THE
NEW AGE
A WEEKLY REVIEW OF POLITICS, LITERATURE, AND ART.

No. 1288] New Series. Vol. XXI. No. 3. Thursday, May 17, 1917. [Registered at G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] SIXPENCE

CONTENTS.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

It was to be feared that the ill-informed and malicious attempts of the "Times'" Petrograd correspondent to belittle the Russian Revolution would have some unfavourable reactions upon our relations with the new Government; but they are even worse than anybody could have foreseen. Re-cabled from this country to Russia, and there read as if they were the opinions of the British Government, their hostility to democracy has caused amongst the Revolutionaries the liveliest apprehensions of our national policy. From having appeared in the early days of the war to be the most free and the most democratic of all the nations composing the Grand Alliance, England has now become in the eyes of many Russian revolutionists the manifest supporter of reaction and the symbol of the extreme Right in international affairs which was lately the prerogative of the Tsar. Suspicion is confirmed by action, words by deeds. When, for example, it is found that it is England that looks coldly upon the Revolution, England that expresses regrets for the disappearance of the late Tsar, England that declines to approve of any change in Russian or Allied diplomacy, England that opposes the meeting of International Socialists, and England that supports Miliukoff in continuing the secret pacts entered into by the Allies and the late Tsar —the conclusion is virtually forced upon the more extreme of the Russian revolutionists that as between one Imperial nation and another, whether friends or enemies, there is little to choose; democracy has nothing to gain by the victory of any of them. We are not affirming, be it noted, that the conclusions to which some of the Russian Revolutionaries have undoubtedly come are true or well-founded. They cannot know, as we do, that in actual fact England remains at heart what she has always been—a country of liberty. Appearances, on the other hand, are most certainly on their side; and we have every reason for doubting whether upon the superficial facts of the situation any democratic observer in Russia could come to any other conclusion than that the English governing classes are at their old game of pursuing imperialism in the name of democracy.

* * *

That the internal situation of Russia is difficult, we do not, of course, deny; and that the contingencies awaiting upon a false step taken by either Russia herself or by her chief Ally are frightful to contemplate we must all be aware. But that is all the more reason why our own responsible statesmen—in Parliament and in the Press—should think ten times before committing themselves to the support of any party in Russia that is not likely to win and to retain Russian public confidence. It is very well to make a friend of that party in Russia whose declarations involve the least change in the Allied policy as hitherto defined; but if it should happen that that party is in reality unable to fulfil its pledges and to carry Russia with it, we have lost more than we have gained by lending our support to it. But it will be seen that this is precisely what England has done, not once but upon several successive occasions in Russia. We supported the Tsardom in the belief that the Tsardom would survive the war, only to find that the Tsardom was doomed from within. Next, when the Tsar was deposed, our tendency was to support the Regency of the Grand Duke Michael; and when he in his turn proved unable to form a Government we put our money upon the Provisional Government of Miliukoff, Lvoff, and Rodzianko. But it was apparent all the while to observers with an insight into democracy that in fact the movement Leftwards of the Russian Revolution had not yet ceased; and that precisely as the Tsar and the Grand Duke had been successively left behind in the movement of the centre of stability Leftwards, the Provisional Government itself showed signs of being left behind. This event has now in all probability come to pass; and we are now on the eve of finding ourselves once more under the necessity of transferring our confidence from a party of the Right to a party of the Left. There is no doubt whatever, in our minds, that the supersession, by abdication or otherwise, of the Provisional Government, is the next necessary step to be taken in Russia. There cannot be two sovereign powers in a State; and responsibility must

go with power. The manifest fact that the Provisional Government can do nothing save by the consent of the Council of Workmen's and Soldiers' Delegates is evidence that power does not lie with the Provisional Government but with the latter body. Hence, it is a matter of time alone before the Provisional Government must follow the Grand Duke and the Tsar into retirement, leaving the Council of Workmen's and Soldiers' Delegates in nominal, as well as in actual, sovereignty. What we have to regret is that this end was not foreseen by our Government, as it was foreseen by many of us with fewer facts at our disposal. Not only should we then have been spared the misunderstandings inseparable from England's apparent reluctance to move Leftwards with the Russian people; but our influence with the new governing power of Russia would have been free from the suspicion of hostility which now envelops it.

* * *

However, we by no means share the fears of our governing classes that a popular movement towards the Left in Russia, even if it should be carried as far as to depose the present Provisional Government and establish the Council in its place, must *necessarily* involve a weakening of the military alliance against Prussia, still less the actual defection of Russia. Undoubtedly one or other of these two misfortunes is a contingency of the situation; and a contingency that ought to be boldly faced; but, on the other hand, neither of them is inevitable; the event will depend upon the skill and sympathy with which the problem is handled by England. If, we say, we allow our "Times" and official representatives to oppose the creation of the new Government in Russia, always to appear reluctant to part with the departing regime, and to assume an attitude of suspicion if not of open hostility towards the newcomers, then our task will prove difficult indeed. If on the other hand we have the sense to show ourselves at least as democratic as the new power in Russia, and disposed to be friendly with that power in direct proportion to its democratic idealism, manifesting our faith and goodwill, moreover, by deeds as well as by words; if, in short, from a position on the extreme Right of the Allies we move, in harmony with the general tendency of the whole of the Alliance and the particular tendency of Russia, a step or two towards the Left, our new status will be one of increased strength and Russia will remain our ally with more heart than she has ever had before. That, at any rate, is how we read the page of fate that is now open before us; and it must be agreed that the issues are such that every kind of intelligent speculation should be encouraged. For what have we not to gain or to lose by our choice of steps at this moment? On the one side, if by mishandling the situation we should alienate what may prove to be the new power in Russia and throw Russia into the arms of Germany, our difficulties would be enormously increased; while, on the other side, if we should succeed in backing the right horse in Russia our difficulties would be enormously lessened. Is it not therefore worth our while to consider carefully whether a more democratic policy on the part of England may not secure for us, instead of for our enemies, the loyalty and support of the new regime in Russia?

* * *

We are not in a position to enumerate all the steps that ought to be taken to win to our side the new power in Russia; but we can name a few of them. To begin with, it is obvious that the first thing to be done is to re-define and perhaps to revise and certainly to publish broadcast the objects, particular as well as general, of the whole Alliance against Prussia. The intervention of America, we have always insisted, required this new orientation of our objects as a matter of course; for we could not suppose, even if Lord Northcliffe imagined it possible, that a major Power like America was coming into the war as a mere docile auxiliary of ourselves. Assuredly, as we said, either new objects entirely would have to be defined in consequence of America's participation, or, at the very least, the old objects would have to be defined in new terms and their methods re-examined in the light of American ideas. But what was and still is true of America (for we have by no means won America completely yet) is even more true of the new Russia; for, unlike America, the new Russia can scarcely yet be said to be in the war at all. Old Russia, it is true, was our Ally upon the old terms; but the new Russia, having deposed the old, has naturally reserved to itself and now claims the right to carry on or not to carry on the obligations of its predecessor. The task before us at this moment is therefore nothing less than that of enlisting upon our side what is virtually a new Power. The pacts and arrangements entered into between the Allies and old Russia are no longer felt to be binding upon the new Russia. New Russia will make her own arrangements without reference to the obligations entered into by the regime she has overthrown. But it is precisely at this point that consideration must be given to the new ideas in Russia. Are they, or can they be influenced to become, friendly to the Allies; or must they, of necessity, carry Russia into neutrality if not into active support of Prussia? The reply, we believe, is that by nature and affinity the new Russia is with us and against Prussia; but also that we must make it clear that this is the case and without any loss of time. But by what means? We will indicate two or three. In the first place, it is essential, as we have suggested, that the Allies should declare their objects afresh, and, if necessary, submit them for revision by the Governments that are just entering or that may be entering the war—America and Russia in particular. This involves, however, something more than a new Pact of London, the terms of which are to this day concealed from the peoples of the Allied Powers; it involves a Pact the terms of which must be laid open before the world. In short, there must be an end of secret *policy* if not of secret diplomacy. Are we prepared for this? Is English public opinion prepared to insist upon it? Italy and France, we believe, are willing to renew in public the affirmation of their objects; America has everything to gain by declaring hers and by having the objects of the Allies declared to her people; and in the case of Russia, as we have seen, such a fresh and open Pact is the first condition of retaining the people upon our side. What Power, then, stands in the way? Whatever Power it may be, one thing is certain: that for its failure to recognise the trend of events it must pay dearly. If it be England, the price will be all the greater, since England has most to lose. We repeat that our first step must be, if we desire to win new Russia, to re-state our policy and to re-state it openly. The old Pact of London is dead. With the omission of America from it and the virtual defection of Russia, it has ceased to be the bond of the chief Allies. We must renew it and review it in the light of the circumstances that have now been brought about.

* * *

Another necessary step, we are not afraid to say, is permission to the Socialists and Labour leaders of all the nations, including Germany, to meet in Conference. We really do not understand why not merely permission to meet but encouragement has not been given by the Allied Governments long before the present moment. Undoubtedly there are objections which must be obvious to the man in the street; but their obviousness is the measure of their superficiality. They should not have been allowed to weigh against policy for a single instant. Now, however, that the de facto Government of Russia—the Council of Workmen's and Soldiers' Delegates—has demanded such a Conference, the need

is imperative; and we shall only ensure the defection of Russia by refusing it. To a Conference of the Socialists of the Allied countries only, to such a Conference as the British Socialists propose to invite their Russian colleagues, the Russian Socialists, we believe, will refuse to send delegates; or they will send delegates to it who carry no weight among themselves. And the reason will be plain. Russian Socialism, with its brand-new idealism, will not be disposed to join a Conference whose very constitution will be a denial of its Socialist faith; for how can a Conference, comprised of Allied delegates only, call itself, or pretend to be, a genuinely international Socialist conference? The thing is ridiculous. But if the Russian Socialists refuse, as we believe they will, to attend a limited Conference, the chief purpose in holding it is gone; for of all the purposes even a limited Conference might subserve the only important purpose is to re-cement Russian democracy with the democracies of the West. A really international Conference, on the other hand, has all the advantages for us of a limited Conference and none of its disadvantages. We shall speak with caution, but among the advantages to be derived from it are these: It would demonstrate to the world the "democracy" of the Allied Governments in that they would show no fear of the results of free intercourse between their own Socialists and the Socialists of Germany. And what better proof could the world demand of the bona fides of our case against Prussia than willingness to rest our claims upon the defence even of our Socialists? Next, it would be such a striking evidence of "liberalism" in the Allied Governments that the world would breathe hope for our cause all the more freely for it. What is it that weighs most heavily upon the minds of men of liberal opinions everywhere (including millions of the troops of all countries) but the suspicion that, after all, Governments are much alike whether they call themselves democratic or autocratic? Is there any *plain* evidence that the British Government is more liberal than the German Government in matters affecting the individual or his liberty? Have the Allied Governments shown themselves unmistakably of greater faith in democracy than Germany? Have they had any more the courage of their ideas than Prussia? Let the Censorship and other such matters answer in one respect; our present concern is to plead that free permission by the Allied Governments for the assembly of a real international Socialist Conference would reply in another sense to these questions overwhelmingly. How could there any longer be doubt that the Allies were moving Leftwards when liberty to the Left was plainly being increased? Finally, for the present, we have to count upon the certain advantage accruing to us from such a Conference whatever might be its outcome. Should the delegates of all the nations agree—a consummation never realised even when the matters under discussion have been trivial—their agreement would be preliminary to a universal peace. And should they disagree—well, is there any fear that Russian Socialists would find themselves in agreement with the German section until the latter had sworn to follow the revolutionary example of Russia? There is none. In fact . . . Our subtlest readers must supply the omissions. The conclusion is this: that an International Socialist Conference, to include enemy nations, is advisable from every point of view; and that the Allied Governments should encourage their most extreme Socialists to meet the most moderate of the German Socialists.

* * *

Mr. Hodge has been recently sighing for fresh worlds to fail in. He wants, he says, a larger hand (or is it a foot?) in policy. But surely neither he nor his Labour colleagues in the Ministry can wish for a more tremendous problem upon which to exercise their minds than the immediate problem presented by the situation of Labour. The prolongation of the war beyond any period imagined by the Government, the strain of overwork during all that time, the experience of the kind of legislation thought necessary to keep Labour working and in order, the defection of its leaders, the rise in prices, the maintenance of profiteering—all these have produced in Labour a disposition not far removed from the recklessness of despair. To the very best of our knowledge—and we are better acquainted with the situation than any journal in England—there is neither unpatriotism in the mind of Labour, nor the smallest disposition to withdraw from the war, nor the slightest willingness to fail their brothers and sons who are fighting on land and sea. On the contrary, there is unanimity among them, both in public and in private, that Prussianism must be destroyed. What, however, it is in their minds to do is to destroy Prussianism at home as well as Prussianism abroad; and if it should happen (as it may appear that it must) that in the effort to destroy Prussianism at home, Prussianism abroad may be left alive—upon whom, we ask, will the fault rest? For God's sake, let it not be charged upon the men who are willing to risk their lives in the trenches or in the workshops for the same end—that of destroying Prussianism—that the fault is theirs. Say, rather, that it is the crime of our capitalist and governing classes who, as the price of destroying Prussianism abroad, are insisting upon establishing Prussianism at home. But let us be clear in what respects Prussianism is being established at home, and in the opinion of Labour. Prussianism we have before defined as a state of mind as well as a system; and it consists in the subordination of a nation to the dominion of a class, whether it be, as in Prussia, in military or, as it is in this country, in economic matters. The difference in outcome is trifling even if in theory the division is between politics and economics; for in the one case, namely, Prussia, the individual is subordinated to the glory of the Prussian military caste body and soul, while in the other case, namely, our own, the body and soul of Labour are subordinated to the English capitalist classes for profit. The means, moreover, are similar. Every German is required to sacrifice himself to an end in which as an individual he will never share; and to bear all the burden of a policy destined to glorify the ruling caste at his expense. British Labour, likewise, is called upon to make every sacrifice, while British capital is being not merely spared any sacrifice whatever, but carefully encouraged to add to itself even by means of the most disastrous war ever known in history. The contrast, we have often said, between the sacrifices demanded of Labour and the sacrifices demanded of Capital is so complete and so obvious that it cannot fail in the end to be brought home to Labour; and when it shall be so brought home, as events are now rapidly bringing it, the spontaneous reaction of Labour will require no encouragement by "agitators" to bring about a catastrophe as great as the war itself. We are not Mr. Hodge, and we are thankful. But if he has any ambition to distinguish himself we can tell him the way. The only solution of the Labour problem, now or at any time, is the abolition of the wage-system, together, of course, with the abolition of profiteering. Short of the elimination of profits—in other words, of a revolution in our industrial system—there not only is no prospect of industrial peace after the war, even should Mr. Hodge be continued in his present office, but there will be increasingly less industrial peace during the remainder—the long remainder, we are told—of the war itself. There is, we sincerely believe, a divinity in the war that will not permit England to win while the evil of profiteering remains with us. The accursed thing must be removed; our wealthy classes must strip themselves of all their economic privileges; we must become an economic as well as a political democracy before we can dare to pray to be proved superior to our present enemies.

Towards National Guilds

ONE of the commonest objections taken to any revolutionary propaganda is that it endangers the present conduct of affairs. If, on the one hand, the revolutionary group considers in a responsible spirit the maintenance of equilibrium until their proposals are finally accepted, they are said to be merely reformist. If, on the other hand, they continue their propaganda regardless of the difficulties into which they throw the upholders of the present system, only then can they be said to be revolutionists. There are, however, few men who have the courage to be of the latter group. Misled by the cries of the existing regime, bewailing its conditions and calling danger, danger, the majority of even the professed revolutionary party are disposed to moderate their claims and to make a compromise with the enemy rather than carry out their plans to the end. It is all a mistake, however, nine times out of ten. Nine times out of ten, the existing order, though naturally bound to protest, is really not in danger, but halloes in order not to be hurt. And on the tenth occasion, when it really *is* in danger, it surrenders. Oh, yes, the only evidence a revolutionary party ought to accept that an existing system is in danger is the offer of surrender. When Wellington said that the King's Government must be carried on, the Reform party had won.

To the political courage of groups of our ancestors we owe every liberty we possess. If you will go through English history, you will discover that upon every occasion when liberty was won it was a revolutionary party, careless of the immediate circumstances, that won it. From Magna Charta to the Reform Act, every liberty has meant the pressing of its claims by the revolutionary party to the point of dismembering the kingdom. In short, every great liberty has been won at the risk or in the face of civil war. But think what the courage of our revolutionary forbears must have been. In addition to the courage that kept them independent in mind, they had to face the risk of disturbing a nation they loved, and of incurring obloquy if they failed. Every signal was against them, including, no doubt, the threatened and actual desertion of many of their own associates. Yet they persisted; and England is the consequence of it. The question lately raised by Mr. Anderson in THE NEW AGE is interesting in this connection. Our aristocracy and our middle classes have each shown themselves in the past capable of making and enforcing a revolutionary demand in the face of the risk of civil war. Has our proletariat as strong a character potentially? Has it for a worthy object a capacity for revolution?

