NOTES OF THE WEEK.

MR. LLOYD GEORGE did not speak on Friday like a man who knows his way. Confident as always in appearance, on this occasion his confidence appeared to be confined to his words. Resolution to continue in the war, of course, not lacking; but upon the subject of the terms of peace and of the conclusion of the war Mr. Lloyd George, if not exactly equivocal, was at any rate ambiguous. This is not the time, however, to be ambiguous. It is supposed to be our habit in this country to know our mind and to speak it; and never has there been a moment in our history when clear thinking and plain speech were more necessary than they are now. Instead of blurring his opinions and taking back with his left hand what he gave with his right, Mr. Lloyd George would in our judgment have been better advised to talk like a man after having thought like a statesmen. Pitt's speeches in a similar though a less dangerous situation were there before him as a model. Nothing less clear than Pitt's announcement of the terms of his Allies is proper to the present occasion and on behalf of our present Allies, It is demanded by everybody, and by the situation most of all. This is not to say, however, that a careful reading of Mr. Lloyd George's speech reveals nothing of importance. On the contrary, as we understand it after the uncertainty has been resolved, two alternative proposals concerning peace are to be found in it. The first of these is a proposal to impose peace upon Germany after a military victory over Prussia, but a peace of such a nature that, while it leaves the Prussian military caste defeated, anticipates at the same time its probable revival. In other words, it is precisely the kind of peace that President Wilson presumably entered the war to avert. For, on the face of it, such a peace following a "knock-out" victory must needs be a "knock-out" peace, in whose ashes will remain the live embers of future wars. Nothing better, in fact, can be expected of it. A peace that leaves the Prussian system intact, though momentarily defeated, can only be regarded as a truce; and the more onerous the terms imposed upon Prussia, in the mistaken notion that Prussia can be kept subject while still militarily alive, the more certain is the truce to be soon broken. That Mr. Lloyd George under any pressure whatever can be brought to contemplate such a peace as this is significant; but we cannot believe that the world will tolerate it; for it is in open contradiction of the declared purpose of the Allies, which is to make the world safe for even the smallest democracies. But how can the world be safe for even the greatest democracies while there remains a militarist autocracy of such proven ambition and strength as Prussia? Is it supposed that when we have, after years of exertion, succeeded in once defeating Prussia, we shall be able to keep her under indefinitely by any exertions less than those now being made? The assumption is altogether too easy and optimistic. The hair of Samson will certainly grow again even in prison; and sooner or later militarist Prussia will pull down civilisation once more about our ears.

A word may be said to the pacifists on this point. Agreeing fervently with them that the sooner the war is over the better, the question may still be raised whether any kind of peace, no matter what it threatens to entail, is to be preferred to the continuation of the war for the right kind of peace. Taking human nature as what it is, with no illusions concerning the immediacy of the changes we may and must hope to see in it; in short, with a realist view of the world before us—what chance is there, we ask, for the democracies of the world if peace leaves Prussia still dominant in Germany? Let us not reply with our hopes merely or put our trust in the sentiments that are sure to prevail during the reaction after the present war. Let us for once think as statesmen with a sense of responsibility for our forecasts. Is it not practically certain that, provided only such a peace as we are now dis-
cussing is brought about, a peace, we repeat, that both leaves Prussia constitutionally intact and requires the Allies to maintain democracies against her, no democracy will dare or be able to remain a democracy, but every democracy must infallibly become militarist? Foolish, no doubt, from one point of view it may be, and to be mourned as a tragedy for mankind whose hopes have long been set on the distant vision of a world-commonwealth of pacific democracies; but inevitable it must appear to be to every democrat capable of honest judgment. No sooner, in fact, than such a peace had been declared we should find in every present democratic country an agitation for military preparedness on a scale surpassing everything we have hitherto known. Every other consideration would be soon subordinated to it. To keep Prussia under, to be able to defeat her again, would be the main object of policy of all her neighbours; and not all the idealism available or likely to be available in the world would prevail against the popularity of such an appeal. Both the pacifists, therefore, who want any kind of peace, and Mr. Lloyd George, who contemplates even as an alternative a peace that leaves Prussia standing, are in our opinion most short-sighted. For, of course, that no German people will force us to it, for who knows what fate is reserved for the principle of democracy? But in entering upon it we enter upon a period of militarism and of war that is likely to last during the remainder of the century.

Mr. Lloyd George's alternative proposal was, however, something very different. It was, in effect, to bring about a settlement by negotiation on the most favourable terms to Germany, but upon one condition—the democratisation of Germany. Here we have, if we are not grievously mistaken, all the elements of a settlement such as all the various parties in the negotiations and amongst our Allies demand: peace, an early peace, a peace by negotiation, an end of Prussian militarism, the triumph of democracy and the prospect of a world-peace for as far as the mind can see. Everything we desire is, in fact, contained in it, as everything we are right in fearing is to be found in the former peace that is only a truce. The argument is irresistible. Peace by negotiation is, we agree, our only hope of averting the otherwise certain militarisation of the existing democracies. But our only hope of peace by negotiation is the democratisation of Germany. Hence, the democratisation of Germany is the condition of a democratic peace. Why, then, instead of contemplating, if only hypothetically, a militarist truce, did not Mr. Lloyd George boldly announce that the only kind of peace the Allies would consider is a peace with a democratised Germany? The world would certainly breathe more freely for it, and hope would again enter men's hearts. The "Times," indeed, is of the opinion that Mr. Lloyd George did so. "He accurately interpreted in the language of statesmanship the popular instinct for 'No peace with the Hohenzollerns.'" We should like to believe it, but we cannot find the evidence of it. On the contrary, save that his inclinations were clearly in this direction, Mr. Lloyd George appears to us to have expressed doubts whether such a peace is even possible, and whether, again, all the Allies really desire it. For doubt upon a point so grave is conveyed by his suggestion that the Allied Governments, of the chief of which he is chief, "would be acting wisely in his judgment if they drew a distinction between Prussia and Germany in their general attitude towards a discussion of the terms of peace"? Surely, it is not to be supposed that the Allies have never yet considered the subject, or that Mr. Lloyd George is only now for the first time bringing the matter to their notice. It is announced, however, that the Allies are to meet in August for the purpose of revising their terms. We need not say how gratified we are by the fact. Perchance, Mr. Lloyd George's speech on Friday was, therefore, his preliminary notice of the suggestions he would lay before them. In that event, we can only hope that No peace with the Hohenzollerns, but peace upon world-terms with a democratised Germany, will be the formula that will unanimously emerge from the Conference.

If, however, we are to aim at the democratisation of Germany (as our sole safeguard against the Germanisation of the world), it must from the outset be planned that the Allies should adopt measures accordingly. First and foremost, it is a task for diplomacy, and particularly for what may be called the new diplomacy inaugurated by Russia. We have to learn to look upon Germany as a dual Power, one of whose members is militarist and hostile, against whom we are, therefore, in arms; but the second of whose members is the German people, now hostile but potentially friendly, with whom our relations should be diplomatic. To this end the conversion of Germany from militarist to democratic sentiment we ought to address ourselves with as much care as we are hereby commencing militarily upon Prussia—for it is ridiculous to imagine that diplomacy is less in need of organisation than war. Next, it is a work for our Press, which at present is no more than the camp-follower of the Army. Worse even than this ignominy, the Press is left at this moment without an object to pursue independently, and, hence, at its own mischievous discretion, with consequences to be traced in the exacerbation even of our Allies against us! How much better it would be if the Press were really an organ of diplomacy with a responsibility befitting its power. We can conceive the Press as an able seconder of diplomacy in the task of democratising Germany. Again, an end must be put to the employment in civil discussion of the feeble threats now being directed against Germany. In this amusement we are surprised to find the "Nation" and the "Daily News" indulging equally with the "Daily Mail" and the "Spectator." Last week, for example, both the "Nation" and the "Daily News" published proposals for a commercial boycott of Germany after the war of a character much more severe than anything laid down by the Paris Conference. And these, if you please, were to bring Germany to reason, and to persuade her to make peace. But real peace, we may be sure, will never be brought about by threats. A peace under the duress of economic threats would be no more stable than a "knock-out" peace brought about by a coup de grace military victory; and, in any case, they are idle. A better approach altogether to the people of Germany is to be made by democratic means, consisting in the promise and prospect of a world of democracies in which Germany when Prussian may be an equal with the rest. It must be remembered that it was fear chiefly that brought Germany under the domination that promised protection by the Prussian sword; and it is, therefore, precisely that fear that must be removed. A clear announcement by the Allies next August, followed by a concentration of our official and unofficial diplomacy on the task of democratising Germany, offers us, we believe, our best hope of an early and a lasting peace.

This fresh orientation of Allied diplomacy is the more necessary from the fact that, as her most recent manifesto declares, Russia will be suspicious of us upon any other terms. And Russia is still the key to the whole situation. Without Russia it is clear that we shall be seriously handicapped. But with Russia everything is possible, including even the "knock-out" victory. Fortunately or unfortunately, however, it is just the "knock-out" victory, if it leads to a "knock-out" peace, that Russia will not assist the Allies in bringing about. Russia's object is a peace by negotiation, a
people's peace, a peace without victory. But the condition, we have seen, of such a peace is the disappearance of the Hohenzollerns and the democratisation of Germany. It is, in short, the very condition we have just been urging. The ground of possible reconciliation between Russia and Prussia, is that it alone affords us the prospect of an immediate peace. Its sole superiority, in respect of these considerations, is that it alone affords us the prospect of an immediate peace, in other words, of a peace worth either working or fighting for. For the choice before us is to go on to a military victory, such as Mr. Lloyd George defined in his first alternative, and to bring about by its means a military truce; or to aim at the democratisation of Germany in the confidence that such a transformation will ensure a permanent peace. The choice, in short, is between a truce with Prussia and a peace with Germany. Apart from this, however, the immediate situation must remain the same. Except potentially and prospectively, there is no more probability of an immediate peace in the latter than in the former. In other words, in either event we must be prepared for a long war, even though we may still hope that a miracle will shorten it for us. But the question then arises whether, as a nation, we are prepared for it, not only in resolution, but in organisation; not only in the will to the end, but in the will to the means. Have we got the right institutions to endure a prolonged strain of this arduous character? Have we sloughed off enough of the wrappings and ornaments of the easy days of peace? Has the "old gang" everywhere shrewdly brought the right places? What gives us pause in deciding that England is able, in conjunction with the Allies, to democratise Germany, and so to bring peace to the world, is the reflection that so little has been changed in England during the already three years of the war. We are not understating the efforts made, or the work accomplished. But, plainly, they are not enough if they are not enough; and less than enough may be a matter for pride, but it is not a cause of victory. On the other hand, it is doubtful whether men, where they are, can do more. As Mr. Lloyd George said, everybody is doing his best already. Yes, but are the best men in the best places, particularly at the top? We know they are not. The barricades of peace still stick to the offices of war; and though, no doubt, they are doing their best, their best is not good enough for the situation in which we find ourselves. The "old gang" must go in all directions. From another point of view, institutions like private property must go also. History, we believe, will view this war as the attempt of Militarism to strangle Democracy in the cradle. A highly developed, powerful Militarism is its face to face with an undeveloped, weak and apathetic Democracy; and the issue between them is which shall die. Democracy has before it two courses, and two courses only: to become militarist and therein to die: or to become a socialised commonwealth, and therewith to become adult, powerful, intelligent. The issue, moreover, must be decided quickly. If militarism is only scotched by the present war, democracy is doomed. But to put an end to militarism democracy must grow up, as it were, in a night. The means are clear: national service (or life with a sense of public responsibility) for everybody and for all that belongs to them; for themselves, their horses and their oven, their houses and land, for the wage-servants within their gates. This is the only true national war-formation against militarism.

