one's life appears to be played as a picture-play, and yet it is not only repeated, but the same. No doubt Mr. Wright could improve on this. Possibly a truth. Mr. Wright blandly to ignore the majority evidence while acknowledging that the Commission was appointed by the trade, which, a little bored by the assertions of people such as Mr. Wright, wished to know the truth as to the influence of the cinema on juvenile life. The evidence so far has been much what the average, moderate-minded person expected it would be—entirely uncorroborative of the extravagant charges which have been brought. Only last week the Chief Constable of Edinburgh, speaking, also, for the Chief Constables of such towns as Aberdeen and Dundee, said that "the popularity of the cinema among all classes was of itself argument of its usefulness." Were the lessons it taught exercising an influence for evil, that evil would by now have made itself manifest in some form or other. But such had not been the case. The cinema, as a rule, had proved to be a positive good to society. The cinema is a false impression of the world revealed to him one at a time by an eye-glassed pedant. He had created a whole world of un-convulsive effort to score a point by the ingenious method of making hysterical attacks on an entertainment which he describes as payment for goods purchased by Britain. In my last letter I attempted to show that this argument was fallacious as far as gold was concerned. Since we do not import gold, we can pay it away, and since we are hardly likely to pay for our imports of gold by exports of gold, we must pay for them by exports of goods. Therefore we export goods to pay for gold to export again to pay for imports. And
Dr. Oscar Levy and Mr. Archer.

Sir,—Mr. William Archer has thoughtfully revived his differences with Dr. Oscar Levy, and in the "Daily News" of March 16 he discourses upon his opponent's depreciation of democracy. Mr. Archer is not only an authority on democracy, aristocracy, etc., but evidently he is also competent to speak of Dr. Levy's personality; and he says, "Dr. Oscar Levy, the ex-high priest of Nietzscheanism in partibus infidelium has returned to the sphere of politics." I should not be encouraged to quote to Dr. Levy's statements to an American interviewer that democracy is doomed, and that the future belongs to Nietzsche. Mr. Archer explains that this present belongs to Nietzsche, and he goes on: "He is having a splendid innings, but we trust that his wicket will come down ere long under the fast and furious bowling of Haig and Nivelle, Cadorna and Brusilof. In that case the future will belong, not to Nietzsche, but to sanity."

After this burst of cartoon rhetoric, Mr. Archer explains all the merits of democracy and its splendid prospects. But democracy always has had a splendid future, and I am sure we would not begrudge it that. Mr. Archer is confident of the strength and virtue and certainty of democracy. He concludes: "There is one conceivable method, and only one, by which the spirit of Nietzsche might dominate the future. If the photocrufts were to organise themselves into a close corporation of supermen, if they were to buy up some scientific secrets or secrets that should be free, if they could use small number of men to inflict enormous damage on any hostile force, however vast, that was unprovided with these instruments of destruction, and if they could strike certain members of the democracy to betray their fellows and form a caste of jüisaries for the purpose of ensnaring the multitude, then, but not till then, might the Nietzschean ideal be realised. The one conceivable method is the discovery of some frightful engine of war, the use of which can be monopolised by a gang of slave-drivers. If no such engine can be discovered, if military power and man-power remains, roughly speaking, synonymous democracy is certain to come to its own as soon as it has the intelligence to realise and organise its indestructible and irresistible strength."

What a pity that Mr. Archer, who is an accused authority on matters literary and even psychological, should descend to such vulgarity in decrying opponents whom he has not even read the effort to understand! What a pity that he should speak in such schoolboy language of him who would overcome morality through itself.

And of Dr. Levy's return, if he find the atmosphere of Berlin more congenial than the atmosphere of England, that is not his praise of Berlin, but rather condemnation of England. Of the "European" (and we may take Dr. Levy to be a "good European") Dr. Levy has written that his country is where he is understood. Now, he had described his antagonism to the German apotheosis in "The Revival of Aristocracy," and necessarily the democratic influences in England must have been very oppressive to him as an alien to induce him, after sampling neutrality in Switzerland, to return to Germany. There are times when even the best of "good Europeans" must needs turn partisan, if only to show his attachment to larger views than common was not purely selfish. This is a sacrifice, and the European must endure again.

[Our correspondent might have corrected Mr. Archer in his statement that Dr. Oscar Levy has recently visited Berlin. Jr. Levy's interview with the American journalist was held in Geneva, not in Berlin. We understand that Dr. Levy has not been in Germany since the early days of the war.—Ed, N.A.]

* * *

Dr. Oscar Levy and Mr. Archer.

