Notes of the Week

In spite of the miners' block vote, transferred from one side to the other as a consequence of bad organisation, the resolution to send Labour and Socialist delegates to Stockholm was confirmed by the Labour Conference held last Tuesday. Attempts, of course, have been made to show that the reduction of the mechanical majority in favour of the Stockholm Conference from one and a half to a quarter of a million is evidence of a change of opinion on the part of the Labour movement. The rank and file of the Party are no longer, it is said, anxious or willing to meet enemy delegates in conference. But this is to misunderstand the mechanism of a party meeting and to misconceive the majority in favour of the Stockholm proposal, their support of it has been more strongly than ever; and if the Stockholm Conference is not held after all with the consent of the Governments now opposed to it.

We have on previous occasions enumerated some of the positive arguments in favour of the meeting of the Labour and Socialist parties at Stockholm; let us on this occasion consider a few of the negative arguments. To begin with the most considerable, we may say that if the Stockholm Conference is not held while the war is in progress, the international Labour movement will have forfeited its claim to be considered as an independent factor in the peace-settlement. This, to our minds (as it is to the minds of the capitalist Press), is so obvious a conclusion that the evidence for it is not worth labouring. All that need to be said upon the subject is that a movement that first failed to prevent the outbreak of the war and afterwards of its own choice failed to intervene collectively in the diplomatic conduct of the war will plainly deserve to be ignored in the conclusion of the war. Next, we put the argument that the submission of the Labour movement in this country to the policy dictated for it by the Northcliffe Press is a slap in the face for democratic opinion abroad, in friendly no less than in enemy countries. Above all, it must necessarily weaken the hands of the Socialist party in Russia and of the Minority Socialists in Germany—two of the parties, we do not hesitate to say, upon which the future peace of the world depends. In Russia, on the one hand, the resignation of Mr. Henderson can be interpreted as a victory for Lord Milner and reaction; and as an indication that the British Government is out of sympathy with the Revolution. And, on the other hand, the heroic German Minority Socialists can only regard the event as meaning that the British Government means to exclude from any share in public policy. The defeat of the Stockholm proposal is certain to produce a reconsideration of the policy upon every intelligent man. For upon whom, we ask once more, can we depend for a durable peace save upon the Russian and the German Socialists? If, therefore, we now fail to support them in the hour of their greatest need, we cannot hope to find them strong when our need of them becomes more apparent than it is. Lastly, for the present, we must remark on the reaction which the defeat of the Stockholm proposal is certain to produce in this country. To the natural fatigue after three years of war and the accumulation of grounds of criticism of its conduct will be added the growing conviction that, after all, the Government means to exclude Labour opinion from any share in public policy. The feeling, which we have done our best to counteract, that the Allied Governments are at heart anti-Labour as
much as they are anti-Prussian, will grow in spite of us; and the alienation of Labour from the State will increase.

To those who pretend that a sufficient reason against the Stockholm Conference is to be found in the sectional character of the international Labour movement we commend as a contrast the attitude of the official Governments towards the Pope and the Papal International. The Pope's International, it is clear, is of no less sectional a character than the International of Labour. Moreover, it is pretty well known that despite his affection of impartiality (demonstrated by his refusal to pass even a moral judgment on the belligerents) the present Pope, who owes his election to Austria, is in prejudice pro-German. Yet these notorious facts have not prevented the British Government from re-opening ambassadorial relations with the Vatican; they have not led the Allied Governments to refuse passports to Jesuit delegates to an international Jesuit Conference; and they have not prevented any Government from pronouncing a "benevolent and serious reply" to the Pope's latter manifesto. But if the Papal organisation, even though dominated by pro-German influences, is to be treated by the Allied Governments in this benevolent fashion, what but a contrast does it present with the treatment accorded to the pro-Ally International Labour organisation; and to what other conclusion are we carried than to the conclusion that the Allied Governments would rather risk hindrances from the Black International than help from the Red International? The contrast is so patent that the Labour movement, in failing to see it, is making itself unaware of what they are doing; are they prepared to accept the consequences? From our own point of view it seems impossible that the "great" Labour movement, as it is band of calling itself, should solemnly confess itself incompetent and not to be trusted to discuss with German or other Labour leaders a matter of common international concern. Here are two or three million men, organised as a party under their elected leaders, who are about to announce in all their movement they have not men whom they can trust to meet German Labour representatives face to face in open discussion. A more miserable confession of weakness, of self-distrust, of folly, could hardly be imagined; and the action, if it is taken, will be in the name of greatness! But the insult to the intelligence of the Labour movement will not be the only hurt involved in such a vote if it is cast. Various delegates will, with no doubt, go home as if their dead relations are to be dishonoured by the meeting of their surviving friends with the German enemy that has struck them down. Are they, as Mr. Crinion asked, to shake the hand that slew their sons? It is a powerful appeal; but it is plainly no argument. The purpose of the Stockholm Conference is not to hobnob with the Prussian Government, or in any way whatever to condone the crimes of Germany, or to betray the men who have fallen in the war. It is precisely the contrary of these things. It is to declare a new kind of war upon the Prussian Government, it is to denounce in a new form the crimes of Germany, and it is to attempt to ensure that our sacrifices shall not be made vain by setting up in Germany a constitution in which popular and no longer Prussian opinion shall prevail. If the Congress will keep the mind upon these things, remember its responsibility, and act accordingly, we do not doubt the result. It will meet the Devil himself if by that means a lasting peace can be made.

But when the subterfuge of policy is made, there still remains a residuum of confidence that is undoubtedly sincere, and that is sufficient to give us pause in our popular assumption that a military victory is in the nature of things a foregone conclusion. The hypothesis of the Pope, in other words, is not so silly as it looks. This, however, is not to say that we agree with it. We do not. Moreover, as we have said before, if a military conclusion is impossible, the Allies must make it possible, since upon no other conclusion is democracy safe in the world for a single day after an inconclusive peace. On the other hand, the existence of the conclusion in Germany, and the fact that the Pope himself shares it, makes our own popular optimism excessive, and certainly suggests the need to reinforce our military efforts by diplomatic efforts of another kind. Not to beat about the bush, we say that the Stockholm Conference as a means of propaganda within the very heart of Germany is not to be despised in view of the military situation, the which is not at this moment so easy that any effort to relieve it by a diplomatic diversion must needs be accounted pro-German.

The forty-ninth annual Trade Union Congress that is assembling at Blackpool this week will naturally discuss, among other things, the vote cast by the Labour Party last week; and we are loudly assured, as part of the general Northcliffe propaganda, that infallibly the Trade Union Congress will come to a hostile conclusion on it. It may be so; and we are quite prepared for it. But will the delegates, in that event, be aware of what they are doing; are they prepared to accept the consequences? From our own point of view it seems impossible that the "great" Labour movement, as it is band of calling itself, should solemnly confess itself incompetent and not to be trusted to discuss with German or other Labour leaders a matter of common international concern. Here are two or three million men, organised as a party under their elected leaders, who are about to announce in all their movement they have not men whom they can trust to meet German Labour representatives face to face in open discussion. A more miserable confession of weakness, of self-distrust, of folly, could hardly be imagined; and the action, if it is taken, will be in the name of greatness! But the insult to the intelligence of the Labour movement will not be the only hurt involved in such a vote if it is cast. Various delegates will, with no doubt, go home as if their dead relations are to be dishonoured by the meeting of their surviving friends with the German enemy that has struck them down. Are they, as Mr. Crinion asked, to shake the hand that slew their sons? It is a powerful appeal; but it is plainly no argument. The purpose of the Stockholm Conference is not to hobnob with the Prussian Government, or in any way whatever to condone the crimes of Germany, or to betray the men who have fallen in the war. It is precisely the contrary of these things. It is to declare a new kind of war upon the Prussian Government, it is to denounce in a new form the crimes of Germany, and it is to attempt to ensure that our sacrifices shall not be made vain by setting up in Germany a constitution in which popular and no longer Prussian opinion shall prevail. If the Congress will keep the mind upon these things, remember its responsibility, and act accordingly, we do not doubt the result. It will meet the Devil himself if by that means a lasting peace can be made.
right to be heard and an influence properly to exert, upon the details of the peace-settlement is its right to an opinion no greater than that of the American Order of Foresters, and its influence is most certain to be nil. Mark then how cunningly the Press is diverting the Labour movement from its proper to its improper sphere, and from its strength to its weakness; and mark how kindly many Labour leaders are falling into the trap. If it were the case that the discussion of the problem of Alsace-Lorraine, let us say, by the Trade Union Congress were in the least likely to conduct to the settlement, either now or in the future, of the issues of the war; if its intervention into the midst of the skilled diplomatic discussion of this most difficult and crucial question were meant as an evidence of the claim of Labour to take a responsible share in international diplomacy; if, in short, it meant anything save the diversion of the Labour movement from questions it understands to questions it has no business with, we should welcome it as a symbol if not as a fact of intrinsic importance. Unfortunately, however, we know that it means none of these things; for a movement that denies itself the right or the ability to perform its own function cannot then be attributed with the claims to perform other and more difficult functions. Either, in fact, the Labour movement must discuss Labour matters, or its discussions are of no value. There remains, however, apart from the question of Backism, a matter of the Trade Union Congress even in the domain of foreign affairs and of the present war. It is not, we repeat, the details of the peace-settlement itself, for these must be left to the issue of the war and the direction of the official German Government. The present concern of the Labour movement with these is both premature and impertinent. But on the democratisation of Germany, on, that is to say, the master-condition of all the details of the peace-settlement, the voice of the Congress could speak with the weight of one of the Great Powers of the world. It has only to affirm that, come what may, the Trade Unionists of this country will continue in the war until Germany is democratised to produce the maximum effect within its power. Any other resolution upon a minor issue would weaken this major resolution. Still more certainly, every other resolution without it is doomed to be sterile and forgotten. If there should be among the delegates to the Conference even one who thinks as we do, a resolution to require of Germany the democratisation of her Government will be moved in place of and substitution for all the rest of the diplomatic resolutions on the agenda.

That we are not unaware of the difficulties in the way of a democratic revolution in Germany may be taken as a matter of course. Nevertheless, not only do they appear to us to be deliberately exaggerated by persons who for the most part have no desire to see Germany democratised (and include, we fear, some members of our own War Cabinet); but the difficulties of any alternative policy appear to us to be unduly minimised. To begin with the exaggerations, it is unwise, in our opinion, to consider only the evidences apparent in the German Press of the movement towards democracy in Germany, in view of the certainty that such evidences are the very minimum the Prussian Government can contrive. From other sources, and reading between the lines, we derive ourselves a far greater amount of confidence than can possibly be induced by a simple reading of the German Press. In the next place, it must be remembered that the conversion of a passive people into an active democracy is at all times slow, and is likely to be slower in Germany than elsewhere for particular reasons. After all, the French popular reaction against the militarism of Napoleon took twenty years in coming to a head; but at the end of that period Napoleon had scarcely a friend in France. Finally, we may compare the Prussian one-man State with Oliver Wendell Holmes's, whose parts were so carefully contrived that when they went they all went at once—"all at once and nothing first, like a bubble when it burst." To the very moment of its collapse, we believe, the Prussian State will appear to be strong and solid; for any sign of weakness it would be ill. Under any circumstances, however, the issue of the peace-settlement its right to democracy. No democracy can be safe if Prussia emerges whole from the present war. We may strip Germany territorially, we may bind her with green withes of tariffs, but unless we cut off the hair, Samson will be up and at the world again. The issue is between the democratisation of Germany and the militarisation of the whole world. The world can no longer be half-democratic and half-militarist. One system must go; and it remains for us to say which it shall be. We implore our democratic colleagues to eliminate from their discussions the useless, subordinate and irrelevant issues of the mighty argument, and to concentrate upon this. Either Germany becomes demilitarised, or the world has lost the war.

