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 most suspicious of all the other nations of the Grand Alliance. They appear to the British revolutionists to have the strongest belief in the democratic ideals they claim to represent, and most of them to have the most devoted belief in the principles of democracy. The British revolutionists think 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 suppression, 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 inevitable and the war into retirement, leaving the Council of Workmen's and Soldiers' Delegates in nominal, as well as in actual, sovereignty. Whatever 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 separable 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 ideals, 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 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 winning over the Russian people to the new order, our difficulties would be enormously lessened. It is not therefore with our present position that we are 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 redefine and perhaps to revise and certainly to publish beforehand 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, as 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 deposited the old, has naturally reserved to itself and now claims the right to carry on or not to carry on under 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 brought to be friendly to the new Russia; or must they, of necessity, carry Russia into neutrality if not into active support of Prussia? The answer 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 be determined by the peoples of the Allied Powers; it involves a new definition of the terms of which must be laid open before the world. In short, there must be the end of secret policy and the beginning of public 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. 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 the Allies Governments alone but every single government in the world—any government included—should not be invited to a conference 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 stand in the way. What is required is an act of imagination, an act of imagination 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 in theory serve, the only important purpose is to reassert 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. Suppose we 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 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 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 such evidence that the British Government is more democratic 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 representatives of all the nations to an international social Conference is 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 profiteering, the prospects of a revolution in the 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 disaster 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 the Government must be carried on, the Reform party had 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, of course, 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 a strong 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 prefixed concessions. Without rudeness, the demands of a revolutionary party are formulated peremptorily, with dignity, and in the tone 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 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-routed 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 unannounced 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; 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 unannounced 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 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.
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 are not subject 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 pendulum movement?) Men have suffered so long from a tyrannous repression of their impulses that they are inclined to dream of liberty as of an uncontrolled 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 periodic 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 opposed to 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 exact position 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 peasants straining 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, 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 autonomic. 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 liberty, the only thing they are to offer is a material order—they produce an amount of evil which 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 a man is his individual law.

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 another 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 spontaneity with its iron boot. Liberty, however, does not accept of the Papal truth is absolutely personal principle. Catholics accept—under certain conditions—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 spontaneity with its iron boot.

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 Guildsman knows 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 destroyed their human value.

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.

The Case for a Military Guild.

There is one very important feature in the Russian Revolution which we learn from the efforts of National Guildsman, namely, the cooperation 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 domination of his former. It can be pointed out 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," they there told us, "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 counted 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 used that man power, 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 State. And it is only obvious 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 is 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 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 working class men, they are not out of 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 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 of 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 progress. Nevertheless, it is just as unlikely that the idea will be abandoned.

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father, but, with the best will in the world, the stream
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 had read the letter through to him afterwards.
Perhaps there are indications of a path in the
element of the child’s thought, had quietly taken down what he was saying,

The father, instead of interrupting the child’s flow of
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This would be a single and a logical confirmation of the suggestion in the child’s mind that his
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onc more to the training. Lord Buckmaster expands his statement as follows: “Legal training leads a man to criticise great schemes rather than by consideration of their petty details than by looking at the general principles which underlie them.”

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 lawyer; 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 English jurist 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 honesty, 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 itself: “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 French jurists of monumental schemes of codification. 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 measured by the practical equality in knowledge with the advocate on the expenditure of a trifling sum in order to 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 advice 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, it is said, the most trifling matters often turn out to be the most important. Mr. MacDonald said that a Foreign Minister would not quarrel about trifles that were publicly disclosed, 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." Mr. MacDonald knew I wanted to hear his opinions upon the democratic control of foreign policy, 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.”

“Who, 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 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 advice 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, it is said, the most trifling matters often turn out to be the most important. Mr. MacDonald said that a Foreign Minister 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 presuppose aggressive intentions. Does the defensive alliance either imply 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 an agressor?” “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-
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, "this 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 international policy of the nations. But there 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 without even a chance of interference.

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, and the war has been turned on as a direct route. Labour only? Mr. MacDonald said he could not visualise politics as different from Labour politics. Apart from this, he asked, it is possible to estimate 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 if 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. 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 means 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 alter the course of the war. 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 burden-some.

An Industrial Symposium.

Conducted by Henry Carter.

WRT 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 following questions to representative public men and women:

(i) 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?

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

(64) M. W. N. Elwin.

(i) 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 there will be no more financial collapse accompanied by a period of stagnation or depression.

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 credits will come 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 period of bad trade not only bear hardly on the individual workers, 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 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 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—capitalist basis—to co-operate with the State and with the managers of the industrial system more effectively, more productive, and more profitably 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 the masters. 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 resist and to work for its own emancipation 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 clearly 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 entreaty 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 forward towards the 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.

(Mr. George Barker.
(South Wales Miners' Federation.)

