NOTES OF THE WEEK.

No other comment than the association of his name with a prosecution for "sedition" needs to be made upon the speech of Sir F. E. Smith, now the Attorney-General, to the shop-stewards concerned in the recent strike. But elsewhere, as well as in his speech, we have come across references to certain mysterious and anonymous "influences" whose "connections and ramifications and avowed objects were well known to the authorities," and some of whose persons, according to the "Morning Post," little know how near they are to "a traitor's end." We are naturally interested in these influences and persons whoever or whatever they may be; and we should like, if only in the interests of the "Times," the "Morning Post," and Sir F. E. Smith—are they so very dreadful that they cannot be named in the exalted company of the Attorney-General? Come, who and what are they; and what are their avowed objects which the Attorney-General dare not repeat, and the "Times" (which also professes simplicity, have imagined—the maintenance, in the first instance, of a system of production for profit when everything dictates the substitution of a system of production for use; or, in the second instance (and alternatively), the lack of any assurance from the Government that the extra Labour now being created with the mere consequences of the diseases from which Labour suffers, but in these thorough-going days we are boldly to deal, says the "Times," with the causes. And what are these causes, these real causes as distinct from the mere consequences, of our industrial disease? They are not, in the opinion of the "Times," or of the Government, such causes as we, in our simplicity, have imagined—the maintenance, in the first instance, of a system of production for profit when everything dictates the substitution of a system of production for use; or, in the second instance (and alternatively), the lack of any assurance from the Government that the extra Labour now being created by dilution shall not be allowed to pull down wages after the war. Oh no, by a most happy chance the causes of the unrest of Labour are nothing like so deep as this; but they are, as it were, slight affections which the merest doses of administrative change will completely cure. To wit, they are dissatisfaction with the administration of the Munitions Acts, dissatisfaction with the Government's neglect to explain itself in settling disputes. And these, of course, can all be remedied by the appropriate means of a little more consideration, a little more explanation, and a little more conciliation. Well, it may all be so for anything we know to the contrary; but we do not happen to be able to believe it. We believe, on the contrary, what is impossible of belief in the circles we have named: that the radical causes of Labour unrest are moral rather than material, and that they go down to the very roots of the system of industry under which our proletariat are decaying. And time will show who is right.

To temper these puerile threats, we suppose (we say puerile, though there is no doubt that they are sincerely meant), various journals and persons, including the "Times" and the nominal Government of the day, have begun to talk of the necessity for new measures of dealing with the admitted but misunderstood grievances of Labour. We are not, it seems, any longer to tinker with the mere consequences of the diseases from which Labour suffers, but in these thorough-going days we are boldly to deal, says the "Times," with the causes. And what are these causes, these real causes as distinct from the mere consequences, of our industrial disease? They are not, in the opinion of the "Times," or of the Government, such causes as we, in our simplicity, have imagined—the maintenance, in the first instance, of a system of production for profit when everything dictates the substitution of a system of production for use; or, in the second instance (and alternatively), the lack of any assurance from the Government that the extra Labour now being created by dilution shall not be allowed to pull down wages after the war. Oh no, by a most happy chance the causes of the unrest of Labour are nothing like so deep as this; but they are, as it were, slight affections which the merest doses of administrative change will completely cure. To wit, they are dissatisfaction with the administration of the Munitions Acts, dissatisfaction with the Government's neglect to explain itself sufficiently, and dissatisfaction with the delay experienced in settling disputes. And these, of course, can all be remedied by the appropriate means of a little more consideration, a little more explanation, and a little more conciliation. Well, it may all be so for anything we know to the contrary; but we do not happen to be able to believe it. We believe, on the contrary, what is impossible of belief in the circles we have named: that the radical causes of Labour unrest are moral rather than material, and that they go down to the very roots of the system of industry under which our proletariat are decaying. And time will show who is right.

It is something of a joke, nevertheless, that of all the excuses put forward for postponing real considera-
tion of the problem of industry, the excuse of the war should be chosen. God forbid that we should belittle the war or the efforts of those actively engaged in it. At the same time, when we see what can be done upon the civil side of things while the war is still in progress, the reflection must occur that it is Labour alone that is to be foiled off with the excuse that war makes reform impossible. We will say nothing of the two coalitions and one constitutional revolution brought about in the very trough of the war by Mr. Lloyd George and his friends. To remark that they were dangerous experiments in swapping horses while crossing a stream is to dismiss them lightly. We will simply remind our readers of the institution of an annual Imperial Cabinet, of the creation of an Empire Trading Company, of the Irish Convention, and now of the complete reconstruction of our electoral system, as evidence that, war or no war, what our governing classes like to do is possible, only what our public wishes them to do being impossible. It fits in well, we must say, with the reputation for hypocrisy our governing classes have given to England that the plea of the war should be brought out when it suits them, and dropped when they have no use of it. It fits in well, moreover, with the character of stupidity earned for the working-classes apparently difficult, the industrial revolution must during the war, and while it is really easy, though<br />

Preparing for the Russian Revolution, 1917.

Almost three years of war have now been passed and during all this period the cost of living to the working-classes has been steadily rising without a single set-back. The phenomenon, of course, was only to be expected; and we have not the smallest doubt that Mr. Strachey is now present nothing hands and reminding upon the divinity of the law of Supply and Demand that regulates prices to fit wealthy pockets. The sinister aspects, however, of the matter are as follows: in the first place, the rise in prices affects the class upon whom the main work of the war devolves—the manual class; and it is therefore somewhat short-sighted of the wonderful law of Supply and Demand to kill the goose that lays the eggs of steel. In the second place, it is obvious that one of the chief immediate causes of Labour unrest is the natural attempt of wages to keep up with prices; so that, in fact, Mr. Strachey’s little divinity is responsible for another impediment in the conduct of the war, the impediment of strikes. Finally, we may say with the utmost complacency that in nine cases out of ten the rise in prices has been unnecessary, and that, far from having the sanction of divinity or proceeding direct from Sinai, the law of Supply and Demand has been deliberately maintained by men—whose names are known to the authorities—for their own entirely selfish and personal reasons. That this is the case and not otherwise we can now bring Mr. Kennedy Jones, a high authority, to witness. Like ourselves, only somewhat late in the day, Mr. Kennedy Jones has understood what forever will pass the comprehension of Mr. Strachey, namely, that you can regulate prices when you regulate supply. Whoever, we have often said, controls supply controls prices; and whoever, it follows, attempts to control prices without controlling supply is doomed to fall into Devonportism. The practical corollary, however, of the theorem is this: that the Government (if it desired to regulate prices and not to encourage profiteering) should have commandeered all the sources of supply of all the chief food-stuffs and afterwards have commandeered all the main distributive organisations by means of which to distribute them. For six or seven millions, mostly men, of the population, the Government, it may be remarked, does this without incurring a sign of wrath from the deity of Wellington Street. But for the remainder of the population, it appears, the Government can do nothing of the kind. Mr. Kennedy Jones, however, assures us that Lord Devonport is still at work upon the problem. By the time the war is over we may therefore hope that the problem will be solved to his satisfaction. But while the grass is growing, the horse is threatening to kick the stable down.

The “Times” Petrograd correspondent, now strangely silent, having done his best and failed to detach New Russia from the Alliance, the torch of anarchy has been passed on to the “Times” Balkan correspondent, who writes from Odessa, and turns out, we understand, to be none other than Mr. Hamilton Fyfe, a man known to us as of a commonplace mind and of opinions the worse for constant exposure. This Missirid now informs us, on the authority of a report made by Admiral Kolchik, who has recently (but we do not know how recently) visited Petrograd and the Russian front, that chaos reigns in the governing circles of Russia, and that what amounts to a perpetual armistice has been declared by the Russian troops. The information, we may be certain, is known, if it is true, to the enemy; and if it is untrue,
it is of no use to us. In other words, the "Times" is safe in Germany for publishing it. But whether, in fact, it is true; and what service to England it can be if it is not true—are questions Mr. Fyfe (if he is the Balkan correspondent in Odessa) has apparently not asked himself. We will, therefore, supply him. Not only is the report not true in the sense of being a correct valuation of the facts before any observer—the only kind of truth that really concerns us—but the bias in the Admiral's report is clear both in the text and in our Odessa Balkan correspondent's comment upon it; for the latter naïvely observes, after the very manner of the obsequious reporter, that "the more reflecting observation of the community" deprecates the absence of M. Miliukoff from the new Provisional Government. The cat is therewith let out of the bag; and it is to be remarked that the cat is of the same colour as the Petrograd animal—colour, needless to say, hostile to the Council of Workmen's and Soldiers' Delegates, and favourable to no approach to the Tsarist regime. Is there any wonder, then, that the suspicion was as if it were, on the evidence of a Conservative Admiral. If this is not conducting foreign policy with a single eye on English domestic affairs, Mr. Hamilton Fyfe is not the author of it.

That the Russian Revolution has not even yet been understood in this country we owe to the "Times" and to the mysterious influences that control the "Times." But that we must understand it or forget the full effect of Russia's alliance is not to be questioned. The elements of the problem, moreover, are simple; they are such as a newspaper-reader can grasp. To begin with, let it be clearly realised that we owe it already to the Russian Revolution that Russia has not by this time concluded a separate peace with Germany. Is there the smallest doubt that, as things were going under the advisers of the ex-Tsar, the peace negotiations always in progress would by this time have been brought to a head? It is, therefore, something to the credit of the Revolution that it has not by this time consummated a settlement. And even if we have not at once the full strength of Russia with us, we have not, at any rate, Russia against us. Then consider, in view of the assumption of responsibility by the Revolution for the policy entered into, but never pursued, by the old regime, what, in reason, were the just demands of its leaders. Disclosure of the terms of the agreement signed by the late Government, together with the right to review, and, if necessary, to revise them—was there anything unreasonable in that? But it was precisely this reasonable request of the Revolutionary Council that M. Miliukoff declined to grant; and with, as we are afraid, the support of the English Foreign Office. Is there any wonder, then, that the suspicion was created either that some of the Allies were secretly hostile to the Revolution, or that the terms of the agreement with the ex-Tsar were such as could be desired in order to secure the support of a Revolutionary Russia? Finally, since it is now clear that Revolutionary Russia means to continue in the war until the militarism of Prussia is destroyed, there is nothing unreasonable, in our opinion, in the new Government's decision to employ the threat of diplomacy as well as the sword; in short, to require of the Allies a public announcement of their intentions towards a defeated Ger-

many and of the International Socialists an attempt to reason with German Socialists. Both their requests are not only reasonable, but they are, under the circumstances, couched in the imperative. We believe they should be listened to and acceded to.

The new Russian Foreign Minister, M. Terestchenko, has promised, among other things, certain, "it must hasten an inter-Allly agreement on the basis of the Russian declaration of April 9"—that is to say, upon the formula (which, of course, is subject to interpretation) of Non annexations and no indemnities. Still more significantly, however, he declares himself "at one" with America, who, it is well known, has not yet made herself a party to the original Allied pact. What does this mean if not that Russia, while feeling herself at one with America, feels herself to be at sixes and sevens with the present Allies? The matter, however, cannot rest where it is; for it is certain that in that case the nominal Alliance against Germany will be split actually into two sections: America and Russia on the one hand, and England with her present Allies on the other—a disaster from whichever point of view we may look at it. And, in fact, it is not standing. M. Ribot, on behalf of France, has hastened to put himself right with the Russian Revolution and to consent to its reasonable terms. Safeguarding himself by a more liberal interpretation of the abetting formula of the Russian Provisional Government, M. Ribot has nevertheless accepted and endorsed the spirit in which the formula was drawn up. Not annexations, he says, are intended, but restitutions or disannexations only; not penal indemnities (such as Germany imposed upon France after 1870), but only reparations. And he continued in a strain so far above anything we have heard at home that liberty must have rejoiced to hear his words. "The whole world," he said, "and not the Allies alone, must sit in judgment upon Germany; and in the hour of victory France will be animated not by vengeance but by justice, leaving to the world's judgment alone the condemnation even of the barbarism with which France's invaded territories have been treated." We confess that we wish it had been Lord Robert Cecil, rather than M. Ribot, who had uttered such words as these first. For the impression would then have been removed that England reluctantly joins in the movement of the Allies towards. Better late, however, than not at all; and it is with pleasure that we record the fact that, in his reply to Mr. Trevelyan, Lord Robert Cecil was no less explicit, if a degree less lofty, than his French confrere, M. Ribot. It moves, we may say at last. The air is clearing; and before very long we may hope to see the Grand Alliance thought-tight, and bound for a permanent peace with the democracies of the world after a victory over militarist autocracy.

