The "Times," the organ, be it remembered, of the enemies of democracy in the War Cabinet (Lords Milner and Curzon and Sir Edward Carson), is confident that the Stockholm "bubble" is now "dispersed into thin air." Agreed that it is dead for the present; but we happen to believe in the resurrection. Furthermore, we must say that the "Times" is taking a great responsibility upon itself in insisting upon carrying on the war from its office in Printing-House Square. For this is not only not the first occasion upon which the "Times" party has arranged to postpone a promising piece of policy, but up to the present moment no suggestion that had not first occurred to one of the people we have named has ever been adopted by the "Times." With this consequence, we must point out ; that for the conduct of the war, for our present situation in it, and for our future prospects, it is the "Times" party that is responsible before God and man. If the nation is satisfied, of course, that the war has been conducted with the maximum of efficiency, and that no other advice than that offered by the "Times" party would have been less costly in lives, in time, in money, and in ultimate security—well and good, we have nothing more to say. But if it be true that the war has cost us, is costing us, and promises to cost us a hundred times as much as it should have cost us, we know now where the responsibility is to be laid. It is not upon us who have spent our days in devising means of victory only to see every one of them contemptuously thrust aside for the counsels of men like Sir Edward Carson. It is not even upon the pacifists who, as everybody knows, have not been able to deflect the policy of the War Cabinet by the width of a hair. No, the whole and sole responsibility for every item in our war-policy falls upon that part of the Government that is in power in the House of Commons, and we repeat that in declining to consider the Stockholm proposals, and a score of similar proposals emanating from Labour and Socialist quarters, the named conductors of our national policy are preparing a pretty bill for themselves, which only a glittering success can possibly enable them to discharge. And, unfortunately for them, a glittering success is impossible without the
active co-operation of the Labour and Socialist movement.

We can understand very well the objections raised by the French Majority Socialists against the Stockholm Conference. They are chiefly political, and have more to do with French party politics than with humanity at large. But the hostility of the Belgian Socialists is a little harder to understand. We must agree, of course, that "the sufferings of the rest of the Allies are nothing to the sufferings of Belgium," as open criticism of the proposals would be to the damage of the cause of humanity. As Belgium has received at the hands of the Prussian army, we reply that as persons we most certainly should not. Moreover, if it were proposed that in a conference at Stockholm we should be expected to fall upon the necks of the German Majority Socialists, or in any way to condone the crimes of their Government, we should reject the proposals without a moment's hesitation. But neither, in the first place, when we are discussing national policy, is personal conduct the proper criterion to employ; nor, in the second place, is it expected of the Belgian or any other Allied Socialists that they will make an agreement of the Stockholm Conference. The Stockholm Conference, on the other hand, is a piece of Allied policy pure and simple; and it is designed precisely to secure for Belgium both reparation and guarantees for the future. Of course, if it were possible to rid the world of Germany altogether, or if the seat could be made to divide Germany and Belgium for evermore, the resolution of the Belgian Socialists or behalf of Belgium to refuse to speak to a German again would be proper and possible. But as it is, Belgium must not only continue, as we all must, to live in the same world as Germany, but Belgium must remain Germany's next-door neighbour. The question is therefore whether Belgian Socialists would not be wise to create in her inevitable neighbour at least one party favourable to her integrity in the future. After all, international guarantees by means of the sword are not everything, as Belgium has discovered. The goodwill of the German Socialist Party, which might per chance be secured in Belgium by the Stockholm Conference, would be at least an addition to international guarantees, and an addition not to be disregarded when the world goes. We appeal to our Belgian friends to reconsider their attitude, and to reflect that the rest of the world will not always have in mind the sufferings of Belgium.