If there were no other evidence of what we have been saying than the Report on the Mesopotamian Expedition published last week, our case for a brouh would be amply supported. Traverse the circle of names mentioned in the Report from the Viceroy's Council to Mr. Asquith's Cabinet, and save for the same of Major Carter who broke the circle, you will scarcely find the name of a man who did his duty. Every link in the whole chain was weak or worn or something worse. It is an invidious course to attempt to single out any one name for special condemnation; and, as a matter of fact, we have been warned that the industry and variety of the Press, which has, in one journal or another, given shame of place to each of the chief parties indiscriminately. Moreover, neither the general public is to be acquitted nor does it lie with any corporation to cast a stone. Is it not the fact that public opinion endures to have these things so, rather than make an end of them by exercising its right to appoint men of a better type? And can the Trade Unions, for example, complain when it is notorious that their own officials, however incompetent or faithless, have a job for life? On the other hand, now that hundreds of the rank and file are being punished in one form or another daily—without benefit of democracy, it is time that punishments were administered in the higher ranks. We do not ask for anything excessive—"crucifixion," solitary confinement, shooting, or the like. These are the prerogative of the irresponsible, the unbridled and the poor. But we suggest the dishonouring by forfeiture of their titles of the chief culprits in the present unhappy story. By a curious chance, every one of them, outside Parliament, is a "knock-out"; but in the case of the House of Commons, for life? 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make together almost a museum of political follies and monstrosities. The liquor trade, shipping, the excess profits tax, national service, food, agriculture, Ireland, military service, the Munition Acts—upon every one of them the Government has spoken in no uncertain tones, it is true, but to every possible extent, so that at this moment the most careless student must confess himself bewildered. But that is not to govern or to be governed; it is to be controlled by whim; and even the "Times" that created it warns the Government that there have been too many signs of the abandonment of shared polities in the face of interested agitation." And there we come to the crowning defect of a Government whose chief is Mr. Lloyd George: it has and can have no real moral authority over vested interests of whatever kind. Public opinion may cry for this or that reform, public necessity may demand it, the best of our citizens may support it, and the Government in the end may take it up. But assuredly it will be dropped at the first breath of opposition by the vested interests concerned. It is capitalism under the disguise of democracy; it is the subordination of public to private interest; of the commonwealth to a caste. It is as disastrous as the subordination of democracy to capitalism and militarism combined; but it is disastrous enough.

Before commenting briefly on the Reconstruction proposals of the Whitley sub-committee, we may be allowed to say how embarrassed we feel when they are referred to as "Guild-Socialist" and attributed to the influence of The NEW AGE. Apart from the fact, which we shall make clear in due course, that the Whitley proposals are a counterfeit of the proposals that have appeared in pages of the title of "Guild-Socialism" is a complete misnomer as far as we are concerned, against which we have protested publicly and privately on more than one occasion. That the persistent employment of the name to describe the system of National Guilds is unfair to us, who are the authors of both names, is a small matter; and that it must certainly prejudice the case for National Guilds is perhaps the calculation of those who use it. But it is of no small journalistic concern that a name should be employed under which the general reader will discover, to the best of our knowledge, no more than a leaflet in any library in the country. It is under the title of "National Guilds" that the only textbook yet written has been published; and it is under the same title that a League has been formed to propagate the idea among the general public. The growing mass of literature dealing with the subject of "Guild-Socialism" is therefore all to be found under the title of National Guilds. And we therefore hope that, in justice to students and their readers, the Press will in future call it by its right name.

Having disposed of a grievance, let us now get back to the Whitley Report. It confirms the forecasts we have made in three respects: that before very long proposals of a startling nature for the reconciliation of Capital with Labour would be made; that these would offer the shadow of National Guilds for the substance; and that they would be willingly accepted as the genuine article by all but the most radical Labour thinkers. All three forecasts, we say, have been now confirmed. To begin with, it is a startling proposal to be made by a Cabinet sub-committee to set up in each great industry a central Industrial Council, on which men, masters and the State are to be equally represented, for the decentralised and unreconstructed government of the whole of the national industry. It is something of a triumph, we modestly contend, that a positive alternative to the State-Collectivist proposals should now have got the length of appearing in official print. And whatever may be otherwise the fate of the Whitley Report, it has put a time limit to the extension of State-Collectivism and rung the curtain down on the Fabian bureaucrats. But, in the second place, we have to show that the proposals, after all, are only a shadow of National Guilds, and in no degree their substance. This, for attentive readers of The NEW AGE, is almost superfluous; for it was in anticipation of this very Report that we published some months ago a series of critical articles under the title, "Towards National Guilds." The defects from National Guilds in the proposals of the Whitley sub-committee it is true, are minor, but they are vital. The purely capitalist distinction, resulting from the ownership of capital alone, between masters and men, is retained without the least disguise. The representatives of Capital are to meet the representatives of Labourers; and the former, by virtue of possession alone, are to draw their Rent, their interest, and their Profit, in addition to their "wages" or salaries of management. But this is something that cannot for one moment be admitted as approximating to a Guild or to the demands of simple justice. It is well enough that the management should receive payment proportioned to the services of the industry; but that over and above its superior salary management should draw Rent upon the capital of the Guild is not to be allowed. The first condition of a Guild is the communalisation of its Capital; and without such a communalisation no organisation can be regarded as resembling a Guild. The second defect is even more obvious than the first: the wage-system is retained, though at a somewhat reduced blast. This is explicit in the provision that one of the duties of the Industrial Council shall be to fix and to re-adjust wages. But wages are not the if they are not in the competitive market of Labourers; and what is the wage-system if it is not precisely the system of fixing and adjusting wages in accordance with the condition of the Labour market? The Whitley Report, therefore, contemplates the continuance of the very system of buying Labourers as a commodity at their competitive market rate. And if it is replied that, as well as the condition of the Labour market, the Whitley Report proposes to take into account the profits of the industry, we reply that in that case we are still in the wage-system, but with a degree of profit-sharing added. Finally, it is clear from the Labour signatories of the Report that several even of our best Labour thinkers have been misled by it. We note the names of Mr. Smillie, Mr. Clynes, Mr. F. S. Button (a Guildsman, we believe), and Mr. J. J. Mallon. After these we have not much hope that the multitude of the less intelligent will not follow. To all of them, however, we have this word to say; and we will put it in the form of a question: Is the Whitley Report worth the surrender of the power to strike? Power, it will be observed, not Right; for, in truth, the Right will never need to be disputed, since, when the Industrial Councils are formed, the power to strike will have gone.

EXPECTATION.

The first free joy departeth, and the flush
Of rosyate morning paleth in the sun;
Poor coward, ere thy task be well begun,
Dost thou yet loiter? That high-purposed blush,
Is that now pallor? Whence this freezing rush
Tumultuous thine only task to shun?
Didst thou but undertake in slender fun
What on thy spirit doth so madly crush?
Nay, fear not thou: though in this hardest age
Of roseate morning paleth in the sun:
Circe moan till life and she seem one:
And Circe mean till life and she seem one:
When thou dost realise 'tis vain—'tis done.

J. A. M. Alcock.
The Majority German Socialists at Stockholm.

The Report of the first two days' proceedings as published in the German Socialist journal, "Vorwärts," of June 9, with comments by R. M. . . . Troelstra (Holland) was in the chair. In his opening remarks he laid particular emphasis on the importance of the Conference's deliberations with the German Socialist Party, since it was precisely the attitude of that party during the war that had led to the main discussions within the International. Branting (Sweden) addressed the German delegates to the same effect.

It should be noted, as The New Age has frequently contended, that nothing can prevent the expression of the opinion already established in the minds of Socialists outside Germany against German Social Democracy. Deny it as they may, protest against it as they do, German Socialists will come into any Socialist court in the world under a charge. We do not say that judgment has already gone against them. Unless they during the war. Such an account, he said, with all speakers for their friendly reception. The decision of the Butch-Scandinavian Committee to take earnestly the evidence he had brought forward in support of it, cannot have every opportunity of defending themselves, it is fair to assume that only prejudice has so far been raised against them. But that they are on trial is undeniable, and they must face that fact wherever they go.

Herr Ebert appears to have been labouring under a misapprehension, common, as it was afterwards shown, to the whole German Majority delegation. It was not primarily to bring about peace that the Stockholm Committee was formed, but to discover whether in fact the conditions existed in which the discussion of the peace could be reasonably entered upon by a full International. Among these conditions was precisely the ignorance of what the party had done could explain. The Executive of the party had, therefore, prepared a collection of their declarations, manifests, and Parliamentary speeches, in which would be found the record of the party in regard to the war and to the efforts for peace. Scheidemann then gave the Committee a detailed account of the policy of the German Socialist Party during the war. Such an account, he said, with all the evidence he had brought forward in support of it, had become necessary in view of the fact that charges had been brought against the German party which only ignorance of what the party had done could explain. The Executive of the party had, therefore, prepared a collection of their declarations, manifests, and Parliamentary speeches, in which would be found the record of the party in regard to the war and to their efforts for peace.

Scheidemann then explained that the policy of the German party during the war was in strict continuation and in complete conformity with its policy before the war. Before the war, he said, the Party had vigorously and consistently opposed not only the international rivalry in armaments, but everything which could increase the peril of war inherent in capitalism. It had also carried on an unremitting propaganda in favour of a friendly understanding between neighbouring peoples, since such an understanding would, in their opinion, have made a European war of any magnitude impossible.

Scheidemann's naivete is apparent, but he is confused. He claims that his party opposed the tendencies to war inherent in capitalism, and that they have continued to oppose them since and during the war. What, however, the world wishes to learn is whether and by what means the German Socialist Party opposed, not war in general, but this war in particular; and what they have done to stop, not war in the abstract, but this war in the concrete. That the German Socialist Party is pacifist in the academic sense we are willing to believe. So are all parties in the world, save militarist parties. But that it was practically pacifist in relation to this particular war we want better proof than has yet been offered. The phrase, however, 'The Party is pacifist in the academic sense', is the key to a good deal of the apparent naivete of the German Socialist mind. It is a phrase derived from Marx, and it prepares its votaries to regard war as an evil which is necessarily pacified by the existence of an adequate international harmony. No doctrine could be at once more servile or more favourable to militarism. Militarism in any capitalist nation whose Socialists are permeated with this doctrine has an easy prey in them, since militarism is regarded, not as an independent evil to be independently combated, but as an inevitable associate of capitalism. The German Socialist Party, from this point of view, was positively made for Prussia.

The principal causes of the war, however, were to be found in Imperialism.