No more concise statement of the moral heresy of Germany has ever been made than by admission in the claim of Dr. Stresemann, that "it is not tolerable for a Great Power to be dependent upon the goodwill of other Powers." From this simple proposition, to which, we fear, assent would be given by thousands of unthinking persons in this country, all the horrors of the present war flow with a practical logic that is irresistible. As nations enter into commercial relations, the first sketch of a society of nations is necessarily drawn; and all the subsequent details are necessarily dependent upon the primary condition of any society whatever, namely, that its members shall and must be dependent upon the goodwill of the rest. There is no denying this elementary fact of society. A conglomeration of individuals or nations, each of whom finds its intolerable to be dependent upon the goodwill of the rest, is not a society in any sense of the world: it is a fortuitous concourse of maniacal tyrants, a gathering of violent anarchists, a hell of devils. That criminal imbeciles like Dr. Stresemann have impressed Germany with this heresy is the root moral flaw of the present war; for when once this blasphemous assumption has been made, the course is clear for the subjection of the world. Since a nation ex hypothesi must be dependent upon nobody's goodwill, she must be dependent upon her own strength and upon the weakness of her neighbours. But since, again, her own needs are many, and for each she is unwilling to be dependent upon nobody's goodwill, she must conquer of her immediate neighbours to the conquest of the whole world. This devil's progress is implied in the original assumption. Despite goodwill as a means to your satisfaction, be intolerant of dependence upon the good will of others, and there is only one practical conclusion: they must subject you, or you must subject them. Germany's world-ambition, we venture to say, is the aspect of which Dr. Stresemann's sentence is the egg. Until the egg has been smashed, there is no peace for Germany or the world.
Nobody can foresee what will be the outcome of the present chaos in Russia, but we cannot believe that Russia's Allies have done their best to support M. Kerensky, or that more is not still possible. We were and are of the opinion that the recent military operations of the Russian Army were prematurely undertaken; and that they would have been all the more effective for the postponement by a few months. Having, however, been begun in response, we presume, to the suggestions of the Allies, the least the Allies could have done in support of M. Kerensky, who made the advance possible, was to support in prestige and authoritarian force. Far from this, it appears that M. Kerensky has had to pay in popularity in Russia for his support of the Allies without receiving in return compensation for his losses. He has aroused the suspicions of the extreme Left without receiving from the Allies the means of quieting them. The Leninite, in short, has been able to say that M. Kerensky has sold himself to his imperial Allies without securing for the principles of the Revolution adequate advantage either at home or abroad. For this lamentable consequence, however, are not only the official Allies to blame, who might surely have published their aims in time to counter the Leninite propaganda in Russia, but also the Labour and Socialist parties of England and France, who, beyond public messages, have contributed little to the Russian cause. If M. Kerensky had been able to point the Leninite to either a democratic announcement of the Allies or to a great international and democratic act on the part of the Western Socialists, their opposition would have been robbed of its reason, and might then have been overpowered. As it is, it is growing; and along with it is growing likewise the opposition of the capitalist reaction. Great man as he is, we doubt whether M. Kerensky can straddle a widening gulf much longer.

We have every sympathy with oppressed parties who take advantage of the weakness of their oppressors to free themselves; but the rule is by no means absolute. In the case of the Russian Empire it is clear that the weakness of the new Executive Government was a temptation to be resisted by the Sinn Feiners of Finland and the Ukraine. Yet it was one, nevertheless, that wisdom would hardly have fallen into. In the first place, it is within calculation that the Russian Provisional Government, whatever its dispositions towards Finland and the Ukraine, must necessarily oppose the present movement for their independence, upon the double ground that the Provisional Government is a caretaker merely of the rights of the forthcoming Constitutional Assembly and cannot sign away its privileges, and that an independence thus forcibly and unfairly seized augurs ill for the future relations of the respective countries. In the second place, it is equally within calculation that the new Executive Government may be strong enough in no very long time to enforce its right to be consulted and to give its consent. Already, in fact, M. Kerensky has announced to Finland that, if she persists in her premature demand for independence, Russia will fight; and we may be certain that, if Russia cannot fight Finland at this moment, she will fight Finland at the first opportunity. And in all this, visible to every observer, we think Finland ill-advised to continue in her present course. The same reason, we may say, applies to the Sinn Fein movement in Ireland, and has, indeed, been drawn by Mr. Dillon. It is not honest, he says, to tell the people of Ireland that a republic can be won without fighting, or that the fight could conceivably be other than hopeless. Sinn Fein Ireland is counting not only upon the present preoccupation of England, but upon England's inability after the war to enforce her claim to be consulted in a matter that affects herself as much as Ireland. In other words, Sinn Fein is counting upon the defeat of the Allies and the dissolution of the British Empire. We need not say how chimerical, in our judgment, this calculation is; we have merely to point out that it is the assumption upon which the present programme of Sinn Fein rests.

Mr. Barnes, the successor of Mr. Henderson in the War Cabinet, is an honourable man like all the rest of the Labour leaders; but his opinions change somewhat with his place. They are not too dishonest. What they were when he was associated with the Labour movement. In his speech at the Labour Conference on Tuesday he not only hinted that the time might come "in the course of his career" when he would be compelled to disown the Labour party to whom he owes his elevation, but he announced to the meeting that a plenary Labour Conference does not carry the Labour movement in its pocket. Then who does, Mr. Barnes? The assumption hitherto made, and often honourably acted upon, is that the leaders of the Labour movement are bound by the resolutions of the properly accredited Labour executive; in short, that they are under democratic control. And it will be a bad day for Labour when this principle is allowed to be thrown over by leaders concerned with their personal careers. In a later speech, made in farewell to Mr. Holman, the Prime Minister of New South Wales, Mr. Barnes declared that he was not now, and never had been, in agreement with all this talk of 'class consciousness.' He believed rather in "social consciousness." So do we, and so have we always, subject to proper definition of one and the other. But what is Mr. Barnes but the representative of a class, and to what is his career due but to the very class-consciousness he now professes to despise? What, of course, has actually happened is that Mr. Barnes has climbed on the shoulders of the proletariat into the world of capital, from which social vantage point he no longer sees that the proletariat, if not a social class, is at least an economic class.

We confess that we prefer to Mr. Barnes' the speech made upon the same occasion by Mr. Lloyd George, who, at least, has never made the claim to be a leader of Labour. "There is no section of the community," he said, "that has such an interest in the victory of the Allies as the workers of the world; but the work for which the Allies are fighting is at least an economic class. In the programme of Labour which would be attainable if the Allies were beaten in the struggle." We believe it; and in the very first week of the war we said it, and we have repeated it upon many occasions since. The victory of the Allies is indispensable to the continuance of democracy, which, again, is the condition of the fulfilment of the Labour programme. But, in our opinion, a negative inspiration such as this is insufficient for the present period of the war. It was enough to set Labour in ardent motion; but it is not enough to keep Labour enthusiastically in motion. As well as hearing that the programme of Labour is unsatisfactory without the victory of the Allies, Mr. Lloyd George should tell us in what way by the victory of the Allies the emancipation of Labour will be made not only possible but easier, not only potential but certain. For we can very well believe, after the experience of the power of Capital that between an impossibility of emancipation due to the defeat of the Allies and a possibility left as bare as Capital can make it, the choice for Labour is actually small. And what great advantage will it be for Labour to have escaped the military to fall into the servile State, or to have been allowed by Mr. George to assure us (if he can!) that the victory of the Allies is not only the defeat of Labour's militarist enemies but the victory of Labour's friends.
British Foreign Policy.*

The Council for the Study of International Relations has "existed solely to encourage and assist the study of international relations from all points of view," and the books and pamphlets which it publishes or recommends, we are told, are selected with that object only. For those who wish to refresh their memory regarding the main principles of the foreign policy of their country, it is hoped that this little volume will prove a useful summary of events; but one could have hoped, in view of the Council's professed objects, for a much more profound analysis of the causes of the events described. It is unfortunate that the mass of the English people have never, until very recently, troubled themselves about our foreign policy; and they are not likely to derive much benefit from the average superficial newspaper article, which is, in addition, almost always partisan, and, therefore, conveys a distorted conception of the facts. As the details of the main facts are hard enough to come by at the best of times, it is essential that they should be properly brought out and interpreted. But the events dealt with in this little book—necessarily sketched since it extends beyond the century—are sufficient to indicate how a little or a lot of space has been explained in many scores of books and pamphlets on the war; and the people who are sufficiently interested to pay half-a-crown for a book on our foreign policy may safely be presumed to know the elementary matters herein described.

Short though the book is, it can hardly be said that the best use has been made of the space available. It is noxious—for the Conservatives are quietly satisfied with the fact, while the Liberals complain of it—that the foreign policy of the country is "continuous". In the latter half of the nineteenth century, however, especially after the Crimean War; of Fashoda, and so forth. But frankly, these points are equally well treated in cheap school histories; and it seems to us unwise not to appear to think it desirable to differentiate his essay from a schoolboy's composition by examining principles. To take only the data which he himself places before us: why, let us suggest, did England and France, despite their frequent disputes (e.g., Egypt, Madagascar, Savoy, and Nice), show a definite tendency to work in harmony? It will be difficult to discover any reason if, like Canon Masterman, we prefer to consider diplomatic events as a series of unrelated happenings; but if, on the other hand, we seek the main principles of our foreign policy, we shall be able to correlate and to throw light upon incidents which at first sight seem to be inexplicable.

Take a few statements by Canon Masterman. He tells us that Palmerston's nature temperament was impulsive, sometimes to the verge of recklessness, but as the friend of oppressed nationalities he made the influence of Great Britain felt in many directions, and without involving the nation in war was able to give effective support to the smaller nations of Europe in their struggles for independence. His strong belief that the power of England must be used to protect liberal institutions and the rights of peoples sometimes gave a "jingo" character to his policy, and caused distrust and alarm in European diplomatic circles, but it was seldom to merely selfish ends that his efforts were directed.

Again, Canon Masterman emphasizes Palmerston's influence in helping Belgium to secure her independence; the settlement, by negotiations initiated by the succeeding Government, of the boundary dispute with the United States (p. 11); our sympathy with Italy and with other countries and races struggling for freedom in 1848 (p. 12); our resort to arbitration in connection with the Alabama claims (p. 24); our toleration of a decided Russian afront in Afghanistan (1895) in preference to war (p. 34). What do these events mean to Canon Masterman? Simply this: that the close of the century left Great Britain in the position of "splendid isolation" that had "for long been the guiding principle of our foreign policy. And he goes on: 'While seeking to cultivate friendly relations with all the European Powers, we had refused to entangle ourselves with the foreign policy of the other countries or allied herself with them, just as occasion demanded. It was this desire to preserve the balance of power (and therefore peace) that led to the second of our fundamental principles of foreign policy, namely, that of preserving certain smaller nationalities from the encroachments of large Powers. Hence, for instance, our support of Greece against Turkey, and of Belgium against Germany and France. Turkey, being an aggressive and interfering Power, had her sphere of influence gradually curtailed. The tendencies of such autocratic Powers to aggressiveness, and of smaller nations, democratic in type, to peaceful development, led to a third principle, of which both Gladstone and Palmerston were typical exponents, namely, the principle that small races and nations subject to a harsh rule should be sympathized with and aided in so far as was practicable. From this arose Gladstone's bitter hatred of Austria and Turkey. In the latter half of the nineteenth century, however, especially after the Franco-German war, the one aggressive Power in Europe was obviously Germany, in alliance with Austria and, subsequently, with Italy; and it was Germany's aggressiveness which brought France and England together almost automatically. Canon Masterman does not appear to appreciate the force of his own statement (p. 40) regarding Germany's refusal, definite and final, to consider the question of a limitation of armaments at the Hague Conference in 1899, yet for far-seen statesmen no refusal was more gravely significant. The deduction which at least one author of this book should have made is that British foreign policy throughout the nineteenth century has always aimed at the precise opposite of aggression, occasional blunders notwithstanding. Peace, freedom of travel and traffic, liberty of the subject and of each individual nation and race, absence of coercion—these have been our objectives, our tendency, our principles. We are logically following our principles by fighting, as we are now doing, the last autocracy of any importance. How we came to do so is competently told by Mr. Gooch in the second chapter, following the death of Queen Victoria is accurate and readable.