The Trade Union Congress did a wise thing in referring the Whitley Memorandum to the Parliamentary Committee for examination and report. Not only is the Whitley Memorandum full of traps for Labour, as both we and the National Guilds League have pointed out (the latter in a counter-manifesto which ought to be as widely read as the original), but, owing to the fact that its proposals are both well drawn up and admirably adapted to the purpose of Capitalism, it is likely to be adopted as the policy of the next Government. There is all the more reason, therefore, that we should discuss the proposals while they are still in the egg. The objects of the Memorandum are two in number, though one of them is left unwritten. In the first place, the avowed object of the proposals is to increase production as a means of paying the reparations. And, in the second place, the avowed object, which is also the condition of the first, is to secure industrial peace. Now, we hope that we need not assure our readers that with both these objects we are in complete sympathy. It stands to reason that no patriotic writers, having the welfare of their country and of the world at heart, can avoid assenting to the propositions that both increased production is necessary and industrial peace is a condition of it. But the means to be employed to these ends are everything; and if it should happen that either the means proposed should entail greater evils than the good to be expected from them, or if the means should be inadequate to their ends, we have the right and the duty of saying so. Now, the means proposed in the Whitley Memorandum appear to us to fall under both the objections we have theoretically raised. In so far as they promise to increase production, they promise at the same time to intensify the present evils of our industrial system by increasing the competitive tendency of workers inte se. And in so far as they aim at establishing industrial peace, they promise either complete failure or, still worse, the permanent enslavement of the proletariat by the suppression of their power to strike. We are not arguing the matter at this moment, it will be noted; but we are entering once more our objections to the acceptance of the Whitley Memorandum without the closest inspection. On the face of it, the Memorandum is intended to move the direction of National Guilds, and as such it has been recommended to the general notice. As authorities on the proposals known as National Guilds, we can, however, say that the Whitley-Memorandum is as far from National Guilds as it is near in spirit and structure to National Capitalist Trusts.

The National Guilds League, we see, directs its chief criticism to the side from which the Memorandum approaches the reconstruction of industry. This, the League says, is from above and by superimposition instead of being from below (in the workshops, that is) and by concerted social policy making, since, as we know, a stick has two ends, only one of which is the right end. But it fails on the present occasion to be fatal if we allow, as we must allow, that the problem of industrial reconstruction is likely to be approached from both ends at once. The nation cannot and will not wait, before beginning reconstruction, until Labour has set itself to organise industry from the workshops upwards. This process, however necessary, is sure to be too slow for the pace at which reconstruction must proceed after the war, if the country is to be rehabilitated. It follows that, if it is not altogether ignored by the governing authorities as comparatively negligible in point of time and need, it will most certainly be supplemented by industrial organisation from the other end of industry—namely, from the end of Capital. With this probability in mind, it is therefore desirable to pay attention to the proposals of the Whitley Memorandum for joint councils of a national character, and particularly with a view to a constructive criticism of them. Joint councils, we may say, are in all reasonable probability destined to be set up; and it only remains for National Guildsmen to point out what it is, and how much of it, these councils must control until the movement, begun from below, is ready to supersede them. Now, in our opinion, the proper subject for the joint control to be exercised by workers and employers is, in the first instance, the industry itself, but the capital, consisting of the tools of the industry, primarily. Industry, as we have often observed, stands to Capital as action stands to the organism. Industry is Capital energised by Labour; it is therefore, in point of order, secondary to Capital, being, as it were, its branches, foliage, and fruit. To invite Labour, therefore, to cooperate with Capital in industry while reserving to capitalists the ownership and direction of Capital is to invite Labour to a joint responsibility in the secondary but not in the primary element. It is not partnership in any sense of the word that would result from
such a co-operation, but merely an extended servility of Labour under the guise of an increased responsibility. We make it a condition of the acceptability of any joint council such as the Whitley Memorandum proposes that the common thing to be controlled by the council shall be the capital of the industry no less than the processes of the industry itself. Not only must, as at present suggested, has been its under its control the Labour that energises the capital, but it must have the Capital under its control as well. We are aware, of course, that capitalists will not for the moment contemplate such a drastic suppression of their private interests, and in the guise of the proposal, however, was made in the "Round Table" to apply to the future, to the period of peace in short; but, in our opinion, it is necessary at once. The power taken by Mr. Bonar Law to raise a fresh loan, if considered expedient, is a power, which is in excess, sufficient evidence that the State expects to be short of money very soon; and the fact that money is to be raised by loan and not by taxes is evidence, again, for such an understanding the simplicity of finance, that prices are likely to rise in the future as they have risen in the past, on the heels of every fresh inflation of the currency. The case for a levy upon Capital is, therefore, overwhelming from as many points of view as it can be looked at. It is just, but that is the least of its effective virtues. It is, above all, expedient, both from the fact that it is the only means of reconciling economists to the cost of the war, and from the fact that it is the only means of maintaining prices at a relatively stable level. Money, after all, is merely purchasing power; and the situation during the war has been that the State has needed to gather to itself a considerable amount of power, and this power, it was considered, was only one source from which it could be derived—the purchasing power of its citizens; and this private purchasing-power, distributed before the war unevenly among individual citizens, was bound (or ought to have been bound) to lessen as the purchasing power of the State increased. This natural transference of purchasing-power from the citizen to the State has, however, been frustrated by the policy of loans. Instead of taking outright from citizens their purchasing power and employing it on behalf of the State, our Chancellors have borrowed—with the consequence that the lenders feel themselves to be as well off as they were before the war. In other words, though the State has been spending for them, they have continued to spend for themselves exactly as if the State were not spending at all. The necessity of this double extravagance will be seen when the bill is presented. If private extravagance is not stopped by a levy on Capital to-day, the ruin wrought by it will increase at compound interest. More than a levy on Capital will be necessary tomorrow.