Sir,—"S. de M." accuses me of having sent out an army to catch a skimmer. Though such act would deserve denouncing, his charge is in this case unfounded. He unjustly pictures me as an athlete lifting wooden dumb-bells. The "Philistine theory" was not presented as such, but described by me as an "inadmissible argument." That, together with a "lame contention" ("the mystery of life's continuation being too holy for public handling"), I debated with one sentence, containing—I have counted them—83 words. He calls this "a sieve of several thousand words"! This ridiculous statement implies that my whole article was an attack on this "Philistine theory," while I only mentioned it as one of the cheap arguments used by...
some of Epstein's opponents. My words were: "Moreover, there is one point on which they (critics) 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 an indecent element."

"S. de M." need not ask whether I am, "after all, so very sure that the only objections to the work of Mr. Epstein are of such an elementary description because there is nothing in my article that can lead him to believe that I am not aware of other possible reasons. But he undertakes to show some; however, after asserting without argument that Epstein is poorly inspired, he purports to convince us that he is, therefore, an artist who becomes necessarily obscene, and he empties the whole 'Psychopathia Sexualis' in a few sentences that leave no other impression than that of suppressed face and hands," etc., unaccompanied by any impression of the "Philistine theory." He first dismisses with a reproach that I should have paid attention to it. As an introduction to this startling performance serves an inspired exposition of the function of thought and expression, of such an unfathomable profundity that one word only, appropriately—but very appropriately!—describes it: "bottomless."

"S. de M." reveals himself in it as a promising philosopher, who has only to get rid of an unphilosophical habit of using big words that may impress, but do not convince. A thinker should be shy of using words that have so little precise meaning as Truth, Beauty, Inspiration, Spiritual Life, Eternal Life, Feeling, Spirit, Matter, Earth (I have added some capital letters that were obviously omitted). Also, he should not say without more, "A greater ability for portraits than for original work" as if that were indisputably distinct things. It is also surprising that a man who thinks so hard that one can hear his brains screech should produce such a series of amazing ideas as contained in his letter. For instance, he even descends to attack the Philistines "in a journal which Philistines never read." Can't one write, then, about Queen Anne, because she is obscene, he would still have to prove that obscene art as art products—even if he could prove his work to be obscene, he would still have to prove that obscene art is bad art—I would like to see here, also, some arguments that show my perception of what art is or must be apart from a subject for philosophical or economic improvisations, before I can conceive that it would be of any use whatever to argue that point with him.

-B. van Dieren.

Memoranda.  
(From last week's New Age.)

More liberty, more liberty—that is always the proper defence against reaction at home as well as abroad. The Russian Revolution has made short work of the pretense that a time of war is not the time for great reforms..."—Notes of the Week."

If ever we are to have a civilization that again puts spirit before things, it must come through the re-emergence of the Latin soul. The signs and meanings of a national soul are the ideals and idealists it presents.—GEORGE D. HERRON.

National Guilds imply a democratic State. It is the essence of wage-slavery that it abstracts labour from the labourer, and countenances traffic in labour while it no longer permits traffic in men.—G. D. H. COLE.

The Guild Idea, at the end of five years, is a stronger intellectual and economic factor in our national life than is State Socialism, after thirty years of strenuous agitation by a group of men admittedly of intellectual and literary distinction.—S. G. H.

I do not know what "the nation as a single commercial entity" means. It isn't. There is no certainty, thank Heaven, in human affairs.—JOHN HILTON.

A right way of arriving at the control of industry is through and by means of the control of Capital. Economic power precedes and dominates industrial power no less than political power.—"National Guildsmen."

The doctrine of the Superman, however horribly degraded and distorted it has become, could not have arrived at its degree of popularity except in congruity with a general desire or need for a new conception of man. Evolution proceeds by adding new powers to old; Education is Evolution under intelligent direction. Initiation is the freeing, as distinct from the training, of faculty.—R. H. C.

The whole secret of producing the latent powers in children seems to lie in giving them knowledge of and faith in themselves.—T. R. C.

In Mr. Shaw, Nature has gone out of her way to create the very antithesis of the artist. Mr. Wells' biology always runs away with his art.—EDWARD MOORE.

When the "Times" regards a ruler as a danger to a successful revolution, it is impossible to describe the feeling of England as anything but relief. That the Duma should be able to debate is a fact which is of interest only to itself; but that it should humanise the administration of the Russian Government is a possibility of European importance.—A. E. R.

Dullness that is presumed to come from Heaven is no more attractive than the earthly variety. It is nonsense to suppose that federation is a guarantee of agreement until it can be shown that men have agreed about federation..."—Reviews."

The power of thought is life-giver; the power of expression is form-giver.—S. de M.