(a) Labour.—Any opinions on the industrial situation after the War must be largely of a speculative character. The basis of industrial life is constantly changing. 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 dealth 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 bore no good for Labour. It simply means that those men who have done so much to endanger 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. 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 flinch 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 State as a Commercial Entity.—This question is a bit obscure. If it refers to the policy of the State 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 must be 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, coal mining, 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. 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 flinch 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.

(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.

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 railways and roads, and control the coal and iron industries. The State should take over the mines and railways. Anything short of this is only a perpetuation of wage slavery and its concomitant evils, industrial strife and unrest.

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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 railways and roads, and control the coal and iron industries. The State should take over the mines and railways. Anything short of this is only a perpetuation of wage slavery and its concomitant evils, industrial strife and unrest.
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 are now led to regard them as 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 or permanent possessor. A nation is constituted by the common will of the people 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, 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, but may be raised 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 by some employers 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 not consuming. He is thus said to practise abstinence who, having the choice 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 sold 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 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 who, for a time, or even always, are 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 product. 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 need. To 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 it is not squandered and wasted. 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 coinciding in 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 so easily interested in abstract ideas as in material examples, as in my present opinion they can. It would give me pleasure, again, to hear Mr. Richmond's view of adult self-education in the direction of faith; I would ask him if in 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 Mr. Richmond's practical 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, 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 saw. He 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 "Gosse's "Father and Son."" I 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; 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 a child so built on 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 seems 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 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 was—-that is all! And that's not enough for me. I'm young—I'm too proud. I'm not the type of person who would want your flannel shirts, they are on the right-hand bottom shelf of the linen press.

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: 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... A full ten minutes before the train goes. Whatever can have happened? Something dreadful. Perhaps at the last moment he has shot himself. . . . 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 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, he 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 thinking of? 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.
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. In the mutual grace 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 naively 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. 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 transsubstantiation and become flesh and blood, even spirit. His words are deeds—so purely nothing of what he writes between his lines! Realism in art and literature is a reduction from the Romantic school to the Victorian circle and from there to the Decadent clique, the last of the nineteenth century. 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: these 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 functions; 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 England who wishes to be at once edifying and leisured grace gradually shrunk since, say, the Industrial Revolution? Has the curtailment of the realm of 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 live 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 such. And with some men perhaps whole years of idleness are needed.

**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 leisurely 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 there to the Decadent clique, the last of the nineteenth 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. In the realist age, art as a profession has become writer: the man who could not learn the art of reading has here essayed the more difficult art of writing—documentary art! The very greatest is said to be attained by the arts: that is to say, the arts are produced by great men—and these are exceptions. The great men will find it possible to live, will be even encouraged to live. Can a society in which rights are WANTED: A 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 excoriated, but Sancho Panza.

**The One 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 unpalpable sordidness and soul, by the author and his characters, and feeling nothing better than slaves. To rouse our curiosity lest Herbert lose five pounds, or Mabel find it impossible to get a new dress, this 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 potentiates 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 Westmon.)

Tis to you, my young countryman, that I want to dedicate this letter, 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 echo of that his thoughts are with you, and that they are anxious thoughts. Yet; 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 towards the day when the writer of these lines and his contemporaries will be among the dead, have thought of you. We tell you that the resurrection of Germany, at the commencement of the century, was above all else a lesson learnt of our masters, which was their greatest responsibility. May you find in it a proof that the triumphs and defeats without are a France that France found herself; for did not the great Dumas 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 been ready to make any sacrifice in order to make it. That Bourgeoisie has seen ignoble rulers of a moment prescrive its most cherished traditions in the name of Liberty; has seen cursed politicians play with Universal Suffrage as with a trident, and dishonest mediocrity try to install it 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 has been capable of re-establishing the traditional forms of government, or to solve the complex problems raised for us by the Democracy. Nevertheless, young men of my generation, do not despise it. Learn to do justice to your elders! France lives because of them.

How will she live by you? A question that occupies those of your elders who have preserved, in spite of all, faith in the country's future. The employment of talent or courage, the employment of talent, or courage, the employment of talent, or courage, the employment of talent, or courage, the employment of talent, or courage. You will not lightly renounce what, to 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. . . . Yonder, to-morrow, if it were necessary. But it is not enough to know how to die. Is there anything more difficult? When you gaze at the Triumphal Arch and recall the splendid 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-