The same error repeated, as it is again and again later. It consists, at bottom, in confounding a cause with a consequence, or an end with a means. Actually imperialism is not a cause of war, but at most an occasion of war; and it is not even, as the German Socialists appear to think, a necessary occasion of war. We can conceive an imperialism existing without an aim of aggression as never to provoke war. We shall, in fact, see this course taken by imperialism in the future. It is only when, in addition to imperialist aims, there exists that war of necessity accompanies imperialism. It is our contention that Prussian imperialism was of precisely this double character: it pursued imperialist aims and it cultivated the will to war.

On the subject of the relative responsibility of the various diplomacies, in so far as they were relevant to the present proceedings, the Party had, said, been forced to the conclusion, from the documents at their disposal, that the German Government had made serious efforts to prevent the war, or, in the alternative, to localize it.

From the documents at the disposal of the German Socialist Party it was, no doubt, difficult to come to any other conclusion; for no other conclusion was intended to be led to by the evidence carefully selected to be placed before the International document committee. But at the disposal of the rest of the world another conclusion was possible does not seem to have entered as a reflection into Herr Scheidemann's mind.

To examine and to decide upon the question or responsibility for the war could not be done, however, the task of the Conference. For if the Conference were to sit until the question of responsibility had been finally settled beyond all cavil, none of them now present would be alive at the end of it. Its business was, therefore, confined to the discussion of the question; By what means can the International bring about peace as quickly as possible?

The difficulty of fixing responsibility, if the question is to depend upon documents already at the disposal of the various Socialist parties, is great, but it is not
insuperable even by a committee of an average age. Without the documents which, no doubt, each Government reserves for its own counsel the pooling of the documents in the possession of the various Socialist parties would supplement the knowledge of each, and enable them correctly to appraise at a reasonably complete judgment. The method, moreover, is not the only one available, for the war was not determined by the documents that immediately preceded it, but by acts and states of mind committed and indulged in during at least the preceding quarter of a century. The documentary assumption is, indeed, inconsistent both with Herr Scheidemann's earlier contention and with Herr David's later contention that the causes of the war are to be found in policy; upon which subject it would be easy, without any documents whatever, for the committee to arrive at a judgment! In any event, however, the question of peace is second to the question of war; for how could the committee determine the desirability of an immediate peace for Germany without having first determined Germany's responsibility? Only if Germany were proven not to have willed the war would it be right for any committee to attempt peace at Germany's request. The question of responsibility has therefore precedence over the question of peace.

For this purpose mutual enlightenment upon the actions and attitudes of the various parties was certainly indispensable. What, then, had the German Socialist Party done? After war had broken out, we consented to the necessary credits conformed with our position as part of the necessary credit for National defence. At the same time, without intermission from that moment to the present, we have made attempts to bring about peace by pressure upon our own Government and by action through the International. Moreover, the German Government has on various occasions announced its willingness to consider peace. But all our efforts to bring about a meeting of the International have unfortunately been of no avail.

"We consented to the necessary credits," but "without intermission we have attempted to bring about peace." But why the latter if the former was right? And why the former if the party proposed immediately setting itself to nullify the effects of its own act. Our own Socialists, confused as they are, cannot be said to have fallen into this self-contradiction. Those who voted the credits have not attempted to bring about peace, and the Socialists who refused the credits have continued to oppose peace. The German Majority Socialists have both run with the hare and hunted with the hounds. They voted the credits to satisfy Prussia, and immediately set about re-establishing peace in order to satisfy the International. Or may we say that they voted the credit as Germans and worked for peace as Internationalists? In any case, however, it is plain which act of theirs has been of the greater effect, and which act of theirs, in consequence, ought to have been most carefully considered. Their voting of the credits released the war, and all their attempts to restore peace have been fruitless. Would it not have been better before voting the credits to consider whether that act was such as to require an immediate attempt to undo its consequences, and, in that event, to have refrained from it? German Social Democracy has proved itself wrong in having voted the Prussian credits by immediately setting itself to nullify the effects of its own act. In voting the credits they voted for war, and it was not consistent in them to work for peace when they had already declared for war.

We have naturally opposed from the very first day every proposal of conquest or of violence. We should like to hear more upon these two points, particularly upon the latter. The political line of our countries is strict, but we cannot believe that the opposition of German Socialists to Prussian "acts of violence" would have passed without a record anywhere.

German Social-democracy, continued Scheidemann, claims to have discharged its duty to its own people and to the International as well; and it was resolved to continue to do so in the same manner. We want peace, but we do not want the annihilation of our country. That is why we shall defend it so long as our enemies do not consent to peace by negotiation.

We shall recur to this point later. For the moment it is enough to note that Herr Scheidemann is apprehensive of the annihilation of his country, that his party intends to continue the war until a peace by negotiation is brought about, and that the Majority Socialists mean to pursue in the future the policy they have pursued in the past.

But for the policy pursued by German Social-democracy, the Russian Revolution would not have taken place. Any other policy on our part would have allowed the Tsar to enter Berlin. And the triumph of the Tsar would have meant not only the destruction of Germany, but a terrible blow for all Europe, and, not least, for socialism and democracy.

That the Russian Revolution might not have taken place but for both the war and the temporary defeat by Germany of the Tsar's forces is true; but Herr Scheidemann is scarcely entitled to claim the credit of it without claiming to have willed the war! The truth, moreover, must be affirmed that, whatever good things may arise as secondary effects of the war, no amount of them can justify the authors of the war, who plainly had not and could not have had these results in view. Out of evil good may come, but the evil-doer is not to be regarded as an angel on that account.

If in our own country the pan-Germanists denounce us as traitors to Germany, it is as ridiculous as it is false for Socialists abroad to denounce us as the agents of the Kaiser. The documents submitted by us to the International will show clearly and incontestably what the German Socialists have done for the establishment of peace. And it is much to be desired, in the interests of a better mutual understanding, that similar documents should be placed at the disposal of the International by the Socialist parties of the Allied countries.

Following Scheidemann's speech there then took place a discussion, in the course of which this statement, among others, was made: that the German Government was responsible for the war, and that the German Socialist Party had become an accomplice in it.

Again proving our contention that in any free assembly of Socialists before whom the German Majority Socialists may choose to appear the latter will find themselves under charge and on trial.

Thereupon the president of the German delegation, Eck, declared that their intention was not to enter into a discussion of the question of responsibility. They held that at such a Conference as this, the question of peace should be the only task to be undertaken. And in any case the German delegates refused to admit that the Conference could arrogate the office of a tribunal before which the German party was to give an account of itself. There could be no question whatever of that. At the same time they were ready to reply to the question that had been raised.

... Herr David then said that the examination of the question of responsibility must begin by determining the fundamental political-economic causes which led to the existence of the war tension. He defined them as imperialist competition for colonies, both as sources of raw material and as openings and centres of capitalist commerce. These imperialist aspirations on the part of the Great Powers, however, only assumed a threatening character when England joined with her old Imperialistic rivals, France and Russia, for the purpose of enforcing their new competitors, Germany, and of impeding Germany's development by isolating her politically. The Allies were nothing more than a gigantic Syndicate for the par-
tition of the world between them. The last of their
grand plans had for its object the dismemberment of
Turkey and of the Austrian Empire; and it was this
that led immediately to the brink of war. For German
policy was naturally directed towards the maintenance
of these two states. As soon as the fire of defence
for Germany, the aggression directed towards conquest
and partition by violence having come from the
other side.

This is familiar ground, and we should certainly not
deny that the German Socialists have a case against
capitalism, as we have ourselves. But the "tension"
which (be it noted) exists between groups of conflicting
capitalist interests, and which (be it noted) exists
between classes as well as between nations, only becomes
a specifically "war-tension" when one of the parties,
in addition to desiring competitive advantages, is willing
to go to war to attain them. Now there can be no
doubt in which of the two conflicting groups the will
to war existed in addition to a common capitalist will
to exploitation. It was in the group dominated by
Prussia. There are circumstances beyond the need of
discussion, and this is one of them, that of all the
generations, that of Germany was the most military nation—the only military nation—was
Germany. But if this was the case, the rest of
the nations are absolved from the charge of bringing
about the war. The checking or even absolved from any charge of having provoked
Germany to war by adopting this or the other precau-
tionary measure (for example, the isolation
of Germany, which, however, is a German legend rather
than an historical fact), since every such measure may be
explained as a measure in apprehension of the will
to war on the part of Prussia. For can a man be said
to have provoked a commercial rival to knock him down
on his way to business merely because the latter is his
commercial highwayman above referred to would defend
Germany an ally for Prussian military lust. German
capitalism yielded to the temptation and made a bargain
with militarism, and henceloward her rivals in
capitalism beheld in Germany a capitalist army. That
war was certain sooner or later was implicit, not, as the
German Socialists believe, in capitalistic rivalry, but
in the addition to that rivalry of the militarism of one of
the competing parties. And that in all human
probability the party guilty of initiating militarism
would pretend that its action was taken in self-defence,
and would cite the commercial designs of its rivals and
their fears of war as evidence of its contention, no one
will deny. It was only to be expected that the com-
mercial highwayman above referred to would defend
his assault upon his rival by pretending that it was in
self-defence his, and because his rival was about
to gain upon him in business.

From the same side likewise the match was laid to the
powder by the crime of Sarajevo, a crime which
was inspired from Belgrade and St. Petersburg as a
means to the pan-Serbo-Russian policy of destroying
Austria. As Serbian conflicts had broken out, the diplomacy of Berlin was directed
locally towards the conflict, but the policy of St.
Petersburg was directed towards Europeanising it.

Herr David then described in detail the situation
as it was between July 30-31, 1914, when the direct
negotiations between Vienna and St. Petersburg ap-
appeared to be promising success, and when on the other
side the second proposition of Lord Grey, relative to
a conference between the four Powers, was accepted at
Vienna thanks to the influence of Belorussia. When
peace appeared to be imminent, the St. Petersburg
party proposed military measures against Ger-
many, forced on the war confident that they would be
followed by France and England.

One story is good until another is told. We do not
acuse the German Socialists of being agents of Prussia,
but of being dealt with on the whole subject of the
immediate circumstances surrounding the crime of
Sarajevo and the later dealings of Berlin with Vienna—
surely the key to the problem—German Socialists will
be better informed when they have secured the publi-
cation of the correspondence between the two Foreign
Offices during July-August, 1914. Until then, they are
in the dark.

With the aid of numerous documents, David then
examined the legend of German aggression which had
been cultivated in Paris, and showed that England
was responsible for the misfortune of Belgium. At
the last moment it was in the power of England, he
to, to save Belgium and France from the calamity of
the war.

It is astonishing that even German Majority
Socialists should charge England with the invasion of Belgium.
The utmost that Herr Bethmann-Hollweg has claimed is that it is partly necessary to a German vic-
tory. And even he was wrong.

Liberty and Pleasure

By Ramiro de Maeztu

By the courtesy of The New Age I propose to resume
the discussion of several points brought into contras
very by my recent book, "Authority, Liberty and
Function." Since, happily, the matters there dealt
with have stimulated interest, it is not for me to object.
On the contrary, I appreciate the fact.