The revolutionary temper is often discovered in a movement long before the movement becomes consciously revolutionary. And it is manifested in the tone in which its demands are made, and in its attitude towards proffered concessions. Without rudeness, the demands of a revolutionary party are formulated peremptorily, with dignity, and in the form of a claim of right. It is not a question of asking for privileges or begging for favours; it is a statement of fact upon which is based a demand for rights. And its attitude towards concessions is consistent with this. Without rudeness again, such concessions are nevertheless refused or accepted with dignity and without gratitude; rather as the judgment in one's favour delivered by a judge whose business it is to dispense justice. One does not thank a Judge for giving one justice. As little ought a revolutionary party to express gratitude for a concession from the party in power. It is simply an instalment of rights. A more general statement, however, is as follows. A revolutionary party neither asks for nor makes concessions. It enters into no negotiations or exchange of gifts. But it confines itself to formulating demands and in pressing them home upon all occasions.

In view of the certainty that offers will be made to the revolutionary party in economics to-day to forgo its claims and reasonably to co-operate with the existing regime, the distinction must be made between a Guildsman and a Statesman. A Statesman is certainly the more immediately practical, and, in the same sense, a more all-round man than the Guildsman. Having at stake the present welfare of Society, and contemplating the struggle of the economic parties it contains the Statesman is naturally all for peace. Conciliation and pacification are plainly his watchwords. Now, we of the revolutionary party have no quarrel with the Statesman whatever. All we say is that our concern is not the preservation of social peace, nor the conciliation of conflicting interests, but the welfare of a particular economic class, namely, the class of the proletariat. We design, in short, to create and to intensify the problem of Statesmanship by making it more and more difficult for the Statesman to reconcile our demands with the present order of Society. The preservation of order is, we admit, his business. But he must preserve order even while we are carrying on revolution. The great statesman, in fact, is he who can preserve social order while the old order is giving place to the new. As Guildsmen, we repeat, we are not statesmen of to-day. The Guildsman is the Statesman of to-morrow.

You can imagine, however, the appeals to which many of the Guildsmen who start with us will succumb before our end is reached. The existing order will protest that our demands are premature, that if they are persisted in they will endanger the State, that we are not sufficiently trained to be entrusted with our claims, that compromise is the essence of the English character, that they are making for the same end but by the safer way. And to these arguments addressed to the understanding will be added argument addressed to the character. On the one side, the vanity of being practical statesmen will be played upon. With your intelligence, they will say, you can be doing much better work in constructive statesmanship than in hopeless impossibilism—come into our party and reap the reward of your talents. And, on the other side, every disadvantage within their power will be heaped upon the men who remain invincibly revolutionary. They will remain poor, unhonoured, and will die unmourned and unsung. Yes, but that is the price of revolution in its early stages. All its young leaves must rot while the trunk is rising in the air to ripen its fruit in the sun. One of these days, however, the fruit will ripen; and the successful revolutionary will honour in his success the apparent failure of his predecessors who will, nevertheless, have made it.

We ask for everything, we forgo nothing. The New Guard demands, but it never surrenders.

The work of Guildsmen is to strengthen Trade Unionism, to weaken Capitalism, to stiffen the State towards national ownership, and to educate public opinion in social economics.

The grand revolution we have it in mind to make is the transformation of Production for Profit into Production for Use. The theme is epic in its grandeur and tragic in its difficulty. Poets and artists are needed for it as well as economists.

An Impossibilist of the true sort is one who would make Production for Profit impossible.

NATIONAL GUILDSMEN.

The Value of Liberty.

For I bear them witness that they have a zeal for God, but not according to knowledge. For being ignorant of God's righteousness, and seeking to establish their own, they did not subject themselves to the righteousness of God.—PAUL, to the Romans, x, 2.

II.—THE INDIVIDUAL.

WE are told that liberty is but the right of doing what we please; that liberalism is nothing but hedonism; that men want to be free in order to be happy. We must clear the ground before we build. There is no denying that many liberals do think that to be free is to help oneself without restraint at the banquet of life. We may try to understand them without following them. These hedonistic liberals are but the outcome of long centuries of repression. Human thought does not follow a steady progress, but often swings from extreme to extreme. (Is not the present anti-liberal tendency a good instance of its pendular movement?) Men have suffered so long from a tyrannous repression of their impulses that they are inclined to dream of liberty as of an unrestricted flow of personality. But it is perhaps worth while to examine the charge that men want liberty in order to be happy—a fallacy, we are told, since happiness is unattainable.

Now, if by happiness is meant the satisfaction of desire, there is no doubt that happiness is a very ephemeral and unstable state of the human being. Let us imagine a man whose range of wants should be so limited that he never felt any but the want of food. Such a man will be unhappy as long as he is hungry. The curve of his happiness will reach its negative maximum point when hunger (modified by hope of satisfaction) will be greatest. A meal will bring the curve to its positive maximum, then the curve will drop little by little as the memory of satisfaction vanishes and food becomes assimilated. Soon, hunger reappears, and unhappiness with it. Thus, the curve of an elementary happiness will be of a roughly periodical character, depending on the variations of the want, the hope of satisfaction, the satisfaction and the memory of satisfaction. But an ordinary man has many wants. Each of them causes variations of elementary happiness which can be schematised by curves of a more or less periodical character, and the composition of all these curves will represent the variations of the total happiness which such an ordinary man will actually feel. As all the composing curves have their maxima and minima at different times, and as the intensity of their effects varies within very wide limits, it follows that the resulting curve will have no definite shape, and will represent a very blurred and confused state, half happiness, half unhappiness—the dull grey state of mind in which most people normally live.

Men know it, even without knowing mathematics or psychology, or even how to read. Is it, then, in order to be happy that they satisfy their wants? Is the satisfaction of a want an end in itself, or a mere means to happiness? Obviously, we eat in order to acquire physical energy, and not in order to enjoy a meal. Here, again, the instinct which prompts us to satisfy our hunger is wholly unaware of the thermodynamical theory, and does not know how many calories are in a pound of bread, an apple, or a rabbit. But the instinct is right, though ignorant. The feeling of unhappiness which accompanies our wants is but the hand which points the existence of a want in the dial of our sensibility. To say that we eat in order to be happy is, then, as mistaken as to believe that the stoker adds coal to the fire in order to make the hand move in the thermometer of his engine.

The stronger the want, the stronger the feeling of unhappiness. The sacrifices which men of all times have made in order to secure a minimum of liberty show how fundamental a condition of human life liberty is. Recent efforts have been made to represent the hunger for liberty as a modern (and passing) phenomenon, arising out of the Renaissance. In our view, they overlook the fact that the Middle Ages witnessed a continuous strife towards liberty on the side of the peasants. This strife had its more theatrical incidents, like the French Jacquerie, but there is perhaps a more moving and personal touch in the obscure evolution which the study of daily life and dealings reveals, and through which we can see the peasant obviously struggling for a spiritual more than a material rise in status.

It seems that unless we are to interpret it in a capricious way, history shows that man will fight for liberty wherever he is deprived of it. This groping for liberty is spontaneous. Its existence does not depend on culture or civilisation. If it tends to be more active in town than in country, it is probably due to the fact that the city man is more complex than the country man, and also that the State meddles more with town than with country business. But the difference is in degree, not in nature. No doubt some men want more liberty than others. This very difference shows the natural character of the want. Some plants want more air than others. Liberty is like air to the human plant.

If we may borrow again from the language of mathematics, we will say that men are functions of time, that is to say, beings who are ever changing, according to a law of evolution. This *fluid* view of man is indispensable, if we are to understand the value of liberty. The law of evolution is fundamentally the same for every man, but in each of us there are variations of the second order which give us an individual "tone," so that we are like the same note played on different instruments. Moreover, there is a still more important difference: the law of our evolution is at very different stages in each of us. We may, therefore, speak of the individual law of evolution, meaning by it not a law made by the individual, but the law imposed upon him by nature —*the law which is himself*. Just as a mathematical function cannot be said to be the particular value which it takes for a given value of the variable quantity, so a man is not what he is to-day, not what he was ten years ago, not what he will be on the day he dies. A man is not even his earthly biography. A man is his individual law.

Now, the character of human beings is that they grow from within. Nothing can be of any value to our evolution if it is not assimilated—whether physically, morally or intellectually. Our individual law is autonomous. All its steps are spontaneous. We do not mean to deny that discipline and obedience are not excellent means of development. But only when they are grafted to our autonomous law by an act of voluntary renunciation. It is by this preliminary act, which gives to actions of discipline the character of self-willed actions, that discipline becomes vital, and it is through that very act that their lessons become assimilated, and, therefore, fruitful.

Social reformers—the modern type of tyrants—will insist on rushing men towards perfection. In so doing they are, like all tyrants, utterly regardless of the spiritual evil which their tyranny may cause. In exchange for a certain amount of good—generally of a material order—they produce an amount of evil which it is impossible to estimate. Thus, by forcing a man to give up drinking they may save his stomach while ruining his self-respect. Now a stomach is a thing of this world, and self-respect is eternal.

Judged in the light of eternity, the tyranny of social reformers resolves itself into an attempt to substitute their own individual law for the individual law of the "reformed." They seem to be actuated by a puerile impatience to set things right as soon as possible.

But God is not in a hurry for His harvest, and is content to wait for each of His creatures to ripen on his own soil and in his own time. Compulsionists forget it, and set out to give God lessons on the divine art of man-growing.

There is no worse evil than a forced good. And there is more virtue in natural decay than in a painted flower.

Autonomy is not less essential for knowledge. We must walk on our own feet on the road towards truth. No amount of respect, confidence, or veneration for another man can turn his conviction into our conviction. It is not pride. It is nature. We assimilate knowledge just as we assimilate food, by a final intimate act which makes it one with ourselves. There is no knowledge by compulsion just as there is no good by compulsion. Here, again, we find a whole school of thought in apparent contradiction of fact with this principle. Catholics accept—under certain conditions—the truth which is served them ready-made by the Pope. But this contradiction is not real. Their acceptance of the Papal truth is absolutely personal and autonomous—since their conviction depends on a rule of evidence which they set up for themselves in complete liberty and which they can revoke at any moment. It is through this preliminary act of self-thought renunciation that the truth of authority becomes truth of liberty and is assimilated.

But that human activity where a condition of freedom is of paramount importance is creation, that is, the operation whereby individuals add to the accumulated wealth of society. No good worth producing comes out of slave hands or slave heads. National Guildsmen know it. The lack of liberty does not merely hinder creation in a mechanical way, by tampering with its material instruments; it dries up the source of inspiration in man. For creation is the act of love, and there is no love where compulsion has crushed spontaneity with its iron boot. Liberty, however, does not mean anarchy. The loss of traditions of craft is certainly to be deplored. But craft traditions were only helpful to creation as long as they were the natural outcome of a community, and therefore harmonised with all the individuals of the community—as long as they were spiritual organs, not chains. As soon as they had to rely on compulsion in order to live, they deserved to die, and died.

Social reformers, who sooner or later find that human spontaneity manages to evade the laboriously woven nets of their schemes, generally end in advocating compulsion as the only way of forcing societies to look like their books. Societies, fortunately, are made of men, who know better. Compulsion is sterile out of the sphere of the mechanical things. Thus, social reformers who advocate compulsory maternity forget that a woman may be forced to have a child, but not to become a mother. And a child without a mother is not a human being, but an inhabitant. CRUZ.

The Case for a Military Guild.

THERE is one very important feature in the Russian Revolution which appears to have escaped the attention of National Guildsmen, namely, the co-operation between the Workers and Soldiers. Whatever the immediate object of that union may have been, it is a matter which cannot fail to affect the emancipation of the worker from the control of Capital. Its significance can be pointed by connecting it with some extremely important remarks which appeared in an article, under the title of "Towards National Guilds," in THE NEW AGE of May 3. "The control of industry," we were there told, "is something other than the control of that which controls industry, namely, Capital; and no amount of industrial control has any direct effect in bringing about the control of Capital." The gist of that remark, it seems, is that, since the sphere of Labour, as we are apt to regard it, is industry, it is not sufficient for Labour in its struggle for emancipation to confine its attention to its own sphere of activity alone. "Capital," it proceeded to say, "must be met upon its own ground. As an economic factor it can be countered and checked and ultimately controlled only by another economic factor; and that factor is not the control of industry, but the control of Labour-power." Owing to our purely industrial associations with Labour, it would, perhaps, have been better to have used that more general term which has lately sprung into prominence, namely, Man-power. The article then went on to explain *why* Capital controls industry; but it omitted to tell us exactly *how* Capital maintains so effective a control over the more vital and intelligent factor, Labour. And it is this particular aspect of the question upon which the special feature of the Russian Revolution has such an important bearing. There is an essential difference between the power to give or withhold Capital and the power to give or withhold Labour. It is that the power to give or withhold Capital ultimately rests on physical force, whereas the power to give or withhold Labour is based on consent. And it is only by a careful study of that essential difference that we can properly understand the present power of capitalists and so be enabled to meet them on their own ground. It becomes obvious from a little thought that the power of the capitalists, as such, is purely political. And it is evident they realise, no less than we, that political power is no power unless backed by economic power. Hence the existence of State-controlled forces under a system which deprives them of their economic power by the complete denial of their right of consent. The right to strike is the symbol of the right of consent in economic functionaries, and the military system is the only sphere in which that right is definitely denied. So long, therefore, as the forces of the nation remain so bound, it is only natural that they will continue to be the helpless tool of the predominant factor in the State. The predominant factor in the State to-day is the capitalist. And since the giving or withholding of Capital ultimately rests on physical force, it is obvious whence he derives the economic power by which alone he can continue to exist. The ultimate power of the capitalist is vested in the forces of the nation. And it is in this quarter that Labour must direct its attention if it is to meet Capital upon its own ground. That is why the Union between the Russian Workers and Soldiers assumes such importance.

The most remarkable item in the terms of the Russian Revolutionaries was the demand that the right to strike should be extended to the army. And if they succeed in enforcing it, it cannot help but have tremendous effect upon the fight between Labour and the Profiteer for the control of Capital. It will cut at the very roots of the present power of the capitalists. The reason begins to be clear why such heavy penalties are imposed by capitalist States for the preservation of the existing form of military discipline. Considering that the vast majority of military functionaries are drawn from the working classes, it is to the interest of the State that they shall hold no political opinions.

We may expect to hear, when the truth becomes known, that the fiercest struggle will be waged around this point between the two factors in the Russian Revolution, and that the most vigorous efforts will be made to defeat it. The lines along which endeavours will be made to preserve the present system of military discipline will be arguments as to the impracticability of the suggested revision. And it is no mean argument. For although the unqualified support which Labour has given to the waging of the war is beyond dispute, it is a question whether a realisation of the consequences of defeat will, in themselves, be strong enough, at the time, to keep a man at his post under

the terrible hardships which actual warfare entails. It is more than likely that the revolutionaries will not succeed in obtaining the concession while the war is in actual progress. Nevertheless, it is just as unlikely that the idea will be abandoned.

It is obvious that some reform is needed in the present military system. And it has fallen to the lot of the Russian proletariat to point the direction of that reform. By proposing the extension of the right to strike to the army as a whole, it cannot help but lead to the complete divorcement between the State and the national forces. And there appears to be no reason why militarism should not be run on the lines of an autonomous Guild, as in the case of every other component part of the national organisation. The advantages which would accrue cannot be overestimated. One need not dwell on the greater efficiency and economy generally which would be effected. These are already well known to readers of THE NEW AGE. It might, however, be as well to point out certain evils which would be avoided. We have seen how impossible it is to check partial tendencies of a State backed by a servile force in the direction of class interests. We have also seen the impotence of State politicians to check the excessive tendencies on the part of the military when they get out of hand. There is one thing alone that can effectively check both, namely, an autonomous control over industry, since neither is in itself productive. Nor is that all. For by granting the forces of a nation a voice in the waging of war it will tend to eliminate the waging of wars for capitalistic imperialism. And it is interesting to note the outspoken declaration of the Russian revolutionaries upon the question of territorial annexation.

It seems that it is along the lines of military reorganisation on the Guild basis that THE NEW AGE can make a valuable contribution towards the prevention of war in the future—a question upon which it has hitherto been far too silent. It offers amongst other things a solution of the difficulty of holding elections during the waging of a war. There is a widespread feeling that the men who are called upon to do the fighting should not only have a say in the matter of a declaration of war, but a say also in the matter of when it shall cease. Hitherto this has been regarded as impossible, though the desire has been generally expressed. No one will deny the almost inevitable tendencies of wars, begun purely for the purposes of defence, to develop aggressive and annexationist aims. The reason is an unholy and almost entirely unchecked alliance between private interests and servile forces. And so long as this state of affairs exists there is always the danger of the Servile State which must ever prove a menace to neighbouring civilised nations.

The proposal to extend the right of the strike to the national forces is the first step in the direction of establishing militarism on a Guild basis of complete autonomy. As regards the internal conditions governing the relations of man to man within the Guild, it is for those who best understand its requirements to propose. No danger exists in such a departure. Experience has shown how much each of the belligerent nations is alive to its vital interests and how very conscious each of their component parts is upon the question of functional interdependence. This consciousness is the only form of real and effective control, and an increased consciousness can only be developed by increasing the responsibility of each. Under the pressure of war conditions, two terms have sprung into prominence, namely, Man-power and National Service. They mark the opening of a new phase of national development, and are terms which have come to stay. They represent the standard by which we shall measure things in future, and it behoves us to revise our vocabulary forthwith. For "Capitalism" read "National Service," for "Labour" read "Man-power." Profiteering has been thrown into ugly contrast with the new spirit of National Service, and it is universally evident that they cannot co-exist. The Profiteer must go. And the first step towards his final disappearance is to divorce him from the source whence he derives the economic power essential to his continued existence. T. C.