Sir Isambard Owen writes to the "Times" in support of Professor Poulton's plea, which we noted last week, for crushing Germany for a century. Sir Isambard Owen quotes Gibson, who, in Chapter XII of the "Decline and Fall," narrates of the Roman Probus "that he was fully convinced that nothing could reconcile the minds of the German barbarians to peace unless they experienced in their own country the calamities of war." Eventually, in consequence of Professor or Sir Isambard Probus' policy, "such a treaty was humbly received by the Germans as it pleased the conqueror to dictate." That was in A.D. 277 or thereabouts. We hope, however, that the parallel Sir Isambard Owen attempts to draw will not be begun, for a little more than a century later Alaric the Goth sacked Rome.
Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdad.

It is uncertain at the time of writing whether the resignation of Count Tisza, the Hungarian Prime Minister, will be accepted, but the mere fact that it has had to be presented makes a definite stage in the war. If Tisza is allowed to retain his portfolio it will be on the same terms as Urban and Baccaré, mentioned in these columns last week; that is to say, as the servant and not the master of the Emperor Karl. Long before the war, and in an intensified form since the war began, the whole of Count Tisza's powerful influence was unscrupulously used in favour of the plans of the Berlin Government, and "Berlin to Bagdad," like all the other Wilhelmstrasse schemes of commercial expansion by means of war, annexations, and indemnities, found in Tisza an enthusiastic supporter and advocate. Since the autumn of 1914 the influence of the Hungarian authorities, inspired by the resolute Prime Minister, was used against Austrian interests wherever the two conflicted; and the repeated refusal of Hungary to supply Austria with food-stuffs was only one symptom of the prevailing jealousy and bitterness. If it had not been for Count Tisza, as is well known, the late Austrian Emperor would have summoned his Reichsrath long ago, and thus afforded a safety-valve, if nothing else, to the growing disaffection of his people.

The new position is full of interest for those of us who believe—and I for one believe more firmly now than ever—that the war can be brought to a satisfactory conclusion by detaching Austria-Hungary from the Germanic Alliance. This would not only rid us of an enemy whose fighting strength the Allies have cause for respecting, but would also serve to detach instantly the two southern partners in the agreement, Bulgaria and Turkey. For, let it be noted, sufficient documentary evidence exists to show even now that "Berlin to Bagdad" and such schemes do not appeal to the Austrian people, and still less do they appeal to the Hungarians. Count Tisza has been opposed of late by a loosely formed Opposition bloc—a sprinkling of Socialists and three groups led respectively by Count Andrassy, Count Aponeyi, and Count Karolyi. It is Count Karolyi who has succeeded in forming the strongest opposition fraction in the Chamber; and the policy of this group is, however, to detach the Emperor without indemnities—in fact, the Russian proposal to which M. Ribot has subscribed on behalf of France (May 22), and Lord Robert Cecil on behalf of England (May 23). For Lord Robert Cecil's answer to Mr. Trevelyan on May 23 can be construed in no other way, I hope, than as an acceptance of the Russian formula. Count Andrassy is the only Hungarian statesman who has looked forward to an indemnity of some sort; but his views on this point are admitted elastic, and even if they were not, his group would be useless if it tried to act independently. In view of their personal relations, apart from differences of policy, it is hardly likely that Andrassy and Tisza could join forces, and even if they did they would still be outnumbered by the Opposition. No; it may be taken for granted that the policy represented by Count Tisza has come to an end.

Let the full effect of this be realised. England, France, Russia, the United States, Austria, Hungary, and Bulgaria have now declared themselves in favour of peace without annexations or indemnities. "Annexations" is admitted to be a loose term; and it is to be taken in the context of the Russian declaration that each nation is to have the right to manage its own affairs. "No annexations" does not mean that Alsace-Lorraine shall be left with Germany. This is a point explicitly made by M. Ribot in the French Chamber, and by Mr. Farbman in a recent issue of the "Manchester Guardian" (May 21) quoted in the views of the Russian Coalition Government. Further, the expression, "No indemnities," does not preclude the payment of agreed sums in settlement of wilful damage; and the Socialist parties in all countries favour some form of restitution to Belgium, Serbia, Montenegro, Roumania, and, of course, to the devastated provinces of France. But M. Ribot, Prince Lvov, President Wilson, and, we can now add, Lord Robert Cecil, explicitly disown all thoughts of a penalty. No responsible Allied statesman now wishes to fight on like the insane professor quoted in last week's Editorial Notes—until the German people have become a broken-spirited rabble. It is not for nothing that just as all these changes are being brought about, President Wilson should have caused to be published a letter written by him to Mr. G. Thomas Hefflin, a member of the House of Representatives (London papers, May 24). This letter, admirably timed for publication here on Empire Day, emphasises the wrongs done by Germany to the United States, justifies the President's attitude in regard to the war, and declares that the aims of the American Government and people in entering the war cannot possibly be misunderstood. Mr. Wilson elaborated them, he says, "with the utmost explicitness" in his address to the Senate on January 22 last, and, again, in his Message to Congress of April 2. Both these declarations, let us recall, specifically distinguished between the German Government and the German people. It is noteworthy that President Wilson repeats, in this letter of May 24, his words: "There is no hate in our hearts for the German people; but there is the resolve . . . to overcome the pretensions of autocratic government, which acts upon purposes to which the German people have never consented." Let us recall, too, those essential passages of the address to the Senate on January 22:

The question upon which the whole future peace and policy of the world depends is this: Is the present struggle for a just and secure peace or only for a new balance of power? If it be only a struggle for a new balance of power, who will guarantee, who can guarantee, the stable equilibrium of the new arrangement? Only a tranquil Europe can be a stable Europe. There must be, not a balance of power, but a community of power; not organised rivalries, but an organised common peace. . . . I beg that I may be permitted to put my own interpretation upon it (i.e., peace without victory). Victory would mean peace forced upon the loser, a victor's terms imposed upon the vanquished. It would be accepted in humiliation, under duress, at intolerable sacrifice; and would leave a sting, a resentment, a bitter memory upon which terms of peace would rest, not permanently, but only as upon quicksand. Only a peace between equals can last—only a peace the very principle of which is equality and a common participation in a common benefit.

When statesmen in this country recognise once and for all that these words are meant literally; that Prince Lvov's declarations are meant as literally as M. Kerensky's speeches and M. Ribot's discourses of Tues- day, then we shall be nearer to a common understanding. For it is unfortunately true that the English brain works slowly, and owing to sluggishness as much to the grinding of axes the full force of President Wilson's statement of January 22 has not yet been brought home to the public. And certainly is largely the case because the originators of public opinion among us have not yet been made to realise that the German people have a reason for existing; and by the originators of public opinion, I refer chiefly to the newspapers, the permanent officials who advise our statesmen, and the Church, using the latter expression in the widest possible sense.
National Guilds and Economics.

The Guild Idea is concerned with society; that is, with the association of men in a National sense. As the idea originated in England it is to England that it first applies. It is to Englishmen that this pamphlet is addressed; and as it deals with those principles of association by which Englishmen are formed into a nation, with the principles that make them Englishmen, it appeals to the interest and the heart of every one of them. They may neglect it; in the world of ideas there is no compulsion to examine. But it is not to the careless and unreflective that we speak. We speak to good Englishmen; to those who have the desire to understand the principles of their national being; who wish to conserve what is good in England and, if possible, to build it better; and who realise that this cannot be done without the labour and thought of Englishmen. Such men we hope to convince that the Guild Idea is a good idea; that the necessary labour may be undertaken while England is yet worth saving.

We must now define our subject more narrowly. It has been said that the Guild Idea is concerned with the national association of men. But this is a too wide description; it must now be said that the idea is directly concerned with one particular grade of this association. Society is ideally a unity, but it is a complex unity, consisting, if we so will to regard it, of a hierarchy of associations and the relations between them. Attention is to be directed here upon men joined together in the production of the material things by which life is supported and amplified. We must not say that this is the most important principle of association, but we may say that it is an important one. We shall use an expression not too easy of misconception if we say that it is the elementary principle. The industrial activity is not only the necessary condition of all other activities whatsoever; but the other activities are further affected by the way in which the industrial activity is carried on, by the type of industrial organisation (as we may call it), and by the resulting distribution of wealth. It would be impossible to name one of the phenomena of civilisation which is not modified by the contemporary economic system; look where you will in Art, Morals, Science, Politics, Education, or Religion, as these things move and display themselves on the stage of the visible world. So well perceived is this truth that it has given rise (it may be, by error) to a special school of historical interpretation, with which we are not concerned, except as a witness to the truth of the limited claim here made. We must not forget the other activities, which, in turn affect the industrial organisation, and that there is therefore a circle of interaction between the various functions of society. But the industrial activity underlies the whole of society; we can, to a degree, isolate and observe with accuracy its working and effects; we can apply to it, over a wide area, numerical calculations. Furthermore, it is of such a nature that men by agreement among themselves can make definite and nicely calculated changes in it; as they cannot, for instance, in Religion or Art. Nevertheless, it is not far from the truth to say that the shape of the century—its stream of criticism (expressed as well by practice as by theory) has been directed upon the economic structure of society. Within the century men have seen the industrial activity assuming a disproportionate power in the stage of the visible world. So well has this happened that what is an economic law has been directed upon the economic structure of society. Within the century men have seen the industrial activity assuming a disproportionate power in the stage of the visible world. So well has this happened that what is an economic law has been directed upon the economic structure of society.

The phrase "the iron law of wages" has been directed upon the economic structure of society. Within the century men have seen the industrial activity assuming a disproportionate power in the stage of the visible world. So well has this happened that what is an economic law has been directed upon the economic structure of society.

Such is a brief sketch of a familiar economic theory of modern industrial civilisation. We must now try to state, as clearly as possible, what is the exact nature and extent of this tendency to make economic phenomena the fundamental evil precisely in the domination of the human spirit by its material surroundings. But this will not do as a scientific diagnosis. How are we to formulate, in the definite terms of economic science, the economic malady of our civilisation?
own personality, very possibly, a fine flower of such civilization as there is at present in England. A scientific theory is not a description which touches point by point the actual conditions, and itself is only the book in which the description of England can be fully read. Clearly, the theory is not this, and, equally clearly, its truth and value lie in its being something other than this. A theory is true and valuable in so far as it describes, in brief formula, tendencies and groupings that are to be a trustworthy guide to a general plan of action, or a general survey of events. It speaks of forces as independent of the particular persons or institutions through which they manifest themselves: it speaks not of Capitalists and Labourers, but of Capital and Labour. Economic theories manifest themselves: it speaks not of Capitalists and Labourers, but of Capital and Labour. Economic theories are abstract formulations of types of economic society. The impulse to their construction is, indeed, derived from existing societies; and existing societies may approximate to the types. But the types in their own nature are independent of actual societies. They may be conceived in criticism or defence of the existing structure; but, in either case, they have no compulsive power. Otherwise, the economics of slavery would be imposed upon the world to-day. It is for men themselves to say which type is desirable, and, if they will, to take it as the pattern of their state. The Iron Law of Wages is not of iron; it is as brittle as glass. We may say that law what the Roman poet said of Fortune: it is we ourselves who make her a goddess and enthrone her in the sky.

We see, therefore, that an appeal to economic science can never be held to justify existing evils: the economic theory postulates that which is to be justified; namely, those particular conditions. Because economics of slavery would be imposed upon the world to-day. It is for men themselves to say which type is desirable, and, if they will, to take it as the pattern of their state. The Iron Law of Wages is not of iron; it is as brittle as glass. We may say that law what the Roman poet said of Fortune: it is we ourselves who make her a goddess and enthrone her in the sky.

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a rigorous attention, for the most part, to the rules of the game. They must refuse to submit the national production of wealth to the tug-of-war of supply and demand. It would be too great a coincidence if sectional interests in mortal combat produced from the heart of the struggle something entirely different from themselves; namely, the ordered prosperity and welfare of the whole. There are few, if any, who pretend that they do.

But attempts have not been wanting to introduce moral considerations (moral considerations, O iron of awe, into the industrial combat! We see such attempts in those people who speak of the "wickedness" of strikes, and urge the strikers to "loyalty." Very good. Then labour is not to be a commodity, but something capable of loyalty and decent feeling. Yet the Reins of Law, it seems, is to go on. Or, rather, we will cut the law in two, and keep only the half that suits us: so the law of demand for the profliteer, and for the worker, loyalty and self-sacrifice. And to what precisely, we would ask, is he to be loyal?

We offer fair alternatives. The labourer, if you will, is a being whose labour is himself, and therefore a fit channel for the virtues of loyalty and public spirit. Then it is not a commodity, and must not be left to the law of supply and demand. A fit object must be provided for its loyalty, and this can only be found in the public aims "which make ambition virtue." Out of our fragments and disconnected splendours, our dulled lives and magnificent misdirected energies, out of our poverty and unintelligent wealth, with this Idea, we will build a State. But if this is rejected, as possessing the value merely of words, we must ask the objector to refrain from displaying so deplorable an ignorance of economics as to press upon the workman the ideals of loyalty and public service. "Supply and demand," by all means. Let the strikes go on.