Not only, however, is the "Round Table" now advocating a levy on capital, but under its respectable auspices quite a number of authorities are venturing into the open on the subject. The "Daily News" on Saturday followed the "Round Table's" lead in a fiery article by the editor who, it seems, had never heard of the proposal before, but had fallen instantly in love with it. Both the Trade Union Congress and the Workers National Committee have now also given their support to it, with the consequence that we may now take the proposal as having been adopted by the principal Labour and Liberal parties. We have nothing, of course, to say against the proposal, since, indeed, we had the chagrin of first making it three years ago in the midst of a dense silence. Moreover, we still confidently repeat our assurances of the same date that the war cannot be concluded by this country upon borrowed money. The reflection may, however, be allowed us that the bargaining circumstances of the Labour party are not at this instant so favourable as they were when the conception of wealth was first suggested. There will be reason to urge, in the conception of lives under the National Service Acts was only beginning to be seriously discussed; and the Labour party, upon whose laps the success of the Acts lay, were then in a position to require the conception of wealth as a concurrent act of justice with the conception of men. The conception of wealth under these circumstances, whatever Mr. Henderson as politician may have pretended, would have been as easy as it appeared to him to be difficult. Since, no less than the conception of men, it was proper to the conduct of the war, either in the fact, that it has been brought to an end or we should have had it. The strategists of the Labour party, however, had other fish to fry at the moment, and they sold the lives of their class without even demanding an equivalent sacrifice of the wealth of others. And now, when so many lives are gone, they are reminded of the missed opportunity. It is fortunate that they are not too late.

To the pleas elsewhere made by our colleague "S. G. H." for the better employment of brains by the Labour movement, we may add, the following observation. As the war continues it is certain that the nation will be progressively reduced to greater and greater dependence upon the elemental factors of life; and since the prime factor of life is Labour, we may as certain that Labour will increase in importance as the other factors of society drop in immediate value. But this again is to say that in all probability we are on the eve of a considerable access of power in the organised Labour movement as a whole. Power, in short, is likely to be thrust upon them by the mere force of circumstances and whether they are able to bear it or not. The problem of the immediate future is therefore likely to be this: whether the Labour movement is intelligent enough in itself or has the intelligence to employ its intelligence in sufficient amounts to ensure its benefit. The power of the circumstances will shortly bring it. At the present, we must admit, there is some doubt about it. The hostility of Labour to what it calls the intellectuals augurs no good from its accession to power. On the contrary, looking as far ahead as we can, we may say that if the present hostility of Labour to intelligence continues, the accession of Labour to power will indeed come, for nothing can stop it, but it will be short-lived and will end in a calamitous reaction. The excuse, no doubt, will be urged that upon many occasions in the past the Labour movement has been betrayed by the intellectuals it has more or less lessened in its bosom. Are not, indeed, some of the worst enemies of Labour today its intellectual leaders of yesterday? We do not deny it, and we have every sympathy with the proletarian leaders who look with suspicion upon the Sophons intellectuals. Nevertheless there are intellectuals and intellectuals, and they must be discriminated by experience if not by judgment. For it is not in the least degree true that if, in despair of distinguishing them, the Labour movement casts out brains altogether, it will avoid being led by inferior intellects. By its judgment, the Labour movement will infallibly fall under the influence of the unscrupulous intellectuals who, in default of leading the movement by the hand, will lead it by the nose.
The German Democracy.