Education for Liberty.

III.

THERE is a definite gap between the conscious and the superconscious workings of the civilised mind, and the more highly educated the individual, as a rule, the wider the gap is found to be. It is less marked, however, in educated people who have developed their artistic as well as their intellectual side. An artist is often a much sounder speculative philosopher than is a trained expert in metaphysics. He has had some practice in using his intuitions. This fact suggests a value for artistic training in schools beyond the mere production of an arty and crafty attitude of mind, and I shall have to make a guess, presently, at one or two unrealised possibilities that seem to be latent in the teaching of art; but first we have the task of trying to understand more clearly what is the nature of the gap that has to be bridged, by artistic training among other things, between the two functions of mind with which we are concerned—call them conscious and superconscious, deductive and inductive, intellectual and intuitive, or what you will. It may be useful to consider the more elementary phases of the human mind, in which the gap is less evident and the two functions merge into one another, so that we may see what is the natural unity from which the two have diverged into an unnatural opposition.

Our first attempts at universal education are rapidly doing away with a certain type of peasant-wisdom, best distinguished, perhaps, by the word "lore." There is a fascination, beyond the interest that attaches to all types when they are vanishing, about the remaining possessors of this kind of wisdom. I remember an entirely illiterate old gardener, very weather-wise, whose invariable success with his garden was more like the operation of a force of Nature than the working of a human will. The garden was a miracle of apparently planless organisation and efficiency. It is not particularly easy, with the most careful planning, to keep a succession of flowers and vegetables going all through the year; he did it all "by instinct" and infallibly. He measured nothing, labelled nothing, and expounded, under inquiry, a system of gardening that was less a science than a mythology; but he produced exactly the results of the best modern scientific gardening, with something superadded—the fact that his garden was a place where one could think. It felt natural, not regimented. The reader will probably recall similar instances. Now, the point I want to make is that this old man was creative in his work, and that the modern scientific gardener is, as a rule, not creative. Our tendency is to put the science of gardening in place of the art of gardening. Mechanically, it works just about as well, and it has the real advantage of being communicable in words; but lore disappears, creative enjoyment disappears, and something distressing happens to the garden in the hands of the new man. This garden is turning into a symbol; I will leave it at that, for the moment.

Let us turn, for another primitive type, from the peasant to the young child. When a child first begins to talk fluently, he becomes the very Genius of Utterance in primitive form. Words flow through him; he does not construct and qualify, he talks. Interrupt his flow of unthinking talk with a question, and he becomes a different person, a person who has to think before he

speaks, a halting stammerer. A small boy watched his father writing, and announced that he was going to write, too. Grasping the pencil that was given to him firmly in his left hand, he scribbled industriously across his paper from right to left, at the same time speaking aloud the sentences which he was pretending to write. They took the form of a letter, and were so good that the father offered to take down the letter and send it, if the child would start afresh. The boy was delighted at the prospect, opened his mouth to dictate—and could not say a word. He was as much disappointed as his father, but, with the best will in the world, the stream could not be induced to flow through the channel of his fully conscious mind. The current was outside the range of his conscious intellectual co-ordinations. Have not all of us had similar experiences upon a larger scale, in the flow of enlightening ideas that sweeps through us during meditation, only to dry up, or dwindle to the merest trickle, as soon as we try to say or to write down what we have been thinking?

The letter of which the small boy was thinking (and, fortunately for our example, thinking aloud) represents, in embryo form, our superconscious inspiration; the abortive attempt to dictate the letter represents our fumbling efforts to catch the inspiration. There must be something wrong about the reflex inhibition, the involuntary clenching of the conscious intellect, which continually denies us the full possession of our own best thoughts. This article that I am writing would seem a marvel of psychological and philosophical insight if only I could get a firm grasp of what is going on at the back of my mind. The question is whether we could not have been educated to grasp where we now grope. As I have said, I believe that there is an unexplored region of educational method, corresponding with the unexplored gap in the human mind. But it is in the nature of the case that its discovery can only come about gradually, and at first by groping. There is not likely to be a single short cut to discovery, and the best we can do is to trace such converging paths as we can find.

Perhaps there are indications of a path in the example of the little boy and his letter. Suppose that the father, instead of interrupting the child's flow of thought, had quietly taken down what he was saying, and had read the letter through to him afterwards. This would be a single and a simple first stage—the sowing of the suggestion in the child's mind that his thoughts were worth giving to someone else, without as yet making any call for the complex effort necessary to direct the stream of thought to that purpose. Then the experiment could be repeated, the child, every time he played at writing a letter, becoming a little more consciously aware of outward expression while still immersed in his own thought. After a time the pencil scribbling could me dispensed with as no longer necessary to the game, since the reality was in the writing done by the amanuensis. I imagine that the child would by this time be dictating unusually good letters for his age. Later, he would want to be his own amanuensis, and would have a motive for learning to write—and, having learnt, would have some flow of expressible thought to urge on his pen.

Fathers have not usually the time or the patience to play the part of the elder Karl Witte; but mothers, and nurses of the more intelligent type now happily becoming frequent, could devise some such methods as this, starting from any of the child's spontaneous activities that show the thought-stream bubbling up into utterance. (I say "devise"; it is impossible to teach without taking thought, and the people who want rule-of-thumb methods provided for them are the people who misapply rule of thumb when they have learnt it.) The main point is to accustom the child, from small beginnings, to the process of running his superconsciousness and his consciousness in double harness. It is the beginnings that are the most important, and it is in the nursery that the two are first taught, in our usual practice, to pull in opposite directions—hence the modern tendency to throw up the sponge and not try to educate young children at all. What I am suggesting is only a type of nursery method, and a method that is only directed to the setting-up of a connection between thought and words; this, however, is an important enough connection, and it is largely made, and usually very ill made, in the earliest years. We shall have to search further for a hint of the right connection between thought and acts: the development of conscious knowing-how without the abandonment of lore. We must certainly have the inspired gardener of the past surviving in the scientific gardener of the future. or we shall have a garden in which no one cares to walk.

KENNETH RICHMOND.

Our Legal Training.

By W. Durran.

WE are sending cordial congratulations to our Russian Allies on their shaking themselves free from the nightmare of Tsarism. We hope that its disappearance will react powerfully in shrivelling up Kaiserism. This is the psychological moment for taking stock of our own position. We, too, suffer from a grievous infliction; a heavy handicap on national efficiency; this is Legalism, connoting that vast assemblage of insidious influences which usurp the symbols and the seats of Justice while betraying her with the kiss of Judas.

This incubus of ours is old without possessing the slightest claim to be venerable. Nothing in Western Europe, save Kaiserism, can compare with it as a projection of mediævalism into the twentieth century. A recent admission of one of its High Priests will make this clear. "There is no doubt," says Lord Buckmaster, "that legal training does narrow and limit a man's outlook on life." The speech is reported in the "Times" of February 28. It was strongly in favour of the admission of women as solicitors. But notwithstanding that trend towards modernism, it holds out no prospect of improvement in the training of the solicitors, advocates, and judges of to-morrow. It is frankly astounding to find narrow horizons and a restricted outlook accepted, with a shade of regretful fatalism, as part of the order of nature.

But on second thoughts our surprise disappears. It is true, no doubt, that our neighbours, be they Allies or enemies, prescribe for the candidates for judicial duties—from which advocates are and remain excluded—a training incomparably superior to ours. The complacent insularity of our mandarins is proof against the impulse to imitate such a good example. But that is not the true inwardness of the situation; it is to be observed that our legal training is one of the most successful of our achievements from the point of view of professionalism. No profession, sacred or secular, has ever scored such triumphs as advocacy—the Brahmanism of the West. That is the supreme testimonial to the advocate's training.

Let us not begrudge the tribute of an appropriate choice of means to a destined end. What that end is a great authority will explain. "The one great function of English Law is to make business for itself. There is no other principle distinctly, certainly and consistently maintained throughout all its narrow turnings. Viewed by this light, it becomes a coherent system and not the monstrous maze the laity are apt to think it. Let them but once clearly perceive that its grand principle is to make business for itself, at their expense, and surely they will cease to grumble."

That is Charles Dickens' indictment. It receives overwhelming support from the universal experience of laymen. Scores of witticisms illustrate it. The abstract and brief chronicle of the consumer of legal products is that "Law is made for lawyers." Turn

once more to the training. Lord Buckmaster expands his statement as follows: "Legal training leads a man to criticise great schemes rather by consideration of their petty details than by looking at the general principles which they involve."

General principles expanding into wide generalisations which have been fruitful among Roman and French jurists of monumental schemes of codification are an invaluable asset for the laity; but for the advocate who desires personal success and professional triumph they are detrimental. Their effect—and this is established by our neighbours' experience—is to remove snares and pitfalls; to supply precise direction and definite guidance in the rule of law. Whereas absorption in petty details to the disregard of general principles is unscientific. Its outcome is a hidebound empiricism which has never evolved upwards, and from which no precise rule emerges. Hence the stagnation of our law.

But let us not forget the advantage to the advocate. Defects from the layman's standpoint are qualities from his. In a recently published work an eminent K.C. makes this open confession: "It is not the certainty of the law that pays the lawyer, but the uncertainty; and the uncertainty of the law is not greater than the uncertainty of the judges who administer it."

Therein we perceive the double advantage of the existing training: it perpetuates uncertainty in the law and uncertainty in the judge; it renders an adequate scheme of codification impossible; it is a guarantee of the hostility, or at all events, the indifference of the Bench to codification, because the trader in advocacy who is strenuously opposed to codification to-day is the judge of to-morrow.

Our readers are now in a position to appreciate Dickens' opinion of the hopelessness which suggests that "we should cease to grumble." At a much later period the late Professor Maitland, while proclaiming the excellence of the revised German Code of 1901, expressed a hope that we might be able one day to borrow something in the way of a Code from our Japanese Allies if our own chaos falls to pieces by its own weight.

A concrete instance of the success and failure of out legal training was provided by the "Daily Telegraph" in its issue of April 28, 1914. In an obituary notice of the late Mr. Danckwerts, a distinguished advocate, we read that "He was in the habit of attributing his success to a retentive memory and to his power of allocating to their proper pigeon-holes the multitudinous authorities that he carried in his head."

There we have it; the so-called "learning" which is the statutory appanage of the advocate is a gift of memory. Consequently his personal triumphs would be impossible under our neighbours' system, where the labours of jurists place the laity in a position of practical equality in knowledge with the advocate on the expenditure of a trifle for a copy of the Code. Whereas litigants in this country must pay exorbitant fees to men of phenomenal powers of memory, or be at a fatal disadvantage in what is with strict propriety of expression a Court of Law rather than a Court of Justice. That is a distinction and a difference.

Legal training is a means to an end—the highest that a civilised community can envisage, after protection from without, namely, the due administration of Justice. It follows that the value of a given legal system is to be appraised by two tests. These are found in the answers to the queries: What does it do for those who have least need of its protection—its own ministrants? And what does it do for those who have most need—the poor?

The answer to the former query is a matter of common knowledge. Our legal system has achieved the ascendency of its exponents by its defects. Judge Parry, an unexceptionable witness, will reply to the latter. In "The Law and the Poor," since the year 1869, when it was proclaimed with a flourish of trumpets that imprisonment for debt was abolished, "over 300,000 English citizens have been actually imprisoned who have not been guilty of any crime whatsoever. They have been imprisoned mainly for poverty." The practical outcome of conjuring with small points and ignoring great principles is perceived in the following grave statement by the same author: "The tally-men, the money-lenders, the flash jewellery touts . . . the sellers of gramophones and other luxuries of mean streets, these are the knaves the State caters for."

Interviews.

By C. E. Bechhofer.

VII.—MR. J. RAMSAY MACDONALD, M.P.

MR. MACDONALD knew I wanted to hear his opinions upon the democratic control of foreign politics, and he began by saying that he is convinced nothing will be effected until the Socialist bodies in all countries begin to show far more interest and vigour in international affairs. The International Association of Socialists will have to become much more serious than it has hitherto been, and meet much more frequently; its congresses must cease to be mere debating societies and beanfeasts on a large scale.

I asked Mr. MacDonald how for practical purposes he would differentiate the working of democratic control from the present system. "Nowadays," he replied, "a Foreign Minister keeps everything a secret except what he is forced to disclose; with democratically controlled diplomacy he will disclose everything except what he is forced to keep secret. Democratic control implies an entire change of outlook in Foreign Ministers."

"But who," I asked, "would be able to judge what ought to be kept secret and what disclosed?"

Mr. MacDonald said that a Foreign Minister would be in a very similar position in regard to the nation as a Trade Union secretary is to his members. The latter is not expected to take the opinion of his Union on every little matter affecting sixpence or sixpence ha'penny. For both offices a man must be chosen for his judgment and his point of view.

In foreign affairs, I said, the most trifling matters often turn out to be the most important. Mr. MacDonald said that this is only the case where foreign politics is the affair of a small class; while peoples would not quarrel about trifles that were publicly disclosed and fully discussed. Of course, just as anyone puts forward notions and makes suggestions among his friends, not because he necessarily favours them, but in order to get them discussed, there is nothing to prevent diplomats from continuing their negotiative work. "But the broad principle of democratic control is that the people of a country must not be committed to a foreign Power in any matter which has not first been referred to their representatives and approved by these."

In the case of a defensive alliance, I asked, can we disclose the nature of conditions that will only come into being in extraordinary circumstances which may perhaps never arise? "Wait a moment," said Mr. MacDonald. "What do you mean by this? What is a 'defensive alliance'? Against whom? All alliances profess to be defensive alliances. A defensive alliance either implies that some other people has become aggressive, or at last it becomes itself aggressive. This is why I say that the Socialist parties of all nations must work together and simultaneously." I said, "But was not Germany aggressive?" "What is 'Germany'? Is it just a word, or do you mean the people? Do you mean that the German people desired war?" I said, "At least, they acquiesced in it." "Acquiesced, yes—they were intimidated into acquies-

cence. Acquiescence comes *after* something has been decided by someone else. They were told that the Allies were determined to destroy Germany, and that it was for Germany a defensive war. If the Allied diplomats had published their arrangements in the case of a rupture with Germany, there would never have been war. In all this, it is no use applying one set of moral judgments to our enemies' actions and another to ourselves. We are told that this is a war of defence and not of aggression, but Russia is to have Constantinople and we mean to keep the German colonies."

"But surely," I suggested, "the case of Constantinople is typical of the inevitable conflicts that arise between nations. Constantinople is at once the half-way station on the route from Berlin to Bagdad, and yet it is also on the path absolutely necessary to Russia if she is to bring her economic development into line with the rest of Europe." "You imply 'Germany' again," said Mr. MacDonald. "Do you suggest that the German *people* wants the route to Bagdad? And Russia needs the open sea, not the possession of Constantinople. What is necessary is the internationalisation of the straits." "But how is that to be brought about?" I asked; "how are means to be devised to make treaties binding? Belgium was internationally guaranteed." "Binding!" said Mr. MacDonald. "Nothing is binding in diplomacy! Until the internal policy of nations is such that there is no longer a small class which can plunge Europe into war, until the people itself controls its own foreign policy, no treaties are of any value."

"Do you not think," I asked, "that economic conflicts arise between nations, and drive them to war?" Mr. MacDonald said that of the two forms of commerce between nations, the industrial and the intellectual, the world has already eliminated war in one. Intellectual traffic between the Allies and Germany is going on during the war almost without a change. To take one example, reciprocal patent and copyright laws are still in force between England and Germany—though, to be sure, Mr. MacDonald added, there are particular reasons for this. However, in literature, medicine and science there is no enmity between the two sets of countries. The literary and scientific men of each nation are corresponding regularly with their *friends of the other just as they were before the war*, except that all the correspondence now goes through neutral countries and not by the direct route. Labour knows that it has nothing to win by war; why should it not insist on the economic traffic being put on the same plane as the intellectual?

"You think, then, Mr. MacDonald, that all peoples are by nature pacifist?" "I certainly do. If with democratic diplomacy it should turn out to be not so—I shall not be here to see; still—if this should happen, all my faith in the people would be at an end."

I asked Mr. MacDonald, as democracy must begin at home, which he thought to be the internal conditions in a State necessary for the inauguration of democratic diplomacy. He replied that the first step was to insist that Ministers be responsible to the nation's representatives. The authority of Parliament must be restored. I asked how this was possible under our present utterly corrupt Party system. Mr. MacDonald said that Labour should choose the people best fitted to represent it, and members of Parliament must hold themselves accountable to their constituents for their actions, just as the Foreign Minister ought to feel himself responsible to Parliament.