The nature of the State which would result from the abolition of "wage slavery," must not be taken to be fixed merely by the fact of that abolition. There are several foreseeable kinds of State (besides, it may be, kinds unforeseeable) to which the present system might give place. If it is allowed merely to break down, or to be gulped down by its own contradictions, there is the possibility of "wage-slavery" giving place to chattle-slavery in some plausible guise; of the industrial State being superseded by the "servile State" in the phrase which is one of the most important contributions within recent years to political thought. It cannot but be obvious that we have to build with head and brain according to some pattern of excellence, if England is to grow into the likeness of anything excellent. We may not achieve the full excellence of the design, but the design is the pre-requisite of any, the minimum. This is, if excellence is not a forgotten conception. There are two conditions which the design must satisfy: it must be desirable (and we are far from using that word in the sense merely of pleasant); and it must be capable of approximate realisation. How does the Guild Idea satisfy these conditions?

Let us look for a moment at two competing proposals, which will nearly complete the list of foreseen alternatives to the present system. Syndicalism takes its rise in a similar criticism of wage slavery to that we have outlined. It sees that wage slavery can only be superseded, in a desirable sense, by the workers' control of industry. But it makes the association of the producers in production the only form of association, which becomes, therefore, in its highest unification, the State itself. There is, therefore, no room, in the State it contemplates, for direct association in the "higher" activities; which, in a rational view, must give meaning and aim to the productive activity itself. Though it is desirable that the productive activity should be one instrument of the human spirit; though it is part of the aim of the Guild system to bring this very result about; yet the higher activity must also be given their own conscious expression in special associations for that purpose. The producer, as such, cannot control the national policy; if he does, politics will again fall under the domination of those material and private interests from which it is our aim to free them. No more can the interests of art and culture—once again, perhaps, become national interests—be controlled from the source of production. Or, to bring the matter to purely economic ground, the producer must not dictate to the consumer what he shall consume.

Over against Syndicalism stands the theory of Collectivism. As that absorbs the State into industry, so this absorbs industry into the State. This theory has been the subject of fuller criticism in England, and we need now say the less about it.
Anglo-Jewry and the Future.

I.

The influx of Jewish immigrants into this country from Russia, Galicia, and Roumania was at its zenith during the two decades preceding the year 1908. Since then the number of aliens arriving here has considerably diminished. A few years prior to the outbreak of war but few "greeners" have joined the London Ghetto. The proportion of Jews to the rest of the population is a little less than two per cent., and seems now relatively fixed. Comparing this with the Jewish population of other important countries it is small; in fact, if we take Germany and Italy as a whole it is probably the same. It is also probable that the number of Jews in England will not increase, for the Russian Revolution and the consequent charter for the Jews will put an end to further emigration. Indeed, it is rumoured that some Russian Jews will soon return to their native land.

It is because the ratio of Jews to the rest of the population is so small in England that the Jewish question has not, and is not, a very acute one. For the present the Jews are segregated mainly in London, Leeds, and Manchester; but, and this is contrary to the opinion of many people, the Jewish overcrowding in these towns is merely temporary. As soon as the Jew becomes familiar with English life, and learns the language, he goes into more commodious quarters; and as segregation decreases, so the chances of friction become more remote.

The regrettable trouble over the enlistment of the Russian Jews living in this country is, perhaps, the only serious conflict which has occurred in England since the number of Jews here has been at all considerable. As The New Age has pointed out when commenting upon the controversy, the Russian Jews have held back because, so far, a great many have not yet learnt to love England. Those, however, who have been here longest have sons who were born here, and now are fighting. Taking the quota of Jews in the Army as a whole, it must be admitted that they are sharing their share in the war. Every casualty list contains Jewish names.

When we ask ourselves what is the future of Anglo-Jewry, what will become of the Jews here, we are dealing with questions which cannot be answered by looking back to the past. History—Jewish history—for the most part will not help us to arrive at any conclusions, because the position of Anglo-Jewry today is unique. The Jews here enjoy freedom and liberty such as they have known in no other country. America equals, but does not surpass, England in its fair treatment of the Jews. Never, save in England, have they had such opportunities of prospering and of living in complete security with their neighbours, whilst not compelled to break with their religion. But observe what is happening. They are voluntarily abandoning the Jewish religion. The Jews are, indeed, a peculiar people. Where they were harrassed and handicapped as a result of being Jews, they remained staunch in their religion in the face of all opposition. In England, however, where a Jew stands to lose least, because he is a Jew, he endeavours to obliterate his origin.

At present all Jews here, excepting, perhaps, those of the older immigrant type who still speak Yiddish, are in the mould. A number have already emerged completely anglicised. The remainder are aiming at being Jews. This body of Jews, by their very nature, is a Jew, he endeavours to obliterate his origin. At present all Jews here, excepting, perhaps, those of the older immigrant type who still speak Yiddish, are in the mould. A number have already emerged completely anglicised. The remainder are aiming at being Jews.
Organs are introduced into synagogues, and Christian ecclesiastical methods are copied. Only a few years ago the Jews made themselves ridiculous—or, I should say, the heads of the ecclesiastical methods are copied. Organs are introduced into synagogues, and Christian Jews try to give reasons for their precepts, there is no agreement among the Jews at present to choose a soi-disant spiritual chief. A year’s search proved futile. The difficulty of making the selection seemed to be that Jewish clergymen who could be equally agreeable at levees and in the pulpit were rare. At last the present Chief Rabbi, Dr. Hertz, was secured. Of course, the nomination was not unanimous, and a good many of the mentors of Anglo-Jewry were embittered because the man they wanted had been passed over. The camp also became divided over the question whether the Chief Rabbi should have his headquarters in the West End, or where the humber portion of the community lived, in the East End. Eventually, however, those in favour of the latter position won the day.

I mention this episode just as an illustration of the fact that once Judaism ceases to be ceremonial, and Jews try to give reasons for their precepts, there is no soul left to the religion. The wall between Jews and Christians gets thinner and thinner. The Jews here are adapting Judaism to the conditions prevalent in England instead of adapting existing conditions to Judaism. Mutated and shorn of its chief ceremonies and rituals the religion as a support for Jewry is of little worth. Let it not be forgotten that Israel has been preserved through the age not by the monotheistic idea, but by the original, and, for the most part, inexplicable, ceremonial and customs instituted by Ezra and Nehemiah.

The decline of the importance of the Jewish religion as a feature of Jewish life, together with the new practice of judging the principles of the creed by the moral and material value (as, for example, the dietary laws in the light of hygiene), is causing many English Jews to abandon the faith. A smattering of secular education, such as is procured in England, is enough to force a Jew to hold aloof from orthodoxy. Perhaps later on he professes Christianity, but for a long while he is shy of intermarriage. This reluctance of the Jews to hold aloof from orthodoxy, and their newly gained freedom, enable them to find a secure harbour.

The problem will be solved in other countries in the same way as in England. Germany, for instance, gives but little encouragement to assimilation. There, anti-semitism is prevalent to such an extent that absorption seems impossible. The modern anti-semitic movement originated in Germany. At the time of the Franco-German War in 1870 a political party was actually formed in Germany which openly declared its sole object to be the persecution of Jews. The German Jews are ostracised, repressed and humiliated, and are victims of arrogance of which only Germany is capable. Moreover the persecution of the Jews there is not spasmodic, as it was under the old regime in Russia; it is continuous and protracted. In Russia the tide has just changed, and it is hard to say, as yet, what effect the Russian Revolution will have on the Jews of Russia. Their newly gained freedom may give place to religious indifference. We must wait and see.

In England, however, I find the machinery for the absorption of the Jews in full motion. Of English origin is not the only reason why the Jews here are convinced that it is best for them to give up the struggle and become absorbed. They are tired of their nomadic existence; they are weary of the name Jew. It is like a millstone round their necks. At last it appears they have found a secure harbour. For two thousand years the Jews have lived as a separate nation and race; now many of them are being assimilated. The number of Jews in the ranks of Labour movements as in the military service is now being lost. In the first century after the dispersion there were nearly a million Jews in Egypt, but through paganism and Christianity they became absorbed at such a remarkable rate that we hear of hardly any Jews living in Egypt in the next century. When we consider that the forces at work assimilating them to-day are far greater than those of eighteen hundred years ago, we must not be surprised if we witness the total eradication of the Jewish element in England at a date not far distant.

II.

The assimilation of the Jews has been accelerated since the outbreak of war. With many the desire to be completely English has grown because at such a time it is best to be an Englishman in England; and they have imagined that to be Jews detracts from their being bona fide Englishmen. Perhaps the Israelites are right on this point.

As matters stand, the conditions for their absorption are favourable. It seems to me that nothing can prevent the Jews from gradually becoming swallowed up. There may be a handful of the race which remembers that it is in exile, and reflects upon the glories of ancient Zion whilst yearning for a new Jerusalem. But these Jews find few others in sympathy with them. And when they talk of a Jewish national movement they discover that they are in the wilderness. Even if the recent proceedings that Palestine is to be turned into a republic were to substantiate, Anglo-Jewry would be affected but little. Very few Jews would avail themselves of the opportunity to return to Palestine and begin afresh in a commercially sterile country.

To-day the Jewish population in England consists mainly of old Jews who live by the charity benevolently forwarded to them from England and America. Palestine is not a land flowing with milk and honey, and if it were not for the largesse of Jewish philanthropists the Jews of the Holy Land would fare badly. No; I am inclined to think that Anglo-Jewry would prefer to remain here where it is settled. The world is liable to exaggerate the importance of the Jewish sentiment regarding Palestine.

I do not contend for a moment that the Jewish problem will be solved in other countries in the same way as in England. Germany, for instance, gives but little encouragement to assimilation. There, anti-semitism is prevalent to such a great extent that absorption seems impossible. The modern anti-semitic movement originated in Germany. At the time of the Franco-German War in 1870 a political party was actually formed in Germany which openly declared its sole object to be the persecution of Jews. The German Jews are ostracised, repressed and humiliated, and are victims of arrogance of which only Germany is capable. Moreover the persecution of the Jews there is not spasmodic, as it was under the old regime in Russia; it is continuous and protracted. In Russia the tide has just changed, and it is hard to say, as yet, what effect the Russian Revolution will have on the Jews of Russia. Their newly gained freedom may cause a reaction, and their extreme orthodoxy may give place to religious indifference. We must wait and see.

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composed of many aliens, the stream of anglicisation will swell into a torrent.

Stimulus is constantly being given to assimilation and absorption by (1) the extent to which the country is commercially developed, and (2) the disposition of the Englishmen towards the Jews.

As regards the first of these two causes: in industrially backward places the differences of the Jews from the people in whose midst they live are distinct and pronounced. Being poor and heavy of heart, they would performe quaff nepente by the contemplation of the wonderfulness of the Jewish race which has outlived Rome and Babylon, and they evince national pride which prosperous Jews here cannot truly understand. Also, they are extremely orthodox and punctilious in the observance of the Jewish religion. By nature the Jews are ambitious. They must emulate and pit themselves against somebody. Where they are unable to sever the Promethean chains which bind them down politically; where they cannot predominate in commerce through legal restrictions, they vie with one another in learning and in the study of Hebrew lore. The Jew's status in such places is determined by his knowledge of liturgy. But give these same Jews opportunities to engage in business on an equal footing with their neighbours in a commercially developed country, and they will throw over religion, neglect their Hebrew acquirements, and sedulously endeavour to attain prominence in a new sphere. There are hundreds of Jews in England who have come to these shores from Galicia, orthodoxy to the point of fanaticism, and also penniless. Gradually they have seen that they need not eke out their existence as mere pedlars and hawkers and poor artisans as their fathers had done. Here in England, energy, especially the remarkable energy of which the Jews are possessed, is rewarded. In little over a dozen years in England, these same Galician Jews have become manufacturers and merchants. But they are no longer religious. They take little interest in Hebrew scholarship. The Talmud has been exchanged for ledgers. They placed their sons in schools to absorb the Jews industrially backward places the differences of the Jews in the social sun. Similar results have been noted in the adoption of English modes of living has also been beneficial. The Jewish characteristics, the well-known gestures and facial differences disappear with each successive generation, and the path to assimilation is thereby smoothed.

The character of the Jew is the greatest obstacle on the road to absorption. Here we have a peculiarity which defies contact and circumstances. Some Jews, by their appearance, can pass off as Englishmen of incontestible pedigree, but on close acquaintance we can discern their origin. The index is their character. This gulf can be bridged, but only slowly. Association with English boys in schools makes many young Jews look with aversion upon the uncommendable traits of their fathers. They learn to despise what is condemned by Englishmen. They are initiated to a new code of honour, to an improved standard of ingenuousness. Avarice and perfidy become odious to them.

To treat the Jew with kindness and toleration despite his marked resemblance to his caricature is the most effective way to make him different from it. Far more Jews can be converted by goodwill than through the auto-da-fé ofquisitions, and as England proceeds to absorb the Jews by allowing them to live actually, as well as nominally, on an equal footing with other people, the rest of the world will learn, perhaps, how it is possible to solve the whole Jewish question.