LEIGHTON J. WARNock.
Claim and Counterclaim.

A correspondent writes that my recent article on "Real Value in Reconstruction" was much too sketchy for any practical application. "For thirty years," he says, "Socialists and others have puzzled themselves about what constitutes equitable compensation, and you dismiss the topic in three paragraphs." I agree that we may profitably pursue the subject; indeed, a book on the revaluation of wealth ought to be written.

Amongst the many economic effects of the rejection of the labour commodity theory, two notable and relevant changes emerge. The first is the transmutation of the existing commercial system; the second, the destruction of every financial valuation based on the control of the labour commodity. It follows that, in any settlement with the possessing classes, the principle of compensation must be based on intrinsic or social value, and not, as to-day, on commercial or financial value. Our problem is not to ascertain the capital value of some factory or business by its financial value. Our problem is to estimate its purchase price at, say, twenty years' average profits over a period of years, and then to estimate its purchase price at, say, twenty years' purchase, based on five per cent. interest, but to ascertain the cost of the material in the labour units of the new intrinsically peasantly allowed public policy may dictate. For it is obvious that Guild principles cannot assert to any valuation based on profits, which are, ex hypothesi, eliminated; nor on interest, which, also ex hypothesi, disappears with the commodity theory. If the capitalists claim from the Community or the Guilds compensation in terms of profits or interest, the only possible answer is that they are claiming for something that has ceased to exist. And the fact that it ended with the old system is no priori proof that it possesses no intrinsic value; that it was nothing more than a financial convention based upon the permanent hypothesis of wagery. Intrinsic value survives social and even industrial change. The fancy price paid for diamonds or bric-a-brac is an artificial convention, symptomatic of the existing class system and disappearing with that system; the price paid for food or clothes approximates to intrinsic value, which can be ascertained by squeezing out the commercial—or profit—price, just as financiers, from time to time, squeeze their watered capital. En passant, it is worth remembering that, if it be legitimate to squeeze out superfluous capital, it is at least equally proper (infiniterly more moral) to squeeze the profiteer, whose reputation is now blasted beyond repair.

I.

It is more than an assumption, it is a certainty, that the rejection of the commodity theory, bearing in its train the alternative principle of partnership (whether with capital or the State), must inevitably leave the existing interests bouleverse, for the new class relationships thereby created involve other conceptions of property, and varying and different claims upon economic and social power. All industrial proposals based upon the existing wage-system, those outlined, for example, in the Whitley Report, do not fundamentally change economic relationships, but merely adulate a further accommodation between the possessing classes and Labour. No revolution of any kind is involved. It manifests itself too often or too emphatically that there can be no revolution within the ambit of the present industrial system. It therefore follows that compensation can be easily calculated for such disturbance and displacement of the capitalist order may be justly required to ensure the continuance of the system. That is why all Fabian reform meets with such ready acquiescence from the more enlightened capitalists. But now we transform Labour from purchaser to partnership we fundamentally change the whole social fabric and begin a new economic career motivated by a new conception of life-function.

To unite real value in function and material, it is wise to chart the economic classes as they are to-day. This diagram may help us:—

![Diagram of economic classes]

(a) Depending upon the Possessing Classes are the luxury trades. They do not as a general rule realize enough wages in our economy. Some idea may be gained by one fact. Prior to the war, one West End firm had 26,000 open accounts, not only in the West End, but also amongst the middle classes. Less legitimate, I believe that there are several betting establishments with equally large clientele. Commercial undertakings such as these, which bear with their patrons' prosperity, and, accordingly, have no claim to compensation. Broadly stated, their value is commercial and not social. Economically considered, they are largely but not entirely parasitic.

(b) The small trader comes under this head. He may be properly considered as a distributive manager financed by the bond- or by wholesale houses.

(c) The distinction between time-work and piece-work is arbitrary. Piece-work is based upon the standard wage, which is finally calculated in our terms of time. But the idea prevails that to pay piece-work is in some degree to modify the commodity theory. It is, of course, a delusion. The final test of the commodity theory is whether Labour retains any share or interest in the thing produced. Whether by piece or time, Labour is brought to the exclusion of any such share.

II.

The logic of wage-abolition, involving as it does the elimination of rent and interest, leads inevitably to a new definition of compensation. At present the word connotes a payment in capital values—Government or Municipal securities or what not—for land or machinery legally acquired or voluntarily surrendered. But when rent and interest disappear, it becomes evident that the present meaning of "compensation" sheds off into something more nearly approaching a commercial basis. If, for example, under the present system, we nationalised the railways, the shareholders would expect in return Government Consols nicely calculated to yield them the same income, for ever, as they now receive from the rolling stock and permanent way purchased from the railways.

That is to say, they would claim compensation on a commercial basis. And so far as I know, every State Socialist would give it with both hands. But a blackleg-proof Labour, achieving partnership through its labour exchanges, stands or falls with its patrons' prosperity, and, accordingly, have no claim to compensation. But how can it "go," as a commercial enterprise, unless it can buy the labour commodity at the current
price? Further, it is only to the extent that the business can be dovetailed into the triumphant Guild that it has any real value, to say nothing of commercial value, for which consideration could be claimed.

In this connection, we may profitably remember that the balance-sheets of well-established concerns disclose large reserves and sinking funds, earned by Labour but annexed by capital, expressly allocated to amortize debt charges and to safeguard against capital depreciation. These funds, now in the sum total a stupendous amount, are in equity compensation to shareholders already paid by Labour. No Board of Directors would dream of raising wages without first providing for these special funds. The priority given them is clearly at the expense of Labour. Yet another factor in the balance-sheet must be remembered. Stupendous as are the reserve funds, they are not equal to the amount of profit yielded by Labour in maintaining the labour reserve (the unemployed) during the past century. If we suppose that every balance-sheet of every private and public concern had debited themselves with the maintenance of every unemployed worker engaged by them in normal and prosperous times, in days of depression, during the last hundred years, we can but dimly realise the overwhelming retrospective debt owing by manufacturers and traders in part to the Unions and in part to the Community. It is, of course, an admitted historic fact that it is the Unions, broadly in the case of the skilled worker, and the Community, in the case of the unskilled, who have maintained the labour reserve to the profit and protection of the Industrialists. Whilst any actuarial calculation in this regard is out of the question, there is no reason why it should not be taken into account in the final adjustment of capital’s claim and Labour’s counter-claim.

Whilst Guild principles, in logic and equity, reject all compensation as now understood, and aim only at fair consideration for real value received, it will be found in the long run to be infinitely more considerate than the State Socialist solution. The Fabian proposal is to pay compensation on present commercial principles, and then to recover the amount by imposing an ever-increasing and mercilessly graduated income-tax. Apart from the practical consideration that this income-tax can almost indefinitely be shifted upon the shoulders of Labour, the proposal is damned because it is inherently dishonest. State credit, both moral and financial, is assuredly an asset of a high order; but what shall be said of a Bureaucracy that gives with one hand and grabs with the other? Such cynicism destroys the confidence that every citizen should have in his own Government and people. The true role of the State is to see that the recipient of good consideration for real value shall be protected in his property. Cat-and-mouse finance may be appropriate to Lombard Street; it is out of place in serious affairs. In any event, income-tax, however graduated, disappears when the Guilds undertake, as Guilds, to feed the national exchequer.

III.

Our next task is to apply the principle of consideration, as distinct from legal compensation, to the present possessors of real value. Of the four classes shown in our original chart, the one that stands out is that there is a fundamental difference between rent and interest, on the one hand, and management and the professions, on the other. For whilst rent and interest rely upon the legal possession of dead property for consideration, the other two rely upon the social services and the functions. It might at first be supposed that the owners of dead assets claim and receive far more than do the workers of every grade, whose only asset is their skill and experience. It is evident that Guild principles would rectify such topsy-turvy valuation. At this point, we hit upon a curious reversal of the commodity theory. Capital insists upon regarding itself as a function and labour as a commodity; we discover on analysis that it is capital that is the commodity and labour that is the function. It would not, therefore, be inequitable, according to present moral canons, to put upon capital the precise commodity valuation that capital has hitherto placed upon labour.

The problem that confronts us is not how to assess every claim upon the community arising out of economic change. Such claims must be considered mainly upon real as distinguished from capital value, and partly upon natural justice and public policy. There is some substance in the cry of the widow and orphan for consideration, but I have observed that the appeal has always been for the widows and orphans of the displaced or impoverished property classes. I have not discovered why the same tenderness should not be shown to the widows and orphans of every social grade and class. Social responsibility is precisely the same in regard to all of them. I parenthetically mention these hapless dependents because they are invariably quoted as symbols of unmerited suffering caused by some social upheaval for which they are not responsible. It is evident that they possess no real value for our assessment; it is equally evident that natural justice and social equity necessitate their care and nurture. And I will add that there is no sanction for the assumption that the demand for justice for Labour precludes the sympathetic understanding of hardship wherever it may be found.

The real value inhering in material—buildings, machinery, railways, ships, or what not—is precisely what the Labour monopoly—the Guild—sets upon it as a saving of time and effort in lieu of creating its substitute. What Labour has made, it can make again. Let us suppose a bargain between the owner or owners of a factory and a Guild, that the Guild says to the owner, “We want your factory.” The owner replies that his profits on the factory average £1,000 a year. At 5 per cent. this represents a capital value of £100,000. The Guild replies, “We know nothing of capital value—that went with the wage-system. Your factory is worth exactly what you would lose in time and labour in constructing a similar factory. In terms of money that would be £15,000. But we will not pay you in money. We will make you a yearly allowance over a term of years, or a pension. That is all it is worth to us. Our decision is final; let us know your decision by this day week.” The assessment of land is not so easy, because you cannot create a substitute for land. That is, of course, the fundamental distinction between rent and interest. But inasmuch as land binds solely upon its power of exaction, always rising and falling in obedience to this law, neither sales nor profits being involved, so far as the landlord is concerned, the Guild will not find it difficult to reach a land value in the same ratio to real value as the factory is to capital value. Thus, under capitalism, if the factory owner gets £15,000 on a capital value of £100,000, and assuming the land to be valued at £15,000, the landlord would receive from the Guild the equivalent of about £2,500, payable in the form of a pension. The difference of the net £13,000 and £15,000 in the case of the landlord, represents the capital value of the existing control of the labour commodity, plus whatever credit is built upon it.
this way would enlightened Labour squeeze out artificial value.

IV.

The difference between material and function is that material permanently awaits the application of labour, whilst function must be a continuing process. It is for this reason that bricks and mortar are deemed to be a safe investment, independent of death and many vicissitudes (though not of all war, earthquakes, decay of the community, for example), whilst function depends upon life and health. We reach, in consequence, a striking result, which is surely a deadly criticism of current commercial economy. A doctor is presumably a more valuable member of the community than a money-lender. Yet the money-lender, saving £2,000, invests in a house which yields him an income of £200 and is unaffected by death; the doctor spends £2,000 upon his training and the building up of his practice, then dies suddenly, and his capital is dissipated and irrecoverable by his heirs. The difference marks the social valuation set upon the house and the function of healing. But as we move towards a saner way of life, it grows more evident that function is a more valuable factor than house-owning. Indeed, preventive medicine, one of our most necessary functions, if things are to-day, does not, on the whole, tend to atrophy whatever genius spends itself in improving house-property, without creating its own capital value. After ten years, a doctor, in selling his practice, is lucky to get two years' purchase.