"Is this possible," I asked, "when a man goes to Parliament as a Labour member, and thus represents Labour only?" Mr. MacDonald said he could not visualise politics as different from Labour politics. Apart from this, I asked, is it possible to consider the workers as political citizens, when by the economic conditions of the wage-system they are in a state of slavery, or, at best, semi-citizenship? "I agree," said Mr. MacDonald; "politics needs a strong economic mass to rest on, and vice versa." He went on to say that the political and the industrial sides of the Labour movement are really separate spheres, although, undoubtedly, they ought to be developed simultaneously, so that they may co-operate. In reply to a further question, Mr. MacDonald said that on the industrial side he is not at all antagonistic to National Guilds. Each of the two spheres of Labour has its method, and certainly the political has been developed out of all proportion to the industrial. I have always said, continued Mr. MacDonald, that the Trade Unions need to be educated to think industrially. As for the political sphere, like everything else, it has its good periods and it has its bad periods; just at present it is passing through a bad phase of reaction, but no doubt this will soon give place to a better period.

I said that industrially also Labour seemed to have struck a bad patch, but that perhaps this too meant no more than the desertion of a few leaders to the enemy. Mr. MacDonald said that people often tell him that it is only Mr. X or Mr. Y who has been captured, but he replies that these men are not so isolated that their desertion can be considered as theirs alone. They have their secretaries and their secretaries' secretaries, and they are all thoroughly enmeshed in the organisation of their particular Union, with the result that whoever captures them captures the best part of the Union machine also.

In this case, I asked Mr. MacDonald, may we not wake up at last to find the Servile State fixed irremovably upon us? Mr. MacDonald said, "The Servile State is possible—everything is possible—but I do not think it is probable." Still, I said, what is it makes you think that things will come right after the war? Mr. MacDonald replied that, though Labour is undoubtedly under a cloud now, the world is continuously progressing! After the war will come sober reflection, because it is easy to spend life and money recklessly, but when the time for replacement comes the task is hard and the follies of the past become burdensome.

An Industrial Symposium.

Conducted by Huntly Carter.

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

(1) What in your opinion will be the industrial situation after the war as regards (a) Labour, (b) Capital, (c) the Nation as a single commercial entity?

(2) What in your view is the best policy to be pursued by (a) Labour, (b) Capital, (c) the State?

---

(64) MR. W. N. EWER.

(1) In official and semi-official circles it has apparently been decided that the years following the War will be on the whole years of "good trade": that the need for the replacement and restoration of Capital—for actual physical "reconstruction" will cause a boom which will go far to tide us over the period of demobilisation, and of reversion from war to peace organisation.

Personally I find it hard to share this cheery and convenient optimism. And I anticipate rather that with the end of the period of currency-inflation and of artificial creations of credit will come a financial collapse accompanied by a period of stagnant trade.

If I am right, the position of Labour will be far worse than if the Whitehall optimists prove to be true prophets. For periods of bad trade not only bear hardly on the individual worker, but are apt to be disastrous to Labour organisations.

In any event, the outlook will be grave enough. Labour will awaken from its dreams of crushing Prussia

to find that its position has altered seriously for the worse during the years of patriotic somnolence.

It will not only find the employers better organised and financially stronger than before the War; but it will find them equipped with new ideas and new devices for controlling Labour.

The post-war period is, it is abundantly clear, to be a period of "reconstruction" of the national reorganisation of industry. In the name of patriotism, of national security, and of self-interest, Labour will be invited to play its part in schemes for increasing the productivity and efficiency of British industry, so that Great Britain may hold its own against the fierce competition of quondam enemies or quondam allies.

To this end two things will be asked of it: the making of definite sacrifices—such as the abandoning of regulations which tend to limit output; and the conversion of its own organisation into a branch of a general national system of industrial organisation.

And in return it will be offered a number of benefits or apparent benefits—minimum wage Acts, provision against unemployment, and the like.

In a word, a vigorous and cleverly conceived attempt will be made to persuade Labour to accept and to take its place in a nationally organised system of industry upon a capitalist basis—to co-operate with the State and with the capitalists in making the industrial system more effective, more productive, and more profitable—for the capitalist.

(2) (a) In face of this policy on the part of the employers, the first difficulty of Labour will be that perennial one of making up its mind. It will have to decide whether it is content to accept the status and the functions marked out for it by its masters, or whether it is determined to reject them and to work for its own enfranchisement and for the establishment of industrial freedom and industrial democracy.

If it takes the first decision, its best policy will be to do as it is told.

If the second, it must first clear its mind of cant, and try to see the position as it is, not as it will be represented by the masters.

It must realise clearly that, for all the talk of national unity and of community of interest, the capitalist is the enemy, and must be the enemy until the struggle is ended by decisive victory; that no patched-up peace is possible. And the conception of the class-war must dominate and condition all its policy and all its action.

It must therefore refuse categorically every invitation and every inducement to enter into partnership in a capitalist system of industry. It must decline to make a single concession that will in any way weaken its fighting strength; and in particular it must avoid any step which will in any way compromise the independence of its organisation, or will in any way make that organisation a part of the capitalist machine.

Probably the most tempting and most dangerous offer which will be made will be proposals which will come in the guise of schemes for giving to labour some part in the control of industry. Here the central position which should determine its attitude must be the refusal of any offer of joint control or the acceptance of any joint responsibility. Any measure of control which Labour assumes must be taken absolutely into its own hands, and must be regarded as a mere instalment, as a step towards the entire control of industry and of capital. And under no circumstances must it enter into any partnership with Capital. Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes.

(b) Nefas est hostem docere.

(c) Nefas est hostem docere. The State is the capitalists' and the powers thereof.

---

(65) MR. GEORGE BARKER.

(South Wales Miners' Federation.)

(1) (a) *Labour.*—Any opinions on the industrial situation after the War must be largely of a speculative character, as the World War is of unparalleled character. Unemployment consequent upon demobilisation will, I think, be of a temporary and local character, owing to the depletion of life by casualties and the enormous destruction of material caused by the War. An ultimate dearth of Labour coupled with an enormous demand for reconstruction material will be inevitable. The first six months after the War will be the danger period for Labour. A temporary overcrowding of the Labour Market will place Labour at a great disadvantage, full advantage of which will, we may be sure, be taken by the employing class. If the War drags on in its so-called "final stage" for a long time and unemployment becomes chronic in consequence, then the resisting power of Labour will be much weakened thereby. The danger to Labour will be greatest from within. The pseudo alliance between Capital and Labour talked about so much on certain platforms bodes no good for Labour. It simply means that those men who have done so much to engender the slave spirit during the War will do their utmost to rob Labour of all its virility and independence after the War. Long agreements, long hours, low wages, are some of the evils Labour will be threatened with, and many plausible reasons will be found in support of this reactionary programme by the capitalist party.

(b) *Capital.*—Capital will be very formidable after the War, particularly in the coal, steel, engineering, and shipbuilding industries. The various firms engaged in these industries have been enormously enriched by the War, and have built up huge reserve funds to enable them to be ready for any emergency after the War. No doubt a strenuous effort will be made by employers in these industries to inveigle the workers in some sham profit-sharing scheme that will rob them of their right to strike and will filch them of their trade union rights. Probably some form of compulsory industrial arbitration will be attempted. Fortunately the workers in these occupations are well organised, and may be trusted to look after themselves. Great developments may be looked for in these trades, for which I believe there is plenty of capital.

(c) *The Nation as a Commercial Entity.*—This question is a bit obscure. If it refers to the commercial policy of the Nation, I think we should have nothing to do with so-called "protection." So long as land and capital are owned by private individuals, any system of tariffs will only bolster up still further rents and profits for which the community as a whole will have to pay.

(2) (a) *Labour.*—The best policy for Labour to pursue after the War is first of all to demand the restoration of every trade union right surrendered during the War. This accomplished, the Triple Industrial Labour Alliance should be extended so as to include the engineers, could be added. The food shortage will probably exist for some years, and this will provide a unique opportunity for organising the agricultural workers which should not be allowed to slip. The Labour Alliance would then include most of the principal industries, and it would soon make Mr. Neville Chamberlain's 25s. minimum look ridiculous. Fears held in some quarters that this would make the Labour Industrial Alliance too cumbrous for action is, I think, ill-founded. It is the duty of the organised trades to pay some attention to the unorganised, if Labour is to act as a whole.

The most necessary problem for Labour is to get control of the industries. A beginning should be made with mines and railways. The State should obtain the ownership of these and make arrangements with the Miners' Federation of Great Britain and the National Union of Railway Men for the control and working of the mines and railways. Anything short of this is only a perpetuation of wage slavery and its concomitant evils, industrial strife and unrest.

(b) *Capital.*—Capital should improve and perfect its machinery, and the technique and finish of its productions, and provide healthier working conditions for its employees.

(c) *The State.*—The workshops and machinery erected and owned by the State should be retained and used after the War. It should build its own ships and make its own armaments. The State should nationalise the canals and construct new ones, so that commerce could have cheap transit. It should see that every acre of suitable land is put under cultivation to make the Nation as self-supporting as possible. And it should give the people a system of real education.

Notes on Economic Terms.

LEFT, CENTRE, AND RIGHT. These names, originally derived from the geographical positions of the political parties as viewed from the Speaker's Chair, are now susceptible of a wider meaning. Politically they still connote the three main groups of thought from the Right (Conservative) through the Centre (the Moderate) to the Left (Radical)—each group, of course, having its own shades of the same three colours. But economically we now find them to be representative likewise of the three main factors in modern economics: Right (Land); Centre (Capital); and Left (Labour). Since economic power both precedes and dominates political power, it follows that the greatest economic power (namely, Capital) is also the greatest political power. In other words, Capital, under modern conditions, is always in the Centre; and the Centre is always the Government. Movements to the Right (in favour of fixed capital); or to the Left (in favour of Labour), occur from time to time, causing Capital to oscillate between Conservative Capitalism and Liberal Capitalism. In the main, however, while its economic predominance is maintained, Capital may always be expected to recover itself after a swing in either direction.

NATION. A nation is a group of people owning allegiance to a common sovereignty. Mark the abstractness of the word sovereignty. What is implied in sovereignty is not necessarily a particular sovereign or even a particular form of government; for a nation may continue to be a nation not only while changing its sovereign but while changing its form of government. Sovereignty is the abstract idea of which one man, several, many, or none at all may be the temporary embodiment. As a swarm of bees is constituted by the common will of the bees to be associated under a single Queen—and for this purpose a Queen will be made if one is not found born—a nation or a swarm of people is constituted by the common will of the people to be associated in a sovereignty under a symbol of that sovereignty. The symbol may change; it may be changed; it may even disappear for years together; but that sovereignty of which it is the symbol remains as long as the nation lives; and the nation lives as long as the idea of sovereignty remains. Socially, as distinct from politically, on the other hand, sovereignty is not the essential characteristic of a nation. The social nation may be defined as the common will of the members of a group to intermarry. And economically, again, the definition of a nation differs from its political definition. A nation in economics is a group of economic groups.

CHARITY. The spontaneous will to help neighbours and strangers in economic distress. It is, however, the spontaneity and, so to say, the undesignedness of the will, that constitutes charity proper. When design is imposed upon it, and "charity" becomes organised and falls under the control of reason, it ceases to be charity and becomes justice, more or less rude and crude. Organised charity is not usually good Justice; but good Justice is organised charity.

PAUPERISM. It is commonly supposed (and commonly maintained by economists who know better) that wages tend to the level of subsistence, but never fall below it. On the contrary, wages have no relation whatever to the level of subsistence; and are in no way fixed by the needs of labourers. Wages are fixed by the supply and demand of Labour, and by no other consideration, save in special and fancy cases. It therefore sometimes happens that owing to an excess of the Supply of Labour over Demand, the wages offered to some Labour are less than the sum necessary to keep such labourers alive; and in such instances the labourers become paupers. A pauper is merely a wage-labourer who, having no other resources but his labour, finds himself unable to sell it for enough to keep himself alive; or, indeed, to sell it at all. Or, again, a pauper is a member of the proletariat who has no labour-power to sell.

ABSTINENCE. This word is met with in economics in such phrases as "the reward of abstinence"; "capital is the fruit of abstinence." To abstain is to forgo; it implies, therefore, the existence of a choice. But between what alternatives is the choice in economics exercised? It is between consuming and going without. He is thus said to practise abstinence who, having the choice before him between consuming and not consuming, chooses not to consume. The consequence, however, of such a choice—and, hence, the first fruits of abstinence—is the saving of the commodity that has been forgone. And in so far as this saved commodity can be said to be Capital, abstinence is the mother of Capital. But there is another way of looking at the subject. Simple abstinence is not always in itself the most fruitful source of Capital. Given choice between consuming and not consuming, the choice of not-consuming is truly more advantageous to Capital than the choice of consuming. On the other hand, given the choice between not consuming, consuming foolishly, and consuming wisely, the advantage is no longer with abstinence but with wise consumption. Capital, we may therefore say, is more usually the fruit of wise consumption than of abstinence. Note, however, that in any event Capital is the child of choice. No choice no Capital. It follows that the proletariat, having only Hobson's choice to consume, cannot create Capital; for they can neither not-consume nor consume with discrimination.

PRODUCER. One who by the application of Labour to Material creates commodities for the market. The phrase "application of Labour" must, however, be interpreted in a wide sense. Strictly, no doubt, he only is the producer who applies his own labour, whether with or without tools, to material and creates commodities by that means; but in actual fact the producer includes also all persons necessary to production, whether directly or only indirectly engaged. A Guild of Producers is thus an association of labourers each of whose services is necessary to the final product; and these labourers may therefore include not only workmen, but foremen, managers and directors. Considered in the aggregate, in short, the producer must be held to connote all the persons necessary for both actually creating a commodity and bringing it to market; for until a commodity has been brought to market it has not in the economic sense been completely produced.

DISTRIBUTION. That is, of commodities. Production being the sum of the processes necessary to bring commodities to market—where they constitute Supply—Distribution may be taken to mean the sum of the processes by which, when produced, commodities are distributed. Upon one principle of distribution it would seem that the fairest method of distributing the commodities created by Production would be to divide them among the producers in the proportion of the contribution of each producer to the final production. This is the meaning of the phrase: the product to the producer. Upon another principle, however, it would appear that the fairest way to divide the product would be to distribute it according to the needs of the producers; and this gives us the meaning of the phrase: from each according to his means, and to each according to his needs. Still another principle of distribution is to allow the product to be divided in accordance with the respective strengths of the parties that desire or need it. This is the principle of the pig-trough—without, however, a watchful sow or farmer to see that Antony does not suffer by reason of his weakness! It is also, alas, the principle of distribution that prevails in modern competitive human society. Economic power precedes and determines the distribution of commodities.

Readers and Writers.

THERE has been no collusion, ladies and gentlemen, between Mr. Kenneth Richmond and myself; yet you have only to read Mr. Richmond's current articles on "Education for Liberty," and then to do me the honour of recalling my notes on the same subject, to realise that he and I agree. But such an agreement, extending, as it does, to details such as the recommendation of the deliberate training of the faculty of guessing—a proposal I have certainly never seen in print before—argues the existence either of two persons coincidentally mad or of an idea not invented but discovered, not made but born. That the latter is the proper conclusion I submit with the more confidence from the fact that teachers have only to try the indicated experiments for themselves to become of our way of thinking. Experience is the biter in this case; and, if we are mad, experience will make us all happily mad together. I look forward, nevertheless, to developments in Mr. Richmond's theories which have not yet occurred to me who have only had time to dabble in the tremendous subject. For one thing it would instruct me to know whether in Mr. Richmond's practical experience children can be as easily interested in abstract ideas as in material examples, as in my present opinion they can be. It would give me pleasure, again, to hear Mr. Richmond's view of adult self-education in the direction of faculty-training. How, I would ask him, can the mind be brought under control and made an organ of the soul in the absence of teachers—that is to say, by one's own efforts. Finally, I should be happy to discover that Mr. Richmond and I agree in believing that not merely our known faculties can be trained almost out of recognition, but that faculties at present scarcely worth the name can be brought into use, and thus, so to say, created. For a new age, I think, will never really dawn for man until this has been done.

* * *

Here, by the way, is a little sketch sent me by a correspondent who assures me that it was written without premeditation by a girl of eight. Surely, where it comes from is a source with which we older people have lost touch. Otherwise, would not the world be listening to us as we shall listen to this with pleasure and wonder?

THE YELLOW WOLF.

All night long the yellow wolves were howling in the silent wood. The trees were rustling and shaking, and footsteps were about. And still the wolves were howling more and more, and came nearer and nearer.

Now little Betty was lying down beside a tree, and Jane came to the wood and Tom to the hill to see if they could find her. Jane came right into the wood, and then she saw Betty, not with the yellow wolf, but with the yellow silk handkerchief which her father had brought from the fair, and which she had got out of Jane's drawer because she liked it so. Now then Jane was carrying Betty home to the house, and nothing else happened like that.

In this little story two strains can be discerned, a rationalism that will subsequently become the chief and probably the only mental element; and a make-believe that very nearly imposes on the little impostor herself. You can feel that the young writer is almost persuaded that her fancy about yellow wolves is not fancy at all. The handkerchief, of course, is there right enough; and to the ordinary adult nothing but the handkerchief would be confessed; but in the mind of the writer, parallel with that fact which is to be presented to her adult companions, is the fancy or imagination so nearly real to herself as to be confessed only with timorousness. Now, it is just because this double strain exists in the minds of children that they are not only unintelligible to most adults, but unintelligible to themselves. To be intelligible is to be reasonable; and it is of the essence of this second strain of fancy that it is unreasonable. On much the same ground I am of opinion that the vast majority of recollections of childhood are one-sided and misleading. Either they rationalise the make-believe of childhood, or they represent the make-believe as something more than it was, namely, as real. How, upon this showing, however, we are to obtain a true impression of childhood it is difficult to see. If recollections, however faithful, are misleading, and observations are wanting in penetration, the only true account must be derived from children themselves while they are still children: in other words, children must write their own autobiographies.