J. Bulvár Schwartz

An Industrial Symposium.

Conducted by Huntly Carter.

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

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

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

(67) Mr. J. MacTavish

(Secretary of Workers' Educational Association).

Nothing more clearly indicates the phlegm of the British character than the sang-froid with which we discuss problems of social reconstruction, while engaged in a struggle that still threatens the whole fabric of Western civilisation. That the end of the War will find us a poorer nation is only a small part of the problem. Under the stress of war conditions our representative system of government has almost ceased to exist. The House of Commons, the "Mother of Parliaments," has little more control over the life of the Nation than the Reichstag of Germany, and a great deal less than the Duma of Russia. Voluntarism has given place to compulsion, not only in the Army, but also in industry. Rights of free speech and meeting have been invaded. The Free Press is controlled by the Censor. Men and women can be sentenced without public trial. Industrial or political action by minorities is regarded as treason.

These sacrifices of civil rights and freedom have been voluntary, they have been quietly acquiesced in by the great majority who regard them as necessary to win the increase, and greater conformity with the English in appearance is helping absorption. The Jewish type is susceptible to climatic influences. Thus, we see the Jews of Poland have absorbed the surrounding Catholic types, while Jews of Syria and Egypt are very swarthy; while Jews born here have light hair.

East London may abound with small, sparsely built Jews, but those of the West End are much better developed physically, and, on an average, are three inches taller. Environment and nurture have, of course, had their effect on these latter. The adoption of the English mode of living has also been beneficial. The Jewish characteristics, the well-known gestures and facial differences disappear with each successive generation, and the path to assimilation is thereby smoothed.

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the War. It is assumed that immediately peace is declared we shall restore our old institutions, and go back to our old ways—an unimaginative view which will satisfy no thoughtful man or woman. The restoration of these civil rights of freedom constitutes a serious political problem. The political passions which are, for the present, dammed back partly by repressive legislation, but more especially by a desire to do nothing which will ease the difficulties of our soldiers. But, at the same time, as the floods of public opinion are again let loose, there will arise industrial problems of even greater magnitude. Our Allies will no longer provide our discharged soldiers and sailors for such work as has given to the human race. As soon as the declaration of peace before our industrial machinery can be re-established on a peace basis, such settlement is left to organised Capital and Labour, it is discharged industrial army, men and women, who have become effective in absorbing surplus labour. Reaction from the long strain on our soldiers and sailors, early days of the War. It is assumed that immediately peace is to be found means of absorbing surplus labour. Problems of demobilisation will be intensified by the natural reaction from the long strain on our soldiers and sailors. Our Navies and Army's provision for munitions. Our Navy and Army's demand for them will slacken. Men and women engaged in munition industries will be discharged. Munition factories will require to be reorganised on a basis, and new markets or regain old ones before becoming effective in absorbing surplus labour. Problems of demobilisation will be intensified by the natural reaction from the long strain on our soldiers and sailors. Our Navies and Army's demand for them will slacken. Men and women engaged in munition industries will be discharged. Munition factories will require to be re-organised on a peace basis, and find new markets or regain old ones before becoming effective in absorbing surplus labour. It is reasonable to assume that at first our soldiers will be too much relieved by their escape from the prolonged strain of trench warfare. It is still soulless and selfish. It has become more efficient, more highly organised, and more conscious of its strength. Organised Labour has become weaker, for it has sacrificed many of its old safeguards which can only be partially restored, while the conditions of the labour market promises to be so serious as to lessen its bargaining power. On the other hand, if the Government attempts a settlement that is not generous and favourable to Labour, the possibility of a public upheaval is equally great.

No one who moves about the country and listens to the conversation of our men in khaki can fail to be struck with the frequency with which they assert that the soldier intends to have a big say on public questions, the soldier intends to have a big say on public questions, the soldier intends to have a big say on public questions.

As a generous measure of housing and land reform would much to create in the minds of both rural and town bred soldiers that their sacrifice had not been in vain. National control of our railways, shipping, coal mines, and the liquor trade ought to be assumed by the national government, and reorganised on lines which, by making generous provision for the workers' physical needs, will induce them to hand over the entire management of their lives, during working hours, to others.

Working-class control may only be permanently won in our schools, for true freedom can only come through the possession and use of one's full powers and a knowledge of the truth. From the point of view of organised labour, a complete reorganisation of our educational system is not only necessary, it is its most fundamental need. Workshop control, psychologically important as it undoubtedly is, can be little more than a dream until the working class is equipped by education to exercise it. Yet until we have attained such control, we cannot claim to be a true democracy, for no community is truly democratic if its institutions are not truly representative of what its people think, think, think, think, think, think, think, think, think.

In the interest of physical education, our school medical service must be perfected, our system of school meals extended and improved, our playgrounds and playing fields expanded and improved, our system of school meals extended and improved, our playgrounds and playing fields expanded and improved. Exemptions within the meal must be of sufficient amount to permit every boy or girl who has the necessary ability and desire to do so to proceed to the University. Corporate life in our schools must be developed, and all our schools and universities must be adequately staffed with good teachers. Local Education Authorities must be relieved from the heavy financial burden imposed on them by the receipt of much more generous grants from the Exchequer.

Important as these reforms are, they constitute no more than reform of machinery. The spirit and outlook of our schools must also be reorganised. Such as the nationalisation of the great industries. Public ownership of these industries will provide an opportunity of working out experimentally what is undoubtedly the most distressing result of our industrial problems, the problem of control.
Education for Liberty.
V.

According to the psychology which I have been endeavouring to trace the social unit—call him Jones—has three interrelated personalities: his super-consciousness, or the super-Jones, who is not yet a citizen; his sub-consciousness, or the sub-Jones, a being of purely reflex reactions who constitutes from 90 to 99 per cent. of Jones the citizen; and his ordinary consciousness, or the middle-Jones. The super-Jones knows what he is doing, whose occasional and partial functioning as a citizen is represented by the remaining 1 per cent. It is commonly thought that we need only educate the middle Jones to claim a fuller franchise. If we want a reformed social order, I am suggesting that the new age will not begin till we have enfranchised the super-Jones. But I have little doubt that the middle Jones will have to keep a check upon the proceedings of the sub-Jones before the super-Jones will have much of a chance.

For one thing, the sub-Jones is a mechanism, because he is a machine. He is the product of evolution and habit alone, and he naturally distrusts and dislikes the super-Jones, who is a vitalist; and having the middle habit alone, and he has little doubt that the middle Jones will have to keep a check upon the proceedings of the sub-Jones before the super-Jones will have much of a chance.

The establishment of a constitutional check upon the authority of the sub-Jones, who is a capable Minister of the Interior, but an intolerable tyrant when he usurps the functions of the super-self. Before devoting a final article to the Thinker himself, I will sum up the two main conclusions that seem to have emerged so far. They are, first, that in the process of personifying a child’s sub-self and giving it a name; a small boy of my acquaintance knows his sub-self as “Algy,” and can describe the characteristics of Algy with much psychological insight. Also, he can generally keep Algy in order; and when he cannot, he knows how to ask for advice. It is more difficult to explain to the adult, Jones, how he can get the better of the sub-Jones. The sub-Jones has been entrenching himself for years; he has had the guile to take to himself, as hostages of the symbols of liberty. It is as long and laborious a business to unroll his pretensions and show them up as it is to untie, by Freud’s psychoanalytic methods, the knot that causes a phobia or other hysteric symptom. But a good deal can be done by keeping an eye upon one’s own reflex processes. Much of modern realism is an attempt to carry out this examination in objective form; and much of modern pessimism is the resultant hasty conclusion that the sub-Jones so revealed is the whole Jones.

I have been pursuing negative methods in these last two articles, and saying very little, directly, about the functions of the super-self. Before devoting a final article to the Thinker himself, I will sum up the two main conclusions that seem to have emerged so far. They are, first, that in the process of personifying a child’s sub-self and giving it a name; a small boy of my acquaintance knows his sub-self as “Algy,” and can describe the characteristics of Algy with much psychological insight. Also, he can generally keep Algy in order; and when he cannot, he knows how to ask for advice. It is more difficult to explain to the adult, Jones, how he can get the better of the sub-Jones. The sub-Jones has been entrenching himself for years; he has had the guile to take to himself, as hostages of the symbols of liberty. It is as long and laborious a business to unroll his pretensions and show them up as it is to untie, by Freud’s psychoanalytic methods, the knot that causes a phobia or other hysteric symptom. But a good deal can be done by keeping an eye upon one’s own reflex processes. Much of modern realism is an attempt to carry out this examination in objective form; and much of modern pessimism is the resultant hasty conclusion that the sub-Jones so revealed is the whole Jones.

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stand the subconsciousness, or, in other words, that we must get morals out of the region of taboo, study reflex behaviour as a thing that happens, and help children to work out the reasons why it happens. Until we do this, we shall continue to lose that supreme power in the actual working of civilisation. 

KENNETH RICHMOND.

Readers and Writers.

My readers have already been informed of the fact that the Industrial Symposium, which is still running in these pages, under the conduct of Mr. Huntly Carter, will shortly be published by Mr. Fisher Unwin. It is not in my part to do much more than to inform my little world of the event; but I may, perhaps, be allowed to 'gag' to the extent of recommending my readers to give the book a welcome when it appears. Whom have we to depend upon if not upon our own readers for public consideration? They are our only friends, and it should be the business of friends to perform reciprocal services. The Symposium, moreover, is by all accounts the best and the fullest that is likely to appear on this side of the Flod; for which we ought to be preparing ourselves. If there were before us a watery deluge, such as Noah was inspired to foresee, and boat-building were being put in hand to the cry of 'There is no time,' we should be preparing ourselves. If there were before us a book our berths? Yet the no is saying, 'As Ships, Ships, Ships—fa la la la la,' and boat-building were being put in hand to the cry of 'Will you please invite us to the tombs?' Yet the no has more to tell us than has ever been said. If there were before us a book the ordinary market was not prepared to undertake. At the same time, both the publisher and ourselves would appreciate any assistance our readers could give to the sale and distribution of this little work. I am privileged on this occasion to make a disclosure of authorship, which, in any case, will not be concealed when the book is published. The Notes referred to are the work of the Editor of this journal.

Under the title of 'An Alphabet of Economics,' Mr. Fisher Unwin will shortly publish likewise the series of 'Notes on Economic Terms,' which has still to be concluded. While these definitions have been appearing, many readers have been kind enough to write suggesting their publication in book-form, and offering, in some gratifying instances, to be the coaches for the book. Yet the less inspired forecast of the industrial deluge that is about to descend upon us apparently provokes only a few of the public to examine the boats that are being constructed to outside it. Poresight was never a special characteristic of our nation; but it was never more necessary than it is at this moment; and it is, therefore, the duty of the intelligent to develop the sense—for sense it truly is. A profound and critical study of the 'Industrial Symposium' is certainly one of the best exercises that is now within reach; and it is on this account that I have drawn attention to it. * * *

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My trumpet for a moment—but is it not something of a distinction for a journal to be, as The New Age is, at once topical and perennial, to publish what can be read once, and yet read again; whether you think you or not; and there goes my trumpet. * * *

Since, as no doubt has been observed, this present conversation is strictly between ourselves, I may perhaps be allowed to repress our usual week of curiosity as to the ceremony of heralding the completion of the tenth year and twentieth volume of this adorable journal. Sub rosa, it is something of a miracle. When I consider the number of head-quarters escapes it has had of death and disaster, the innumerable company of its enemies, and the sparsity of its friends, the times to which it has fallen, the events that have occurred while it was being brought up by hand, culminating in the war of which the less said the more is implied, I cannot but revert to superstition, and regard The New Age as having a charmed life. Fate, if you but knew it, is written all its history. The paper is not so much made as recurrently born. The most astonishing things have occurred to it without making a visible mark upon its form or content—though, I am sure, they have left their imprint upon the minds of the conductors. And, likewise, it has done the most astonishing things without drawing the least attention to its extraordinary self. Let me mention only one or two of them. What other journal, I ask, in the whole history of journalism, began at a penny, rose to three-pence, and settled at sixpence without changing its policy or its personnel, and without losing on the balance a single reader? Strangely enough, however, the fact, for which, if any other journal had experienced it, the records of Fleet Street would have been illuminated, has passed without mention in the very latest and most voluminous histories of London journalism. Why? That is a mystery. Again, I ask what would have been said if any other journal of the same standing as The New Age had, as we have, deliberately forewarned, of good-will aforesight, both the receiving and the giving of paid advertisements? Yet, upon no occasion in any public place to my knowledge has this significant assertion been made. Why? The New Age has this significant innovation which tolls the bell of commercial journalism been so much as mentioned even by men who have deplored the association of advertisement with news and views. Why? Finally, the claim must be made that no other weekly journal of the same range of interest has ever experienced, as The New Age exists, upon, for the vast part, the voluntary contributions of writers and artists. This, if I may say so, is the most astonishing fact about The New Age from within, for it astonishes ourselves. Why we ourselves, not to say the scores of writers who contribute to these pages, continue week after week as we do, never wearying of, if sometimes wearying in, the unintermitted task of exploiting our minds for the New Age, I for one, do not know. All I know is that it appears to be right, and that the work is itself its abundant reward. * * *

Concluding confidentially, I may add a word or two on another subject. There is, as our readers are aware, a hostility to The New Age which can very well be understood, arising, as it does, from the tone and matter of many of our comments. We do not resent the hostility brought about by ourselves with our eyes open, even if we cannot bring ourselves to admire the character of mind that puts up with polemic criticism and imposes upon the former the conventions of the latter. Nor are we complaining in any mendiant spirit of the consequent treatment of The New Age itself at the hands of people who imagine they have been personally wounded by it. But we are felt and conveyed by journals and publicists towards The New Age is visited upon its writers and is exercised upon any book they may publish which has only
been vicariously associated with the misdeeds of the New Age itself, we feel that a protest is demanded for the information of posterity, if only hopefully for the improvement of some of our contemporaries. The general case I have in mind is the reception given by the Press as a whole to the recent re-publications from this journal, notably to the "Letters to my Nephew" of Anthony Farley. It is a curious revenge. The more particular case is that of the "Spectator," which, as far as I remember, has simply refused to notice any book that has borne the signs of association with The New Age. From "A Maid's Comedy," through "National Letters," to the "Farley Letters," no book issuing from this journal has, I think, been reviewed by the "Spectator." R. H. C.