The inference is that function is not susceptible of capital valuation. The professional classes, more or less conscious of this, have formed professional associations, which, whilst nominally aiming at the improvement of their technique, are really combinations to secure and increase their incomes. In a commercial age, we cannot blame them if they succumb to commercial influences. I doubt whether these associations do not, on the whole, tend to atrophy whatever genius may be distributed amongst them. There were great doctors before the Medical Association was heard of, there were great architects, or at least great architecture, in the days of Nineveh, Antioch, Athens and Cordova. The pyramids were erected before civil engineering became a profession, and I am not personally convinced that modern cathedrals compare in beauty or workmanship with Canterbury Cathedral or York Minster. So far as skill and technique are concerned, I suspect there is as much of it in the deep sea of British craftsmanship as can be found on the dry land of the professional associations. Nor do I forget that the vast bulk of professional work, medicine perhaps excepted, is devoted to the interests and amenities of the possessing classes.

When, therefore, we are asked how the professional classes will fare under a Guild administration, we must reply that function grows increasingly valuable, but that in the consideration they will receive will be based upon the intrinsic value of their services and not upon the commercial value they now demand through their commercialised associations. The less these associations concern themselves with class interests and the more they concern themselves with the technique, skill, efficiency and social value of their members, the better will it be for all concerned, when all commercial values go the way of the wage-system.

In this necessarily inadequate survey of the new principle of social consideration in contrast with legal and commercial valuation, it becomes clear, I think, that the rejection of the labour commodity theory adds a new and germinating content to the classical economy.

S. G. H.
to coincide with that of the Saturnalia occurred, we presume, somewhat later.)

What Sir Francis' abuse of the Hun and his allusions to the spiritual home at the end of his essay "De Partu" have to do with that subject on either a biological or theological basis, I am unable to discern.

He is followed by the Baron Fr. von Hugel, who asks, "What Do We Mean by Hell?" One is inclined to refer him to Billy Sunday, who alone, among moderns, appears to hold definite views. However, the "Church Quarterly" has punctuated this query rather curiously; it reads, verbatim:

"What Do We Mean by Heaven? And What Do We Mean by Hell? A synthetic attempt by Baron Fr. von Hugel."

This question may do as well as another. Ten years ago the "Church Quarterly" reduced its price from 6s. to 3s. 6d. per annum, to coincide with that of the "Church Quarterly," i.e., the magazine since 1906.

I deeply regret that our town library does not file the back numbers of this highly interesting publication.

"The Edinburgh" is an English magazine, both of literature and theology. Sir A. Quiller-Couch begins upon Gosse (Edmund, C.B.) (a man of whom no young man will speak unless it be respectfully).

"It is always a pleasure to read a book by a man who knows how books should be written," and Mr. Gosse's eagerly awaited "Life of Swinburne" tells the tale vividly, tactfully, adequately... etc."

Sir Arthur, almost alone among strident voices, shows the true sense of solidarity which has to him been now distinguished his generation.

W. R. Inge is concerned with more civic matters, thus:

"In every modern civilised country population is restricted by deliberate postponement of marriage. In many cases this does no harm whatever; but in many others it gravely diminishes the happiness of young people, and may even cause minor disturbances of health. Moreover, it would not be so widely adopted but for the tolerance on one part of society of the great social evil, the opprobrium of our civilisation. In spite of the failure hitherto of priests, moralists and legislators to root it out, and in spite of the acceptance of it as inevitable by the majority of Continental opinion, I believe that this abomination will not long be tolerated by the conscience of free and progressive nations. It is notorious that the whole body of women deeply resents the wrong and contumely done by it to their sex.

The Dean further states that medical methods against "a certain disease" are not enough. Early marriage is to become the rule in all cases. The results to be tempered by an "Imperial Board of Emigration."

He, however, deplores the "Comstock" legislation in this country. And declares, quite sanely, that it has done "unmixed harm."

In this gargantuan attempt to learn what England and America are thinking one must not fly to conclusions, one must not confuse different shades of opinion. One must also remember that the number of people who implicitly agree both with Dean Inge and with the late Anthony Comstock is infinitely greater than the number of people who read the present periodical, or any or all other periodicals devoted to the affairs of the intellect.

It is extremely difficult for the "ordinarily cultured person" to realise the number of Christians per million of the population.

In October, 1916, the "Edinburgh" took note of Remy de Gourmont; in April, 1916, of Ch. van Lerbcrgh. They also published a long article by Havelock Ellis. The editor of the "Edinburgh" contributes regularly to "The Sunday Times." Among his contributors are found the editor of "Truth," and the editor, or late editor, of "The Dublin Review."

Against this must be recorded the fact that they devoted 17 pages to Maurice Barrès and, in contrast, 8 to De Gourmont. Mr. Thorold ends his article on Barrès as follows:

"Among the influences that will go to form the new and emancipated France, none will be more important than that of Maurice Barrès."

For all Mr. Gosse's name having become more or less of a jest and by-word, we must at this point commend and support Mr. Gosse against Mr. Thorold.

One cannot kit-kat about in the present pages of the "Edinburgh" and its contributors. Quiller-Couch is in the main sane in what he has to say about Swinburne. The "Edinburgh" can print the word "bastardy" without endangering a strike of their printer. (Which is something, in England.)

There is a reasonable divergence of opinion among its contributors. They took note of Carducci in April, 1914, of Stendhal in January of that year.

They are not always wholly tactful and prescient, to wit (January, 1914):

"Few men have achieved a literary success equal to that of Houston Stewart Chamberlain, and Englishmen may well be proud of a fellow-countryman who is recognised in Germany as one of the most brilliant writers and profound thinkers of the day."

But they had heard of Péguy before he was killed. On the other hand they show a tendency to take up with Claudel and that kind of messiness, and his English equivalent (the later Tagore, Katharine Tynan, etc.).

It is to be noted that they have been "stirred" by the war. As early as October, 1914, they were talking about "War and Literature." It was perhaps a little early to be drawing conclusions. But they had been better since the war than immediately before it. In fact I find the earlier numbers rather unreadable. About the middle of 1912 they enlarged their type, the editor boldly put his name on the cover, and articles began to be signed.

They wrote of the "sovereignty of the air" in 1912; of Oliver Wendell Holmes and E. A. Poe in 1910. In 1909 Wells, May Sinclair, Mabel Dearmer and Hitchens ("Garden of Allah") have their novels grouped in an article on "Novels with a Philosophy." Even at that date they seem to have been aware of the French XVIIth Century, and of a book called Mayne's "Ancient Law." My impression— I do not wish to record it as more than an impression—is that their "tone" at that period is to be found in frequent phrases like "no less a figure than" or "a no less interesting figure of Madame de Maupeu's court at its latter period was Madame de Deffand." I feel Madame de Stael forming a "family group" with Mrs. and Mr. Nekker, décor à la daguerreotype. But I do not feel it fair to judge the present "Edinburgh," i.e., the magazine since 1914, by its issues of the preceding decade.

Purely personal reflection: after having surveyed the last ten volumes of the "Edinburgh Review," I have not been a "good boy" or a "suitable curate" as these modes of existence are understood in the British literary episcopacy.

Impersonal or general reflection: Many people who are obviously and undeservedly stupid are, it appears, able to write long articles without making "gaffes"; without in any egregious way displaying any of their particular mental limitations or their stupidity. This is because there are in England, perhaps more than in any other country, a great number of people who, without thinking, without any constructive or dictatorial process of their own, manage to find out what ought to be thought upon any given subject or subjects. And they acquire a suitable and convenient proficiency in the expression of these suitable thoughts."
Readers and Writers.

The announcement made two months ago that the number of pages of The New Age would be 20 instead of 24 during July and August must now, I fear, be repeated with the substitution of the coming for the past months. The situation as regards the cost of paper, printing and distribution has not changed for the better but for the worse; and though we have no intention of reducing the size of the paper any further—come what may—we could do with a favouring breeze somewheres. Whence is it to come? I have lately been examining all the details upon which it might in theory be possible to whistle for the wind; but not a hole is to be found. The Society of Actuaries, I believe, could not discover any negative means of economy; in the conduct of The New Age; and all, therefore, that would be left to them would be to whistle to help up our circulation. However, let me convey no false idea of the actual condition of The New Age. We are going along very nicely, thank you. Our circulation is not less but greater than it was at the outbreak of war; it is higher now than it has been since ever we were at sixpence. No, it is not the circulation that is at fault with our system of economies; but, as in the larger system, it is the middleman. Here, however, I must once more be careful. Secrecy is necessary, and we must communicate in the presence of the enemy by nods and wreathed smiles. My meaning is this: that though I have worn my knees to the bone in prayer for direct postal subscriptions in place of subscriptions through local agents, the response has been disappointing. Only one in seven of our total circulation is a subscriber after my own heart. But this is something calamitous in these days, for it means that whereas every copy of The New Age actually costs us a little over fourpence to produce (you see I am frank with my readers), on each of six-sevenths of our total issue we receive a shadow less than fourpence. In other words, we have to depend for our living upon every seventh reader. Ladies and gentlemen, this is not as it should be! There are wrongs in the world that nobody can set right; here is one that is within mortal power to redress without bloodshed. I shall report again upon the result of this present appeal in a month or two.

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The "Newspaper World" keeps a very subtle strategist in its office, and its reply to a recent interrogation of its publicist in its office, and its reply to a recent interrogation is calamitous in these days, for it means that whereas every copy of The New Age actually costs us a little over fourpence to produce (you see I am frank with my readers), on each of six-sevenths of our total issue we receive a shadow less than fourpence. In other words, we have to depend for our living upon every seventh reader. Ladies and gentlemen, this is not as it should be! There are wrongs in the world that nobody can set right; here is one that is within mortal power to redress without bloodshed. I shall report again upon the result of this present appeal in a month or two.

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Mr. Brenton writes to say that I shall be puzzled to quote anything he has said to justify my remarks that he "likes his prose written in verse." I agree; but it is by no means the only thing that puzzles me in Mr. Brenton's attitude. Among other questions in his latest letter is the following which fairly makes me doubt whether prose and verse in Mr. Brenton's mind have any independent existence. "How comes it," he says, "that you [meaning me], who criticised Stevenson for lapsing into verse in a prose essay, turn round and quote as perfect prose a passage from De Quincey consisting of 28 words, 22 of which (76 per cent.) tuck up their elbows and trot?" Whence to ask, I find myself like Alice, as ignorant as a caterpillar. "How comes it that you [meaning me], who yum yum yum turn round and quote yum yum yum 22 of which trot?" Yes, how comes it, I ask? How dare I? Seventy-eight per cent. of the words trot, trot, trot! In my bewilderment, I have looked again at the passage I quoted from De Quincey. It consists certainly of 28 words; and so far, Mr. Brenton and I are on the same sphere of matter in space. But of a verse-form, of a line of verse, I cannot discover even a foot-print. Where does Mr. Brenton find the two-and-twenty? Is it a puzzle? My present solution of the problem is that on the subject of verse Mr. Brenton and I part company, he to examine the individual feet and I to examine what alone constitutes verse, namely, their regular repetition. Because twenty-two of the words of the twenty-eight employed by De Quincey in prose might be also employed in verse [why not the whole twenty-eight], in fact Mr. Brenton says that De Quincey has twenty-two times lapsed into verse. As if words themselves were divisible between prose and verse, and were not the common raw material of both forms of rhythmic composition! Is it any wonder that I am puzzled?