* * *

This leads me to make a note upon Mr. Edmund Gosse's "Father and Son" (Heinemann), which I have just been reading for the first time. It is an impressive work, and I commend it to my readers with confidence. No doubt the story of his childhood and youth is as punctiliously true as the scrupulous mind of Mr. Gosse can make it. He offers it, indeed, as a "genuine slice of life," a document; and, more particularly, as a diagnosis of what he believes (though I know better) is a dying puritanism. Nevertheless, as an account of childhood I find it not, perhaps, false, but just not true. The father, on the one hand, is marvellously drawn; we should know him if we met him, so clearly is his character revealed; but the son, on the other hand—Mr. Edmund Gosse himself as a child—remains for all the exactitude with which he is sketched, little more than a flickering blur. Somewhat the same thing has happened to the drawing of the son as the Greeks deliberately imported into their drawings of children; save in size the child and the man are alike, the child being only a small man. It is, of course, anything but what Mr. Gosse intended, for undoubtedly he set out to depict a real child in relation to a real adult. But the result, as I say, is to make both characters adult, the one an elementary, the other a developed adult. Why is this? The answer, I think, is clear. Mr. Gosse has remembered the incidents of his childhood; he has even remembered the feelings that accompanied them; but he has not remembered them exactly as he experienced them or on the scale of their original values. What he has done has been to look at and to describe his own childhood with the eyes and mind of a man; but what he has failed to do is to represent the child as the child was to itself. Yes, autobiography alone is true portraiture or revelation; and it must, as a rule, be current, for few adults can become as little children.

* * *

Mr. Gosse, however, is right in calling his book a document. If not a document of childhood, it is, at any rate, the document of a man, his father, for whose character, in spite of Mr. Gosse's implied criticism of it, not only a reader like myself must have a profound respect and admiration, but in comparison with which Mr. Gosse's own character, if I may say so, shrinks into the commonplace. It is true that we none of us in these days can regard the Bible as an infallible authority, the very word of God; and for his belief Mr. Gosse's father must in this respect appear strange to us. But what is of even more importance than the object of belief is the intensity of belief—the convictability of the soul. The Father, in Mr. Gosse's book, is, indeed, a "unique and noble figure," by reason of the intensity of his faith: his faith is something granite-like and sublime. And for all that it is built upon a rock which thought has now submerged, it is magnificent. It moulded, moreover, the man himself in every phase. No part of his character was left untouched by it. You may find nowadays men who believe fanatically in something and prove their fanaticism by allowing their belief to affect only a part of themselves. They fall into inconsistency, in short. The "Father" of Mr. Gosse, on the contrary, was, as it were, fanatic all through. He was a Quixote of the Bible with the completeness

of the great Don. And see how it comes out in his literary style—that never-failing test of character. His letter to his son (p. 307), written in great trouble of mind and with no other study than prayer, is monumental; if faith in the Bible can create a style like this, what would not an equal faith in something still more sublime create? In contrast with it, Mr. Gosse's own style is weak. R. H. C.

The Black Cap.

By Katherine Mansfield.

(A LADY and her husband are seated at breakfast. He is quite calm, reading the newspaper and eating; but she is strangely excited, dressed for travelling, and only pretending to eat.)

SHE: Oh, if you should want your flannel shirts, they are on the right-hand bottom shelf of the linen press.

HE (at a board meeting of the Meat Export Company): No.

SHE: You didn't hear what I said. I said if you should want your flannel shirts, they are on the right-hand bottom shelf of the linen press.

HE (positively): I quite agree!

SHE: It does seem rather extraordinary that on the very morning that I am going away you cannot leave the newspaper alone for five minutes.

HE (mildly): My dear woman, I don't want you to go. In fact, I have asked you not to go. I can't for the life of me see . . .

SHE: You know perfectly well that I am only going because I absolutely must. I've been putting it off and putting it off, and the dentist said last time . . .

HE: Good! Good! Don't let's go all over the ground again. We've thrashed it all out pretty thoroughly, haven't we?

SERVANT: Cab's here, m'm.

SHE: Please put my luggage in.

SERVANT: Very good, m'm.

(SHE gives a tremendous sigh.)

HE: You haven't got too much time if you want to *catch that train.*

SHE: I know. I'm going. (In a changed tone.) Darling, don't let us part like this. It makes me feel so wretched. Why is it that you always seem to take a positive delight in spoiling my enjoyment?

HE: I don't think going to the dentist is so positively enjoyable.

SHE: Oh, you know that's not what I mean. You're only saying that to hurt me. You know you are begging the question.

HE (laughing): And you are losing your train. You'll be back on Thursday evening, won't you?

SHE (in a low, desperate voice): Yes, on Thursday evening. Good-bye, then. (Comes over to him, and takes his head in her hands.) Is there anything really the matter? Do at least look at me. Don't you—care—at—all?

HE: My darling girl; this is like an exit on the cinema.

SHE (letting her hands fall): Very well. Good-bye. (Gives a quick, tragic glance round the dining-room, and goes.)

(On the way to the station.)

SHE: How strange life is! I didn't think I should feel like this at all. All the glamour seems to have gone, somehow. Oh, I'd give anything for the cab to turn round and go back. The most curious thing is that I feel if he really had made me believe he loved me it would have been much easier to have left him. But that's absurd. How strong the hay smells. It's going to be a very hot day. I shall never see these fields again. Never, never! But in another way I am glad that it happened like this; it puts me so finally, absolutely in the right for ever! He doesn't want a woman at all. A woman has no meaning for him. He's not the type of man to care deeply for anybody except himself. I've become the person who remembers to take the links out of his shirts before they go to the wash—that is all! And that's not enough for me. I'm young—I'm too proud. I'm not the type of woman to vegetate in the country and rave over "our" own lettuces. . . . . What you have been trying to do ever since you married me is to make me submit, to turn me into your shadow, to rely on me so utterly that you'd only to glance up to find the right time printed on me somehow, as if I were a clock. You have never been curious about me; you never wanted to explore my soul. No; you wanted me to settle down to your peaceful existence. Oh! how your blindness has outraged me—how I hate you for it! I am glad—thankful—thankful to have left you! I'm not a green girl; I am not conceited, but I do know my powers. It's not for nothing that I've always longed for riches and passion and freedom, and felt that they were mine by right. (She leans against the buttoned back of the cab, and murmurs.) "You are a Queen. Let mine be the joy of giving you your kingdom." (She smiles at her little royal hands.) I wish my heart didn't beat so hard. It really hurts me. It tires me so and excites me so. It's like someone in a dreadful hurry beating against a door. . . . This cab is only crawling along; we shall never be at the station at this rate. Hurry! Hurry! My love, I am coming as quickly as ever I can. Yes, I am suffering just like you. It's dreadful, isn't it unbearable—this last half-hour without each other. . . . Oh, God! the horse has begun to walk again. Why doesn't he beat the great strong brute of a thing. . . . Our wonderful life! We shall travel all over the world together. The whole world shall be ours because of our love. Oh, be patient! I am coming as fast as I possibly can. . . . Ah, now it's downhill; now we really are going faster. (An old man attempts to cross the road.) Get out of the way, *you old fool. He deserves to be run over.* . . . Dearest—dearest; I am nearly there. Only be patient!

(At the station.)

Put it in a first-class smoker. . . . There's plenty of time after all. A full ten minutes before the train goes. No wonder he's not here. I mustn't appear to be looking for him. But I must say I'm disappointed. I never dreamed of being the first to arrive. I thought he would have been here and engaged a carriage and bought papers and flowers. . . . How curious! I absolutely saw in my mind a paper of pink carnations. . . He knows how fond I am of carnations. But pink ones are not my favourites. I prefer dark red or pale yellow. He really will be late if he doesn't come now. The guard has begun to shut the doors. Whatever can have happened? Something dreadful. Perhaps at the last moment he has shot himself. . . . I could not bear the thought of ruining your life. . . . But you are not ruining my life. Ah, where are you? I shall have to get into the carriage. . . Who is this? That's not him! It can't be—yes, it is. What on earth has he got on his head? A black cap. But how awful! He's utterly changed. What can he be wearing a black cap for? I wouldn't have known him. How absurd he looks coming towards me, smiling, in that appalling cap!

HE: My darling, I shall never forgive myself. But the most absurd, tragic-comic thing happened. (They get into the carriage.) I lost my hat. It simply disappeared. I had half the hotel looking for it.

Not a sign! So finally, in despair, I had to borrow this from another man who was staying there. (The train moves off.) You're not angry. (Tries to take her in his arms.)

SHE: Don't! We're not even out of the station yet.

HE (ardently): Great God! What do I care if the whole world were to see us? (Tries to take her in his arms.) My wonder! My joy!

SHE: Please don't! I hate being kissed in trains.

HE (profoundly hurt): Oh, very well. You *are* angry. It's serious. You can't get over the fact that I was late. But if you only knew the agony I suffered . . . .

SHE: How can you think I could be so small-minded? I am not angry at all.

HE: Then why won't you let me kiss you?

SHE (laughing hysterically): You look so different somehow—almost a stranger.

HE (jumps up and looks at himself in the glass, anxiously *and* fatuously, she decides): But it's all right, isn't it?

SHE: Oh, quite all right; perfectly all right. Oh, oh, oh! (She begins to laugh and cry with rage.)

(They arrive.)

SHE (while he gets a cab): I must get over this. It's an obsession. It's incredible that anything should change a man so. I must tell him. Surely it's quite simple to say: Don't you think now that you are in the city you had better buy yourself a hat? But that will make him realise how frightful the cap has been. And the extraordinary thing is that he doesn't realise it himself. I mean if he has looked at himself in the glass and doesn't think that cap too ridiculous, how different our points of view must be. . . . How deeply different. I mean, if I had seen him in the street I would have said I could not possibly love a man who wore a cap like that. I couldn't even have got to know him. He isn't my style at all. (She looks round.) Everybody is smiling at it. Well, I don't wonder! The way it makes his ears stick out, and the way it makes him have no back to his head at all.

HE: The cab is ready, my darling. (They get in.)

HE (tries to take her hand): The miracle that we two should be driving together, so simply, like this.

(SHE arranges her veil.)

HE (tries to take her hand; very ardent): I'll engage one room, my love.

SHE: Oh, no! Of course you must take two.

HE: But don't you think it would be wiser not to create suspicion?

SHE: I must have my own room. (To herself) You can hang your cap behind your own door! (She begins to laugh hysterically.)

HE: Ah! thank God! My queen is her happy self again!

(At the hotel.)

MANAGER: Yes, Sir; I quite understand. I think I've got the very thing for you, Sir. Kindly step this way. (He takes them into a small sitting-room, with a bedroom leading out of it.) This would suit you nicely, wouldn't it? And if you liked, we could make you up a bed on the sofa.

HE: Oh, admirable! Admirable!

(The MANAGER goes.)

SHE (furious): But I told you I wanted a room to myself. What a trick to play upon me! I told you I did not want to share a room. How dare you treat me like this? (She mimics) Admirable! Admirable! I shall never forgive you for that!

HE (overcome): Oh God, what is happening! I don't understand—I'm in the dark. Why have you suddenly, on this day of days, ceased to love me? What have I done? Tell me!

SHE (sinks on the sofa): I'm very tired. If you do love me, please leave me alone. I—I only want to be alone for a little.

HE (tenderly): Very well. I shall try to understand. I do begin to understand. I'll go out for half an hour, and then, my love, you may feel calmer. (He looks round, distracted.)

SHE: What is it?

HE: My heart—you are sitting on my cap. (She gives a positive scream and moves into the bedroom. He goes. She waits a moment, and then puts down her veil, and takes up her suit-case.)

(In the taxi.)

SHE: Yes, Waterloo. (She leans back.) Ah, I've escaped—I've escaped! I shall just be in time to catch the afternoon train home. Oh, it's like a dream—I'll be home before supper. I'll tell him that the city was too hot or the dentist away. What does it matter? I've a right to my own home. . . . It will be wonderful driving up from the station; the fields will smell so delicious. There is cold fowl for supper left over from yesterday, and orange jelly. . . . I have been mad, but now I am sane again. Oh, my husband!

We Moderns.

By Edward Moore.

COMPLIMENTS AND ART.—The convention of gallantry observed by the sexes is the foundation of all refined understanding between them. For in the mutual game of compliment it is the spiritual attitude and not the spoken word that matters. There is truth in this attitude, however unreal the words may seem: a thousand times more truth than in the modern, egalitarian, go-as-you-please camaraderie of the sexes. Here there is truth neither in the spirit nor in the letter. To be candid, about this new convention there is something faintly fatuous: the people who act thus are not subtle! Yet they are hardly to be blamed; it is the age that is at fault. Here is no time for reflection upon men, women, and manners, and consequently no refinement or understanding, no form in the true sense. We work so hard and have so little leisure that when we meet we are tired and wish to "stretch our legs," as Nietzsche said. It is far from our thoughts that a convention between men and women might be *necessary;* we are not disposed to inquire why this convention arose; it presents itself to us as something naïvely false; and we have time only to be unconventional.

The ceremonious in manners arose from the recognition that between the sexes there must be distance—respect as well as intimacy—understanding. The old gallantry enabled men and women to be intimate and distant at the same time: it was the perfection of the art of manners. Indeed, we can hardly have sufficient respect for this triumphant circumvention of a natural difficulty, whereby it was made a source of actual pleasure. But now distance and understanding have alike disappeared. The moderns, so obtuse have they become, see here no difficulty at all, consequently no need for manners: brotherhood—comradeship—laziness has superseded that. Nothing is any longer *understood;* but a convention means essentially that something is understood. Indeed, it is already a gaucherie to explain the meaning of a good convention. But what can one do? Against obtuseness the only weapon is obtuseness.

In literature this decline into bad taste and denseness is most clearly to be seen. So incapable have readers become, so resourceless writers, that whatever is said now must be said right out; sex must be called sex; and no one has sufficient subtlety to suggest or to follow a suggestion. Hence, Realism. An artist has to write exactly what he means: the word must be word and nothing more. But this is to misunderstand art.

For, the words of the true artist undergo a transubstantiation and become flesh and blood, even spirit. His words are deeds—to say nothing of what he writes *between* his lines! Realism in art and "comradeship" between the sexes are two misunderstandings, or, rather, two aspects of a misunderstanding. And that misunderstanding is perhaps attributable to a lack of leisure? And that to modern hurry? And that to the industrial system?

LEISURE AND GOOD THINGS.—The very greatest danger confronts a people who renounce leisure: that people will become shallow—just consider our England! For of all things noble it is hard to see the immediate utility: patience and reverence are needed before one can see in them a meaning at all. Art, literature, and philosophy are not obvious goods: at the first glance they appear even repellent: alas, then, for them in an age of first glances! In such an age, it is true, they will not altogether disappear. Something worse will happen. They will be degraded, made obvious, misunderstood; in one word, popularised—the fate of our time. Society should be organised so as to give to its members the maximum of leisure; thus would the dissemination of art and philosophy be made at least possible. But society should at the same time provide for a privileged class of artists and philosophers, with *absolute* leisure, who would work only when the inner compulsion made them. The second condition is at least as important as the first.

WANTED: A HISTORY OF HURRY.—Is there a critic in England who wishes to be at once edifying and entertaining? Let him write a history of hurry in its relation to literature and art. Has literature decayed as hurry has intensified? Have standards of balance, repose and leisured grace gradually shrunk since, say, the Industrial Revolution? Has the curtailment of the realm of literature, its reduction from the Romantic school to the Victorian circle and from that to the Decadent clique, been due to the ever strengthening encroachment of hurry? And has hurry now become finally triumphant so that our critics and even our artists and savants are nothing more than journalists? For certainly they seem to be so.

These are questions to be investigated by our historian.

LEISURE AND PRODUCTIVENESS.—Granted the society which produces the highest goods in the greatest profusion is the best—let us not argue from this that society should be organised with the direct aim of producing goods. For what if goods be to society what happiness is said to be to men—things to be attained only by striving for something else? In all good things—whether it be in art, literature or philosophy—there is so much of the free, the perverse, the unique, the incalculable. In short, good things can only be produced by great men—and these are exceptions. The best we can do, then, is to inaugurate a society in which great men will find it possible to live, will be even encouraged to live. Can a society in which rights are affixed to functions serve for that? A function, in practice, in a democratic state—that will mean something which can be seen to be useful for to-day, but not for to-morrow, far less for any distant future. The more subtle, spiritual, posthumous the activity of a man the less it will be seen to be a function. Art and philosophy arise when leisure and not work is the ruling convention. It is true, artists and philosophers work, and at a higher tension than other men; but it is in leisure that they must *conceive* their works: what obvious function do they then fulfil? Even the most harassed of geniuses, even Burns would never have become immortal had he not had the leisure to ponder, dream and love. Idleness is as necessary for the production of a work of art as labour. And with some men perhaps whole years of idleness are needed. Artists must always be privileged creatures. It is privileges, and not rights, that they want.