Interviews.

By C. R. Bechohofer

IX.—MR. JAMES DOUGLAS.

I found Mr. James Douglas full of praise for The New Age and its objects. "The war," he said, "has shown that to give their services to the State, so that this objection to National Guilds vanishes." But while Mr. Douglas agrees that political action without economic power behind it is ineffective, he cannot wholly admit that economic power preceeds and dominates political power. Mr. Douglas acknowledged the decay of Parliament, but no such Parliamentaryism. "Erect a House of Commons," he said, "that will do what you want and not what it wants. Let the people choose their own candidate, and not simply take the candidate who is chosen for them. This is the root-problem of democracy, I am convinced." I asked Mr. Douglas how he thinks this can be done. "The Party System," he said, "has given us only an alternation of incompetents. The rotation of crops is not in it; this has been a rotation of sterility." The remedy, Mr. Douglas thinks, may be in a different system of nomination. Instead of a man coming forward to contest a constituency just because a few friends are willing to put up the money for his expenses, let him be bound to find five hundred of his neighbours to support his candidature. "It is not so easy," Mr. Douglas said, "to find five hundred backers as to find five hundred pounds." Mr. Douglas went on to say that it lies in our power to create a government expressive of our own will; what we need, therefore, is an educated democracy. I suggested that the tendency in schools is leading further and further away from a true civil education, in the interest of business and industrial discipline. "I don't see," said Mr. Douglas, "that equipping a boy with business knowledge is necessarily incompatible with political knowledge. You must remember that a political man is a mature man; in an elementary school you cannot go very far." Secondary education is what we must rather concentrate upon. "And I want the universities to be really open to everybody, so that there really can be a progress up from the elementary school to the secondary school, and from the secondary school to the university. There ought to be a free road to the university for every citizen; or, rather, for every citizen's son and daughter. Education should cease to be a class privilege. All educational opportunities ought to be open to boys with brains. In America this is more or less the case. I have heard of a millionaire's son at Harvard who had as his most intimate friend a student who paid his fees from the money he earned as attendant on a Pullman car. That is how it ought to be to initiate the reforms is through the action of a truly representative House of Commons."

I asked Mr. Douglas some questions about the industrial side of democracy. The weak point in the Trade Union organisation, Mr. Douglas said, is that the leaders have not led, and the followers—have not followed. If the Trade Unions were as scientifically organised as the International, they would be more powerful. Mr. Douglas agreed that the Trade Unions are not revolutionary in regard to the wage-system, but he said he thinks they have every reason to be. "Wages in this country are disgracefully and disgustingly low. We all blush at the low wages paid here, compared, say, with America; but we go on paying them. We ought to see that the workers have a larger share in profits. But the wage-system is an old system, and cannot be uprooted in a day; if we make the State the super-capitalist, we should still have wages. The people who would control the State would still control wages. But, until we have assisted work, we shall have the wage-system in some form or another. To get rid of the wage-system, you have got to get rid of the law of supply and demand." Mr. Douglas agreed that the law can be suspended, and that, certainly, the material side of the change is not the only one. "Take the case of my own country, Ireland," he said. "It is not wealth that Ireland wants, so much as liberty and self-respect. Ireland would willingly rather go without a meal a day and have Home Rule, than have three meals a day and no liberty." I asked Mr. Douglas if he thinks it likely that Ireland will be worse off materially with Home Rule. Mr. Douglas said he thinks the opposite is more likely, as the Irish will be better able to develop their resources. He agreed with me that the change to Home Rule in England industry also might have the same good effects. I asked Mr. Douglas what alternative there is to the campaign against the wage-system. "It is the governing classes," Mr. Douglas said, "are bankrupt of ideas, and they know it. And they know that unless they begin to use their brains, or condescend to use the brains of those people who can help them, there is nothing for it but Revolution." Then what about revolution? I asked. "Being a pugnacious person myself," Mr. Douglas assented, "I am all in favour of a bloodless revolution, because I know what the other would mean. But, joking apart, I am perfectly sure of this; the men who are coming back from France are not going to be the men who went. "The men who go back will not touch their forelocks." I said that this is the general impression, but that, so far, there is very little evidence for it. Indeed, it is recognised that men who have been disciplined in the Army make the best soldiers. Mr. Douglas said we must not make the mistake of thinking that this war is like any other war hitherto. This is the first war in which the people, as a class, have borne so responsible a part. But the people, I suggested, are not getting much of the credit. "If they are not," said Mr. Douglas, "it is their own fault. They should take the credit that belongs to them. And this brings me back to my first point. The seat of power is the House of Commons." The people have it in their power to purge the House of Commons, and compel it to acknowledge their claims.

I asked Mr. Douglas if he does not think that the political power of the mere citizen is lessening rapidly, day by day. "During the war," Mr. Douglas answered, "everything has got to go. You cannot alter a frozen constitution in war-time, or do away with frozen shibboleths." I remarked that this has been done in Russia. "Yes," said Mr. Douglas, "but the risk of failure there was enormous. No one could have foreseen the amazing success of the revolution." To my question whether the position of the individual will become stronger after the war, Mr. Douglas said, "If, after the war, the Government of the country remains the kind it is now, all I can say is that we shall only have the Government we deserve. And it will show that we should be past praying for!"
Notes on Economic Terms.

RIGHT TO WORK. This phrase, which became popular in consequence of the Bill drafted by the Labour Party, is terrible in its implications. They are two. One is that it implies that the object of modern industry is not production; since, if production were the object of industry, it would be rather the Right not to Work than the Right to Work that would be heard of as a demand. And, in the second place, it implies that there are men able to work yet unable to find an employer, in whose absence they can do nothing. The Right to Work is a screen for the Right to Live. It is the Right to Live modestly affirmed. The Labour Party, that created the phrase, asserted the right of a workman to live, but conceded at the same time his duty of work. The wage-system, in short, is assumed in it.

UNEARNED INCREMENT. The name given to an increase in the selling price of any commodity which is not brought about by the owner himself. From one point of view the distinction between earned and unearned increment is a split hair. All owners of commodities endeavour by various means to increase the selling price of their goods, this being, in fact, the essence of good business. And when, instead of by their own devices, the selling price is raised by accidental means, the result to the consumer is no different. In both cases, it involves, in the other hand, the difference to the owner himself is real. An unearned increment being in the nature of a windfall, and due to luck, it is not to be counted upon in advance. Consequently, its pursuit is not a motive in ordinary business. Ordinary business depends upon the motive of profit operating within calculable factors. Unearned profits do not enter into calculation.

EXCHANGE. The reciprocal transfer of commodities of equal market price in terms of a common currency. The operation of Exchange takes place in every act of buying and selling; and it assumes the existence, at the moment of exchange, of an equivalence of values. How either commodity comes to be present at its price and what value in use it may possess are of no immediate concern in exchange. Exchange is under the sign of the Scales or Balance. Impartially it weighs out prices against prices, regardless of value.

FISCAL OR TARIFF REFORM. Unregulated exchange of commodities between individuals of one country and another is called Free Trade; and every proposed regulation, calculated to restrict the liberty of the individual in this respect, is advocated as Fiscal Reform or Tariff Reform. A Tariff already assumes the existence of regulations; and in this sense a Reform of the Tariff is something designed to improve the existing regulations. All Tariffs are intended to handicap certain buyers or sellers in a given market. Their object is to maintain or increase prices to the advantage of other buyers and sellers.

BANKING. The melting of Capital. Capital, it is clear, exists in two forms: a real and a nominal. The real form of Capital is fixed in land, buildings, machinery, commodities, and the like. The nominal form consists in claims upon these based upon the calculation of what can be produced by their means. The latter or nominal form, being chiefly paper, equivalent to I.O.U.s, is easily circulable, and hence is said to be liquid or current. And it is the function of the Banks to make it and to keep it so. The essence of Banking is the nominalisation of real capital; or, again, the liquefaction of solid capital. And for this operation the Bankers charge interest, which is a rent of currency.

PROFITEERING. Production for the sake of profit; or profit-making. Profits are made by no other means than by buying or producing or bringing to market cheap and by selling dear. And maximum profits (the aim of business) are made by buying as cheaply as possible and selling as dearly as possible. The question of the value or amount or quality of the commodity on which profit is sought does not, it will be seen, enter as a prime factor into the operation of profiteering. Profiteering may be that of producing much and selling the maximum profit is made. But it may just as well happen that the maximum profit is made by producing little and selling it all. Profiteering, in short, is not concerned with the production of values (that is, of human utilities), but with prices. The consumer who thinks of values; the profiteer thinks wholly of prices and profits.

CO-OPERATION. To operate together and in common. Associated action may be for any purpose, good, bad, or indifferent. The association may be between producers, merchants, and consumers; between buyers or sellers. When it is between sellers, with the object of maintaining or raising the selling price of their commodities, it is called a Ring. When it is between buyers, with the object of reducing the selling price of the commodities they must purchase, it is called a Society. Co-operative movement in particular is a movement of retail consumers towards common action designed to enable them to buy cheap against the efforts of the producers to sell dear.

CO-PARTNERSHIP. A fancy name for profit-sharing, invented to deceive wage-labourers into believing themselves a kind of partner with Capital. Partnership, however, involves the sharing of partners in control; in exact terms, in the control of Capital. For Capital is to Industry what flooring is to a watch-wheel: it is what makes it go. In Co-partnership, in general, the share or part taken by workmen is, at best, a share in the industry; and, at worst and more usually, a share only in the profits. In no case does it admit the workmen to a part in the control of the Capital. It may be said, however, that under certain schemes the workmen may become shareholders even in the Capital of an industry itself. This is true; but the control is still unsure and devoid of the spirit of partnership in that the voting for the control of the whole Capital is by shares; and the major shares outvote the minor shares upon every occasion. Partners, on the other hand, are equal.

COLLECTIVISM. The twin opposite of Individualism. But in each of the pair, the sub-divisions should be noted. What is it that Individualism claims? Individualism, claims both the right to own Capital and the control of the Industry dependent upon that Capital. Similarly, Collectivism, as the mere opposite of Individualism, claims both rights for the State: the right, namely, of owning Capital and of controlling Industry. But, in fact, there is a difference between Capital and Industry. Industry, in short, is Capital energised by Labour. To own Capital and to control Industry are not therefore one and the same thing; but different; and the claim to control Industry is therefore not necessarily included in the claim to own Capital. To own Capital is to own Capital; but to control Industry is to control the Labour that energises Capital. Collectivism, however, makes no more distinction than Individualism between the two operations. Like Individualism, it assumes the right of controlling Industry as a consequence of the ownership of Capital. In other words, it assumes, like Individualism, its right to control Labour by virtue of its right to own Capital. On this account Collectivism, which proposes to take over from individual Capitalists the ownership of Capital, and expects at the same time to take over the present power of Capital to control Industry, is nothing else than State Capitalism. For Capitalism is based on the assumption that the title to own Capital is the title to control Industry (that is, Labour); and this fact is not altered when the State is substituted for the present capitalist class.
A Craftsman.

By Triboulet.

(In Ferrara. A summer day in the year 1491. The workshop of Ercole Fedeli, goldsmith. Ercole is reading a letter, and Giovanni, an apprentice, stands before him.)