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I am spared, however, a good deal of labour upon the subject of the art of prose by the reference kindly made for me by another correspondent to the critical works of the French. Oh, these French! As I have sighed before with mingled admiration and green envy. What a race of workmen of culture they are! Upon our ordinary assumptions, the French possess a culture by the accident of race; they write excellent prose by instinct; no criticism, no painful regard for rules, no pedagogues of styre are needed to maintain the art of letters in France, but excellence grows of its own accord in this country. But now listen to the truth. Ten times more works have been written in France upon prose composition alone than in England upon the whole art of literature. The gardeners, in other words, have been hard at work upon literary culture in France throughout several generations, while we have been asleep under our spreading chestnut trees. More than that, such critical works are actually popular in France. The one now before me, "The Art of Prose," by M. Gustave Lanson, was in its 9th edition six years ago, and is not the most popular by a long way. Unfortunately works of this kind are seldom translatable; they are for home consumption almost exclusively. Being therefore purely native, we foreigners have the notion that French prose grows wild. We are wrong.

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The question M. Lanson sets himself to discuss in his opening chapter chances to be the very question I have been recently discussing in these columns. Is there an art of prose; and, if so, in what does it consist? It will be remembered that in my first attempt
to reply to these questions, I disputed with Stevenson, who affirmed that the only rule of prose is that it should not be verse; and I argued that this was a good beginning but a most unsatisfactory and negative conclusion. Mr. Brenton, I think, perfectly agrees with me. Perhaps, indeed, I have in my sleep been already reading his chapter, for he proceeds, just as I did, to deny that prose is merely not verse, and afterwards to stir up some positive definitions. With his positive rules of prose, however, I am not able to deal upon the present occasion; they shall be considered more at length when Mr. Brenton allows me to pass out of the class of verse. One sentence, extracted from M. Lanson, may, however, be here recorded under promise of later explication. The aim of prose is to produce the maximum effects by the minimum means — to reproduce perfectly in the reader the total state of consciousness of the writer. Well, experience ought to have established the difference between the better and the worse means to this end; and these would begin to form the "rules" of prose.

R. H. C.

Russian Poetry in English Verse: with Some Marginal Notes*

The hunger and the sleep revolve in consecution (p. 113).

If thou threat'nest, make it matter (p. 254).

Of consciousness, with tense self-concentration (p. 227).

Not the sleep the grave gives, cold, life-sobbing (p. 207).

And repay for thy pluck (p. 144).

Strike me dead, I seek it plainly (p. 115).

A visit to the pub. to pay (p. 23).

I cannot see how such lines as these help Madame Jarintzov to attain her expressed ambition of making the translations sound Russian. There is a further instance in a poem by Pushkin, where, without much justification in the original, she writes:

Are they burying Barlow Beanie?

Here, again, you surely cannot make a translation sound Russian by introducing an English allusion of this kind. Finally, there is this curious passage:

And, at the hour when young men razzle . . . (p. 112).

I have purposely left this quotation till the last, because here, in a note, Madame Jarintzov explains that the word "razzle," which to her sounds odd and vulgar, was insisted upon by one of the friends whom she consulted in the matter. This leads me to suppose that other such weak lines might be traced to the same source, especially as her translation from Lermontov's "Demon," which is entirely her own, maintains a high level throughout.


guage to shape a new style and fix a new prosody for the purpose. (This has, in fact, been claimed for Stefan George in Germany.) But with the general proposition I disagree. If a competent English translator follows the admirable principle laid down by Madame Jarintzov that "we . . . should never even set to work over a translation of a Russian poem into English if the main flow of it has not burst forth from our mind straight away in the exact lift and swing of the original," then he will intuitively make the spirit of that original (or anyhow, a good measure of it) an organic feature of his version. This he will achieve, not by doing violence to his language, not by harsh and incorrect rhymes, but by subtle gradations of style and harmony. And it seems to me that Madame Jarintzov's translations are most successful precisely where they are most free from oddness of expression. Here, for instance, is a passage from Pushkin's "Ode to Liberty":—

Tremble, ye tyrants of the earth!

Fate's random misions, heed and cover!

Awake, ye bongs of man, O reader!

Rise up, I say, and show your worth!

Arrayed on every hand I mark

Dense superstition, fatal craving

For fame, and genius for enslaving,

And unjust power, thunder dark.

It is the law that doth instil

You rulers in your thinly stations:

You stand aloof above the nations,

But Law stands high above you all (p. 160).

Or here, again, is Tютчев's well-known epigram:

Nature's a Sphinx. And so to ruin man

She by her art is all the more empowered,

Since, it may be, she's with no rider.

And never has been since the world began (p. 222).

In these two examples, Madame Jarintzov's accent is not appreciably foreign, and it would scarcely be an exaggeration to claim that they are patterns of what a translation ought to be. But where she is rather aggressively carrying out her theory of translation, the effect is often far from what she is attempting to do. Here, taken at random, are a few lines which, in my opinion, are distinct flaws in the poems where they occur:—

The hunger and the sleep revolve in consecution (p. 113).

If thou threat'nest, make it matter (p. 254).

Where didst thou come by the cereal? (p. 46).

Of consciousness, with tense self-concentration (p. 227).

Not the sleep the grave gives, cold, life-sobbing (p. 207).

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In her introduction, Madame Jarintzov discusses in a characteristically stimulating manner certain vital problems of verse-translation. In particular, she dwells upon the question of the reproduction of rhyme. She complains of "the triumful of English rhymes," and "the small squirrel's wheel of English rhymes," and by an elaborate and interesting series of examples she shows what a contrast Russian is in this respect. Now here (as elsewhere) I think she hardly does full justice to English. The truth is rather, that although English has a tolerable store of rhymes (of masculine ones, at any rate), the opulent profusion of Russian makes it seem, by comparison, rather niggardly. I admit that a serious difficulty arises when feminine rhymes are needed, for here English often does leave the translator in the lurch. Madame Jarintzov, who insists that "a complete faithfulness to every metre should be the absolute condition of every translation in verse," sometimes has to help herself out with feminine rhymes in very curious ways. Thus we get "isn't" rhyming with "glistened" (p. 118); "crayfish" with "dwarsfish" (p. 121); on the same page, "sister" with "sister her" (this inevitably recall's the late Fred Emney); "windows" with "cinders" (p. 51).

My own opinion about reproducing feminine rhymes in translation is this: Where the extra syllable represents a considerable portion of the whole line, the translator should make every endeavour to reproduce them. In a longer line, the omission of the extra syllable does not affect the general rhythm to anything like the same extent. (This is true, at least, of iambic metres.) I have noticed, too, that Slavonic poets, in translating from English, often reverse the process, and supply a line with an extra syllable at the end.

Rhyme is not the only problem arising from the translation of verse. Madame Jarintzov remarks, for instance, that "most Russian phrases take more room than the equivalent English ones do, and there remain gaps which have got to be filled in." What is to be done? Such questions as this cannot be "settled" by a perusal of examples, and so for the present I must be content with a more statement of the case.

I have reserved to the last the following doubtful points, to which (at the risk of appearing over-faithful) I draw the attention of those concerned:

(1) I did not know before that such arrangements as "cap-cut and dog," "rook," were regarded as correct rhymes in English (p. xxxii).

(2) It is not right to say that Jukovski "bought out from prison the Ukrayna poet Schevchenko." What he did was to free him from serfdom which, though irksome, was not a complete ban on his personal freedom. (Schevchenko himself explains the circumstances in an autobiographical sketch, published by The New Age on April 13, 1916. A more detailed account is given in his novel, "The Artist.")

(3) Madame Jarintzov refers more than once (with some disagreement) to the critic "Wallischewski." Now this gentleman is a Pole, and as the Polish language has its own system of orthography, he finds it convenient to write his name "Walliszewski," according to the principles of that orthography.

Of course, these matters, together with a few misprints I have noted here and there, do not affect the value of Madame Jarintzov's book, whose qualities what the reader may think of Madame Jarintzov's "Demon," for as she herself very wisely remarks: "... the knowledge of the exact meaning of each separate word does not give a foreign translator, who knows no Russian, the feeling of the original musical lift."
above that which thou dost commonly take to be thyself.'

Life as a Value.—Those who say that the belief in Life as a value is not a belief which will arouse the heroic passions and make men die for it, use a form of reasoning, at any rate, which is erroneous. They first confuse the ideal of more complete existence with the more complete existence of an individual, and then demonstrate that this individual will not lay down his life for the sake of his more complete existence! But Life as an ideal is just as impersonal as any other ideal, whether it be Justice or Perfection or Reconciliation. True, it has not yet become static, but on that account its attraction is only the stronger; it arouses our very love. And men will die for what they love: they will die for Life.

Hegel's Theory of Tragedy.—Hegel's theory of Tragedy is noble and profound. Not in the misdirection of wills does he find the source of the tragic, but in the core of the will itself, in the inexorable expression and collision of wills. This conception raises Tragedy from a mere consequence and punishment of sin to an expression of Life itself, to the most profound and essential expression of Life. And this is just and worthy of Tragedy. For the character of Tragedy is not negative and condemnatory, but deeply affirmative and joyous. How shallow then must be the theories which would deny Tragedy to the good, to those whose wills are highly directed! Tragedy is not an accident. And not even a modern can make it an accident. The more noble man becomes the more tragic he will also become.

Tragic Philosophy.—The belief, against which Nietzsche exclaimed, that Reason brings Happiness has become to the modern man second nature, so that now the notion of Reason and Happiness are indivisibly connected in his mind. Any argument for a tragic view of Life must therefore appear, first of all, unreasonable; for Happiness as an end is the only reason that will be acknowledged. It remains for us to show that Happiness is itself unreasonable, an impossibility, a chimera. There is no Happiness as an end. Reason does not bring Happiness, nor does virtue, nor does asceticism, nor does comfort. Happiness is an accident. And not even a modern can make accidents happen.

To this modern world with its belief in Happiness, Nietzsche was bound to appear unreasonable, for he brought with him not only a tragic conception of Life, but a tragic philosophy. A tragic philosophy—the marriage of Knowledge and Tragedy: nothing could have seemed more irrational to modern Europe than the individual renounces Happiness does Happiness become his. These are the statements of a Hedonism once removed. The arguments for the tragic view should be founded on considerations altogether irrelevant to Happiness. It should not care enough about Happiness even to disdain it.

Morality and Happiness.—Philosophers have from the beginning acknowledged that Happiness is not won by seeking for it, but by striving for other things. This, however, has not prevented them from proclaiming Happiness the end and as the deliberate object of ethics. Contradiction upon contradiction! If the individual cannot by taking thought capture Happiness, is it conceivable that a community can, or the human race, in toto? To throw a net round this mirage compounded of desire and fancy—surely Reason was itself the most unreasonable thing to attempt that. And, after all, does Man desire Happiness? Tragedy denies it.

The House Hunters; or, Multum in Parvo.

By William Margrie.

A popular Italian restaurant in Oxford Street. John Clifton and Kate Mansfield come in and sit at one of the little tables. The couple are well matched, intelligent, lively, outspoken, and just one or two stages above the working class. A waiter comes up and John orders a pot of tea and bread and butter for two. This is promptly brought.

John: And now, my dear Kate, practically everything is settled, except the house. If all goes well, by this time next month you will be sharing my name.

Kate: Everything is settled except the house and the furniture.

John: Ah, that'll be settled to-night. My Uncle Joe is going to meet us here, and then we shall go to Tottenham Court Road and fix on the chairs and tables; the curtains and the carpets, etc., etc.

Kate: And my Aunt Jane is coming, too. She'll be here at six.

John: Ah, the same time as Uncle Joe. It wants a quarter now. Let's see, has your Aunt ever met my Uncle?

Kate: Oh, yes, on more than one occasion, I fancy.

John: Ah! that's fortunate: it'll save a lot of tiresome introduction. And both our respective relatives are unmarried. That's a good job for us. I'm my Uncle's favourite nephew, and you're your Aunt's favourite niece. Good again. We begin well. Let's drink to our own health. (He sips his tea.)