Christianity has refined religion from communal to a mystical experience. Dramatic poetry does not attempt to present the author, but to re-present his judgment of given characters in given situations.—JOHN FRANCIS HOPE.
PRESS CUTTINGS.

Under-housemaids Wanted.—All Suited Free and Valuable Presents Given.—Regent’s Park; £24; 3 in family; present one there 3 years. S. Kennington and Norfolk; £24; 4 in family; 6 servants; gas fires in most rooms. Pall Mall; £20; 2 in family; 12 servants; present one there 2 years. Victoria; £18—£20 and £45. bound wages when family away, which is often; 8 servants; present one there 3 years; head housemaid, 2 years, says very comfortable place. Putney; £15—£20; 3 in family; 8 servants; present one there 4 years; head housemaid, 6 years, all servants stay; a very many other excellent situations for all parts of London. Good openings for girls between maids.—Mrs. Hunt, Ltd., 86, High Street, Marylebone, W.1.

Under-housemaid Wanted.—2 in family; 8 servants; present one there 2 years. S. Kensington; 3 in family; 8 servants kept; 2 in family; very good wages and liberal outings; good place.—Write or call, Mrs. Elliot, 25, Portman Sq., W.1.

The Guild Idea is proving one of the most attractive of the newer currents of thought. Expounded in this country by The New Age, and in the volume "National Guilds," it is, in fact, one of many variants of a "thought tendency" originating in Paris, which has been, during the last decade, spreading among the peoples of the Western world—not only in the Labour and Socialist movements, but also among the professional philosophers and popular writers. The one country which seems to have been impervious to the "Guild Idea" is, significantly enough, the German Empire. The basic principle of this proposed reconstruction of society is the transfer of the government of each service or industry from its present capitalist owners to a democracy of the whole body of the producers in that service or industry, whether brainworkers or manual workers—a principle which is fascinating in its simplicity and its symmetry. The "National Guilds" realise that the day is past when each producer can own his own tools and dispose of his own product in return for a free and independent livelihood. Moreover, they appreciate the fact that co-operative production by groups of artisans in self-governing workshops is, as an alternative to capitalism, equally impracticable. Industry must be "socialised" alike in ownership and in administration. Hence the National Guildsmen claim to be Socialists. But State and Municipal Socialism and the great Co-operative Movement of consumers seem to them almost as much open to objection as the capitalist system itself.

The penetration has gone far. To-day we find this "new model" proposed or hinted at in Trade Union reports, in the leading newspapers, in the immeasurable pages of the "Times" and of the "Round Table." Authors of such diverse antecedents and training as Mr. Bertrand Russell and Mr. George Lansbury endorse it. Mr. Lansbury, in his eloquent little book, "Your Part in Poverty," clearly regards it as the hope of the world.—"The New Statesman."

The moral is very simple. A Government that lets itself be ratted will never solve the Irish or any other problem. A Government that goes ahead on the plain "new model" proposed or hinted at in Trade Union reports, in the leading newspapers, in the immeasurable pages of the "Times" and of the "Round Table." Authors of such diverse antecedents and training as Mr. Bertrand Russell and Mr. George Lansbury endorse it. Mr. Lansbury, in his eloquent little book, "Your Part in Poverty," clearly regards it as the hope of the world.—"The New Statesman."

Most shipping companies are now either reducing their dividends from, or, at least, maintaining them at, the highest level reached during the war. The Bennett Steamship Company is an exception, for in addition to a dividend of 50 per cent., shareholders receive a bonus of 20 per cent., making 80 per cent. for the year. This compares with 20 per cent., for 1915, so that in two years of war shareholders have received, by way of dividend, an amount equivalent to the nominal value of their share holding. In the course of an interesting paper read before Liverpool bankers, Mr. Edgar Crannond gave the following statistics showing gross and net profits of British shipping in 1916. The gross earnings, he stated, were £67,000,000, from which had to be deducted working expenses, £179,000,000, leaving a profit of £18,000,000. Of this £8,000,000 were absorbed by Excess Profits Tax and £24,000,000 by Income Tax, leaving £76,000,000 available. Of this Mr. Crannond calculates that £25,000,000 was distributed as interest and dividends, and that £51,000,000 was allocated to extra depreciation reserve. The figures are interesting, but the actual profits of the shipping industry were probably greater than even the huge figure shown, for there are many ways of tucking away profits and shipping companies' balance-sheets are not usually marvels of lucidity. Another point is that, when a ship is lost, the owners receive from the various underwriters an amount equal to the present inflated value of the ship, which is equivalent to their having sold it at its present inflated value; and while insurance premiums are correspondingly higher, they are included in the working expenses, which, as indicated above, were in 1916 less than half the gross profit.—Mr. EMIL DAVIES in "The New Statesman."

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