SEX IN LITERATURE.—In English literature, until very modern times, sex was treated only within the limits of a very well understood convention. From this convention the physiological was strictly excluded. Yet, of our classical writers, even in the most artificial periods, it cannot be said that they did not understand sex. No matter how "unreal" they might be in writing about Love, the physiological contingencies of Love were unmistakably implied in their works, but only, it is true, implied. The moderns, however, saw in this treatment of Love nothing but a convention, a "lie"; and they became impatient of the artificiality, as if art could be anything but artificial! To what was the change of attitude due? Not to a failure in the artistic convention: that was perfectly sound. No, it was the reader who had failed: a generation of readers had arisen, who had not learnt the art of reading, who did not understand reading as a cultured amateur of the eighteenth century, for instance, understood it. Literature was to this reader a document, not an art. He had no eye for what is written between the lines—for symbolism, idealisation, "literature." And it was to satisfy him that the realistic school arose: it arose, indeed, out of himself. In the realist the modern reader has become writer.: the man who could not learn the art of reading has here essayed the more difficult art of writing—documentary art!

HISTORY OF A REALIST.—Who will write a series of biographies of modern writers, illustrating this thesis; that they are nothing more than modern readers wielding a hasty pen? Such a set of memoirs would almost compensate us for having read the works of these writers. How interesting, for instance, it would be to know how many years—surely it would be years?—they spent in trying to understand literature before they dedicated themselves to its service. How interesting, again, to discover how many hours each day X, the celebrated novelist, devotes to contemplation, how many to writing for the newspapers, and how many to his present masterpiece. What! one hour's thought has actually preceded five hours' dictation! This revelation is, after all, not so startling. On second thoughts, these memoirs seem superfluous: we can read everything we wish to know of the moderns in their works.

Yet, for our better amusement, will not someone write his one and only novel, giving the true history of the novelist? A novel against novels! But for that we need a second Cervantes, yet how unlike the first! For on this occasion it is not Don Quixote that must be satirised, but Sancho Panza.

THE ONLY COURSE.—All the figures in this novel are paltry; we despise them, and, if we were in danger of meeting them in real life, would take steps to avoid them; yet such is the author's adroitness that we are led on helplessly through the narrative, through unspeakable sordidness of circumstance and soul, hating ourselves and him, and feeling nothing better than slaves. To rouse our anxiety lest Herbert lose five pounds, or Mabel find it impossible to get a new dress, this is art, this is modern art! But to feel *anxiety* about such things is ignoble; and to live in a sordid atmosphere, even if it be of a book, is the part of a slave. And yet we cannot but admire. For in this novel what subtlety in the treatment there must be overlying the fundamental vulgarity of the theme! How is Art, which should make Man free, here transformed into a potent means for enslaving him! It is impossible to yield oneself to the sway of a modern realist without a loss in one's self-respect. To what is due this conspicuous absence of nobility in modern writers? But is the question, indeed, worth the asking? For to the artist and to him who would retain freedom of soul, there is only one course with the paltry in literature—to avoid it.

To a Young Man.*

By Paul Bourget.
(*Translated by David Weston.*)

'Tis to you, my young countryman, that I want to dedicate this book, you whom I know so well, although I know neither your place of birth, your name, your relatives, your income, nor your ambitions—nothing but that you are more than eighteen and less than twenty-five years of age, and that you are prone to seek in the works of us, your elders, for answers to questions which are a torment to you. And the knowledge which you thus acquire depends, to a great extent, on your morale, and also on the state of your soul; and by your morale I mean the life of all France. Your soul is her soul. Twenty years hence you and your contemporaries will hold the destiny of France in the palm of your hand. You will be that country personified. What inspiration shall you have gained from our books? So thinking, is there a man of letters conscious of his mission that does not tremble at his responsibility?

You will find in "The Disciple" a study of one such responsibility. May you find in it a proof that the friend writing these lines possesses, for want of a greater merit, a profound belief in the nobility of his art. May you discover in these same lines the proof that his thoughts are with you, and that they are anxious thoughts. Yes; his thoughts have been thine for ever so long, since the day you were taught to read, in fact. We, your elders, who are marching to-day towards the forties, were then scribbling our first sonnets and our early prose to the sound of the guns that roared round Paris. There was no gaiety in our school-houses in those days. Those who were of age had departed for the Front, and the rest, who were constrained to remain in the half-empty classrooms, found the duty of raising up again their Fatherland weighing heavily on their minds.

We used to invoke you often in our muse, Young Man of to-day—we who had dedicated our lives to Letters. My friends and I used to recite the beautiful lines of Théodore de Banville:

Vous en qui je salue une nouvelle aurore,
Vous tous qui m'aimerez,
Jeunes hommes des temps qui ne sont pas encore,
O bataillons sacrés.

We prayed for to-morrow's dawn to be as radiant as our day was dark and clouded with sanguinary vapours. We prayed to be worthy of being esteemed by you, in that we were leaving to you a better heritage than that which had been bequeathed to us. We told ourselves that our object was to make of you, and for you, a new France, by our private and public conduct, by our work and by our acts, by our sincerity and example; a France won back from defeat, a France renovated internally and in her external life rehabilitated. Young as we were, we knew—and it was a lesson learnt of our masters, which was their greatest teaching—that the triumphs and defeats without are but manifestations of the virtues and defects within. We knew that the resurrection of Germany, at the commencement of the century, was above all else *a work of the soul*, and we were able to take note that the Soul of France—the Great Defeated of 1870—needed sustaining, healing, curing. We were not alone in comprehending in the generous naïveté of our youth that the moral crisis was the real crisis in which France found herself; for did not the great Dumas write in 1873 in his preface to "La Femme de Claude," addressing himself to the Young Frenchmen of his day, just as I am addressing myself to you, my younger brother: "Take heed; you are passing through difficult times. . . . You have just paid dearly for the faults of the past, and the end is not yet. You are no longer expected to be witty, light, frivolous, mocking, sceptical, and foolish. God, nature, work, love, children, are the things you stand in need of to-day. *These things must live if you are not to die!*"

I am unable to claim for the generation to which I belong, and from which arose the noble desire to rebuild France, that it has been successful, or that the age was devoted to this cause with single-mindedness. What I do know is that we have striven hard, yes, very hard, but with too little discernment—alas!—though with an intense and unremitting energy, the memory of which pains me when I reflect how little those at the head of affairs did for that generation; how we were all abandoned by the unfortunate ones whose duty it was to inspire and direct us, but to whom the idea of giving us encouragement, support or guidance, never occurred. Ah! the honest middle class, that stanch and brave Bourgeoisie that France possesses still! It has furnished during the last twenty years, tireless soldiers, shrewd and assiduous diplomats, excellent professors, and consummate artists. At times I hear it said: What vitality the country possesses to withstand conditions under which another would perish! If, indeed, it has progressed, it is primarily due to the goodwill of the rising Bourgeoisie which has made every sacrifice in order to serve the country. That Bourgeoisie has seen ignoble rulers of a moment proscribe its most cherished traditions in the name of Liberty; has seen cursèd politicians play with Universal Suffrage as with a trident, and dishonest mediocrity installed in high places. The Bourgeoisie suffered this Universal Suffrage—the most monstrous and iniquitous of tyrannies—for the power of the mob is the most unscrupulous of powers. It can even dispense with the employment of talent or courage. The rising Bourgeoisie resigned themselves to all these things, and accepted the humiliating conditions for the privilege of fulfilling a duty they held sacred. If our arms gain strength, if foreign powers respect us, if our higher education develops, if our arts and literature continue to affirm the genius of our race, it is to the Bourgeoisie that we are indebted. It has not achieved victory, this generation of young men; it has not been able to re-establish the traditional forms of government, or to solve the complex problems raised for us by the Democracy. Nevertheless, young men of 1889, do not despise it. Learn to do justice to your elders! France lives because of them.

How she will live by you is a question that occupies those of your elders who have preserved, in spite of all, faith in the country's future. You have not, to keep you constant, the vision of Prussian cavalry galloping triumphantly beneath the poplars of your native soil. And of the horrid civil war you know only by the picturesque ruins of the Cour des Comptes, where the trees put out their luxuriant verdure over the weathered stones that assume the aspect of ancient castles which, in time, will also disappear. We of those days have never been able to consider that the Peace of '71 has settled everything for always. . . . How glad I should be to think that you are of the same belief! How much I should like to be assured that you will not lightly renounce what, to us, was a silent prayer, the consoling hope of each one of us, even of those whose wish it was never to speak of it. But, of course, I am sure of it!—as I am assured also that you are filled with sadness when you pass beneath the Triumphal Arch where *they* have been, even though, at the time you are in the company of a friend, and the summer's night is beautiful. You would, I feel sure, willingly, gladly, leave everything to go—*yonder*, to-morrow, if it were necessary. But it is not enough to know how to die. Is your mind made up how you ought to live? When you gaze at the Triumphal Arch and recall the splendours of La Grande Armée, do you regret not having heard the sounding of the bugle-call to the conscripts of yore? When you recall the Resto-

* Written in 1889 as a Preface to "Le Disciple."

ration and the struggles of the Romanticists, do you feel a sickness of heart at not having a literary banner to defend? Do you feel, when you meet one of the Masters of to-day—a Dumas, Taine, or Lecomte de Lisle—an emotion in thinking that you have before you one of the depositories of the genius of your race? Are your ideals higher than ours? Have you more faith than we have, more hope than we possess? If your answer is—*Yes*—then let me shake you by the hand and say—Thanks! But if it is *No*?

If it is—*No*? . . . There are two types of young men that I see before me at the present time, and who are before you also as two forms of temptation, equally formidable and disastrous. One is a cynic who is habitually gay. He is in the twenties, and takes life lightly; his religion is summed up in a single word—Enjoyment—only qualified by that other word—Success. Whether he is interested in politics or affairs, literature or art, sport or industry; whether he be an officer, diplomat, or advocate, he is his own God, first and last. He has borrowed of present-day natural philosophy the impressive law of the survival of the fittest, and he applies it to the promotion of his position with a materialistic zeal which makes of him a civilised barbarian, the most dangerous of his kind. He worships Success, and Success to him means Money. His ways are so profoundly nihilistic that the ideals of others are to him but a comedy. Such an individual must be a monster, don't you think? For is it not monstrous to have, when you are twenty-five, a calculating machine, in place of a soul, that is at the service of the pleasure-seeking instincts? Yet I despair of him less as being a fit companion for you than I do of the other type, who has himself all the finer traits of mind and instincts, and who is an intellectual and educated epicurean, as the first is a brutal and scientific one. What a spectacle the refined anarchist is, to be sure, and how he abounds! He has run through the whole range of intellect by the time he has reached the age of twenty-five. His critical acumen, precociously awakened, has grasped the latest discoveries of the most subtle philosophers of the day. Do not talk to him of agnosticism or materialism. He knows that the word *matter* has no precise meaning, and he is, besides, too well informed not to admit that all religions have had their uses in their day. But he cannot believe, and never will believe, anything, save in indulging his mind—that mind which he has transformed into an elegant instrument of perversity. Good and evil, beauty and ugliness, vice and virtue, appear to him as objects of simple curiosity. The human soul in its entirety is for him a clever mechanism, and the analysis of it serves as an interesting pastime. There is no truth or falsehood, nothing is moral or immoral. He is the educated and refined egoist whose whole ambition is centred in his self-adoration. We know this young man only too well, we have all just escaped becoming like him, we who were beguiled by the scintillating paradoxes of a brilliant Master. We were all like him once, we are like him still in our wayward moments. And if I write this book to demonstrate it to you, child of twenty, in whom the soul is beginning to take shape, it is also to show to my own self what villainies underlie this specious egoism.

Be you neither like the one nor the other of these two youths, my young compatriot. Neither be the brutal materialist, who abuses the world of the senses, nor the contemptuous prematurely-aged sophist who abuses the intellectual and spiritual world. Let neither the vanities of life, nor those of the mind, make of you a cynic or a juggler with ideas. In these times of perplexed consciences, remember the sacred saying—Judge a tree by its fruit! There exists a reality in which you cannot but believe, for it is within you, and you feel and see it at all times: it is your Soul. Amongst the ideas which assail you there are some that render the soul less capable of loving, less capable of believing. Take it for granted that such ideas are false in one sense, however subtle they appear to you in another, and however they may be supported by the most attractive names and set off by the magic of the most brilliant talents. Exalt and cultivate in yourself two great virtues without which your present can only be sickly and your future agonising—Love and Goodwill. Science of to-day recognises that its domain stretches to the Infinite. Old Littré, who was almost a saint, spoke magnificently of this ocean of mystery that washes the shores we see before us, and for which we have neither ship nor sail. To those who say to you that beyond this ocean of mystery there is Void, the Dark Abyss and Death, have the courage to reply—You do not know! And since you are conscious of a soul within you, labour that this soul should not die untimely. France expects you to think of this, and may this book help you to remember. Do not seek for allusions to recent events, for you will find none herein. The plan of the book was sketched and partly written, when two tragedies—the one French, the other European—came to prove that the self-same turmoil of ideas and sentiment stirs at this moment in the highest and humblest destinies. Do me the honour to believe that I have not speculated on the events of the past which have caused suffering to people without number. The moralist whose business it is to seek for motives meets at times with analogous situations which prove to him that he has judged rightly. At such times he wishes he had been mistaken. But what I should like to feel, so as to convince myself, is that there never has existed, in real life, persons resembling, much or little, the unhappy Disciple who gives his name to this romance. But if there had not been, or if none exist to-day, I could not have told you what I have just related, my young countryman—to whom I want to be of service for once, and by whom I long to be admired—and to be worthy of it.

Views and Reviews.

A CASE FOR INQUIRY.

So much has happened since August, 1914, so many rights have been surrendered, so many constitutional changes have been effected, that it is not easy to find reasons for attracting attention to one grievance. We ourselves are living under the rule of a Committee of Public Safety (as Lord Shaw of Dunfermline alleged in the House of Lords a few days ago), and the plea of military necessity apparently overrides all considerations of constitutional practice. But perhaps the comparative insignificance of Ceylon, and its distance, may make it easier to reconsider what seems to be a case of mal-administration, and a measure of justice may be extended to a colony which, at the moment, it might be dangerous to apply to the mother country. Certainly, if the exploitation of our colonial possessions is to be, as Lord Milner hints, one of the chief activities of this country after the war, we shall be well advised not to leave grievances rankling, particularly in such a case as this,* where all that is demanded is an official inquiry. If we are to have a new world after the war, as Mr. Lloyd George suggests, it may just as well be a world in which the natives of Ceylon, for example, have faith in British justice. "I have no sympathy," says Mr. de Souza in his preface, "with any object which seeks the humiliation of any administrator or the punishment of any man. It is justice for those who suffered wrongs, not vengeance against those who inflicted them, that is sought in Ceylon. Justice is the

* "Hundred Days in Ceylon under Martial Law in 1915." By Armand de Souza. (Printed by Woolridge & Co., High Street, Highgate.)

least that England owes to Ceylon, and Ceylon asks for no more."

At this point it will be correct to state the author's qualifications. The account that he gives of himself is that he is the editor of the "Ceylon Morning Leader," that he is not a native, but has lived in Ceylon for the last thirty years. Until February, 1916, he gave a general support to the administration of Sir Robert Chalmers, then Governor, but now superseded by Sir John Anderson. At the time of the riots, he admits that he was "quite unprepared with an explanation; and for many weeks after the riots had subsided, I was probably as bewildered as most of the Officials and some of the Unofficial Members of the Legislative Council showed they were." But in February, 1916, "the Committee responsible for collecting information and presenting the Sinhalese Memorial to the Secretary of State for the Colonies communicated copies of their Memorial and its appendices to the Press, on the official publication of the Secretary of State's reply. But the rigorous censorship over all matters connected with the riots, withdrawn on my representations in September, 1915, and now resumed, suppressed any publication or discussion of the facts. It was only from the printed copies of the Memorial which passed from hand to hand that, for the first time, those interested in public affairs became aware of the terrible story." That he should seek publication in England needs no explanation, but he does not seem to have succeeded; for the volume bears only the printer's name, and is apparently privately published. With his final assurance that "the facts presented in these pages are presented as a prima facie case for an inquiry; I recite them, not as established, but as alleged," we may pass to the story itself.

A few facts about the population may be necessary to the understanding of the dimensions of the trouble. The population includes 2,715,000 Sinhalese, of whom 2,474,000 are Buddhists, and the rest are Christians. There are 528,000 Tamils, most of whom are Hindus; and the Mohammedans, who are, historically, recent arrivals, number 283,000, but do not constitute a coherent community. They are called "Ceylon Moors," are part of the permanent populations, and live at peace with their neighbours. "The rest of the Mohammedans consist of Boraks, who are traders from Western India; a few Afghans, who subsist on unconscionable usury, and are greatly disliked by the police and the people; and, lastly, a large number of petty traders who, coming from the Malabar Coast of India, settle in trade in the towns or penetrate into the rural districts, setting up petty shops to supply the simple wants of the Sinhalese villager. This last class goes by the generic name of 'Coast Moors,' and it is they who provoked the riots and were the earliest objects of popular resentment. In surveying the riots, the cardinal distinction to be noticed is that it is the alien 'Coast Moor' who focussed upon himself the popular wrath, which later on unintentionally, but naturally, extended to the 'Ceylon Moors,' while throughout the whole troubled week no Malay, Borak, or Afghan was molested or affronted. No other community was attacked; and no offices of the Government, no wearer of the Police or Military uniform, no European, Tamil, or Burgher was ever assailed, disturbed, or withstood."