Kate: But I'm not so sure that all's so rosy as you make out.

John: Why, what's the matter?

Kate: Well, isn't it a bit topsy-turvy to buy your furniture before you've got a house to put it in?

John: Oh, not at all in our case. Uncle Joe's a house agent, and he's got plenty of empty houses, shops and warehouses where we can stow our sticks pro tem.

Kate: But what about the house itself?

John: Oh, don't worry about that. My Uncle's got half a dozen empty houses in Dulwich, Norwood and Streatham, and I can have any one I like. Have it as a gift, you know. So that's all right.

Kate: But it's not all right. I haven't said much about it before, but my Aunt wants to give me a present of a house. If I don't accept it, she'll leave me nothing.

John: Then accept it by all means. We'll accept both. We'll let yours and live in mine.

Kate: Oh you foolish boy, don't you see that's where the trouble comes in. Aunt will insist that we shall live in the house that she gives us.

John: Ah, that's a bit awkward. These middle-aged property owners are so jolly obstinate. Where does your Aunt's property lie?

Kate: Oh, in Hampstead, Highgate, Crouch Hill, and other parts of North London.

John: And my Uncle's is all in the south. I can't afford to offend Uncle.

Kate: And I can't afford to offend Aunt.

John: Are you quite certain you'll offend her if you refuse to live where she wants you to?

Kate: Absolutely. She might possibly forgive us for not living in one of her houses, but she'd never forgive us for settling down in South London.

John: Why?

Kate: Oh, she says the soil is clayey and damp, and the climate is relaxing.
KATE: That be blewed for a tale! Ha! ha! ha! anybody would suppose that South London was a hundred miles away from North London. Why, how far do you think Dulwich is from Hampstead? About five miles!

KATE: But there is a difference.

JOHN: Yes, but the difference between Tweedledum and Tweedledee. And if there is any difference at all the advantages are with the south.

KATE: Oh, I don't admit that.

JOHN (getting enthusiastically about South London): But, my dear girl, I know what I'm talking about. The southern suburbs are far more desirable than the northern.

KATE: Not a bit of it. And you just said there was no difference.

JOHN: I hadn't thought about the matter till you challenged me. But the southern suburbs are far more countrified than the northern. They're older, more substantial, and not so jerry-built. They have better histories; more famous names are associated with them.

KATE: What about Hampstead?

JOHN: What about Dulwich? Where will you find a dauntier, more old-world, more delightful spot than Dulwich Village, with its art gallery, its old toll-gate, its park, and its fine old houses?

KATE: And where will you find a more interesting, more romantic and more healthy district than Hampstead, with its picturesque streets, its glorious heath, and its famous public-houses?

JOHN: Pooh! you're prejudiced yourself. You want to live in the north because I prefer the south.

KATE: Oh, rats! I don't care where I live, but I do care about being remembered in Aunt's will.

JOHN: I'm afraid you put your Aunt before ourselves regularly every day.

KATE: Undoubtedly.

JOHN: Then be reasonable. We can't afford to offend a wealthy Aunt.

KATE: Nor a wealthy Uncle. But look here, my bonny Kate, suppose we refuse to live in either Aunt's or Uncle's property?

JOHN: Well?

KATE: Well, then, neither can be offended. Let's look for a small house somewhere in the south-west—Putney, Barnes, Wimbeldon, Richmond.

JOHN: I'll never live on the Surrey side.

KATE: Why not?

JOHN: Because I won't.

KATE: Then I refuse to live on the Middlesex side.

JOHN: Then we'd better break off our engagement.

KATE: That wouldn't break my heart.

JOHN: I was a fool to have anything to do with you. I should have been at least a hundred pounds better off if I hadn't seen you.

KATE: And no doubt by this time I should have been married to a man with three times your income.

JOHN: And if I hadn't seen you, I should have been making three times my present income, because I should have stuck to my profession closer.

KATE: More fool you for going out with a girl you don't like.

JOHN: Who said I didn't like you? Kate: Yes, but the difference between Tweedledum and Tweedledee is that one is a chum I suppose. But I didn't promise to pay for two blow-outs.

KATE: Oh, I'll pay for the other if you like, dear. (They laugh.)

JOHN: I suppose that means a truce. But mind, I'm not going to live in Middlesex.

KATE: Why not?

JOHN: Because it doesn't suit me.

KATE: And no doubt by this time you'd have stuck to your profession closer.

JOHN: Precisely; and the house is far more important to the woman than the man, because she spends much more time in it.

JOHN: Hullo, here comes my young brother. I've just remembered that I promised to treat him to a good blow-out, because he won a scholarship.

KATE: (more cheerfully): But there are two of them.

JOHN: Oh, the other's a chum I suppose. But I didn't promise to pay for two blow-outs.

KATE: Oh, I'll pay for the other if you like, dear. (They laugh.)

JOHN: I suppose that means a truce. But mind, I'm not going to live in Middlesex.

JOHN: Enter John's young brother Will and his friend. They are drest picturequely as super-scouts. They are about sixteen.

WILL: Good evening, John. My chum, Teddy Millburn.

John: Good evening, Ted.

TED: Good evening, sir.

JOHN: You've heard of this young lady, Will.

WILL: Oh, yes, I've heard of her. How are you, miss?

KATE: Very well, thanks, Will.

TED: They all shake hands.

WILL: I brought a chum with me so that I could have somebody to talk to. You can eat more, you know, if you have somebody to jaw to. (Laughter.)

(A Waiter comes up.)

JOHN: Tea, bread-and-butter, and French pastries for two, please.

WAITER: Yes, sir.

TED: Thank you.

JOHN: And you're still a scout, Will?

WILL: Oh, no, not exactly Kate. We're Super-Scouts. That's a new organisation for old scouts, you know.

KATE: I see. Do you have any new duties or obligations?

WILL: Well, we're supposed to set the pace in everything. Patriotism, athletics, education, exploration, and even in jokes.

JOHN: Ah, I'm glad you don't forget humour.

TED: You're right, sir. There was a danger of our becoming super-prigs. So Will and I suggested that one of our duties should be to laugh at ourselves regularly every day.

JOHN: Good! Now I've got a bit of bad news for you, Will.

WILL: What's that? Lost your job?

JOHN: No, my sweetheart.

WILL (suspending his cup in mid-air): What?

JOHN: Oh, it's no good hushing it up. Kate and I have had a row about where we shall live. Kate wants to live in North London and I in the south.

WILL: Oh, is that all? Well, if I were you, I'd toss up for it.

JOHN: Yes, but it doesn't entirely rest with us. You see, Uncle Joe wants us to live in Dulwich, and Kate's aunt wants us to live in Hampstead.

WILL: Oh well, we'll see what we can do for you. Another cup, Teddy?

TED: Please.

WILL: These Italian Johnnies know how to make tea.
TED: Yes, even though tea is more an English drink than an Italian one.
WILL: Do you know the real secret of making a good cup of tea, Kate?
KATE: No.
WILL: Why, putting enough tea in the pot. (Laughter.)
Enter UNCLE JOE and AUNT JANE. Uncle is a man of fifty. He is a fairly typical successful business man, plus the possession of a large amount of potential imagination, which so far has never had a chance of expressing itself. AUNT JANE is a fairly genial old soul of about the same age as her companion.
UNCLE: Ah, here we are.
WILL: Good evening, Uncle.
UNCLE: Good evening, Will. Good evening, everybody.
They shake hands all round. The old couple sit down opposite JOHN and KATE at the same table. The young people are silent.
UNCLE: Two plain teas for two plain people, please.
WAITER: Yes, sir.
UNCLE: Uncle Jane and I came up together in the Tube.
JOHN: Good!
UNCLE: Well, I'm not sure that it is good. We nearly had a fight in the train.
WILL: Oh, I wish I'd been there, Uncle.
UNCLE: Yes, you might have acted as referee.
WILL: What was the row about, Uncle?
UNCLE: Houses.
JOHN: Ha, ha, that's rum. Kate and I have been quarrelling about the same subject.
AUNT JANE: Oh, we haven't been quarrelling, exactly. Our quarrelling is merely expressing a slight difference of opinion about the advantages of living in North London or South London.
WILL: What's it matter where you live, so long as you're happy?
UNCLE: Yes, but, my boy, the district helps to make or mar your happiness.
WILL: There may be something in that. I think I'd sooner live at Harrow than at Eton, because Waterton's higher than Eton.
TED: But what about the river, Will?
WILL: Ah yes, I forgot that. That makes the two places even.
UNCLE: Well, John and Kate, I have a charming little villa in Burbage Road, Dulwich Village. It contains seven rooms, a bath-room, and a nice long garden. It's a very contrived district, it's two minutes' walk from Herne Hill Station, and several motor services pass the end of the turning. I'm willing to hand this over to you, lock, stock and barrel, if you agree to live in it.
WILL: Bravo, Uncle.
AUNT: Before you decide, let me have my say. I have a delightful villa at Hornsey. It contains eight rooms, a bath-room, accommodation for a motor, and a fine garden big enough to grow all your vegetables. The air at Hornsey is second to none. It's quite as good as being fifty miles from London, while at the same time you have all the advantages of town life.
WILL: Well, I'm blest! Here's a go. What would you do, Teddy?
TED: Accept 'em both, and live in each six months a year.
UNCLE: Well John, if you refuse my offer we must part for ever.
AUNT: And if you refuse my offer, you're no niece of mine, Kate.
KATE: Oh, but Aunt, this is most unfair.
AUNT: Not at all. My offer is better in every way than John's Uncle's. My house contains eight rooms, a place for a motor, and a garden big enough to grow all your vegetables.
JOHN: Yes, but you see, Aunt Jane, I want to live in the South.
UNCLE: Bravo, John.
KATE: And I want to live in the North.
WILL: Ha, ha! Why act two up for it? But I say, Uncle, what about me? Suppose I want to get spliced, will you make the same offer to me?
UNCLE: Oh, but you're only a school boy.
WILL: Perhaps so, but it's time to be looking about. Teddy has three stunning sisters. If I told 'em I'd got a rich uncle who had a row with my brother, I daresay I could have any of 'em.
TED: I'd get you an introduction, Will.
WILL: Thanks.
JOHN: Well, look here, Uncle, if we look for a house somewhere in the West—Hammermith, Chiswick, Ealing, Acton—will that suit you?
UNCLE: I've got no houses in those places. No, it must be the Burbage Road house or none at all.
KATE: But after all, it doesn't matter, John. We've already broken our engagement. We're nothing to one another now.
WILL: Oh that be blowed for a tale. I don't believe it.
JOHN: I'm afraid there's something in it, Will. It comes to this: I've got to choose between Uncle and Kate. I'm fond of my profession: I want to do things in it: I've got ideas, but I want capital. I've got none of my own. Uncle's got plenty. So I'm afraid I must stand by Uncle.
WILL: Shame! Never mind, Kate, I'll marry you myself. It's quite legal now for a man to marry his deceased wife's sister. (Laughter.) But wait a bit. I know a trick worth two o' that. I didn't take a mathematical prize for nothing. Let Uncle marry Aunt Jane, and that'll settle the whole problem. (Laughter.) Then the Dulwich house will belong to Aunt Jane and the Hornsey house will belong to Uncle Joe, all the money will be left in the family, Jack'll be able to work out his ideas, and everybody'll be happy.
JOHN: But there's still a fly in the ointment, Will.
WILL: What's that?
JOHN: Your solution doesn't settle whether Dulwich or Hornsey is the better place to live in.
WILL: Oh hang Dulwich and Hornsey! You want a place and a house made for you. But I've done my best for you. I now wash my hands of you.
UNCLE: And I'm afraid there's another fly in the ointment, Will. That Aunt Jane mightn't agree to your solution. But anyhow, I'm going to stretch my legs and walk across to Hyde Park, and listen to the orators at the Marble Arch.
WILL: But, Uncle, Teddy and I haven't half finished our tea.
UNCLE: All right, my boy, you needn't hurry. I'll be back in ten minutes. Are you coming, Aunt Jane?
AUNT: Yes, I think I will, but not to please you. (Laughter. The old couple get up and walk out.)
WILL: Ha, ha! It looks as if they are going to take my advice after all.
JOHN: Nonsense!
WILL: Don't you be too cocksure it's nonsense, John. I guess they saw there was something in it when I mentioned the advisability of keeping the money in the firm. That sort of thing appeals to business people.
JOHN: Well, anyway, I think I shall follow their example, and have a stroll. Will you come, Kate?
KATE: Yes, I'll come; but mind, I won't be talked over.
JOHN: All right, my dear, we won't talk about houses at all. We'll have a look at Selfridge's. Come on, then. We'll be back again by the time you've finished your tea, Will.
WILL: All right, don't hurry. (John and Kate leave.)
Ted: What do you think about it?
WILL: I hardly know what to think. I thought at first they were kidding us. But I'm afraid there's something in it. But they must be a couple of loons if they break off their engagement over the question of living in one part of London or another.