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* 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 Sainte-Beuve, a Taine, or a Lecomte de Lisle—an emotion in thinking that you have before you one of the depositaries 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 them 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 applied it to the promotion of his private interests, 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 calculating machines, in place of simple curiosity. The human soul in its objects of simple curiosity. The human soul in its habits are to him but a comedy. Such an individual have the most subtle philosophers of the day. Do not talk to him of the vanities of life, nor those of the mind, make of you the educated and refined egoist whose whole hand and say—Thanks !
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 "Ceylon Morning Leader" and 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 and Buddhists, had an understanding of the dimensions of the trouble. The author who 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," 'Coast Moors,' and the rest are Christians. "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 Malabar and Afghanistan, trade in the towns or penetrate into the rural districts, setting up petty shops to supply the simple wants of the Sinhalese villagers. 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 Moors' who focussed upon himself the popular wrath, which later on unintentionally, but naturally, extended to the 'Ceylon Moors,' while throughout the whole trouble, the Moors of Malabar, and Afghanistan, were 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, and Ceylon is a land of memories, 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 necessities of life; and, finally, they made themselves impossible 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 a point a hundred yards from the Mosque, and should not begin again until the procession passed another point a hundred yards on the other side of the Mosque. Even then, they did not interfere with the famous Wallahagoda Devadéla 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 Buddhist, but Mohammedan, 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 carolas 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-said, 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, vihârâs, 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 mosque, and, precautions taken against 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 very roughly by the police at the entrance to 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 borne by 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 administrative 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 Europeans. He offered General Malcolm extra troops from India, let him believe that he was called upon to quell a seditious rising, when he was informing the Colonial Office that Martial Law, with its Courts Martial and its threats to shoot "as soon as seen" any native out of his village, 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 that 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 softening 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 justice. What, for example, can Sir John Anderson do to redress the grievances 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 ship-plug (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 can unravel them; but there is sufficient evidence in Mr. McKenna's book to compel 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 makes his heroine believe that she is a seditious person; the courts martial tried 412, and convicted 3,573; the courts martial tried 412, and convicted 3,573; the courts martial tried 412, and convicted 3,573; the courts martial tried 412, and convicted 3,573.

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 political and journalism. It is unfortunate that Mr. McKenna permitted himself to adopt the supercilious 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, "the interregnum," 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 Samaritan 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 that 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 softening 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 beyond this part of the story is the
world-wearness that was called fin de siècle 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
credible, 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 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 mastered
in a School. He is 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,
to a catastrophic theory of morals. He is as
delighted by the 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
peasantry, if only by the bar sinister, and politicians and
ambassadors, dagoes 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
Mahomet's coffin and it.

Pelle the Conqueror: Daybreak. By Andersen
Nexo. 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 subtitle: "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 for-
ward 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 causing
work an hour later, Pelle promptly refuses to rob the
working-men's edition of work 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 show of weakness; 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. Gregorovitch 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.
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 the past was the variable and elusive quality for leadership so eagerly searched after, never was promotion so rapid or reduction for inefficiency so certain, and never were the effects proved the worth of a leader 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 a leader engage in any operation know as much as possible of the tactical plan and such information as was necessary to carry it out. It is always unmistakable, and I do not imagine that, even in tranquil moments, it was always almost just as accurate as I was not most uncluttered. Setting aside, as a mere 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 difficult to see 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 unfailling 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 glibly spoken lie given by every man who 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 will of men, not enough to 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 was pitched first amongst soldiers, and 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 all at sure that the general opinion of men under him while he held rank was not the correct opinion.

Alltogether, it seems to me that there are no shrewder judges of the commissioned officer, non-commissioned officer, 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 cafe 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 disastrous were it for a clinging suspicion that this dissemination of falsehood is deliberate and of set purpose. Although none did not expect to see this kind of thing in The New Age, we are all 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 retold by male journalists with disgusting avidity. We have been taught to picture such 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 feel that which is common, 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 was not the correct one, and proceed to the consideration of his re-
Memoranda.

From last week's New Age.

Every penny of Joan is a plain proof of our want of patriotism. 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.—Ouida.

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

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

The believer in the revolutionary instincts of the proletariat 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 Everybody 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 naivete.—"Reviews."

Technique is the power of externalising ideas, and springs from the same creative source as the ideas themselves. It is absolutely necessary work. Anyone can be taught to conjure, but the master alone works miracles.—Philip Jesselinge.
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 employers 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 grievances, it is immediately met with 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 grievances are 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 beating 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 those with sensitive ears, must be obvious, and the taxi nuisance has never been heard of, even if it ever existed. So far, so good.

But meanwhile the number of sick and wounded in hospital has increased, and the taxi-whistling in daytime has certainly not diminished; it is, anything worse than ever. It is too much to ask now for the logical completion of the existing compromise, making the total abolition for good and all of this monstrous and essentially selfish infraction? What possible justification for the annoyance of so many people lies in the fact that Mr. A wants to whistle for cabs? 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 considerate citizens to carry a rampan egoism to the degree tolerated to-day.

A PUBLIC SERVANT.

What of the ten-handed gambles in beans which rushed prices up to 500 when Lord Devonport very properly interfered and bought the beans at 50? 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 trade 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 alleges 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 action 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."

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