Let me begin by raising again the old question: Is
political Liberalism, or is it not, based on a hedonist
or utilitarian morality? "Cruz" (New Age, June 21)
has replied in the negative, and has concluded that my
indictment of Liberalism is unfounded. Is it un-
founded? Liberalism can be defended in three ways
only. First, because Liberty is the necessary condition
of men's pursuit of happiness. Second, because
Liberty is the necessary condition of men's fulfil-
ment of their duty. And third, because Liberty is a good
in itself, a final value, and not merely an instrumen-
tal value as in the two former classes. All other argu-
ments in favour of Liberalism are included in one of
these three: Liberty as a condition of happiness;
Liberty as a condition of duty; and Liberty as a good
in itself.

Liberty as a good in itself, however, cannot be de-
defended, for reasons that I shall state in reply to another
criticism. Liberty as a condition of duty has been
often and powerfully defended, but nearly always in
opposition to Liberty as a condition of happiness. The
puritans of liberty for duty say that Liberty ought not
to be understood as implying that John or Peter should
do as they please; but, on the contrary, as meaning
that Liberty is to enable them to do their duty, because
to do their duty is what John and Peter "truly" will.
This is the well-understood "Liberty," the "true"
Liberty; in other words the "Liberty" of Kant, Hegel
and the German thinkers generally, and of the reac-
tionary thinkers of the Latin countries. That is why
we have not dealt with this conception of Liberty in
the treatment of Liberalism, but only in treating of the ideas
of the Authoritarians.

The Liberal "Liberty," that which enables a man
not only to do his duty, but also not to do it, is the
Liberty, therefore, is only the liberty of adults in restrictions set by Mill on liberty are sufficient, and I attack it, because I do not think the greatest happiness of the greatest number. Mill says: "Whatever is desired otherwise than as a means to happiness as the only desirable end? Is not Virtue also desirable as an end? The utilitarian doctrine replies that Virtue is only one of the essential ingredients of happiness: "The mind is not in a right state, not in a state conformable with Duty, not in a state most desirable goods, including virtue.

Men pursue happiness from a natural tendency. Therefore let them pursue happiness by any means they please.

And this is not only reasoning irreproachable in form, but it is also impeccable in its content, provided only that a correction be made in the universality of its first premise. The correction, of course, is that the concept of happiness does not include that of Virtue except in theology, from which, indeed, Stuart Mill has taken it without realising the fact. For subtle theologians discovered long ago, first, that there are cases in this world, in which the possession of Virtue does not include Happiness; second, that it is also a fact that when men want to be happy they do not always want to be virtuous; and third, that although Virtue may be considered as a supreme good, men do not usually look upon it as sufficient unless it is accompanied by happiness. And as they have always found in this world the happy rascal and the unhappy saint, they were bound to postulate another world where happiness and virtue might be identified in a single state of bliss. The whole mistake of Stuart Mill consists in having brought down from heaven to earth the theological identification of Virtue with Happiness.

On the road of this life, happiness and virtue can go hand-in-hand only when the weather is fair. At the first sign of a storm, they part company; happiness goes to the right, virtue to the left, and a man must choose. Even if one repeats to oneself the saying of Pascal: "Man follows happiness and finds misery and death," there is always something in ourselves that seems to be always smaller than the forgone good. This must be said against Mill: that in this world, neither happiness necessarily includes virtue nor virtue happiness. And yet, with this qualification, the argument of Stuart Mill remains as firm as ever. Abstraction made of its universality, it reads as follows: happiness or pleasure is a good; men run naturally after it; therefore let them run. And this is the best defence of liberalism, in so far as it can be defended. Liberty is good, because it means the pursuit of happiness, and the pursuit of happiness is good because pleasure is good, so long as it does not fall into conflict with the higher duties of maintaining justice, truth and the power necessary for the maintenance of justice and truth.

Pleasure is good, because it satisfies the instinctive side of our life. In that I nearly agree with Mr. Bertrand Russell, when he says that: "A life governed by purposes and desires, to the exclusion of impulse, is a tiring life; it exhausts vitality, and leaves a man, in the end, indifferent to the very purposes which he has been trying to achieve." No society, of course, can ever be founded on the liberal principle of letting every man live his own life. But it is a sound principle for every society not to tamper lightly with the pleasures of men. It is a truism to say that men like previously said: "Men lose their high aspirations as they lose their intellectual tastes, because they have not time or opportunity for indulging them; and then, instead of desiring to improve themselves, they get used to inferior pleasures, not because they deliberately prefer them, but because they are either the only ones to which they have access, or the only ones which they can any longer enjoy." The political consequence of this ethical hedonism must be the most extreme degree of individual liberty compatible with the individual liberty of others; and that in virtue of an argument that may be considered a classical model of reasoning— as follows:

The pursuit of happiness includes the pursuit of all desirable goods, including virtue.
out as they like, and that they do not like to do as they do not like, but the consequence that follows from the doctrine has not often been clearly stated; it is this, that liberty is an essential element in happiness, as we conceive the happiness of this world. The theologians have thought of the Beatific Vision of the righteous in heaven as some sort of happiness without liberty, in which the soul gives itself up passively to God. The Apostle St. John has a different idea of the Beatific Vision. We know that when He shall appear, we shall be like Him; for we shall see Him as He is. (1 Epistle, Chap. III, 2.) To be like Him is to share in the love, in the activity and in the liberty of God. But whatever may be the happiness of the Beatific Vision, the happiness of this world appears to us inseparable from the liberty of doing as we like. It is not possible for us to reconcile the state of happiness with the suffering of external violence or compulsion. Nobody can be happy by command of the King.

Liberty is an essential element in happiness, but it is not essential in duty, not even in virtue. Why not?

Out of School.

There are certain arts that tend to leave the artist, after the inspiration has passed, feeling abominably empty and flat. The composition of music is one of them—not by any means for all composers but more for executants, no less than composers, are uneasily aware of something of the same disquiet as painters. The Spirit of Teaching also has a way of using some of its best devotees so as to leave them psychically punctured. Or is this the fault of the teacher, or—beloved generalisation—"the fault of the system"? In the case of music, the sense of flatness sometimes seems to spring from a haunting doubt of the means of expression; it is difficult to say whether the given sequence of sounds does, in fact, say anything or not, and a disquiet accumulates which can seldom be released by the satisfaction of an appreciative hearing. Something of the same disquiet besets the teacher. Some reciprocity is lacking; the current does not flow through its full circuit, nor do its full work; the teacher's inspiration is short-circuited altogether. The trouble with music, as has often been said, is that it is no longer in any real degree a social art. Executants, no less than composers, are uneasily aware of the fact, and fine performers have been known to give up playing in public rather than endure the impermanence of concert-room successes. We might define this dissatisfaction with the arts by saying that it is induced, in the practice of class teaching, by a thinking partnership with his class; by so doing, he is not only furthers the satisfaction of his own soul, but does something to bring up a race that will value social ideation.

Ideas should not be imparted to children—the imparted idea soon goes the way of the imparted fact into oblivion—so much as worked out, by means of a common effort of realisation and expression. The classroom should be a workshop of ideas, in which teacher and taught are in the position of craftsmen and apprentices. It is in this type of relation that the sense of reciprocity comes into being, and teaching becomes a living art. Something emerges—something that is the essence of the arts and the minds of teacher and children unite in bringing it to expression. It is only in so far as and because there is no limit or norm of it in the note-books of the psychological laboratory, and it makes the whole difference between the education that is a joy and the education that is a blight. "Education is, by common consent, the dulness of subjects to write or read of." Thus Mr. Badley, in the preface to his "Education After the War," a book that I recommend to the many who are just waking up to the idea of an educational renaissance, and want to know what it is all about. (Published by B. H. Blackwell at 3s. 6d. net.) This prevailing sense of the dullness of education as a subject is the reflex, partly of the prevailing dullness of teaching a generation ago, partly of the dull teaching that still remains. The enthusiast is apt to forget, as he looks at model schools and converses with eminent schoolmasters, that there is a great cloud of inertia and ineptitude that still hangs over the majority of schools to justify the common notion that education is dull; or to remember it only in order to call it names. The existence of this cloud is our chief practical problem, since from within it none of the shining lights outside are visible. "Of the many eminent schoolmasters whom it is my privilege to know," the Reader in Education at Oxford wrote last year, "but few can be suspected of ever having opened a book on educational theory."

This may show that there is something wrong with the schoolmasters, or that there is something wrong with educational theory and its exponents; but I think it shows something more. That cloud has got to be dispelled, somehow. But it can only be dispelled by an influence from the outside, an influence that is at present lacking. Hence the tendency towards creative partnership between those who are engaged in teaching and in learning. It cannot be described from the outside, because it has to be discovered and experienced; and only by discovering and experiencing the learning world get a glimpse of the real world of education, conceptually real, that is waiting to be made actually real. The precept of the theorist has failed to become widely rooted, through lack of reciprocity between the
"God is shown only to those for whom the world is a new thing, a wonder." This is another quotation from Father Velimirovic, to make up for the slip, mine or another's, by which he was described, last week, as "Mr. Fr. Velimirovic." — KENETH RICHMOND.

Theorist and the ordinary practitioner. The theorist has generally been a practitioner as well; he has been a genuine discoverer; but he has been the only discoverer. It is necessary that every teacher should be a discoverer as well, and a discoverer first and foremost of that fellowship in work, both with his colleagues and with his children, which is at the root of all permanent educational inspiration.

MR. JOHN GALSWORTHY has written a comedy; at least, that is what he calls it. It is called "The Foundations," and thus justifies Mr. Galsworthy's reputation as a profound thinker. The time is set "some years hence," and thus justifies Mr. Galsworthy's reputation as a prophet; the chief characters are a peer and a plumber, and thus is justified Mr. Galsworthy's reputation as an interpreter of the class war. The peer does not become a plumber, nor does the plumber become a peer; this is no brilliant study of social phenomena, but Mr. Galsworthy's "The Foundations," by which he was described, last week, as "Mr. Fr. Velimirovic." — KENETH RICHMOND.

Drama.

By John Francis Hope.

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Mr. Galsworthy's "message" (every prophet has a message) is that of the "voice from the far away" in Tosti's "Good-bye." "All fair to-morrows shall be as Tosti's "Good-bye." "All fair to-morrows shall be as Tosti's "Good-bye." "All fair to-morrows shall be as Tosti's "Good-bye." "All fair to-morrows shall be as Tosti's "Good-bye." "All fair to-morrows shall be as

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Readers and Writers.

The following letter has been sent me by my many-a-time-mentioned anonymous correspondent. I publish it here, since it is of more than personal interest; and my reply with it, since I have no other means of defence.

Your Shakespearean theory makes me feel as Gissing felt when Morley Roberts sent him a pamphlet which threw doubts upon the traditional authorship. Gissing writes (p. 216, "Private Life of Henry Maitland"): "I have read it with great indignation. Confound the fellow!—he disturbs me."

Gissing had an unusually keen ear for rhythm in prose and verse, as the same book makes clear. Of how many modern writers could you say: "He loved all rhythm, and found it sometimes in unexpected places, even in unconsidered writers. There was a passage he used to quote from Mrs. Ewing, who, indeed, was no small writer, which he declared to be wonderful, and in its way quite perfect: 'He sat, patient of each succeeding sunset, until this aged world should crumble to its close.'" (P. 235-6.)