(Enter James Melrose and Ethel Holmes. They sit down at the table recently occupied by John and Kate. They order tea. James is a smart, alert, generally intelligent writer on a local paper. His fiancée is an average young lady clerk.)

WILL: Hullo, Jimmy! Never expected to see you here.
JAMES: Why, is that you, Will? This is Will Clifton, Ethel. Miss Ethel Holmes, Will.
WILL: Good evening, Miss. This is Teddy Milburn, my special school chum. (They shake hands.)

You've just missed the others.
JAMES: What others?
WILL: Why, my brother Jack and Uncle Joe and Kate Mansfield.

JAMES: Oh, that's a beastly nuisance. We wanted to see Uncle Joe.
WILL: Oh, that's all right; they're coming back shortly.

JAMES: Certain?
WILL: Sure. They've been having a row, and so they thought they'd go out and cool their tempers.

JAMES: What was the row about?
WILL: Houses.
ETHEL: Just as I told you, James.
WILL: You see, it's like this. Uncle Joe has got a house he wants 'em to live in, and Aunt Jane has got a house she wants 'em to live in.
ETHEL: You see, I was right, James.
WILL: They've been and broken off their engagement.
JAMES: That's good.
WILL: I reckon it's rotten.
TED: Oh, they'll make it up again all right.
WILL: I think they will, especially if the old people make a match of it. But why did you say it was a good thing, Jimmy?
JAMES: Why, because it would give us a chance. Uncle Joe and myself decided to drop our engagement.

WILL: That's a fact.
JAMES: Your father and Uncle Joe were brothers, and my mother was their sister. But I suppose that as I'm only related to him through a woman he doesn't think I'm so valuable.
WILL: Oh, but I don't see that at all. It's beastly unfair.
ETHEL: That's what we think, Will.
WILL: Oh, we'll stick up for you.

JAMES: And that's what we are here for—to stick up for ourselves. You see, Ethel works in the same office as Kate Mansfield, and that's how we came to hear that your brother and Uncle Joe and the two others were going on a furniture-hunting expedition to-night.

WILL: I see. But I fancy that's knocked on the head. What's the good of buying furniture if you've got no house to put it in?
ETHEL: Oh, well, we'd better buy it instead, James.
WILL: Are you going to get tied up soon, Jimmy?
JAMES: It depends on circumstances. If Uncle Joe cared to give me a house, we'd put up the banns tomorrow, wouldn't we, Ethel?
ETHEL: I shouldn't mind.
WILL: And you wouldn't mind whether you lived in Dulwich or Hornsey?
JAMES: Not a bit.
WILL: Well, this is a rum go. One couple is offered a decent house and won't accept the offer; the other couple would jump at the offer, but don't get the chance.

ETHEL: It's the way of the world, Will.

(The old couple return. A second after the young couple follow.)

WILL: Hullo, here they come.

(Enter James Melrose and Ethel Holmes. They sit down at the table recently occupied by John and Kate. They order tea.

JAMES: And that's what you? You are a stranger.
JAMES: Yes, it's me right enough, Uncle, but it's not my fault if I'm a stranger. You've always been out when I've called.

UNCLE: Then, why didn't you write?
JAMES: I wrote you three letters, Uncle, but you ignored all the lot. If it had only been one I might have supposed it had gone astray in the post, but that couldn't have happened to three.

UNCLE: Well, no, I suppose not. But I'm a busy man. Still—well—it's no good making excuses. I ought to have answered your letters. And the young lady is—

JAMES: Miss Ethel Holmes.

UNCLE: Ah, yes, the future Mrs. James Melrose?
JAMES: Circumstances permitting.

UNCLE: You're not the editor of the "Times" yet, then?

JAMES: Not quite. I'm a reporter on the "South-Western Lynx."

WILL: (on the warpath): What he wants, uncle, is a certain? circumstances permitting.

JAMES: Miss Ethel Holmes. 

UNCLE: Not quite. I'm a reporter on the "South-Western Lynx."

WILL: (on the warpath): What he wants, uncle, is where you're next door to dying of love.

JAMES: Miss Ethel Holmes.

UNCLE: Ah, yes, the future Mrs. James Melrose? James: Circumstances permitting.

UNCLE: You're not the editor of the "Times" yet, then?

JAMES: Not quite. I'm a reporter on the "South-Western Lynx."

WILL: (on the warpath): What he wants, uncle, is a nice little house to live in rent free, and then he could back his fancy at once. And I think it's a beastly shame that you don't treat Jim the same as you treat John. He's just as much your blood-relation.

UNCLE: Why, so he is, so he is. I hardly recognised that before. But I assure you, Jimmy, it has only been circumstances that have thrown me more in the way of John than yourself. But I assure you it shall be different in the future.

JAMES: Thanks, Uncle.

JOHN: Oh, there's no need to trouble about me at all now, Uncle. Jimmy can have my share as well as his own.

JAMES: Oh, I don't want that at all, John; I only want fair play.

JOHN: That's all right, Jimmy. But the fact is Kate and I have burnt the writings. I shall live and die a bachelor; while I can see by your eyes that you're next door to dying of love.

JAMES: I assure you I never felt better in my life, John.

AUNT: But, my dear John, surely you're not serious.

You are not going to break off an engagement of five years' standing?

JOHN: Well, but it's partly your fault, Aunt Jane.

AUNT: Oh, but Uncle Joe and myself are in a much more reasonable frame of mind than we were a quarter of an hour ago.

UNCLE: That's a fact, John. It's due to our walk in the Park. We saw about a dozen orators at preaching different creeds and all abusing one another. And the same idea occurred to both of us: "Thousands of Londoners visit this spot nightly, all hoping to get something new and true, but they get neither."

One practical result was that Aunt Jane and myself decided to drop our prejudices about the house question. There were quite enough people quarrelling without us.

WILL: Bravo, Uncle Joe.

TED: Bravo, Aunt Jane.

WILL: Now it's up to you, John and Kate, to drop your prejudices.

KATE: It's quite evident now that John thinks more about his business than he does about me.
JOHN: Hang it all, Kate, I'll marry you to-morrow if you'll agree to live on the Surrey side.

KATE: I refuse to live on the Surrey side.

JAMES: Good heavens! what does it matter whether you live in Surrey or Middlesex?

ETHEL: Now be reasonable, Kate.

KATE: Give that advice to John. Let him be reasonable.

JAMES: Well, that's reasonable, anyway. Why is it you insist on living in South London, John?

JOHN: Well, frankly, I insist on it now because, if I were to give way now, Kate would always be master.

JAMES: Ah, now we know where we stand. It's merely a question of pride.

UNCLE: Is that your reason, too, Kate?

AUNT: Partly. I'm ashamed of both of you. It's no good continuing the discussion. You can't reason with obstinate pride.

WILL: But wait a bit, Aunt Jane. I have an idea. Why not all get married at once and then go for a long honeymoon in a caravan? Then you could live where you liked.

JAMES: Hooray! Bravo, Will. That's solved the problem. Are you prepared for a honeymoon on wheels, Ethel?

ETHEL: Yes, rather. It would be a novelty.

WILL: Oh, I'm quite serious. I'm not thinking of an ordinary caravan drawn by horses. But I saw a picture the other day of a splendid, slap-up twentieth century motor caravan - a sort of hotel on wheels.

JOHN: By Jove, there's money in that idea. And there's nothing impossible about it either. It's on the lines of modern transit evolution.

WILL: Do you think you could build one if I found the money?

JOHN: I'll guarantee to turn out a first-rate motor house on wheels, containing six rooms, in three months.

UNCLE: Done!

THE BOYS: Hooray!

JAMES: And I'll boom it in the Press.

WILL: And I'll boom it everywhere.

JAMES: But why stick at one? Why not turn ourselves into a limited company for building motor caravans? Depend upon it, there's money in it.

UNCLE: I believe there is. Well, I'm prepared to put down twenty thousand.

JAMES: You can have all my available capital, John, which isn't much.

WILL: I've got half-a-crown and a second-hand watch. (Most of the other customers now are interested in the idea.)

UNCLE: Will you go in with us, Aunt Jane?

AUNT: I'll speculate twenty thousand, providing Kate drops her sulks.

KATE: I'll agree to live in a caravan for six weeks. (Cheers.)

WILL: Here, Waiter, bring us tea and pastries for eight. (He does so.) The great housing question solved at last!

JOHN: Well, do you all mean business?

UNCLE: I do.

WILL: And so do I.

JAMES: Then we will form a company.

JAMES: I'll be your Press agent, John.

UNCLE: Yes, but don't forget the initial idea. We want one motor caravan turned out within three months for our own use.

JOHN: The goods shall be delivered.

WILL: Teddy, my boy, our summer holidays will be just beginning by then.

TED: Hooray!
Sir,—In your issue of July 12 Mr. R. H. Congreve, in his article "Labour in Chains," falls into an historical error very remarkable in him. He speaks of Dr. Henry Drummond, the author of The Religion of our Time, regular sat beside him on the platform, and did his best to help his propaganda. The great poets, Tennyson and Browning, were far more religious than the Elizabethan dramatists. It was not until the middle of the eighteen-eighties, and there is nothing I remember better than the movement commenced at that time by Henry Drummond to evangelise the students of Edinburgh University. I attended many of his meetings, which were absolutely nothing but orgies of terror about hell. It quickly became evident that the fear of hell was most intense and widespread among the Edinburgh students, and among a number of the professors. I have sat beside the best football-players in Scotland and seen them quivering all over and breaking into perspiration from fear of hell. The most fanatical irrationalistic bigotry prevailed at these meetings. One man sent in a most reasonable question in writing, to which Drummond replied, "The man’s an animal, and doesn’t know what he is talking about." Drummond also said that no man who was a Christian would ever want to go to a theatre. However, he was not treated with contempt, except, perhaps, by the classical professors. The Principal of the University and a number of the professors, regularly sat beside him on the platform, and did their best to help his propaganda. At that time the vast majority of famous men of every kind were more or less religious. Among eminent men of science, Lord Kelvin, Taft, Sir Gabriel Stokes, and many lesser men were on all occasions preaching their religion and ethics that Praise-God Barebones believed. He thought that music was wicked, just as Mahomet did; and he was as much shocked by poetry as Stephen Gossen.

I readily admit that in certain strata of society religion has still an enormous hold. Evangelists like Billy Sunday can still terrify vast crowds with the fear of hell. To the multitude, of course, of all ages and countries, religion has never meant anything but the fear of hell and purgatory. Certain timid minds, that are educated, are held by their fears to superstitions which cannot be positively disproved. Newman revealed his soul in a flash when he said:

"I loved the flash day, and, spite of fears, Pride ruled my will; remember not past years."