These "Coast Moors" have always been unpopular in Ceylon; they are accused of rapacity and immorality, the usual accusations against the aliens, but which serve to show a recognition of the fact that they are aliens. The Coast Moors increased their unpopularity at the beginning of the war by raising the prices of the necessaries of life; and, finally, made themselves impossible of toleration by attacking the religious privileges of the Buddhists and Hindus.

The Buddhist processions in this island have occurred annually for the last 800 years; and it emphasises the difference between the two sets of Mohammedans to discover that the Ceylon Moors, although they have a Mosque on the traditional route, have never in any way objected to or interfered with the Buddhist procession. The Coast Moors built another Mosque on the same road about thirty years ago; but not until 1907 did they conceive the idea of interfering with the procession. They insisted that the music should stop at a point a hundred yards away from the Mosque, and should not begin again until the procession passed another post a hundred yards on the other side of the Mosque. Even then, they did not interfere with the famous Wallahagoda Déválé Perahera until 1912, when the Government Agent issued the licence with the condition that the music should not be played within fifty yards, either side, of the Mosque, a condition which satisfied nobody. The Buddhists protested against the condition, and Mr. Saxton replied by altering the traditional route of this procession, so that it did not pass this particular Mosque, and forbidding music within a hundred yards of "any place of worship." The Buddhists have fought a case on the point through the Courts up to the Privy Council, where an appeal is now pending.

The Coast Moors were triumphant, and began interfering not only with Buddhists, but with Hindu processions, threw mud at the image and stones at the worshippers, and dispersed processions in three provincial capitals within a fortnight. These aggressions did not cease with the declaration of war, but continued until the riots in 1915. When the licences for the Wesak carols were applied for, it became apparent that not only the religious susceptibilities, but the business interests, of the Coast Moors were to be considered by the authorities. One of the features of this festival is the provision of free meals for pilgrims, the Buddhist who subscribes to this purpose thereby obtaining religious merit. But when application was made to the municipality of Kandy for the usual permission to erect a marquee, the request was refused for the first time in history, on the ground that "Moorish traders, having boutiques in the vicinity, resented the establishment of any dan-sálá, because they would be deprived of the profits from selling food to the pilgrims if these were gratuitously fed!" Finally, the municipality gave the permission, but made the applicant deposit fifty rupees on account of the claims for compensation of two Moorish traders named in the licence. The police licence not only prohibited music within one hundred yards of any place of public worship, but this year omitted the modification "during hours of service," and added a special prohibition of music "within one hundred yards of a Mosque." As Kandy is crowded with temples, mosques, viháres, and Christian churches, this would apparently be a carol procession without carols. Special instructions were issued to the police to see that no disturbance occurred near the Mosque of the Coast Moors; but the Superintendent also granted a special order permitting the singers to serenade one of their chief co-religionists who lived near the Mosque, providing that there were no service proceeding. The Inspector tried to turn the procession down a side street; some confusion resulted, and the Moors, who were assembled at their Mosque, began to jeer, and the Buddhists, their patience exhausted at last, attacked the Moors, profaned the Mosque, and damaged several boutiques in the vicinity.

That seems to have been the beginning of the trouble; the development seems to have been due to a most extraordinary diffidence of the police, accentuated by murders committed by the Moors. When a crowd was handled with some firmness, as by Mr. Stace, the Magistrate, it dispersed; but there are few examples of this. The police seem to have justified their inaction

on the plea of "no instructions," and to have stood by and watched, without interfering, the looting of boutiques, with the consequences that the native population thought that their action had the approval of the Government.

Mr. de Souza alleges that the situation was not beyond the control of the police, if they had received instructions to control it, or had even used their ordinary powers. Yet Sir Robert Chalmers chose to proclaim Martial Law, and Brigadier-General Malcolm himself is reported to have declared that "such a complete handing over of absolute power to the military is most unusual." Throughout the whole period, the Civil Courts were sitting, trying, indeed, 95 per cent. of the cases. Sir Robert Chalmers' telegram to the Colonial Secretary stated that the outbreak was not directed against the Government or against Europeans; yet he offered General Malcolm extra troops from India, let him believe that he was called upon to quell a seditious insurrection, and practically abdicated in his favour. A few figures are again necessary. Thirty-nine persons, Mohammedans and Sinhalese, were killed in the riots; but sixty-six persons were killed by the military and police. The Civil Courts tried over eight thousand persons, convicted 4,855, and acquitted 3,573; the courts martial tried 412, and convicted 358. On the one hand, the civil tribunals knew the people, were used to sifting evidence, and did not encourage perjury; on the other hand, the courts martial did not know the people, apparently did not know, or care about, the difference between allegation and proof, and encouraged perjury by their proclamation that "all persons refusing or neglecting to obey any order by the military or civil authorities will be liable to be shot." It is alleged in this book that perjury was subdued by threats under this proclamation.

Why Sir Robert Chalmers proclaimed Martial Law when the Civil Courts were sitting, why he allowed the military to think that they were suppressing a seditious rising, when he was informing the Colonial Office that it was not seditious, and the Attorney-General (Sir Anton Bertram) denied, on behalf of the Government, the suggestion when it was made in the Legislative Council, are questions that can only be properly answered by an official inquiry. But even if this action is excusable, there is a further fact to be explained. Captain Northcote's reports to the Governor show that no trouble occurred anywhere after June 5, but Martial Law, with its Courts Martial and its threats to shoot "as soon as seen" any native out of his village, remained in force until August 30, nearly three months later. Men were shot, and hanged, were sentenced to penal servitude for life, were subjected to heavy fines, and the whole native population was living under the threat of instant death if a cocoa-nut scraper were kept in the kitchen for three months after the rioting ended. The Hon. P. Ramanathan, K.C., C.M.G., who represents the educated Ceylonese in the Legislative Council, and is himself a Tamil, has suggested in the Council that "Martial Law was retained (1) to dispense with the safeguards of the civil law in arresting men denounced by the Moors; (2) to sentence such unfortunate men more heavily than the civil courts would tolerate; (3) to assess and exact the compensation due to the Moors by methods which the civil law would not permit." Only an official inquiry could clear Sir Robert Chalmers of such a charge, and until the inquiry is instituted he must lie under the accusation.

Mr. Bonar Law has already declared that he "sees no reason" to grant an inquiry; but as he is no longer at the Colonial Office, he may press the matter upon the attention of his successor. Sir John Anderson, the new Governor, is doing his best to retrieve the mistakes of his predecessor; but only a Commission with plenary powers to examine the whole matter can do justice. What, for example, can Sir John Anderson do to redress the grievance of Mr. Fernando, some of whose houses were burned by the rioters, and who is refused compensation because he is a Sinhalese and not a Moor? What can he do to redress the grievances of various high-caste Hindus who were ordered by the military to supply such things as beef or dripping (it being a capital offence to refuse to obey any military order), and have not only lost caste by doing so, but have been refused payment for the commodities supplied? The ramifications of the trouble are so intricate that no one man can unravel them; but there is sufficient evidence in Mr. de Souza's book to warrant an inquiry by an impartial Commission, and if the good name of our Colonial administration is of any importance, a Commission will soon be appointed.

A. E. R.

Reviews.

Sonia: Between Two Worlds. By Stephen McKenna. (Methuen. 6s.)

Mr. Shane Leslie, in his "Memoirs," has recently done in fact what Mr. McKenna here attempts to do in fiction, to describe a life that ceased to be when war was declared and to reach out in hope to the life that is not yet in being. Mr. Wells has essayed the same feat within narrower limits and with reference to different people; his novel began in July, 1914, and was mainly concerned with the effect of the war upon a small family of "advanced" people. But Mr. McKenna begins his story in 1898, at the country house of Roger Dainton; and in the person of Mr. George Oakleigh (a born, but not made, Under Secretary of State) he describes the public-school life of certain specimens of "the governing classes," follows them through Oxford and into society and politics—and journalism. It is unfortunate that Mr. McKenna permitted himself to adopt the superficial thesis (first stated, we believe, by Mr. John Palmer in a book on Bernard Shaw) that the war put a term to one regime and established an interregnum preparatory to a new order; he would have avoided the psychological error of converting Sonia Dainton, and of giving an entirely sentimental conclusion to his story, if that misleading phrase, "between two worlds," had not impressed him as a profound sociological truth. For the value of the book does not lie in its acceptance and adaptation of the moral teaching of the parable of the Good Samaritan, but in its earlier descriptions of what befell the poor man on his journey. The defect of all these adaptations of moral fables to politics is that they overlook the limitations of the story; the Good Samaritan assisted the afflicted, but we have no evidence that he rewarded the robbers by compliance with their conquests or that he would not have resisted to the uttermost any attack made by them upon him or his associates. It is for this reason that politics cannot be guided or limited by purely moral considerations; in fact, if the Good Samitarian had been a public official, it would have been his bounden duty not only to succour the afflicted, but to send a punitive expedition after the robbers. Generosity itself may have as fearful consequences as greed; and our entrance into the war was as much the act of a Good Samaritan as, say, the American feeding of the distressed Belgians. O'Rane's prophetic outburst in the last chapter of the book reads like the fustian that it is because war is not now an end in itself, but a means to certain ends, or a condition of the preservation and development of certain forms of life. All that O'Rane has to say about the sweetening and simplifying of human relations, we heartily endorse; but the war will certainly not teach us to renounce "the right of inflicting pain," and the social reformation that O'Rane desires, in language almost identical with that of the Bishop of London, will arise not

from any reaction against the horrors of war, but from a definite inspiration of the creative spirit, and must tarry until Pentecost.

Luckily, there is not much of this sort of thing in Mr. McKenna's book, and his talents are better exercised in his description of the clash between the Slow and the Smart Set in Society. The story moves in a round of country-house parties, Society "crushes," night clubs, and scandals, dragging in at intervals composite portraits of well-known people whose identity is as baffling as that of Byron's Junius. We know everybody in this book until we try to remember whom it is; and pervading this part of the story is that world-weariness that was called fin de siécle until the advent of the twentieth century robbed the journalists of a cliché. We venture on a subtlety of criticism; Mr. McKenna has a gift of characterisation but no insight into character. His people are real until they are examined, and then they are only bundles of Mr. McKenna's happy perceptions placed in dramatic situations. O'Rane's only title to reality is that he is incredible, and it is on O'Rane that the whole moral burden of the story is placed. He is the soul of good in things evil, a Byron redeemed and redeeming. He is a synthesis of all the virtues taught by suffering; he has a hundred hands, each schooled to a different task, a myriad eyes all ablaze with beauty and wonder, a gift of tongues more manifold than can be mustered in a School of Languages. He is no man, he is Man, the good European who has his way to make in the world. Without him, the story would have drifted into mere orgiastics; with him, it explodes into pyrotechnics, into a catastrophic theory of morals. He is as delightful as a collection of good quotations, which he is; and, like Shakespeare, he is full of them. He is Matthew Arnold's Culture, the knowledge of the best that has been thought or written in the history of the world or the fiction of the upper classes. He has the true "Family Herald" touch qualified by an Oxford education; he is connected with the Irish peerage, if only by the bar sinister, and politicians and ambassadors, dagos and "greasers," college pass men and public schoolboys, soldiers and Sonia of the Smart Set, all unite to do him reverence. He is not a Man, he is a Miracle; it is he, not Sonia, who is between two worlds, and we wonder that no one has likened him to Mahomet's coffin.

Pelle the Conqueror: Daybreak. By Andersen Nexö. Translated by Jessie Muir. (Sidgwick & Jackson. 6s.)

This volume is the fourth and last of a series of which the preceding volumes have already been published under the sub-titles: "Boyhood," "Apprenticeship," and "The Great Struggle." The whole series is an epic of the labour movement in Denmark; Pelle personifies its development from the attempt to gain political power to its creation of economic power by co-operative production with equal pay and profits to all engaged. Pelle, of course, evolves the idea from his inner consciousness, and, like Robert Owen, looks forward to the time when this version of syndicalism will oust the capitalist system of production. Luckily, he does not allow democratic control of his workshop; when the men vote in favour of beginning and ceasing work an hour later, Pelle promptly refuses to rob the working-classes of its heritage of early rising, and reads them a lecture on the necessity of using their political power wisely. Only a successful system of co-operative production can oust the capitalist system, and Pelle is determined not to wreck his system at the beginning by any concession which would increase the difficulties of competing with capitalism. Besides, owing to Mr. Brun, who capitalised the business, and finally made Pelle his heir, Pelle is the capitalist; and is determined to use his power to educate his fellow-workers in the co-operative idea. He does it, first, by dismissing the "Impossibilists," the men who prefer agitation to production, denunciations of profiteering to sharing in the profits; then he proceeds to lecturing, and linking up the productive organisations so that the sources of supply shall not be monopolised by the capitalistic enemy, and lastly, he buys land and begins to build a garden city by co-operative labour, the community thus becoming the owner of its own houses. The human interest of the book is supplied by the domestic scenes, which are handled with remarkable fidelity and an occasional touch of imagination; indeed, Pelle alleges that his great scheme is simply an application to industry of the principles of domestic life. The "family" idea which is now being applied by some enthusiasts to international politics is applied by Pelle to industry; and the fallacies and dangers of the analogy are not recognised. After all, it was Brun, the man who had no family feeling, who made the whole scheme possible; and another man, equally lacking in the domestic qualities, might easily make the whole scheme impossible. Degeneracy is not confined to millionaires.

Canada in War Paint. By Captain R. W. Bell. (Dent. 2s. 6d. net.)

Captain Bell offers us a series of "Souvenirs de la Guerre," as he calls them, illustrating various incidents of life at the front. They vary from humorous to less humorous, and we conclude that those which contain no apparent attempt at jocularity are intended to be serious. They differ from other series of sketches only by their proficiency in conventionality; Capt. Bell uses slang, for example, not because he likes it or can make anything of it, but because it is expected of a soldier at the front. He represents the stern disciplinarians as really very kind-hearted men because the paradox has been accepted as proof of acute psychological insight since the beginning of warfare; and he says the usual good word of mother's influence restraining her boy from following the bad examples of his companions because it is expected of an officer in these times. His colonial consciousness preserves all the authentic signs of the historic Englishman; the only song that must not be sung at the front, he tells us, is "Home, Sweet Home," because all the men are longing for it. The most vivid piece of writing, because the most sincere, is the tribute that he pays to his own regiment, the First Canadian Infantry Battalion, Ontario Regiment, for their gallantry at Courcelette and elsewhere; and at last we can take off our hats to the real soldiers.

The Fishermen. By Dmitry Gregorovitsh. Translated by Dr. Angelo S. Rappoport. (Paul. 6s.)

This is a very dull story of Russian peasant life; and it would be easy to imagine that the "two pedestrians" who give a title to the first chapter were the author and his translator. The story is narrative of the most literal kind; Gregorovitsh has none of the dramatic skill of the great Russians, he can neither stage his incidents nor dramatise them subjectively as Dostoieffsky does. Gregorovitsh always interposes himself between the reader and his characters; *he* tells us what they did, what they felt, when we want them to tell us. He never interprets, never creates, he only describes; we feel that the story is true, but that it is not real. The people are not alive; nothing kindles them; even Vania's sacrifice of himself for Grishka is only recounted not represented to us. Gregorovitsh tells us how many times his father threatened to strike him, how often his mother wept, how far she accompanied him when he left home, how many times he looked round, and so forth; but with the real state of feeling we are never acquainted. It is a novel that demands great patience from the reader, and rewards him with nothing memorable. Gregorovitsh has no vision; and his story of the pernicious influence of the factory on peasant life is mere matter-of-fact, familiar to us by more than a century of English history.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—Some little time ago it struck me that the dictum of Guildsmen, "The workman is the shrewdest judge of good work and the competent manager," could be tested in a simple and interesting way by application to the New Army.

Officers, N.C.O.'s, and men started from the same level of ignorance, suffered the same education, and learnt their work in the same school of experience. Never in civilian employment was the variable ability for leadership so eagerly searched after, never was promotion so rapid or reduction for inefficiency so certain, and never did those crises which prove the worth of a leader occur more frequently. Moreover, it should not be forgotten that almost from the first it has been settled policy in the Army to let every soldier who was to be engaged in any operation know as much as possible of the tactical plan and such information as was necessary to a thorough understanding of it. But this method not only makes soldiers who know what they are required to do in a certain set of circumstances; it trains each man in the craft of war. Like other craftsmen, you will often find such soldiers discussing, with stimulating acrimony, special examples of their craftsmanship and individual masters in their craft. Can it be matter for surprise, then, that the general opinion of the rank and file upon their leaders is almost always just and accurate? I almost said, uncannily shrewd.