He also enjoyed discovering the influence of one great writer on another. This is very different from denying traditional ascriptions of authorship. Personally I think the witness of Ben Jonson, the admiration of Milton, and, fantastic as it may seem, the visions of Blake, who saw not a great one, "plainer than all the reasons of all the modern critics put together."

I doubt whether any living writer is capable of doing accurately by stileometry what is attempted to be done for the plays ascribed to Shakespeare. Besides, how many poets whose works have no such doubts possibly associated with them (say Wordsworth, Keats, Browning) would stand such a test? Poets often fall below themselves as ordinary people converse sometimes in a manner not worthy of their capacity for wit and argument.

I see no reason why Shakespeare should not have written the most Fletcherian lines of Henry VIII. Why should Shakespeare not have chosen to experiment in that rhythm? I've no doubt he followed most of his' written the most Fletcherian lines of Henry VIII. Why should Shakespeare not have chosen to experiment in that rhythm? I've no doubt he followed most of his'

William Sharp rightly said that it foreshadowed another hypothesis which seems to some so evidently Fletcherian, is to me, after recent and copious readings of "B. and F." Fletcher plus some more potent spirit presaging as otherwise, if it is Fletcher at all."

While on the subject of the ear for rhythm, do you remember what De Quincey said of Donne? His "intolerable defect of ear," writes De Quincey, in the second part of his "Autobiography," "I have heard it said, grew out of his own baptismal name, when harnessed to his own surname—John Donne. No man who had listened to this hideous jingle from childhood years could fail to have his genius for discord, and the abominable in sound improved to the utmost."

I have often thought that De Quincey chose that version of his family name which prefixed the "De" because "Thomas De Quincey." His mother, I believe, used both forms.

Lafcadio Hearn (Life, Vol. I, p. 132) speaks appreciatingly of De Quincey's own endeavours after perfection of style. "It seemed to me that little of his triumph was in the eternal struggle for perfection of utterance; I can share a part of his aesthetic torment over cacophony, redundancy, obscurity, and all the thousand minute deceptions and strain of his "The Scarce," which seems to some so evidently Fletcherian, is to me, after recent and copious readings of "B. and F." Fletcher plus some more potent spirit presaging as otherwise, if it is Fletcher at all."

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I have often thought that De Quincey chose that version of his family name which prefixed the "De" because "Thomas De Quincey." His mother, I believe, used both forms.

I am glad to see Saintsbury takes the same view. ("History of English Prosody," Vol. II, p. 38, note.) "Even the 'Scarce,' which seems to some so evidently Fletcherian, is to me, after recent and copious readings of 'B. and F.' Fletcher plus some more potent spirit presaging as otherwise, if it is Fletcher at all."

I am not sorry to have disturbed at least one of my readers by my theory of the Shakespearean authorship. By this time a vested interest has been created both in the Baconian and the Shakespearean theory, so that any third hypothesis is treated by both as an intruder to be ignored if it cannot be kicked downstairs. I resent this, however, for a thousand times more than the personal reason, which, indeed, is only microscopic in my own case. For I confess I should be much more embarrassed by learning that my hypothesis had become a subject for university examinations, as, I understand, the subject of National Guilds has become. My ground of resentment is that no other book or poem of modern times has been so ridiculed. It is probably the only book or poem in which every honour is still to be found, and, at the same time, a school for critics. While it is a question only of Shakespeare "the busy actor-manager" and Bacon the
master of prose, the dispute as to the authorship of the plays is elementary; but the moment that the one becomes, hypothetically even, as impossible as the other, the problem becomes an occupation for pedants and becomes a pursuit for critics. Your prejudice against disturbing the bones of the old controversy is therefore, to my mind, while natural enough, somewhat unpardonably literary in point of view. For if only we can lift the discussion from the historical to the higher critical level, what an opening have we not for the exercise of the most refined senses of literary criticism? The works of Shakespeare, under these circumstances become, what I have called them, a school for critics who should not be pedants, a school in which pedantry would be emphatically at a disadvantage and out of place. I am not in the least impressed by your citation of the testimonies of Ben Jonson, Milton, and Blake. In the first place, their testimony is to the chief writer of the plays, whoever he may have been; and it would be to mean lose its value if its name turned out to be Smith or Jones. And, in the second place, we ought not to take too literally the visions of Blake or of any other seer upon an historic matter. As well as seeing Shakespeare plain, Blake, if you remember, had Ezekiel and Isaiah to tea with him. Now, it is more than doubtful whether there ever was an Isaiah in the flesh! Creative imagination is after all, a general power, and cognisant of the difference between past and future; and Blake, for instance, may have got the visions of his views mixed, and confusedly to come with what has been. This allows me to suggest that the real Shakespeare is still to be discovered.

It is a little unkind of you—though my tears shall not fall upon that account—to doubt whether any living writer could select the verse of Shakespeare in Shakespeare's works; after, that is to say, I had claimed to be able to do it! You are, however, entitled to your doubts, and, in the absence of any possible court of appeal, I must apparently respect them. But let me put it that it is not beyond human imagination to conceive a group of critics succeeding where any one of them might fail, and establishing beyond reasonable doubt the main contributions, at any rate, of Shakespeare to his own works. You and I, for example, would not, I imagine, differ very often; though I note with some alarm that you quote Professor Saintsbury almost as an authority upon literary taste. However, so definitively a task is probably not to be attempted in our day. It is an heirloom for posterity, and I wish not to spoil the joy of it.

Turning to another matter, I am open to any amount of correction upon the changing theory. To say the truth, I am not sure that I have any theory upon the subject whatever. Scarcely the first word has yet been said upon the nature of the human soul. It is all, however, most baffling and only to be discovered. Turning to another matter, I am open to any amount of correction upon the changing theory. To say the truth, I am not sure that I have any theory upon the subject whatever. Scarcely the first word has yet been said upon the nature of the human soul. It is all, however, most baffling and only to be discovered.
autumn. As the boom was still rising, it sold them at 15s. a pound—a profit of between three and four hundred pounds. This was enough to add to the most sober, of course. Northern Star paid its growers a thousand per cent, and as everyone wished to be in the move, too small for the demand. Prices rose continually. Discovery went from ten to thirty shillings a pound in a few months, and everyone who touched them handled gold. Small holders, allotment and garden owners, found their modest sovereigns turned into hundreds, and the most cautious were drawn into the whirlpool.

During the summer of 1903 excitement was intense, and no one could talk of anything but the boom throughout the potato districts of Lincolnshire and Yorkshire. Every market ordinary, every train, and every public-house knew but one theme—the fortunes accruing from bold speculation and the methods by which money could be minted wholesale. At this time it was whispered that Findlay had a potato that was to eclipse all forerunners in vitality, in productiveness, in disease resistance, and that was to prove so rich a gold mine to its happy possessors that he had named it "Eldorado!" Findlay would not sell any at that time, stating that he had not sufficiently tested it, but he had allowed the previous year a few friends to try some, and the produce of these came into the market. A determined onslaught was made on them, fabulous prices were offered, and a pound of them was sold for £20! There were only a few available, and every one was determined to have them, so that the price per pound went rapidly to £30, £50, £80—and at last a stone (14 lb.) changed hands for £1,400—a hundred pounds a pound! This cheque was shown in a shop window in Spalding Market, and proved a centre of the most exciting scenes.

Unheard-of prices were realised. Not only were values inflated, but they seemed capable of infinite extension. Ridiculous reports circulated. It was said that Findlay's next would cost £1,000 a pound, and make its possessors millionaires. The boom had become a bubble, frantic and self-doomed; single tubers were sold by public auction to excited bidders, and a world's record was made by the sale of one single Eldorado for £100.

The seller was the author of this article, and the purchaser having cut up the tuber, forced it in his greenhouse, and sold off the potted plants at two guineas each to people who could not afford to buy the tubers but wanted to share in the game. But such super-cultivation killed the Eldorado, for no constitution could stand that treatment, and it was ruined before its career was opened.

Eldorados were sold for delivery in the following autumn, 1904—at about £200 per cwt., £4,000 per ton; and many tons, perhaps thirty, certainly over twenty, were sold at these figures! Every one speculated. Small men bought a few stones, merchants bought a ton or two, contracts were signed, deposits paid, and all was done in the most approved Stock Exchange fashion. The affair was a preposterous gamble. New varieties came forth every day, syndicates were formed to deal in them, and all the wild enthusiasm of a turnpike road was let loose, in order to rush out again shortly—without their money.

The summer of 1904 was favourable to the potato and huge yields were attained. This smashed the Boom, and it fell like a house of cards. Fancy varieties became unsaleable, and were given to the pigs, whilst the Eldoro do has since been unheard of.

A Modern Prose Anthology. Edited by R. Harrison.

VI.—MR. G. K. CH-ST-R-T-N.

"A Defence of this Anthology." By G. K. Ch-st-r-t-n.

I think the best argument against the quite indefensible modern practice of learning chosen passages by heart is simply that it is not learning by heart at all, but learning without heart; and perhaps the best excuse I can suggest for the re-publication of the very inexusable extracts in this volume is simply that they were written to be forgotten. It is not part of my intention to claim these passages as literature; but I can put forward a very serious claim for them as illiterature. The astonishing truth about Original Sin is not that it is not sin, but that it is not original; and the really awful and earth-shaking truth about bad work is (I am convinced) not that it is not bad, but that it is not work. It is exactly and precisely because a thing means work that it means anything at all. It is, in the literal and precise meaning of the words, because it means work that it means well. It is one of the strange paradoxes on which modern civilisation rests that you can do a great deal without doing it well, but that you cannot (not even if you are a superman) do something well without doing it at all. It was one of the great mysterious secrets of the childhood of the world that it knew how to turn work into play; and, perhaps, it is one of the last frugal and useful secrets of our childhood that it has learned how to pass off play as work. It was the great and serious dignity of the Middle Age that it could learn to like what it did; it is the last condemnation of a fatalistic age like ours that it cannot even do what it likes.

This is, first and foremost, what I have always intended to convey when I may have mentioned the word "dogma." Some people do not like the word "dogma," just as some people do not like the word "work." I have known men who would look at me with tears in their eyes at the very mention of the word "work"—and I have known men who would cast at me a look of hopeless and indeterminate appeal because they felt that I wanted to say "dogma." Well, the proper reply to this class of people is that they are not obliged to like the word "dogma." They are not obliged to like anything. It is at once the whole force and meaning of any sacred and final thing that it exists even if you do not know that it exists. John Brown, of Islington, lives even if you do not know that he lives; he may himself not know that he lives, he may even deny most emphatically that he has (in the most sacred and subtle sense of the term) lived, and quite possibly he may be (in the most sacred and subtle sense of the term) right. But that does not alter the fact that he may not (in an exquisitely vulgar and expressive phrase) be "quite right." The most deadly argument in favour of peganism has always been that it left a man free to think what he liked. But it does not even do that. It is precisely the complaint of the Catholics and even of the agnostics against agnosticism that it leaves a man free to think what he doesn't like.