ERCOLE: Again the Duchess Isabella writes about the bracelets. At last she threatens me. Giovanni, you have entered a hard business. Day in, day out, I tear with my hands, your hands, your soul, and soon some fine lady will blind you, cut off your hands, and brutalise you for the sake of five minutes’ ball-time.

GIUSEPPE: What troubles you, then?

ERCOLE: True, true, but she who gives work to Ercole ought to know that age is part of the price. She desires perfection at all costs. If she be not the true patroness, there is none.

ERCOLE: Do not value the artistic enthusiasm of the modern great too highly, my son. The Duchess is one of the best. She started well. I know that she spends a fortune on manuscripts, and has a thousand and unanswerable hunters in commission. Florence is palting Maddonas for her. Even now are three men of our town carving Venuses.

ERCOLE: I know that Mantegna paints her portrait twice a year. It is magnificent, but I do not forget the letter she sent to me about the last bracelets. If the bracelets I ordered months ago, she wrote, were not delivered before the end of summer, when we no longer wear our arms bare, they will be of no use. I cannot, I cannot, forget that. It is gross, it is vile.

GIOVANNI: Indeed, master Ercole, I think you are too severe.

ERCOLE: The more fool you. Have you not the first instinct of your craft? Patrons, art-lovers, connoisseurs are enemies. I hate the people of taste. They are sterile planderers and pimps of beauty. It is not our fault that work is an open war against buyers, and such it is, although they do not know it. They smirk and smile with satisfaction, yet, when they buy, I am conquering them with excellence. I do not suit their taste. I squeeze their souls out of their pockets. Why did God give me this talent? I am only doubtful. Gab. : It is unanswerable.

ERCOLE: To set off my bracelets, of course. Did you not think of that? Put it in your note-book, lad. Would you be more than a common workman?

GIOVANNI: You know me.

ERCOLE: Then fashion this in verse, and put it also in your note-book. Do not work gold, nor silver, nor iron for men but for gods. If the work be shoe-buckles you must imagine the Olympians without bare feet and more respectable. Who are the people of taste, the art-lovers? The amorous of the night who sigh for the moon. The Creator satisfies them; he does not kindle fire in the cinder; he creates the sun.

ERCOLE: Is the Duchess very bad?

ERCOLE: Like the rest, she has bad taste; but I like her pride and determination. She says that she will have me thrown in the Castello dungeon if the bracelets are not delivered by noon to-day.

ERCOLE: Why! it is almost noon.

(Enter Gabriello).

GABRIELLO: Good morning, master Ercole.

ERCOLE: Good morning. What is wrong, Gabriello? You seem to be in trouble.

GABRIELLO: I received a letter from the Duchess. She said that the Duke will punish me if I do not finish her Venus at once.

ERCOLE: Well?

GABRIELLO: I have finished it. I worked all through the night, and it is delivered.

ERCOLE: What troubles you, then?

ERCOLE: The Venus.

ERCOLE: Gabriello, you deserve this. I have no sympathy.

GABRIELLO: Sympathy! I did not come for condolence. The artist is steadfast and alone in the midst of his eternal tragedy.

ERCOLE: You are not proud of it, surely?

ERCOLE: Of course, I am. Every man of genius feels the proximity of perfection when he works, but as soon as his tools are laid aside, he regards his creation with dissatisfaction.

ERCOLE: Does he? Poor fellow! How I pity him and his patron! I, too, have a letter from the Duchess. I cannot finish her bracelets as she commands. I shall not try to do so; our satisfactions are different.

GABRIELLO: How different is your case from mine, Ercole! You never understand me. You ought to please the Duchess. Bracelets are clothing. Really, friend, you are attached to the wardrobe, and you must suit seasons and festivals. My work is pure art: yours is only ornamental.

ERCOLE: The Garden of Eden was only ornamental. Do not make these false divisions. Art and craft are inseparable. They serve beauty, and beauty is the infinite mode of the perfect. I have seen a stone engraved with the figure of Orpheus: Phidias’ statue of Jupiter could not have been nearer to perfection than that gem. We are makers of things, Gabriello: we are creatures whose strength creates beauty, whose weakness creates ugliness. That is why you and your bloathed Venus make me angry.

ERCOLE: It is not bloathed.

GABRIELLO: Fol-a-de-lool, every artist blothes Venus. She is a bad subject, I admit, but a wench good enough for the profession. Artists, more than other men, are liars, trencher-lickers, courtesans, and cowards. Good God, they even boast of their sins and cock their tails because they are irresponsible and irritable.

GABRIELLO: You are, I know, very irritable, dear Ercole.

ERCOLE: This is not irritability: it is indignation. You are irritable. You are sorry, unashamed and fearful because you have bloathed this Venus which Madonna wants for a garden ornament.

GABRIELLO: I did not say it was blothed. I am only doubtful.

ERCOLE: Come, this is cowardly.

GABRIELLO: Now, now, you are losing your temper.

ERCOLE: That is your fault. You are such a fool.

ERCOLE: You are full of spite.

ERCOLE: You are full of foolishness.

GABRIELLO (going): I am going. I never lose my temper. (Exit.)

ERCOLE (to Giovanni): He never loses his temper because he is afraid of losing his supper. He came to borrow money. When a man like that talks of his business, I suppose, you should have feared this Venus which Madonna wants for a garden ornament.

GIOVANNI: It is past noon, master. Do you really think that the Duke’s men will come?

ERCOLE: It is certain. The impromptu is not the Duke’s fault. The soldiers, I suppose, have not yet emptied their glasses. Make no mistake, Giovanni. The arrest and persecution of Ercole Fedeli will be a matter of honour, and, incidentally, a good joke. Cannot you see Madonna Isabella as she chatters in the garden with her friends? “My dears,” she says, with all sweetness and grace, “Ercole, the Jew, was to make me a pair of bracelets. He has been at the work for four-
years. Had not the Duke chained him beneath the most, I should have never received them in this
life. It is hard usage, ladies, but what can one do?
These goldsmiths are too prosperous. I for-
gave him, of course, when he, piteous in his plight,
promised to hasten the work. I could do no other,
for I was anxious to see the perfection of my work;
and the paper of field potatoes she brought in for supper the night before.

MISS MOSS: Oh dear, I am cold. I wonder why it is I always wake up so cold in the mornings now.
My knees and my feet and my back—especially my back—and it's like a sheet of ice. And I always was such a delicate child. I always was warm in bed in the old days. It's not as if I was skinny—I'm just the same full figure that I used to be. No; it's because I don't have a good hot dinner in the evenings. (Pageant of Good Hot Dinners passes across the ceiling, all of them accompanied by a bottle of Nourishing Stout.) Even if I were to get up now and have a sensible, substantial breakfast...

LANDLADY: Letter for you, Miss Moss.
MISS MOSS (far too friendly): Oh, thank you very much, Mrs. Pine. It's very good of you, I'm sure, to take the trouble.

LANDLADY: No trouble at all. I thought perhaps it was the letter you'd been expecting.

MISS MOSS (brightly): Why, yes; perhaps it is. (Puts her head on one side, and smiles vaguely at the letter.) I shouldn't be surprised.

LANDLADY: Well, I should, Miss Moss, and that's how it is. And I'll trouble you to open it, if you please. Many is the lady in my place as would have done it for you and been within her rights. For things can't go on like this, Miss Moss; no indeed they can't. What with week in week out and first you've got it and then you haven't and then it's another letter lost in the post or another manager down at Brighton but will be back on Tuesday for certain—I'm fair sick and tired and I won't stand it no more. Why should I, Miss Moss, I ask you, at a time like this with prices flying up in the air and my poor dear lad at the front? My sister Eliza was only saying to me yesterday—Minnie, she says, you're too soft-hearted. You could have let that room time and again, she says, and if people won't look after themselves in times like these, nobody else will, says she. She may have had a college education and sung at West End concerts, she says, but if your Lizzie says what's true, she says, and she washing her own wovens and drying them on the towel-rail, it's easy to see where the finger's pointing. And it's high time you had done with it, says she.

MISS MOSS (tears open letter. Reads): "Dear Madam,
Yours to hand. Am not producing at present, but have filed photo for future ref.—Yours truly, Backwash Film Co." : Well, Mrs. Pine, I think you'll be sorry for what you said. This letter is from a manager asking me to be there with evening dress ten o'clock next Saturday morning.

LANDLADY (swoops and seizes letter): Oh, is it? Is it, indeed!

MISS MOSS (who can't get out of bed because her nightdress is slit down the back): Give me back that letter. Give it back to me at once, you bad, wicked woman! Give me back my private letter.

LANDLADY: So it's come to this, has it? Well, Miss Moss, if I don't get my rent at eight o'clock to-night, we'll see who's a bad wicked woman—that's all. And I'll keep this letter. (Mysterious.) It will be a pretty little bit of evidence. (Sepulchral.) My lady! (Bounces out.)
TAXIDRIVER: Look out, Fattie; don't go to sleep!

WAITRESS (very surprised): Oh, we're not open yet.

WAITRESS: Yes, isn't it.

CASHIER: Oh, I say—how topping!

CASHIER: Oh, I say—you are a treat!

CHAR.: Nobody's here yet, Miss.

SAUCY BOY (playing the banjo on his walking-stick): Waiting for the Robert E. Lee.

CASHIER: How topping for you!

MISS Moss: Cockroach! That's what she is. She's a cocks comb. I could have her up for snatching my letter—I'm sure I could. (Begins to dress.)

CHAR.: You can't wait in there, Miss. I 'aven't done the room yet. Mr. Kadgit's never 'ere before eleven thirty Saturdays. Sometimes he don't come at all.

MISS Moss: Mr. Bithem here yet?

CHORUS: Mr. Bithem here yet?

CHORUS: Oh, he's been here for ages. We've all been waiting for more than an hour.

MISS Moss: Dear me! Anything doing, do you think?

SAUCY BOY: Oh, a few jobs going for South Africa, you know. Hundred and fifty a week for two years.

CHORUS: Oh, Mr. Clayton, you are weird! Isn't he a cure? Oh, Mr. Clayton; you do make me laugh! Isn't he a comic!

D. M. GIRL: Oh, no good to you, my dear. He wanted someone young, you know—a dark Spanish type—my style, but more figure, that was all.

(Mr. Bithem appears in his shirt sleeves.)

MR. BITHEM: Look here, ladies; it's no good waiting this morning. Come back Monday; I'm expecting several calls on Monday.

MISS Moss (desperate): Mr. Bithem, I wonder if you've heard from . . .

MR. BITHEM (who has seen her hundreds of times): Now let me see—now who are you?

MISS Moss: Miss Ada Moss.

MR. BITHEM: Oh, yes, yes; of course, my dear. Not yet, my dear. Now I had a call for twenty-eight ladies to-day, but they had to be young and able to hop it a bit—see? And I had another call for sixteen—but they had to know sand-dancing. Look here, my dear, I'm up to the eyebrows this morning. Come back on Monday week; it's no good coming before then. (Puts her fat back.) Hearts of oak, dear lady; hearts of oak!

(Miss Moss goes out.)

(Cinema Typist enters.)

TYPIST: Are you waiting for the North-East call?

CHORUS: Yes.

TYPIST: Well, it's all off. I've just had a 'phone through.

VOICE: But look here—what about our expenses?

TYPIST: Oh, you weren't to have been paid. The North-East never pay their crowds.

(Miss Moss reads): Can you imagine a famous composer a moment, please? LOVELY LADY: Fill up the form! Miss Moss (reads): Can you avert—high-drive—drive a car—jump—shoot—. . .

(In the Square Gardens.)

MISS Moss (takings out mirror to powder her nose): The person in the glass makes a hideous face at...
her. Has a good cry;]: Well, that’s over. It’s one comfort to be off my feet. And my nose will soon get cool in the air. . . . It’s very nice in here. Look at the sparrowros. Cheep! Cheep! How close they sit. . . . There’s a museum for them. No; I’ve nothing for you, you cheeky little things. . . . Cafe de Madrid. . . . My goodness, what a smack that child came down. Poor little mite. Never mind—up again! By eight o’clock to-night. . . . Cafe de Madrid. I could just go in and sit there and have a coffee—that’s all. It’s such a place for artists, too. I might just have a stroke of luck. . . . A dark handsome gentleman in a fur coat comes in with a friend, and sits down at my table. . . . No, old chap; I’ve searched London for a contralto; I have sung that music many times.” . . . “A nice little piece of evidence, my lady.” . . . Very well, Mrs. Very Cafe de Madrid. They have concerts there in the evenings. “Why don’t they begin?” “The contralto has not arrived.” “Excuse me, I happen to be a contralto; I have sung that music many times.”

(In the Café)

(A very stout gentleman, wearing a very small felt hat that floats on the top of his head like a little yacht, drops into the chair opposite.)

STOUT GENTLEMAN: Good evening.

MISS MCOSS: Good evening.

STOUT GENTLEMAN: Fine night.