Setting aside, as a more or less unconscious pose, the British soldier's professed attitude of boredom, his inveterate love of "grousing," and his secret delight in being able to find something wrong in everything, it is not hard to learn what he really thinks of those in authority over him. There is the evident trust or distrust in their commander which men show in critical moments. It is always unmistakable, and I do not think men would hide it even if they could. An unfailing guide, too, is the willingness with which tired men will work for a leader of whom they think well, and, on the other hand, the grudgingly given labour which is the best that can be got by one despised. With a fool, or a knave, or a bully, men will often deliberately plan evasions, but for a leader they respect they will generally give of their best, and for one whom they love and admire they will willingly work or fight till they drop. Sabotage is born and flourishes only under the ministrations of the profiteer and the incompetent. The most interesting way of all, however, is to listen to the private soldier as he talks with his peers. Take part in that conversation as a civilian, and you will learn but little; take part in it as a "superior officer" within the meaning of the Act, and you will learn still less; but take part in it as one soldier desiring converse with another on matters of common interest, and you will learn more than you ever dreamed was possible. And if you find failings and shortcomings invariably commented on at length and rarely excused, you will also find generous praise for the man who "knows his job" and enthusiastic approval of the good leader. Besides, you will be rewarded by more shrewd mother wit than you ever found among the purveyors of epigrams and clever sayings. A few examples would be more interesting than all this, I imagine.

Soon after the formation of the battalion to which I belonged until recently, six N.C.O.'s were made, largely on the strength of physical appearance, big voice, and parade-ground bluster. They learned the ordinary work fairly rapidly, and were considered good. Almost from the beginning, the men under them had a different view—very decidedly expressed in private, and quite evident when one of the six was in sole charge of a squad. The men's view varied from contempt or indifference in five cases to positive distrust and detestation in the sixth. Three of the six early came to grief, two for hopeless inefficiency and the third for repeated undisciplined conduct. Of the others, two proved themselves quite unfitted for command at critical moments, and the last was found to be utterly untrustworthy, and is probably no longer a N.C.O. Only one of the six made a passable commander.

About this time A, the man acting sergeant of another platoon, was without effective rank, and was not considered worth recommending for promotion. The men under him, however, had a very high opinion of his abilities and a most marked respect for him. Only once had he to appeal to higher authority to preserve discipline, and the billet in his charge was frequently taken as a model for cleanliness and order. At the risk of appearing prolix, I repeat that this man held no rank, yet his men carried out his orders "at the double," and with that cheerfulness which is the hall-mark of the well-led soldier. Under another company officer A rapidly became sergeant, and now holds commissioned rank, after having gained the reputation of being one of the most able N.C.O.'s in the battalion.

In addition to these cases I could detail twelve more, equally striking and all taken from one company; only in two of them can I recall that, in the light of after events, the general opinion of the men had been at fault. B early came into prominence as a prodigious worker, immensely strong and possessed of a sound knowledge of mining. The men of his section swore by him, and before long he seemed marked out for steady promotion. A dangerous, difficult, and excessively arduous task was carried out under his command so well and so quickly as to gain special praise from high authority. For a time that section considered itself the crack section of the British Army, and, in consequence, did excellent work, twice more gaining special commendation. In time, however, B proved himself of very limited capacity—just enough ability and force of personality to gain a hold over men, not enough to keep it. As far as I know, he is still a corporal, and not likely to get higher for some time. The interesting point to note is that he lost prestige first among the men of his own section—some of them even made inquiries as to whether they could be transferred into another! The other case of C is by no means clear. I am not at all sure that the general opinion of men under him while he held rank was not the correct opinion.

Altogether, it seems clear to me that there are no shrewder judges of the competent officer, commissioned or non-commissioned, than soldiers of the rank and file. Comparisons with conditions obtaining to civil employment I will leave to Guildsmen.

W. M. S. (late C.S.M.).

* * *

A SOLDIER IN LONDON.

Sir,—The temptation to criticise the letter of "A Soldier" in last week's NEW AGE is irresistible. Even after making all due allowance for the fact that he was obviously much disgruntled because seats in a café were being reserved (he has never, I suppose, kept seats for *his* friends), I cannot admit that he had any right to vent his annoyance in the misrepresentations contained in his letter.

For example, "It should be remembered that the present Army is made up of young fellows from towns and country, *most of whom have never spoken to a girl before, outside their own family circle.*" Such a statement would be merely ludicrous were it not for a strong suspicion that this dissemination of falsehood is deliberate and of set purpose. Although one did not expect to see this kind of thing in THE NEW AGE, we are all only too familiar with it in the ordinary Press. Lurid headlines, such as "Women Pests," "Harpies," "Human Vultures," have leapt at us from our daily papers; stories of "our strong and splendid soldier boys" being led away in the iron grip of flappers—mere children of seventeen or under—have been told and re-told by male journalists with disgusting avidity. We have been taught to picture soldiers as innocent little lambs without understanding and utterly devoid of mental, moral, or even physical strength. The object of this degrading and libellous Press campaign is not far to seek. Its culminating point is to be found in the attempt of Sir George Greenwood and other gentlemen of like calibre to reintroduce in the House a large instalment of the provisions of the old and discredited C.D. Acts.

Perhaps, however, I am misjudging "A Soldier"; although it appears, on the face of it, impossible, he may sincerely believe that which he has written, and his mistakes may be due rather to lack of knowledge and confusion of thought than to any wish to mislead. Let us suppose that his notion of the Army and of the inability of its members to look after themselves is a correct one, and proceed to the consideration of his re-

medy. He would have us set hordes of "women policemen" (happy phrase!) to clear the streets of "professionals." And where would he clear them to? To prison, to penitentiaries (ironically called homes)? Or to brothels? Has he thought about that? Having cleared away the supply, what would he do with the demand? Has that aspect of the question ever crossed his mind?

I should also like to ask him—as Mr. Dillon asked the House a few days ago—"Are you prepared to take up young men in the streets who happen to be found walking about accosting, and put them into homes?" Perhaps he doesn't even know that men solicit and importune. Doubtless it would be news to him that those selfsame "innocent" soldiers he is so anxious to protect are among the offenders in this respect.

Apparently "A Soldier" *strolled* from Leicester Square to Piccadilly Circus (the worst part he could have chosen), and he was accosted by *one* woman, and he must needs rush into print, hysterically demanding the protection of women policemen! Well, I, too, have walked (*not* strolled) home from a theatre, and I have been accosted not only by one man but by several. Am *I* therefore to write to the papers, crying, "Can nothing be done to save women from these men?"

All fair-minded men and women are sick and tired of this miserable hypocrisy, this ridiculous talk of harpies and helpless victims. They know perfectly well that the prostitute is not one whit worse than the males who consort with her. She, at least, has the excuse that her bread and butter depend upon it. All the coercive and punitive measures the wit of M.P.'s can devise cannot stamp out vice—or even make it "safe," as certain titled gentlemen seem anxious to do. Vice and prostitution are but the necessary concomitants of the capitalist system. JOAN BEAUCHAMP.

* * *

CHURCH REFORM.

Sir,—It is of interest to read a trade unionist's articles on "Church Reform." Yet, having had twenty-five years' experience of the Establishment, as curate, vicar, and unattached, the remedies suggested depress one somewhat; just as Mr. Hodge's mot justi that "Capital must have its share" might sadden a faithful believer in the revolutionary instincts of the proletariat.

Dogma is the basis of the Church, as obedience is of the Army. Yet of reform in dogma nothing is said. It is well. Yet one can hardly see to-day the ranks of organised Labour professing a passionate faith in the categories of the creed of Nicæa, whatever approach to decency there was in the re-arrangement of clerical incomes.

But what "Trade Unionist" fails to grasp is that the Church, as a whole, no matter what the individual utterances of some bishops and some parish may be, stands for reaction. The ruling lay caste in the Church is intensely reactionary. The great bulk of every congregation consists of safe conservative men, and a very large proportion of women, who are totally opposed to all that is best in the women's movement. Witness the furious opposition when it was proposed to allow women to speak to women, not even in the pulpit but from the lectern. The workers, organised or otherwise, do not attend church. Only 10 to 11 per cent. of the whole population may be counted as adherents, and of that number the workers do not form anything like one per cent. The priest who "sympathises with" Labour is tolerated; the priest who is a Socialist has no chance. Why should "Trade Unionist" wish to strengthen a body whose members are, as a class, hostile to his class.

The Church does not consist of members of the Church Socialist League. That body is significant because of its insignificance. The Church consists chiefly of people who are opposed to revolutionary ideas. Its members are recruited from those who feel that their own bodies are going "too far," who therefore wish to rely on something substantial. All over the world the Catholic Church is, as a whole, opposed to Labour, and allied to the ruling and wealthy classes. That is a fact which "Trade Unionist" ought to grasp. I do not deny that the Church of England is doing, as people's beliefs and habits are to-day, a useful and purely necessary work. What I emphatically deny is that it is worth the while of Labour to ally itself to that body. IOPHON.

Memoranda.

(*From last week's* NEW AGE.)

Every penny of loan is a plain proof of our want of patriotism; for what lover of his country would pride himself upon lending when the need was really of giving?—"Notes of the Week."

The Veto is a negative power capable of suspending or checking a positive power.

Responsibility is inseparable from the right of initiative. Capital alone has the right of initiative, and, therefore, the responsibility for industry.

While not able to determine what Capital *shall* do, Labour can still determine what Capital shall *not* do.—NATIONAL GUILDSMEN.

Reality is far more complicated than the most complicated theory.

Our earthly life is but a phase in our development.

Both our influence on society and the influence of society on us ultimately have individual ends.

Spiritual wealth is not consumed when it is used.

All the duties of man derive from one: that of development towards perfection.—CRUZ.

What we want is a sovereign democracy in which every citizen will be a constitutional monarch.

Our highest flight in education is occasionally to teach children speculations instead of teaching them to speculate.

The Learner is a nonentity without the inspiration of the Thinker.

Far be it from me to thrust a new Superman upon an unwilling world!—KENNETH RICHMOND.

You can remove the impressions on a plastic surface almost as easily as you can make them.—ANTHONY FARLEY.

The Savoy "Hamlet" is so brilliant a production that one can hardly see it.

There is so much in "Hamlet" that the more it is "cut" the more we can "come again."

The only actor who will "pluck out the heart of Hamlet's mystery" will be he who is capable of being Everyman at once.—JOHN FRANCIS HOPE.

All forms of culture are summed up in literary culture.

The price we must pay for the absence of criticism is monotony of production.

Persuasion is precarious. The effects of the "sublime" are permanent.—R. H. C.

Seeing that we have the greatest Oriental Empire the world has ever known, our present neglect of Indian thought, religion, and philosophy is disgraceful.—"Interviews."

It would be madness for the wage-earners to put their trust in the prevalence of mere benevolent sentiments on the part of employers, or the mere goodwill of the public.

Labour should demand, and demand urgently, a direct share in the control of industry.

It is to be hoped that the War may have brought to an end the absurd notion that the State can be neutral in industrial conflicts.—THE REV. DR. A. J. CARLYLE.

Praise from the Colonies is praise indeed!

Everything is to be changed, but nothing is to be altered.—A. E. R.

The Russians are a people with a most remarkable literature, which most of them cannot read.

The arrogance of a conquering race is really naïveté.—"Reviews."

Technique is the power of externalising ideas, and springs from the same creative source as the ideas themselves.

Anyone can be taught to conjure, but the master alone works miracles.—PHILIP HESELTINE.

PRESS CUTTINGS.

To the Editor of the "Federationist."

Sir,—Noticing Mr. W. A. Appleton's remarks in this month's issue of the "Federationist" re national service that we should all join same, I may say, to me, it is a useless waste of time and energy. So far as I can see, it is not national service but national servility for the workers to make private profit for employers. We as workers would honestly do national service if it was State service, but when you sign the form you become a slave to the private employer and not the State. Different altogether for the soldier; he is employed by the State, fed, clothed, his wife and family looked after, or supposed to get allotment money, rent paid. Why, I know many a man's wife and family receiving more from the State than what the man earned from his employer! Independent of that, he is fed, clothed, and drilled by the State, and kept in good health by medical supervision. No; if Government wants it to be a success, then a real National Service Bill will be required to be introduced, and, so far as Mr. Appleton's position as Labour Adviser to Mr. Neville Chamberlain, he should have known what a real national service was, and no doubt he does, but he finds his opinions, I believe, cannot be carried out, and so he wants to be relieved of his position.—THOMAS SCOTT.

When workers go on strike in order to secure the settlement of some grievance, they are immediately warned of the serious danger in which they are placing their comrades in the trenches. They are threatened with all sorts of penalties if they remain out, and even if their grievance is admitted they are warned that no stoppage of work will be tolerated. "Go back to work and your grievances will be inquired into afterwards," was the command issued by Mr. John Hodge to the men at Barrow and other places. But how different is the treatment of the employers! Five hundred engineers were thrown out of work for six weeks at Rochdale as a result of a breach of the regulations of the Munitions Act by the employers. The responsibility for the dispute admittedly attached to the employers, so much so that the usual practice of bowbeating the men back to work was seemingly never attempted. But how were the employers dealt with? Were they warned or threatened? On the contrary, according to Mr. Kellaway, the Government found it desirable "to exhaust every reasonable means of conciliation before proceeding to take other steps." It took six weeks to do this, during which time the 500 men were out, and for all we know this process of sweetly reasoning with the employers might have continued indefinitely had not things been brought to a head by 30,000 engineers coming out as a protest. Not till then was it decided to lay the case before the Munitions Tribunal.—"The Call."

To the Editor of the "Times."

Sir,—Eighteen months ago you were good enough to print a letter from me suggesting that the taxi nuisance should be prohibited after 10 p.m. Although at first the Home Office stated in a Parliamentary reply that this could not be done without legislation, the facts were found to be otherwise, and cab-whistling between 10 p.m. and 7 a.m. has now been forbidden for nearly a year. The relief to Londoners, and especially to the sick and wounded soldiers, has been enormous, while the resulting inconvenience to the public of "not being able to whistle for cabs" (see Mr. Samuel's reply to Mr. Butcher in Parliament, the "Times," August 16, 1916) has never been heard of, even if it ever existed. So far, so good.

But meanwhile the number of sick and wounded in London has increased, and the taxi-whistling in daytime has certainly not diminished; it is, if anything, worse than ever. Is it too much to ask now for the logical completion of the existing compromise, namely, the total abolition for good and all of this monstrous and essentially selfish infliction? What possible justification for the annoyance of 100 or 1,000 people lies in the fact that Mr. A wants a cab? If his trivial plight is a matter of such moment that he must be permitted to deafen the neighbourhood, like an infant bawling for its bottle, is there any consistent reason why Mr. B should not have a bugle blown when he wants the evening paper, or use a steam siren when he runs short of matches?

It is tolerably certain that, after three months of prohibition, the inconvenience of thinking of others will be as little felt by day as it is now felt by night; that some noiseless method of cab-calling will be evolved; and that we shall look back with shame and wonder at the times when it was possible for a well-to-do minority of inconsiderate citizens to carry a rampant egoism to the degree tolerated to-day.

A PUBLIC SERVANT.

What of the ten-handed gambles in beans which rushed prices up to £90 when Lord Devonport very properly interfered and bought the beans at £37? *Are not the speculators as much the enemies of this country as the Huns are?*

The Food Controller's department announced that it was going to punish profiteering. When? What are the names and addresses of these vampires against whom the manual and other workers of the country rightly feel a bitter anger?

The police have to stand by and watch the sale of seed potatoes, not one of which is going into a garden, while in some districts war allotment-holders cannot get seed potatoes. A greengrocer can audaciously advertise beforehand his sales of "small" potatoes —seed potatoes. The police should be told to confiscate them instead of keeping the queue.—"Evening News."

The Munitions of War Amendment Bill, which has already passed the second reading in the House of Commons, is arousing considerable opposition among the Trade Unions, notably that highly organised body the Amalgamated Society of Engineers. The Bill, as we explained last week, proposes to give the Minister of Munitions powers to apply the rules which at present govern "controlled establishments" to private work, thus giving the employers in any trades the Government may select power to prevent a workman leaving his employment without a certificate or of keeping him out of work for a period of six weeks. Further, the Bill, if it becomes law, will abolish those important regulations and restrictions which are still extant in private firms, thus making Trade Unionism an extinct force for the duration of the War and seriously jeopardising the chances of its resurrection after the conclusion of peace. The A.S.E. has refused to consent to the proposal, and their name as the largest union affected is conspicuously absent from the list of small societies who the Government allege have given their consent. Already it is stated that certain firms in Lancashire have attempted to act as though the Bill had become law, and that the irritation consequent on such attempts is acutely responsible for the strikes still pending in the district. Should the Bill become law, it will give all employers absolute power of decision as to where or whether a man shall be allowed to work; and this power will exist in any business selected by the Minister of Munitions, quite apart from and without reference to those industries concerned with munitions of war.—"The New Witness."

Subscriptions to THE NEW AGE are at the following rates:—

	United Kingdom.	Abroad.
One Year	**28s. 0d.** ...	**30s. 0d.**
Six Months.....	**14s. 0d.** ...	**15s. 0d.**
Three Months.....	**7s. 0d.** ...	**7s. 6d.**

All communications relative to THE NEW AGE *should be addressed to* THE NEW AGE, 38, *Cursitor Street, E.C.* (4).

Published by the Proprietors, THE NEW AGE PRESS (A. R. ORAGE), 38, Cursitor Street, E.C.4, and Printed for them by BONNER & CO., The Chancery Lane Press, 1, 2, and 3, Rolls Passage, E.C.4.