I am not (I think proper at this point to point out) arguing in favour of any belief. It is convenient to speak of a belief as believed, just as it is convenient to speak of a work as worked. Some philosophers, it is true, speak of a belief as believed, just as it is convenient to speak of a truth as true. It is precisely the complaint of the Catholics and even against agnosticism that it leaves a man free to think what he doesn't like. Some philosophers, it is true, speak of a belief as believed, just as it is convenient to speak of a truth as true. It is precisely the complaint of the Catholics and even against agnosticism that it leaves a man free to think what he doesn't like.
who writes; not a man who writes something worth reading—a man is a man even if he is a bad man, a
vow is still a vow even if it is a broken vow, a cup is
always a cup even when it is a dirty cup or a cracked
cup—but simply and sublimely a man who dips a pen
or a piece of wood into a bottle of ink and scrawls some
words on a sheet of paper. It does not matter that he
does not write well; it does not matter that what he
writes is foolish or senseless. What matters is that
he does write something, and that in that one simple
and even childlike act of which (God be thanked) any-
one is capable, he does give, finally and absolutely, the
lie to all half-hearted (and heartless) modern pessimism
which says that a man cannot do what he likes.

Interviews.

By C. E. Bechhofer.

XIV.—MR. RAYMOND BLATHWAYT.

(As He Would Write It!)

When I called upon Mr. Raymond Blathwayt a few
weeks back he was busily engaged in correcting the
final proofs of his autobiography, which will be shortly
published under the title of “Through Life and Round
the World—Being the Story of My Life.” I was de-
lighted with the brilliantly clever etchings with which
Mr. Mortimer Menpes has illustrated Mr. Blathwayt’s
reminiscences, work that appealed from mine, from what
the author told me about it, to include almost every class
of the community in almost every part of the world.

Mr. Blathwayt and I fell into a delightfully
corresponding about the momentous period through which
we are now passing; and I cannot say that my host
took a very exhilarating view of the outlook.

“No; I am not a pessimist exactly,” he said in
reply to a remark that fell from my lips, which rather
implied he was: “I am merely one of those who strive
to see things exactly as they are. Of course, this is,
naturally, extremely irritating to the unthinking
optimist at the street corner, or in the Club smoking-
room, who thinks that everything is for the best in
the best of all worlds.

“You know the type of man I mean; the good-
hearted chap who comes rushing into the room: ‘Well,
old chap, we’ve got ‘em on the run now; we’ll be in
Berlin before Christmas—eh, what? let’s have a
drink.’ Well, naturally, a man of that description is
quite unable to understand you when you try to point
out to him that it isn’t so much, or only what, the
Army does at the Front, as what the Nation behind the
Army is doing, or, more important still, what it will do
when the hour of stress really comes—which it hasn’t
done yet. Nothing on earth, or in Heaven, for the
matter of that, can surpass the magnificent, the unbe-
ilievable, courage and heroism of our soldiers and our
sailors, and our flying men. Their work has been
beyond all praise and all imagination. There is no
story in all the classics, sacred or profane, which can
surpass the story of Commander Loftus Jones, V.C.,
or the boy Cornwall, or half a hundred other heroes of
this horrible war.

“The Army and the Navy are all right. But what
about us who remain behind? Because that is where the
crux comes in. The Nation behind the Fighting Men.
We have not even begun to feel the war yet—except
vicariously in the sufferings of our soldiers and the loss
of those we love. But when, and if, we begin to starve
and theatres are closed down, and newspapers cease to
come out, and money is scarce, and all the work and stir,
and the business and the commerce, and the breezy,
have begun to feel the war, and we have no fires to sit by; what, then? Will the patriotism
of the people; the great masses of the people hold out
then until we have crushed this horrible demon of
militarism into the mud and gutter for ever? It may
take years to do that. Can we really contemplate that
 prospect with equanimity? We are down here in
Frankly I doubt it.

“Surely you can see one gleam of sunshine somewhere. The magnificent organisation of Army,
transport, munitions, the women, and—at least half a score of departments of national work which can’t be
called anywhere.”

“Why, of course,” replied my host; “the work
done has been too wonderful for imagination. The mere creation of departments of labour and science and
all the rest of it, unknown before, pass my powers of description. But what is also wonderful is what we leave undone or what we do wrong, and that is where the danger comes in. Think of our incredible and wicked waste and extravagance. I am told that we pay £3 for what Germany pays only £1. I am told we have literally flung £500,000,000 into the sea since the war began. Money absolutely wasted, and not a thing to show for it. The women, of course, are splendid—and don’t they know it, too?” added Mr. Blathwayt, with a smile. “But, then, again, many of them are not. On the whole, I cannot but feel that, so far, the Nation has come out splendidly; but, then, she hasn’t yet, as a nation, passed through the fire. Even then, I believe she will come out triumphantly, so that I am not quite so hopeless a pessimist as perhaps you are apt to think me.”

“And what about the Church?” I asked Mr. Blathwayt.

“Well,” he replied, “I love the Anglican Church. It is, next to the Roman Church and the British Empire, the most magnificent crystallisation of a noble conception that the world has ever seen. But I fear it hasn’t exactly shone during this war. Confronted by the greatest fact that humanity has ever been up against, it has tumbled right down. It tried to put matters right by establishing the National Mission. Well, that, which we all trusted would be an inspiring impulse, has eventuated as an expiring kick. Really, I don’t think anyone is enthusiastic as to the part that Anglicanism has played in this world catastrophe.”

We Moderns.

By Edward Moore.

DUTIES OF THE UNPRODUCTIVE.—The history of culture is the history of long ages of unproductiveness broken by short eras of production; but unproductiveness is the rule. The men born in barren periods have not, then, the right to bewail their lot; we have not that right. But what is of the first importance, for the sake of culture, is to find out what are the duties proper to men in a sterile age. Certainly, their duty is not to produce whether they are productive or not; that can only result in abortions and painful caricatures; does not contemporary literature demonstrate it? The work that is born out of the poverty of the artist is, as Nietzsche pointed out, decadent work, and debases the spectator, lowers his vitality.

What, then, are the tasks of a writer in an unproductive age? To live sparingly and conserve strength? To make discards of men's right? To preserve and fortify the tradition of culture? To render more accessible the sources from which creative literature draws its life, so that the next generation may be better placed? To observe vigilantly the signs of to-day and not of to-day? It may be so; but, also, when necessary, to throw these prudent and preservative tasks to the winds and spend his last ounce of strength in battling with the demons who make a productive era forever impossible. Yes, this last duty is for us to-day—the most important. And, we may depend, it is the creators—those who produce what they should note who will fight most bitterly on the opposite side.

REALISM AS A SYMPTOM OF POVERTY.—In an age in which the power of creation is weak, men will choose the easiest forms: those in which sustained elevation is not demanded, and creation itself is eked out in various ways.

The world of our day has therefore as its characteristic production the realistic novel, which in form is more loose, in content and execution more unequal, and in imaginative power less rich and inventive than poetic drama, or any of the higher forms of literature. The “literary artist,” the diarist, the sociologist, the reporter, and the collector of documents, there is not much left. For creation there is very little room in his works; perhaps it is as well.

DOMINATION OF THE PRESENT.—To be modern in the accepted, intellectually fashionable sense: what is that? To propagate always the newest theory, whatever it be; to be the least possible distance behind the times, behind the latest second of the times, whether they be good or bad; and, of course, to assume one is “in the circle” and to adopt the tone of the circle: in short, to make ideas matter of fashion, to choose “views” as a well-to-do woman chooses dresses—to be intellectually without foundation, principles or taste. How did this convention arise? Perhaps out of lack of leisure: superficiality is bound to engulp a generation who abandon leisure. But to be enchanted by what is present in this way is the most dangerous form of superficiality: it is to be ignorant of the very thing that makes Man significant, and with idiotic cheerfulness and unconcern to render his existence meaningless and trivial. In two ways can Man become sublime; by regarding himself as the heir of a great tradition; by making of himself a forerunner. Both ways are open to the true modern, and both must be followed by him. For the past and the future are greater than the present: the sense of continuity is necessary for human dignity.

The men of this age, however, are isolated—to use an electrical metaphor—from the current of Humanity: they have become almost entirely individuals, temporal units, “men”: what has been the outcome? Inevitably the loss of the concept Man, for Man is a concept which can be understood only through the appreciation on a grand scale of the history of mankind. Man ceases to be dramatic when there are no longer spectators for the drama of Humanity. The present generation have, therefore, no sentiment of the human sublime; they see that part of the grand tragedy which happens to pass before them, but without caring what went before or what will come after, without a clue, however poor, to the mystery of existence. They know men only, the men of their time. They are provincial—that is, lacking the sentiment of Man.

How much decadence may not be traced to this! In Art, the conventions of Realism and of Aestheticism have arisen. The first is just the portrayal of present-day men as present-day men; nothing more, therefore, than “contemporary art”; an appendage of the present, a triviality. The second has as its creed, enjoyment of the moment; and if it contemplates the past at all, it is with the contempt of the very rich, while a but a collector is not an heir. Art has in our time, both in theory and in practice, become deliberately more fleeting. In morality, there is Humanitarianism, or, in other words, the conviction that the suffering of to-day is the most important thing, coupled with the belief that there is nothing at present existing which can justify and redeem this suffering: therefore, unconditional pity, alleviation, “the greatest happiness of the greatest rambler.” Modern pessimism, which springs from the same source, is the odious of this belief. It, also, regards only the present, and says, perhaps with truth, that it, at any rate, is not noble enough to deserve and demand the suffering necessary for its existence—consequently, all life is an error! All these theories, however, are breaks with the spiritual tradition of Christianity; they are founded on the magnification of the temporary of the world; and, in a present continually carried forward seems to be important. This judgment of Life with the eyes of the present, this narrowest and most false of interpretations: how has it confused and finally stifled the finest talents of our time? The modern man is joyless; his joylessness has arisen out of his modernity; and now to find forgetfulness of it he plunges more madly than before—into modernity! For his own sake, as much as that of Humanity, it is our duty to
free him from his wheel. One can live with dignity only if one have a sense of the tragedy of Man. It is the first task of the true modern to destroy the domination of the present.

What is Modern?—It is time we erected a standard whereby to test what is modern. To be an adherent of all the innovacions and novelties of politics, art, science, literature, religion, and society is not to be modern, but to be a disciple of the anachistic, eclectic, inconsistent—all that you will. Futurism, Realism, Feminism, Traditionalism may be all of them opposed or irrelevant to modernity. It is not sufficient that movements should be new—if they are ever new; the question is, To what end are they? If they are movements in the direction of emancipation, of the elevation of the type Man, then they are modern. If they are not, then they are movements to be opposed or ignored by moderns. If modernism be a vital thing it must needs have roots in the past and be an essential expression of humanity, to be traced, therefore, in the history of humanity; in short, it can only be a tradition.