MISS MCOSS: Yes, very fine. Quite a treat, isn’t it?

STOUT GENTLEMAN (to waiter): Bring me a large whiskey. (To Miss Moss) What’s yours?

MISS MCOSS: Well, I think I’ll take a brandy, if it’s all the same.

(Five minutes later.)

STOUT GENTLEMAN (leaning over the table and blows a puff of cigar smoke full in her face): That’s a tempting bit of ribbon.

MISS MCOSS (blushing until a pulse at the top of her head that she never felt before pounds away): “I happened to contain twelve English pounds. The owner was a fat, brawn gentleman, wearing a frock-coated, be-fezzed official sat writing in his office, while someone of his many sons did all the work. But that he could show energy upon occasion I now learnt. Hearing from Rashid that I, a guest in his hotel, had suffered robbery, he sprang on to his feet and danced with the servants’ quarters, whence presently there came heartrending shrieks and cries for mercy. His sons, in fear of murder, followed him, and added their remonstrance to the general din. The women of his house appeared in doorways, weeping and wringing their hands. Rashid seemed gratified by his confusion, regarded as a tribute to our greatness, his and mine.

“Be good enough to go away,” he told me. “The scene is quite unworthy of your dignity. I will take care that all is done to raise your honour.”

I remained, however. Presently, the host returned, perspiring freely, mooping his brown face with a crimson handkerchief. He smiled as one who has had healthy exercise. “It is no use,” he told me, with a shrug. “I beat them well, and everyone of them confessed that he alone, and not another, was the thief. Each, as his turn came, wished to stay my hand at any cost.”

He sank down on a sofa which was in the court. “What further is your Honour’s will?” he asked. “I will beat anyone. The story is so bad for the hotel. I should be ruined if it reached the ears of Cook or Baedeker.”

The cries of those unhappy servants having shamed me, I told him that I was content to count the money lost, rather than that harmless folk should suffer for my carelessness. Rashid protested, saying twelve pounds was no trifle, although I might, in youthful folly, so regard it. He, as my servant, had to guard my wealth.

“The gold is lost. It is the will of Allah. Let it be,” I answered, irritably.

“Thou wilt not tell the English consul?” cried the host, with sudden eagerness. “Thou wilt refrain from saying any word to Cook or Baedeker to bring ill-fame and ruin on the place? Our Lord augment thy wealth and guard thee always! May thy progeny increase in honour till rules the world!”

“But something must be done,” Rashid remonstrated. “A crime has been committed. We must find the culprit.”

“True,” said the host, “and I will help with all my strength. The consul would not help at all. He would but frighten the police, with the result that they would torture—perhaps hang—a man or two, but not the man who stole your belt of money. Our police, when not alarmed, are clever. Go to them and give a little money. They will find the thief.”

“I go this minute,” said Rashid.

I bade him wait. Knowing his way of magnifying me and my possessions, I thought it better to be present at the interview, lest he should frighten the police no less than would the intervention of a consul.

We went together through the shady markets, crossing here and there an open space of blinding sunlight, asking our way at intervals, until at last we entered a large white-washed room where soldiers lofted and a frock-coated, be-fezzed official sat writing at a desk. This personnel was very sympathetic.

“Twelve pounds!” he cried. “It is a serious sum. . . . The first thing to be done is to survey the scene of crime. Wait, I will send with you a knowing man.”

He called one of the soldiers, who stepped forward and saluted, and gave him charge of the affair.

“You can place confidence in him. He knows his
business;’ he assured me, bowing with extreme politeness, as we took our leave.

With the soldier who had been assigned to us we sauntered back to the hotel. The man abounded in compassion for me. He said it was the worst case he had ever heard of—to rob a man so manifestly good and amiable of so great a sum. Alas! the baseness of some people. It put out the sun! At the hotel, he spent a long while in my room, searching, as he said, for “traces.” Rashid, the host and all his family, and nearly all the servants thronged the doorway, helping him with words of counsel and encouragement. After looking into every drawer, and crawling underneath the bed, where he unmade completely, he spent some minutes debating whether the thief had entered by the window or the door. Having at last decided for the door, he turned to me and asked if there was anyone whom I suspected. When I answered no, I saw him throw a sidelong glance at Rashid as if he thought he would relent. The man sipped coffee in the lounge, when a sleek personage entered and asked if I had seen the great detective. I answered languidly that the affair had ceased to interest me; I wished to hear no more about the money or the thief. He stayed a long while, wheedling and cajoling. A new dilemma! No way out of it appeared to me, for even if we did employ the great detective, our chance of finding the delinquent seemed exceeding small. I was thinking what could possibly be done to clear Rashid, when a familiar figure came into the court. And now you give up seeking for the culprit! Am I to bear this shame for ever more?

I answered with reluctance that the affair had ceased to interest me; I wished to hear no more about the money or the thief. He stayed a long while, wheedling and cajoling. A new dilemma! No way out of it appeared to me, for even if we did employ the great detective, our chance of finding the delinquent seemed exceeding small. I was thinking what could possibly be done to clear Rashid, when a familiar figure came into the court.

Rashid, who had been out to tend the horses, came presently and asked if I had seen the great detective. When I described our interview, he nearly wept. "The people here think me the thief," he told me. "They say nothing, but I feel it in their bearing towards me. And now you give up seeking for the culprit? Am I to bear this shame for ever more?"

"No use at all," he scoffed. "The one man for your purpose is the Chief of the Thieves. I know him well."

"Ma sh’Allah! Is there then, a guild of thieves?"

"There is."

"The Sheykh of the Thieves must be the greatest rogue. I do not care to have to do with him."

"You are wrong," remarked Suleyman, with dignity. "Your error has its root in the conviction that a thief is evil. He may be evil as an individual; all men are apt to be who strive for gain; but as a member of a corporation, he has pride and honour. With Europeans, it is just the opposite. They individually are more honourable than their Governments and corporations."
may expect when it has secured its "temporary representation" on the Council we may imagine, if we have a very restricted conception. It is obvious that such a Council could possibly be fair to a non-signatory Power is one that only a pacifist could make. It is impossible that this Council would only be a sort of Court of Appeal from the Diplomatic Corps, and would only reproduce the national rivalries that had made the case for which the Council was first set up. The power of interference which this Council will possess is really absurd, as it has no executive authority. Where, in the opinion of the Council, any dispute exists between any of the signatory Powers which appears likely to endanger their good relations with each other, the Council shall be called upon to submit the case with a view to conciliation. This clause alone would suffice to smash the Council of Conciliation; for, obviously, it would have to be continuously and completely informed of all diplomatic negotiations before it could determine which "appeared likely to endanger the good relations." It would be not only a Court of Appeal from the Diplomatic Corps, but a Court of Record of the whole business of the Chancelleries; and if it attempted to use this power it would be worked to death. In truth, no one can really imagine any Power signing a treaty containing such a clause, with such an implication, or honouring it if it were signed.

The possibility that the whole scheme could quickly be brought into contempt, and therefore lose the support of public opinion, by the vexatious and frivolous litigiousness that could be so easily inspired, also seems to have been overlooked. Much of the dispute into which the House of Commons has fallen of late years has been due to the fact that it could not prevent the Irish from arguing for hours about a footbridge in Donegal or some other trumpery matter; in the same way, international arbitration will not soon recover from the suggestion made at the last Hague Conference that the interests of indigent sick persons, of the working classes, of dead sailors, and of writers and artists, were suitable subjects for obligatory arbitration. The Council of Conciliation apparently has no power to refuse to conciliate; and as any case may be so stated as to endanger good relations, it might easily be made ridiculous by the sort of case presented to it. Even some matters of really serious importance may be referred to this imaginary body; but those concerned, who, for example, would believe that an alphabet could cause animosity between blood brothers? Yet the adoption of Latin characters for their written language by the Croats, while the Serbians still retained the Cyrillic letters, has "done more to sever Croats from Serbs than all the intervening mountains," says Captain Temperley, the latest historian of the Serbs. Imagine a Council of Conciliation trying to settle such a question, while the world laughed it into Limbo!

That the Council may deliberate in public or in private, as it thinks fit, coupled with its "power to appoint committees, which may or may not be composed exclusively of its own members, to report to it on any matter within the scope of its functions," shows us that it will differ from ordinary diplomatic representations only by the fact that the representatives will be collected in one body, instead of being scattered about Europe. The opportunities for intrigue will certainly not be diminished; and Clause 18 furnishes a very handy weapon against a signatory Power dissatisfied with the peculiar justice that is likely to be dispensed by it. For it provides that if a signatory Power begins hostilities against another, without complying with the terms of this treaty (and what nation, feeling itself unjustly dealt with, would adhere to the "cooling-off" clauses?), all treaties guaranteeing military or other material support to this Power shall be treated as null and void. As such treaties usually entail other advantages, this clause enables a dishonest Power to avoid fulfilling its engagements, and to be honoured for so doing. But it is impossible to elevate breach of treaties to a moral principle, and reasonably expect that one treaty alone, the treaty we are now considering, will be honourably maintained. If to preserve peace we have to make roguery easy, and indeed to regard it as a sort of higher morality, it is impossible to believe that there may be worse evils than war.

Actually, such a Council would be more corrupt than the Concert of Europe. Its members would be more stalking horses of the Powers; and the clause which provides that the Council shall not publish anything relating to a dispute settled by the Council alone (although the good offices of the Council may have been exercised) serves to show us what an enormous power this irresponsible body would have. Any agreement might be reached with its sanction, and the world knew nothing of it; and as the project on which does not fix a quorum, or tell us whether a bare majority will settle differences of opinion, we can speculate until we are dizzy concerning the possibilities of this body. There is no hint of the representation of International Labour on this body; and the prospect of International Capitalism settling its disputes, with the assistance of an unknown number of the Council, before bringing it before the Council to be heard "in public or private," is certainly disquieting. If the Powers sign this treaty, it will be because the Powers behind the Thrones will be able to work it to their own advantage; and peace will mean the subjection of Europe to the money power.

A. E. R.

Reviews.

Contemporary Russian Composers. By M. Montagu-Nathan. With 12 Portrait Illustrations. (Palmer & Hayward. 7s. 6d. net.)

Mr. Montagu-Nathan is apparently specialising in the biography of Russian musicians. His "History of Russian Music" was, we believe, the first to be published in the English language, and he has also given us "Short Lives," but not merry ones, of Glinka, Monsorgsky, and Rimsky-Korsakov. In this volume, he deals with Skryabin, Glazennof, Stravinsky, Rakhmaninof, Rebekof, Taneyedi, Medtner, Tchaikowsky, Grechaninof, and devotes a last chapter to "The Younger Generation," and a last chapter to "A Survey of Russian Musical History." Mr. Montagu-Nathan's treatment is usually that of a chronicler, he rarely ventures into criticism, and never, we think, into discussion of fundamentals. For the "classical" musicians, he manifests tolerance but not respect or admiration; his sympathies are with those who are trying to discover new means of expression, and he does not make clear the legitimate limitation of such means to musical means. Skryabin's "keyboard of Light," for instance, was not a musical means, and really implied not a musical, but a mystical, intention which was artistic. Like Wagner, he was saying that his music did not mean simple music, but feeling, for more; but Nietzsche retorted, "no musician speaks in such a manner." To compel people to see Skryabin's colours when they hear his music is to deny them even the psychological freedom of sense-association; and these attempts at a mystical aurecary are not of the nature of art, and should be disowned. The attempt can only be urged to the employment of novel musical instruments; their use must be judged by their musical effects; but when a musician goes beyond his sphere into that of the electrician and the mystical hierophant, he should be told that he is neglecting his art. If he cannot make music express his "message" then his message is not a musical one; and he should consult the stars again to discover some more melodious secret to be expressed.
Mr. Montagu-Nathan permits himself to criticise Reikof, but only for his "affectations"; but he nowhere develops the consequences of his axiom that "music ought to be the criticism of life;" and various attempts to run it in double or triple harness with other means of expression. Free music is really absolute music, for which Mr. Montagu-Nathan expresses no preference; indeed, the music that he seems to prefer is not simply music, but psychology, mysticism, perhaps even poetry, as well. However, the book is an interesting compilation concerning people who are not too well known in this country.

**Practical Pacifism and its Adversaries.** By Dr. Severin Nordentoft. With a Preface by G. K. Chesterton. (Allen & Unwin. 4s. 6d. net.)