These words, "spite of fears," contain the history of John Henry Newman. More scholarship is hardly enough to reassure the very timid. The influence of bolder spirits around is great, however. Even Newman was not afraid of Jupiter and Neptune, for the simple reason that nobody at Oxford & hundreds years ago was afraid of them. For the same reason French-Canadians would now be in the fighting line; but the third year of the war is rather late to do the recruiting in this province to Major-General Lessard, 50,000 French-Canadians would now be in the fighting line. "General Lessard was appointed after that speech, but the third year of the war is rather late to do the obvious thing.

As for clericalism, I refuse to be misled by the argument that we have nothing that we should be doing that we are doing. The situation is much the same as in the Orange Lodge of Ontario threatening the Catholic French, that the cry of "clericalism" affects me no more than it does when Ulster hurts it at the Nationalists. The fact remains that the French-
Canadian have definite grievances, and until these grievances are redressed it is nonsense to talk about "civic rights." Mr. Justice McCorquodale has not acquired such an opinion. He believes that the English in Canada are not governed by English Canadians, but by English Canadians from England. The British think we are trying to change the facts of the quarrel before the embers burst into flames.

Sir,-Military requirements have prevented me obtaining The New Age recently, but while in London this week I obtained a copy, and read with great interest the article by "A. E. R." on the French-Canadian situation. Unhappily, I did not read Pte. Bowell's letter on the subject, but, judging by the phrases quoted by both writers, I can draw a fairly accurate picture of Ottawa, as its critics all seem that Pte. Bowell has been rather hasty in his comments on the Canadian bilingual situation, and has been answered quite adequately by your contributors.

That Regulation 17 is not only unjust but impracticable I firmly believe. This has been demonstrated in the Separate Schools case where the pupil are wholly French-speaking. The teachers of these children, mostly Christian brothers and nuns, were declared to be "disqualified" by the Ontario Department of Education because they failed to teach according to the regulations. These teachers taught faithfully at the schools for more than a year without pay (small though it was), and deplorably slow. Then, when the School Board was reinstated by the Privy Council (after vain appeals in the Ontario Courts) last autumn, Mr. Genest said these and the English-speaking teachers—"their satire attempts to hide the Francophobes to jail Mr. Genest for contempt of court."

"A. E. R." uses the phrase, "it is in the facts of these like these, well known to everyone in Canada," in speaking of the Green Valley case. This the trouble lies. Facts like these are not known in Canada, or a different face would be on the controversy. With studied partiality the English Press of Ontario (with the exception, perhaps, of the Ottawa "Citizen") has suppressed reports which would influence sympathy towards the French. What with the mendacity of the Orange "Sentinel" and other biased sheets, and the suppression of certain facts by the newspapers, a ignorance of the truth is characteristic of the people, and we have such minds as Pte. Bowell's as a result.

The members of the Ontario Government and the High Court judges know perfectly well the true facts. They are not guided by a sense of justice, however, but rather by a sense of self-preservation. The Irish Catholic, Orange, and English votes are behind the office-seekers who want to enforce Regulation 17, thus originating the "Canada is a British country" cry.

The mere fact that the French-Canadians are unanimously against the regulation does not move these gentlemen. Mr. Justice McCorquodale has not acquired such an opinion. He believes that the English in Canada are "out" to crush the French language. Is it any wonder that things are coming to a crisis? The British think we are trying to change the facts of the quarrel before the embers burst into flames.

Correction.

Sir,—I should like to point out that a printer's error in my "Modern Lyric," which you printed last week, has turned the extravagance of "Her mouth a red rent" into a monstrosity.

E. L.

Sir,—Readers who persevere to the last line of my sonnet, "Children," in last week's New Age, will be puzzled by "Should see in vain himself—a long-dead child!" Of course, I wrote seek.

Samuel M. Rich.

Memoranda.

(From last week's New Age.)

If the Labour Ministers are not representative of their unions, they are not representative of nothing in particular. Their merits are not individual, but collective; they are symbols and not the thing itself.

From the Stockholm Conference taking on the character of a love-feast, the utmost precautions will be necessary to maintain ordinary decorum. Our object is to weaken the intellectual moral of Prussia by attacking her Socialist support. The Allies can either make Stockholm unnecessary, or they can make it more imperative than ever.—Notes of the Week.

The Polish question is a national question. The Polish cause waxed bright when the cause of democracy was stronger, but became dull and Heless with the temporary rally of autocracy.—Mieczyslaw Tukjka.

The Labour Party is composed of politicians who ardently believe in the wage-system, and who live laborious hours in perfecting it.—S. G. H.

The Napoleonic invasion was the historical cause that induced the German thinkers to give up the individualist idea and to replace it by the organic concept of society or the State. The individualistic principle is not a principle at all, but purely the inevitable casuistry of sin. The subsistence of the society which recognises the supremacy of the individual is inconceivable. Collective personalities are only words invoked by men in power in order not to give account of their actions.

In purely authoritarian societies there is discipline, but there cannot be justice, because they are founded precisely in the injustice which maintains some men above and the rest below.—Ramiro de Maeztu.

To be an honest Socialist involves life in social isolation.—Anthony Farley.

Military critics should carry their vocabulary in their knapsacks.—R. H. C.

Prophets of a new order seldom see what the old really meant. Idealism has a peculiar trick of synthesis. It builds truth out of opposite errors.

From Dr. Bosanquet we get the impression that liberty is the very substance of life, and from Mr. de Maeztu that it is something our ancestors died of.—O. Latham.

Only when Labour is given a choice and becomes self-directive can its responsibility attach to it. Conciliation is a Carlist's device for appeasing to be just, and Labour's device for appearing to be reasonable.

Until a Trade Union can give or withhold its own labour, its right to recognition is illusory. We are not gagged, but the things that must not be said increase in number.—A. E. R.
PRESS CUTTINGS.

AND JUDAS IS AN HONOURABLE MAN.

To the Editor of "The New Witness."

Sir,—I learned of the existence of a paper called The New Age when you recently raised it from its obscurity. A cutting agency forwarded me a review of a manuscript book written by me, and I find myself held up to opprobrium as follows: "He refers frequently to 'The Huns.'" Now I ask you, Sir, how else could I have referred to the enemy without condescending to war abuse? Or did The New Age expect me to refer to them as emancipators, proponents of culture, champions of childhood and chivalry, the chosen people of God? Seriously, Sir, this is a confusion of language which is not one to respect in any case, and doings. The suggestion is not, of course, that Mr. Vivian has put into his book.

I mentioned in my book that the libels of Baedeker were deeply resented in a certain country. This roused the ire of the Huns' London organ, and it informs its brother Huns: "No doubt if it is treason towards humanity to use the word Huns, it is also very wrong to criticise the Huns' chief literary production."

And next let me say it comes the crime of eating and drinking. Listen to this: "Wherever he went, he ate and drank—sampled the public-houses." I suppose the inference is that no Hun would have done that.

May I ask what manner of worm it is that produces this silkless rag?

Not to seek an advertisement, I beg to subscribe my name, Sir, your obedient, humble servant,

Catania, August 27, 1919.

ANTI-HUN.

To the Editor of "The New Witness."

Sir,—I make no complaint of your publication of "Anti-Hun's" letter in your last week's issue, though you are, of course, aware that the charge of being pro-German, however loosely thrown about, is not one to commend a journal in these days. "Anti-Hun's" letter, however, almost answers itself. It is the work of Mr. Herbert Vivian, the author of a work, "Italy at War," which was reviewed in The New Age of July 29. One of the points of the review was to indicate that to call Germans Huns and Baedeker a misguide is not to advance the cause of the Allies very materially. These epithets and reflections are all very well, perhaps, in the journals for which Mr. Vivian writes; but we expect heavier guns to be brought against the enemy in a solemn book than in the columns of a magazine.

Another point that Mr. Vivian appears to have missed in the review (though I am sure your readers will see it) is the reflection upon his introduction into an account of Italy at War of his own personal habits and doings. The suggestion is not, of course, that Mr. Vivian is not entitled to eat and drink what he pleases; but that, from the disproportionate attention he appears to have paid these things, he thinks them of some consequence. If it is to be a pro-Hun to poke fun at Mr. Vivian's confession of himself with Italy at War, we shall, I hope, all be deserving of the title. But you will perhaps, correct him, if he alleges that The New Age is any more pro-Hun than to be anti-the-sort-of-nonsense which Mr. Vivian has put into his book.

Ernest, The NEW AGE.

"Italy at War." By Herbert Vivian. (Dent. 6s. net.)

Mr. Vivian tells us much about Italy, but little very about the war. He quotes some soldiers' letters, and anecdotes of various persons and regiments; gives us some good photographs of soldiers in the Alps, and devotes the rest of his book to an itinerary among the Italian people. He went to Genoa, and learned the dialect, and suffered the cooking; travelled third-class to Milan, and saw the Cathedral; went to Venice, and slept in the same room with fleas, and examined the books of Napoleon; went to Rome, and the Campagna, and discovered that "the alleged Roman fever is only a form of the influenza that threatens everybody everywhere!"; went to Naples and Capri, and wherever he went he ate and drank and sampled the public-houses, trains, the lotteries, and wrote chapters on each of these institutions. He refers frequently to the Huns, and knows so much about the Papacy that "after careful reflection I have come to the conclusion that the public interest is best served by making no reference whatever to its position and influence during the war." He proves his patriotism by denouncing Baedeker.—New Age, July 19.

Victorious revolutions are only rendered possible by lost campaigns, and it is a simple truth that Italy has not lost a campaign since Siena. Yes, dear readers, it was in truth a misfortune, for had Prussia been only once overcome, the "old bankrupt firm" (the firm of monarchy by the Grace of God) would have been long since extinguished and the present war would not have come to pass. When Lamartine said: "It is not the country but liberty that is most imperilled in war," he should have said "in victorious war." For every victorious war means for the victorious nation a loss of political liberties, whilst for the vanquished it is a fountain of inspiration and democratic progress.

For what would happen if Our Germany emerged victorious from this war? Our victory would only mean a strengthening of the dynastic principle of arbitrary power all along the line. Those of us who bewail the political backwardness of our Fatherland must realise that a "German" victory would prolong this backward condition for centuries. And not only Germany, but the whole of Europe would have to suffer the consequences. All the political liberties painfully achieved during two centuries would give way before the omnipotence of the victorious dynasty and only their shadow would remain.—St. PERNAT. in "The Coming Democracy."

I do not think I am going too far when I say it has been very frequently stated of late that it would be much easier for this country and the Allies to negotiate a peace settlement if a real democratic Government were installed in Germany and Austria. We have become familiar with the statement. Surely, then, it could not be other than advantageous to the Allied cause for responsible leaders of democracy, organised Labour, and Socialism from the Allied countries to press home this declaration on the minds of the German people, and, especially the German Socialists.—Mr. HENDERSON.

As we go to press we notice that The New Age this week publishes an important article on the Civil Service in relation to democracy. Next week we hope to be able to quote from it, but in the meantime we would urge our readers to communicate their views on the subject to the editor of the journal, who will, we feel sure, be glad to receive expressions of opinion. The New Age is recognised as a journal of ideas, and we are very glad that it is thus giving prominence to a subject which deserves much more attention from organised democracy than it has ever yet received.—"Civilian."

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ing rates—

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All communications relative to The New Age should be addressed to The New Age, 38, Curzon Street, E.C. (4).

Published by the Proprietors, THE NEW AGE PRESS (A. R. OROS), 38, Curzon Street, E.C.4, and printed for them by Bonnier & Co., The Chancery Lane Press, 1, 2, and 3, Rolls Passage, E.C.4.