The true modern is a continuator of tradition as much as the Christian or the conservative: the true fight between progress and stagnation is always a fight between antagonistic traditions. To battle against tradition as such is, therefore, not the task of the modern; but rather to enter the conflict—an eternal one—for his tradition against its opposite: Nietzsche found for this antithesis the symbolism of Dionysus and Apollo. Does such a tradition of modernity exist? Is there a “modern spirit” not dependent upon time and place, and in all ages modern? If there is—and there is—the possession of it in some measure will alone entitle us to the name of moderns, give us dignity and make the history of Man once more dramatic and tragic. It is a pity that some historian has not yet traced, in its expression in events, the history of this conflict—a task requiring the deepest subtlety and insight. Meantime, for this tradition may be claimed with confidence such events as Greek Tragedy, the most of the Renaissance, and the emancipators of last century. These are triumphant expressions of “the modern spirit,” but that spirit is chiefly to be recognised as a principle, not always triumphant or easy of perception, constantly struggling, assuming many disguises and tirelessly creative. It is not, indeed, only a tradition of persons, of dogmas, or of sentiments: it is a principle of Life itself. This conception, it is true, is grand, and even terrifying—a disadvantage in this age. But is there any other which grants modernity more than the status of an accident of time and fashion?

How We Shall Be Known.—In an age it is not always what is most characteristic that survives: posterity will probably know us not by our true qualities, but by the exceptions to them. The present-day writers who will endure after their age has passed are probably Mr. Conrad, Mr. Hudson, and Mr. Belloc for a few of his essays and lyrics—none of them representative, none of them modern. They might have been born in any era; they are in the oldest tradition. The most striking characteristic of our time, however, is its lack of a tradition. The sentiment of transience is our most deeply rooted sentiment; it is the very spirit of the age. But by its essential nature it cannot hope to endure, to be known by future generations; for we shall all produce immortal works until we become interested in some idea long enough to be inspired by it, and to write monumentally and surely of it. We hold our ideas by the day; but for a masterpiece to be born, an idea must have taken root and defied time. Permanence of form, moreover, would seriously embarrass a writer who wishes to live with the hour, and does not want his crotchets of yesterday to live to be refutations of his fads of to-day. Thus we are too fleeting to make even our transitoriness eternal. The very sentiment of immortality has perished amongst us, and we actually prefer that our work should die—witness the Futurists! The most self-conscious heirs of modernity, these propounded the theory that it is better that works of art should not endure: well, in that case, their own creations have been true works of art! Nevertheless, all they did in this theory was to erect into a system the shallowness, frivolity, lack of seriousness of the present—and thereby to proclaim themselves the enemies of the future.

Views and Reviews.

LAW AND ORDER.

Mr. Lowes Dickinson* has such an amiably reasonable manner that he nearly succeeds in making his readers agree with him. It is only when the reader forgets the details and considers the general propositions that the real difference becomes manifest. The choice before us is, of course, a choice between militarism and civilisation; and by the usual process of logical deduction, militarism is erected into a bogey of universal destruction. The alternative is, equally, of course, the League of Nations to enforce peace, and to secure the peaceable settlement of disputes; the merging of Nationalism into Internationalism. With most remarkable patience, Mr. Lowes Dickinson develops his argument for what really is, after all, a proposed Constitution of the world; because Internationalism guarantees peace, he finds in it the only guarantee of individual liberty; in other words, the more extensive the system of government, the more intensive the rights it secures. It is true that, in one place, he calls Germany’s gospel of organisation the gospel of Satanism; but apparently by extending the organisation to all the nations of the earth, Satan is transformed into a god. It is assumed that the use of legal procedure in the conduct of foreign affairs will tend to make military action unnecessary, and will save civilisation from suicide; when we are all living under the Rule of Law, we shall be so sublimely civilised that we shall turn back to Gilbert, and sing:

Oh, don’t the days seem awfully long When all goes right and nothing goes wrong? And isn’t your life extremely flat, When there’s nothing whatever to grumble at?

But the legal paradise embodied in the proposals of the League of Nations makes large classes of otherwise respectable persons now hold the belief and act on the conviction that it is not only allowable, but even highly praise-worthy, to break the law of the land if the law-breaker is pursuing some end which to him or her seems to be just and desirable. This view is not confined to any one class. If that is true of domestic law, it is equally true of international law; and that the legal settlement of a dispute may work substantial injustice is so obvious a proposition that I shall not labour it. What shall we gain, then, by the substitution of the Rule of Law for what is quite wrongly called the Rule of Force in foreign affairs except a set of decisions and judgments which will no more satisfy nations than they have satisfied individuals. They may eliminate war at the cost of justifying rebellion; the contempt for our Government of lawyers, for red-tape and given by lawyers. Even if law be a good thing, we can have too much of a good thing; there is no salvation in size.

* “The Choice Before Us,” By G. Lowes Dickinson. (Allen & Unwin. 6s. net.)
war; the choice that Mr. Dickinson offers us is a choice between universal law and universal war. But the choice, I venture to think, is not a real choice; I doubt very much the possibility of a war even so extensive as this; it is just as probable, and far more reasonable, to suppose that the next war will be very strictly localised. It is not Nationalism that prompts one country to intervene on behalf of another; it is Internationalism that has made Europe a waste on the plea that it is for the last time. It is scarcely an exaggeration to say that it is precisely the horror of war that has produced the horror of this war; if the Allies had not been so determined to enforce peace, it is probable that the conflict would have been localised to Austria and Serbia, and it is by no means certain that Austria would have won. But international diplomacy decreed, just as the League of Nations would decree, that at least one nation should support Serbia, and that brought in the rest. It is Internationalism that decrees international war; the vastness of the horror with which Mr. Lowes Dickinson threatens us derives entirely from the fact that he internationalises everything.

But whether we regard either the horror or the effectiveness of this war, it cannot be denied that it is a fair example of Internationalism in action. Indeed, I find Mr. Lowes Dickinson admiring it; just taking it in his pamphlet on "The Basis of International Authority." "With a stretch of the imagination the present war may be taken as an instance of an operation of a League to Enforce Peace. This righteous and law-abiding majority—Great Britain, France, Russia, Italy, Japan, Belgium, Serbia, Portugal, and Montenegro—endeavouring to persuade the recalcitrant and treaty-breaking minority—Germany, Austria-Hungary, Turkey, and Bulgaria—of the error of their ways, and of their duty to conform to international agreements. Has the use of force proved effective, or is it likely to? War, whatever the motive, will always resolve itself into a mere desire on either side for military victory. It has never persuaded any country of the error of its policy." But Mr. Lowes Dickinson does not agree with Mr. Ponsonby; Mr. Dickinson is in favour of a world war "in the cause of right and law," thinks that "the nature of force is transformed" when it is applied at the command of an International Executive. But as it happens to be this war "in the cause of right and law" that has horrified Mr. Dickinson, it is a little difficult to understand why a fiction next case should not also horrify him. If the choice is not before him, why should it be before us; if we are not to shrink from the prospect of the coaxiled nations smashing one recalcitrant, why should we detest the German bully that overwhelmed Belgium?

Actually, of course, Mr. Dickinson does not detest war; he thinks "that the employment of force is legitimate when the force is used against a law-breaker." He is not really a pacifist, he is a legalist; he will allow everybody to fight if they fight when he tells them and for his ideas. Actually, he puts himself in the place of any Emperor; his difference from the despots is purely intellectual. He objects to the abstractions of the "Nation," the "State," that they are not identical with the well-being of real men and women; but the International State is even more abstract than the National, and is certainly more nearly identified with the well-being of real men and women. It is certain that a League of Nations possessing an International Staff and an International Force would have to be maintained by some form of conscription, perhaps the selective draft; and Mr. Dickinson's case against conscription would, therefore, be refuted by himself. Let us also recognise the fact that the League of Nations would give us not democratic, but oligarchic, control of foreign affairs, and we shall recognise that Mr. Dickinson is not quite so reasonable an advocate as his manner suggests.

A. E. R. Waddington has collected a number of extracts, ranging from Confucius to Arthur Clough and the Rev. R. J. Campbell, with the intention of arriving at a clear idea of the meaning of the "immortality of the soul," and of either proving or disproving the truth of the dogma. His general conclusion is that the "Nays" have it, that the only immortality for which the individual can reasonably hope is in the memory of the men who will come after, or in the phenomena of Nature. Man may survive as the perfume of a flower (Mr. Waddington is quite pleased with the phrase), or the structure of a syllogism; but as an entity, conscious and willing and still human, no! When we die, we become, as the soldiers say, "daisy-pushers"; that is to say, our only task is to push the daisies above ground. It is sad, perhaps, but there you are; Nature's inevitable decree is: "All that live must die, passing through Nature to eternity," or, if that is not Nature's decree, it is Shakespeare's, which is even better. The only way to be cheerful at a funeral is to think of graves, and Mr. Waddington is as good as a professional mourner. But although structure and function are so closely allied that they seem to be indissoluble, it does not follow that we can observe every structure of the human body. After all, there is the hypothetical ether which interpenetrates everything, and it can neither be proved nor disproved that human personality is the function of the ethereal body. It is true that disturbances of personality are associated with insensibility of the skin; but even in Ribot's classic case of Lambert, the total area of whose skin was insensible, the memory of his former personality persisted, although he declared that Lambert was dead. Clumsy as the analogue is, it may yet serve to show that the memory of a former existence may persist, although what we have declared to be its physical basis is no longer operative. St. Paul's declaration: "We shall not all die, but we shall all be changed"; transfers the question to the determination of what is the irreducible minimum of structure to which human personality is allied as a function. Just as there are several systems within the physical body, so there may be several bodies after death within the basis of personality remain undiscovered because we are applying, let us say, a chemical technique to an ethereal problem. Immortality was never more than a hope, and there is no reason why we should forego it to please Mr. Waddington.

Marshdikes. By Helen Ashton. (Fisher Unwin. 6s.)

The story opens with a "Dolly dialogue" in a railway carriage; but although the author tries often, she does not repeat the conversational success of her first chapter. She turns to the woman's work of "converting" a man; Francis Harland was single, cynical, and wealthy; he had great possessions and great powers, which, of course, he did not deign to use. He fought against the suffocating friendliness of these people, and would, perhaps, have succeeded in starving his soul to death if a horse had not thrown him and broken his collar-bone. Even then, he denied their proselytising activity; but when he died in London some weeks later, Michael's sister broke her engagement and married a doctor. Francis Harland proposed to Michael's widow and was accepted, and a General
Election was imminent and he would, this time, capture the seat. This may be salvation, but it reads more like a story of salvage of Michael's effects.

**Early Philosophical Works.** By Denis Diderot. Translated and edited by Margaret Jourdain. (Open Court Publishing Company. 46. 6d. net.)

This volume contains the “Philosophic Thoughts,” “Letter on the Blind,” the “Addition to the Letter on the Blind,” and the “Letter on the Deaf and Dumb.”

The editor has written an introduction, and provided notes, an appendix, and an index. Apart from the historical interest, there is not much in the volume to arrest the attention of a modern reader. Certainly, on the question first propounded by Molyneux, whether a blind man who had learned to distinguish by touch between a sphere and a cube would instantly identify each if he received sight, Diderot was in agreement with orthodoxy, and so forth, that Diderot stated so lightly.

Diderot certainly had a charming manner of exposition, and could turn a phrase; for example, he described geometry as “the science of the blind,” but did not work out some of the consequences of the dictum in criticisms of philosophies. The volume has a portrait of Diderot as a frontispiece.