The fact that Mr. G. K. Chesterton has written an introduction to this book does not mean that he has been converted: the supplement to the book is an indictment of German treatment of Schleswig-Holstein, Alsace-Lorraine, and Poland, and by recommending the book, Mr. Chesterton strikes another blow at what he once called the "little Luthean lounge." The authors of the supplement do not accuse the Germans of being little, Lutheran, or loungers; indeed, they regard them as very powerful and energetic oppressors. For the rest, the book (which was originally published in Danish in 1913) is, in the main, a protest against Utopian pacifism. As a doctor, the author is acquainted with many Latin tags, one of which he offers as a fundamental principle to the pacifists. "Cæsurae causa cessat effectus," which means "With the cause the effect disappears." Therefore the pacifists must study the causes of war, and either convert or eliminate them; when the cause is removed the effect will cease. Dr. Nordentoft asks us to consider: economics, nationality, and religion, as causes of war; but apparently he forgets his Latin tags, for he nowhere suggests that we should eliminate those causes. We are not sure whether he quotes, "Similia similibus curantur"; but the fact that he strenuously opposes disarmament suggests that he is a homoeopathic pacifist. Give a warrior an infinitesimal dose of war, and he will become a pacifist; the cure for militarism is armaments, and so forth. Luckily, Dr. Nordentoft does not play his game of "practical pacifism" (from which the foregoing are our deductions) too long; he goes on to state "The Rights of Peace," which are not the rights of War, but of Peace, at least, singly or in various combinations; a "Review of the Possibilities of the Victory of the Peace Movement, and of the Effects thereof," in which he imagines "a new Napoleon" handing out self-governing institutions to all the peoples of the world as Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman gave self-government to the Boers; and, in an Epilogue, proposes that the small States should apply to the Hague Conference for "an international consent to their disarmament" with a common guarantee of their existence and neutrality, and, in return, should contribute annually a proportionate share of the cost of an International Executive. The second proposal is that all diplomatic discussion should take place at The Hague. We presume that there is some quality in the air of Holland that is inimical to war, and that, by this proposal, Dr. Nordentoft asks us to bear upon diplomatists to make them keep the peace. To be quite practical, Dr. Nordentoft ought to outline a scheme of immediate medical treatment of Shipwright responsible for his expenditure, to have his accounts kept by Treasury accountants, and audited by the Audit and Exchequer Department. The Treasury protested, and finally acquiesced; and the ship-building went on more economically and expeditiously. But, on the whole, his volume is a criticism of the Manchester School, to which he traces our defective system of education, our unpreparedness for war, the disrespect for law exemplified by the growth of "conscientious objectors," first, to vaccination, next, to education, and last, to the defence of the country; and the "indispensable reforms" that he demands include the reform of procedure in the House of Commons, and shorter sessions, revision of primary education to include patriotism and handicrafts, and more science in higher education, universal military training of one year and subsequent periods of a few weeks annually, naval and military establishments to be fixed by a revenue act, instead of annual, Acts, to which should be added the power of placing a soldier at the War Office and a sailor at the Admiralty as First Lord, a tariff for revenue, for the securing of self-contained manufacture of staple articles, and for the protection of the manufacture of articles essential to commerce, independence and national safety, and constitutional arrangements with the Colonies. Labour he leaves to the Labour leaders, which is equivalent to a sentence of death.

**Glinka. Moussorgsky. Rimsky-Korsakoff.** By M. Montagu-Nathan. (Constable. 28s. net each.)

These three volumes of the "Masters of Russian Music" series are all constructed on the same principle. They have an introductory chapter, a biographical chapter, a chapter on the composer's work in opera, a chapter on his symphonic and vocal works, and, finally, a list of his principal works. These essays are more expository than critical; and all these composers had a purpose in common, the introduction of nationalism into music. It was natural that the bulk of their work should have beennette, military; and Moussorgsky particularly became a slave to the written word, reduced music to an ancillary of speech, although it is really an antecedent. Mr. Montagu-
Nathan manifests a rather lofty contempt for those who would prefer music to be musical even more than to be national; and the question whether opera, even national opera, can ever be a really artistic production (being neither only poetry, or only drama, or only music, but a pot-pourri of all three), he certainly never answers. It is enough for him that these musicians stood for 'Truth, Freedom, and Progress,' instead of music; and certainly the world has been enriched by their harmonic experiments. But the younger generation should be taught to stress the word 'music'; not everything that is Russian is musical.

Pastiche.

TO A FINITE GOD.

Where'er my eyeballs follow printers' ink
I find the traces of the Being whose
Unstable Mind is veiled from us in winking patchwork English of a thousand hues,
In saponeceous rainbows, and I think
Of Ann Veronica, the missing link
Between an honest home life and the stews.

At last I visionise my Lord, my Wells,
Who rules where Hull Caine once before held sway,
Whose prose like a hot hubbling pancake swells,
Who thinks to-morrow what men think to-day
(That's why his mind-stuff profitably sells),
And then I throw away my cap and bells,
And on my knees religiously I pray:

"O Wells, who swings above
Like a lamp that glorifies the tail of tinker's cart,
Descend to save us from the modern cramp,
And heal our politics, religion, art,
By fixing God's name on the postage-stamp,
The coin, dog-biscuits, on the labelled tramp,
Pawn-tickets, drain-pipes, not upon our heart."

GLOZÉ ON A CZECH THEME BY OTAKAR BREZINA.

Motto: "Our brows are branded with a secret token."
—Pragm. Incert.

Through the perplexities of earth we go,
The oath-bound witnesses of secret hate;
Steps-suns of earth, fed with the milk of woe,
From silent, silent things we seek to know
Of that great spring-tide we await in vain.

Our brethren meekly bowed down to drink
Sweet-savoured draughts from out some tiny well:
But we are thirsting ever at the brink
Of salty oceans, where in bliss we sink
To hear their tempest's tragic music swell.

When countless railed on thee, we spoke thee fair,
Our voices sparked when the many bled;
But when we heard the victor's trumpet-blare
Blend with the multitude's exulting prayer,
In muteness of dismay our lips were clenched.

Rulers of nations, bondsmen, scourged and spurned
Beneath our sanctuary as brethren met;
Nation, we kissed the brows where shameful stigmas burned,
And those from whom our fellow-mortals turned
To loom in frowning menace overhead.

From morf to eve we passed through coming hours;
Men thought us near and we were far away;
Though we were poorest, yet from priceless dowers
We built eternal temples; by thy powers
Our meekness held a myriad souls in sway.

Though we have lived in lives untold,
Forlorn and lonely have we ever been;
Our kinsmen deemed us hateful to behold,
And turned away from us, estranged and cold,
As though our stainless glances were unclean.

They called us traitors when with eyes of seers
We dreamed of welding hostile man in One,—
The herdsman of the elements who steers
A Spirit-Earth to where thy shore appears,
Wafted by sails the centuries have spun,
When we dreamed of raptures he shall reach,
Of secret German Socialists early and often,
When in a child-pure, angel-potent speech,
That hallowed murmur of thy winds shall teach,
He christens blossoms that thy gardens yield.

Yet vainly, vainly have we sought for peace;
We coveted mute wisdom of the dead:
From all infinities we craved release,
But the majestic emblems never cease
To boom in bowing menace overhead.

Now new creation gleams before your eyes,
And from the cup of yearning we have drunk;
Therein the magic well of dreaming dries,
Therein immortal ecstasies arise,
Therein our earthly husks have sunk.

Memoranda.

(From last week's "New Age."

If we intend that America and Russia should go with us all the way, we must inquire what they, no less than we, conceive must be the future of the German people.

As supporters of the war we would wish nothing better than to meet German Socialists early and often.

A national industry and private profit are mutually contradictory things. —"Notes of the Week."

A system which only gives liberty to the few is not a liberal system.

Men are in society not so much because they need things, as because they need each other.

No class can be trusted with uncheked power. —Cruz.

Our super-consciousness is the Ireland of our mental bodily politics. —KENNETH RICHMOND.

You train an Umpire when you want a Judge.

In politics the Bar has havoc made; on thinnest ice was thickest carpet laid.—ANGLO-INDIAN.

The after-the-war situation will be very largely governed by the plans made before that period arrives.

What in normal times was an evolutionary process has, during the war period, become revolutionary.

The best after-the-war policy is the one which begins now. —R. S. BURNETT.

What we have to do is to lay the "Ghosts" that have arisen at the Kingsway.

With such abandon has Decency become frank that the difficulty now is to discover that Kingdom of Silence in whose praise Carlyle shouted himself hoarse.

"Ghosts" could endure exile, but not popularity.

Drama is doing, not describing.

There are certain words that no dramatist should use in a serious sense, words that have no dramatic quality because they belong to other spheres of thought.

This scene may be true anywhere else, but not on the stage. —JOHN FRANCIS HOPKINS.

Your plutocracy in England—which you call democracy—is extremely old; the reign of the gentry was only plutocracy tempered by bread. —"Interviews."

Trade Union restrictions are the counterpart of Labour-saving.

A Government may legitimately call for obedience and sacrifice in an emergency, and postpone the redress of grievances until the emergency has passed; but an emergency that has already lasted nearly three years, and is likely to last longer, is not an emergency, but a more or less settled state of things for which politicians should legislate. —A. E. R.
PRESS CUTTINGS.

We deplore with all our heart the fact that great numbers of men engaged in industries vital to the nation are at present on strike; but we are not of those who believe that it is enough merely to deplore and to cajole or threaten the men into a renunciation without there having reached a position in which the whole industrial policy of the Government must be overhauled if the settlement of the present dispute when it comes is to be anything more than a short-lived expedient to patch up peace till the next crisis arrives. Lord Henry Bentinck's letter in the "Times" of May 16 calls for changes which we have long urged upon the Government. He points out how the Munitions Acts give the firms now to be allowed to practise "dilution," and how the Defence of the Realm Acts have engendered an atmosphere of suspicion, and, moreover, have deprived the regular leaders of the trade unions of all pretensions to authority or leadership. Repression has failed: the time has come to adopt Labour into partnership in the work of production. No smaller change than this can retrieve the blunders which have been made.—The Nation.

We do not think that much good is likely to come of newspaper writing in regard to the engineers' strike, for the abrogation of Trade Union conditions is not to be considered either as a matter of fact or from discussion of what are the various causes at work. At bottom the movement is due to the desire of a certain number of the younger men in the munition works to maintain their privilege of exemption from the Compulsory Military Service Act. Like all aristocracies, they find it very hard to part with a privilege. Privilege always demoralises. We are glad to see, however, that with many of the workers in the South of England, disillusion has won a victory over selfishness.—The Spectator.

We come now to a further aggression which aggravates the situation. The Ministry of Munitions, as lately as the 4th of this present May, solemnly assured the strikers by public manifesto that they were mistaken, and that with many of the workers in the South of England, privilege always demoralises. We are glad to see, however, that with many of the workers in the South of England, disillusion has won a victory over selfishness.—The Spectator.

Assuming, as for the sake of argument I am ready to assume, that an element of irreconcilable and semi-anarchic passion was not absent from the conception of the engineers' strike, is it conceivable that this quite minor element could have been operative, even in the slightest degree, if it had not had a rich material of utter disgust and disillusion to work upon? Is it conceivable that tremendous multitudes of skilled men all over the land (the Government still will not permit the number to be printed) had suddenly determined to risk the lives of their relatives and the future of their country and the future of mankind in order to redress an imaginary grievance and procure a selfish end? Is it conceivable that the engineers' strike will be the great success these things are simply not conceivable.—Arnold Bennett, in the "Daily News."

To the Editor of the "Times."

Sir,—May one who is in the thick of the food campaign, in a not unimportant provincial town, be permitted to implore the Food Controller to deal promptly and firmly with the grave question of food speculation going on. Everybody is aware of the effect upon prices caused by the world-wide shortage of food, and understands that neutral countries will get the highest price they can for their commodities. But there is a growing conviction in the country that it is urgently important and quite possible for the Ministry of Food to take over the existing stocks of essential foodstuffs, just as it has taken over the flour mills, and to control, in every way, the future supplies of all home-grown and imported produce. The Food Controller admitted the other day that there was a large amount of unprofitative speculation going on. This should be stopped without delay. And it can be done, for Lord Devonport has told us of his successful action in the case of certain consignments of beans which had been the subject of most reprehensible speculation. Maximum prices can, and should, be established, and in cases where they fall below the market cost the difference should be charged as part of the cost of the war. Speculation has increased prices to such an extent that many people with limited and diminishing incomes are literally faced with the alternative of cutting down their feeding to a semi-starvation basis or running heavily into debt. I know of one professional man, whose household is living strictly on the rations, and at the present rate of expenditure he will have to spend nearly the whole of his income on housekeeping. Many would submit to this state of things if they thought that their sacrifices and privations would help the country. But when they know that the only reason is to enrich private profit-seeking speculators they are filled with utter disgust and disillusion to work upon? Is it conceivable that this quite minor element could have been operative, even in the slightest degree, if it had not had a rich material of utter disgust and disillusion to work upon? Is it conceivable that tremendous multitudes of skilled men all over the land (the Government still will not permit the number to be printed) had suddenly determined to risk the lives of their relatives and the future of their country and the future of mankind in order to redress an imaginary grievance and procure a selfish end? Is it conceivable that the engineers' strike will be the great success these things are simply not conceivable.—Arnold Bennett, in the "Daily News."

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