**Pastiche.**

**A HYMN TO FRANCE.**

*No end to dread; To strike death shall not come, Until the days be dead And Earth's great song be dumb!*

*The long array adown thy mighty past, Of things discarded, foolish things that fell... The throb of being rising from the earth, The clear-built tower of Freedom's citadel, The crown of tyrants lifted up and cast Before the feet of peoples, thine the mirth Phantasmic and the mightier wrath which fills The very air around us with new signs. The surge and flow of wills Making for one great purpose ultimate, One banner's flame above the battle lines, One shouting challenge like the morning's gold, Has taken up the page of fate Which now to new and finer things is rolled. Fair France beloved, Spouse of the eternal Purpose which for ever Is out, beyond us, Tall knight of truth upon whose lifted head The helm shines glorious, Within whose hand the gaze of new endeavour Is bright an sudden morning seen After a night of storm... Around the youthful form The clouds are lingering, and behind thee keen The bitten faces of thy marshalled sons. And still Life's purpose runs; There is no end to dread, To strike death shall not come, Until the days be dead And Earth's great song be dumb! Stricken thou art, the garment soiled, thy hair Losed by the latter tempest, and thy hands Bleeding with grief that gripped thee unaware, A rapine walks along thy bleeding lands, And lust is near thee, grasping at thy gown. Fling out the brazen clarion, be it thrown With valiant voice to them who love thee most, The glorious host, Swears to thy service and through thee the world, Before whose might is bowed, The fools who deemed thee wanton counted thee A harlot of the nations, fools who fall, Now when the tides of battle rolling up Take them in wrath and spare them not at all.

Fools who would sip and soil the crystal cup With lips unworthy, hearts from whose connive Pride thrusteth forth that reverence which dwells And holds the strong man girded to his God, Eyes that are dark to the immortal sign Feet that have never trembled as they trod. The cry of victory swells, Sings in the winds around, The burning altar of the ravished ground Shall smoke to heaven, Accepted sacrifice. So have we sworn thy tall young battle press, Sworn by the sword of Roland and the hands Of fair Saint Joan. For if thou diest, diest thou alone? Nay, freedom dies, and all the darkened lands Howl like a waste of wails to the Lord. So shall our own arm lift to the sun thy sword, Hail!... Hail from the lips that shall be cold ere night, Hail from the strong who never may look on Thy blossoming halcyon. When thou shalt shine in holiness all white, And in thy hair the laureate of life Shall glisten above the smoulder of our strife.

**LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.**

**INDUSTRIAL COUNCILS AND THE WAGE SYSTEM.**

Sir,—Amid the many distractions of the age, one of the most bewildering is the Interim Report of the Reconciliation Committee on Joint Standing Industrial Councils, of which a brief account appeared in the “Daily News,” June 29, 1917. After describing an elaborate organization of a National Council, District Councils, and Works Committees working like brothers and co-ordinating their various activities, we come to this recommendation: “Settlement of general principles of employment, including methods of fixing, paying and readjusting wages.” I have used the word “bewildering” because some people regard so many of the recommendations now appearing in Press reports as the thin end of the wedge of National Guilds. Goodness knows why. The Joint Conference of Masters' Federations and Trade Unions perhaps suggest the idea. But here is a case in which the retention of the wage system is definitely defended, and further suggestions made whereby that system may be maintained. It is curious to note that among the names of the members of the committee are Messrs. Clynes, Mallon, and Smillie. *H. W. LOVER.*

**THE SEAMEN'S BAN.**

Sir,—Allow me to express my entire agreement with your attitude in regard to the action of the Seamen's and Firemen's Union. It seems to me to be one of the fundamental principles on which alone National Guilds can become efficient and beneficent that they should perform that function, and that alone on which their status rests—that they should mind their own Guild business. Otherwise, if soapmakers may navigate, or sailors teach in the schools... where shall end this usurpation of function, this arrogation to themselves by a trade union of a right not proper to them as a union? If Mr. MacDonald were Jonah, or Mr. Jowett had intentions to scuttle the ship or tamper with the compasses, then and only in such like emergency would such action as the Seamen's and Firemen's Union be justifiable. The advice of the Mayor of Ephesus to the copporners who made their living out of the trade in images of Diana, and feared lest the procuring of the Apostles should deprive them of it, alleging a religious motive, “Great is Diana of the Ephesians!”—the advice to express their outraged spirit of citizenship through the proper organs of citizenship is applicable in this case. As citizens they have a right to hold and utter opinion upon a political matter, but not by economic action. Parliament, a local witan, or an indignation meeting, or whichever may be avail-
able and effective, in their right means. This, if I am not very much mistaken, is your own attitude. Do these tradesmen never seem to you, that they are “black-legging” in the most serious sense of that term? To arrest or detain citizens, or cause them to be detained, without a warrant issued by any authority approved by the consenting body of citizens—where is the Police Guild? May I also point to a significant example of the fate awaiting any guild which violates the fundamental principle: the Chantry

I am tempted to quote; the passage is remarkably apposite:  

* * *  

ST. CHARLES I.

Sir,—“Veritas” “as a Churchman” wants to know why King Charles the Martyr has been canonised? The reasons are the following:—Because Charles was a High Churchman and disliked the “Prots.” Because his personality is very charming, and he dresses the part well—lace collar, silken jerkin and short trousers, cavalier hat and feather, “lovelocks and all.” Because as a private individual he was a man of decent life and conduct, and had “a disinclination to all profiteering and Capitalism are one and the same.

We have not only to be good Irishmen, but good citizens of the world.—A. E.

The public speaker is, in these days, a rather second-rate public entertainer.

The written word has effectually supplanted the orator. You can only play with truth at your peril.

The kind of fellow who wants to do something before he dies almost always does the wrong thing.—ANTHONY FARLEY.

“The gentlemanly party.” Because the church of “the gentlemanly party” is the church of the “gentlemanly party.” Because broken promises, insincerity, tyranny, and bloodshed “are the common stock-in-trade of every party, and all strifes, in all times, according to their adversaries. Because in the last act Charles played his part so exquisitely that his placid courage has half-redemed his fame” (Macaulay, Whig pamphleteer), so that the Republican wrote of him:—

“He nothing common did or mean,

Upon that memorable scene:

Nor called the Gods with vulgar spite

To vindicate his helpless right.

The passing of his breath

Won his defeated ends.”

As regards Green’s impartiality, I have lately been reading Guizot, who quotes Green, but does not appear to consider him impartial—rather the contrary. Curious, is it not? (Incidentally, is there such a being as an impartial historian? Thucydides?) But to return, I have now suggested various reasons why King Charles I has been canonised. Can “Veritas” “in turn tell me why King Olaf of Sweden and King Dagobert of France are entitled saints? “What is truth?” said jesting Pilate.”

HAROLD B. HAR jSON.

Memoranda.

(From last week’s New Age.)

Drastic militarism is capitalism armed.

We must either make peace with the German people or make no peace at all.

Profiteering and Capitalism are one and the same thing.

The criterion of a fair profit is the amount the nation would pay for such services if they were national instead of private.

While the war-debt remains to be discharged, the conscription of wealth for the purpose of discharging it is always necessary.

What we demand of a Guild is that the capital necessary to its industry shall be in the common use of all, but in the personal ownership of none.

The present enfranchisement of women is the dilution of political Labour with conservative elements.

When the Labour and Conservative Parties are found in the same lobby, we may be sure that this reaction is afoot.”—Notes of the Week.

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“Tone” often makes a school, especially a public school, a self-sufficient microcosm; of a purely imaginary Cosmos, in which children become fitted for school life, but not for life, just as they become fitted for school work, but not for work.

Social liberty cannot be realised, still less can it be taught, by those who do not possess it.—KENNETH RICHARDSON.

Though I am an Armenian, I am not rich. Who will smile at a monkey without tricks?—DIKRAN KOPPOEMDJIAN.

Futurism in poetry has no future.—“Interviews.”

You never know what folk-poetry is going to say next.—P. SELVER.

If the French minority in Canada cannot rely on the good faith of the English majority, our Imperialists are likely to lose us the Empire.—A. E.

After too little knowledge of foreign politics, too much; after too intense consideration of domestic problems, too little. That the men who did not adequately prepare for war with Germany should now apparently be preparing for everlasting war is a natural phenomenon.

A small group of German-minded men find the present the most favourable occasion for the pressing of their own plans; but surely any student of English history will be certain that a reaction will leave them making Imperial gestures to a people that ignores them. Prisoners, like prisons, are much of a muchness; but escapes are always individual.—“Reviews.”

We have had many dawns of a Jewish national rebirth, but never day.—J. BULVAR SCHWARTZ.
PRESS CUTTINGS.

Lord Rhondda, I see, is said to favour the forming of trade governing bodies. The Reconstruction Committee, in their interim report, suggest joint industrial councils for the relations between Capital and Labour. The “Evening Standard” has been hammering at the idea for months. And why not? Let each trade manage its own affairs, putting the members on their honour and making a central body responsible to the public for the decent control of that particular trade. You will never dragon and “regulation” trades into reforms and a sense of duty to the public. They can do it themselves.

To this end why should there not be a revival, with due modifications, of some of the old and useful functions of the trade guilds as they are still represented to-day in the livery companies of London? They have no longer the trade skill and knowledge of the old days, it is true, but this could be co-opted. For the rest, they have the name and the tradition, and what is more, they have the money.—Mr. Basil Clarke, in the “Evening Standard.”

The Whitley Report on Industrial Councils is dated March 8. After any of the doubtful delay of four months it has at last been issued: It tells us how to write over from war to peace. The old order has gone for ever. The new order must come, and it must be based upon joint and workers and the State. There must be this triple alliance. Each great industry must have its own Industrial Council, with District Councils for each trade, and under them workshop committees. It is something like the system of National Guilds in embryo. It does not touch profit-sharing, but it does touch management. It democratizes industry. All pledges relating to the restoration of the necessity of using his power. The State, its institutions and its industries, are not to be active forces pressing on his life, ruling his habits: they are to be a world that feels and reflects his power. He is determined pressing on his life, ruling his habits they are to be a world that feels and reflects his power.

If the war has made the position of the workman at the moment more dependent and precarious, it has emphasised in another sense his power and his importance, and it has made him conscious, as never before, of the necessity of using his power. The State, its institutions, its industries, are not to be active forces pressing on his life, ruling his habits; they are to be a world that feels and reflects his power. He is determined, in short, to become a citizen in a wider sense than the sense given to that term by the Revolutionaries of 1789, just because the Industrial Revolution has created other States than the State for which the Oxford English Dictionary, the absolutely final reference as regards the language, does not give it. They give “profiter” and “profiting,” but not “profiteering.” Ugly it is without a doubt, and it is purely a coinage. Even the Oxford English Dictionary, the absolutely final reference as regards the language, does not give it. They give “profiter” and “profiting,” but not “profiteering.”

Several correspondents at one time or another have written, urging us to abandon and abolish that. very ugly word "profiteering." Ugly it is without a doubt, and it is purely a coinage. Even the Oxford English Dictionary, the absolutely final reference as regards the language, does not give it. They give “profiter” and “profiting,” but not “profiteering.”

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