By S. Verdan.

The school of thought in the Allied countries which used to be so severely critical of President Wilson's principles, when America was neutral, has not yet reconciled itself. There is no estrangement made between the German Government and the German people. Those observers, on the other hand, whose interpretation of history led them to support and emphasise this essential distinction are more than ever convinced of its importance as an indispensable factor in the future political means of making the distinction valid and active, and that is by the democratisation of the German Empire. By this phrase is meant—to take only the essential points—the entire withdrawal from the German parliamentary body. The new Austrian Emperor Karl has shown some little disposition to consider, in a temperate spirit, the principle of ministerial responsibility as it exists in France, and provides for those who believe in democracy as a cure for German militarism an abundant mass of evidence. Indeed, every unprejudiced reader of this volume must acknowledge that the only alternative to a democratic Germany is a European inferno. The Prussian State has always possessed the indisputable monopoly of education. She has never tolerated free schools and universities, such as exist in Belgium, England, Switzerland, etc. All professorial chairs are, without exception, in the nomination of the State. German professors are State officials. German professors have unlimited power of their calling, with the exception of the liberty to differ from the Government. Provided that they regard the Prussian State as a model State, the dynasty as appointed by God, and the existing Constitution as the highest expression of civic bliss, they have even the liberty to rebel against the Amignty (Haeckel, Ostwald, Eucken), or to criticise the economic order from a socialist point of view (Schmoller, Sombart, etc.). Hence, among the German professors, we find extraordinarily bold spirits—free thinkers, free traders, pedants of reform theories, Government officials. A century of intellectual drilling has reduced them to such a condition of absolute authority. There exists nowhere a body of professors and scholars under such strict supervision as in Germany. The Russian revolution has removed one of these, at the same time conveying a warning to Germany. Even Turkey no longer permits its monarsh to exercise absolute political power, and the new Austrian Emperor Karl has shown some little disposition to consider, in a temperate spirit, the bureaucratic system of the German Empire.

It is for his analysis of the conditions leading up to this state of things that Mr. Fernau's book traces the German Empire. He created a new divinity, which ostensibly followed in the steps of the achievement of the French Revolution and Kant's doctrines, namely, The State. Hegel's doctrine, that the State is a divine entity and that man is not an end in himself, but only a brick in the fabric of the State, and that the people is that portion of the State that does not know what it wants, became the root idea of that Prussianism which finally triumphed under Bismarck. Every one in Germany was hitherto, in one shape or another, compelled to acknowledge Hegel's principle, that the State is everything and the individual nothing. Hence and Boerne, Freiligrath, Fritz and Paul, and a hundred other German thinkers and poets, fled before the Prusso-German reaction, and from foreign lands hurled their scorn and derision against Germany in cries of anguish and revolt. (Pp. 164-165.)

This brings Mr. Fernau to another important point of German State administration, and that is that only those professors and teachers and thinkers who support the Hegelian axiomas shall be encouraged. Schopenhauer himself saw this danger, and definitely held that a Government would never appoint to professorial chairs men who taught the contrary of that which formed the very foundation of the governing authority. Mr. Fernau says:

There exists nowhere a body of professors and scholars under such strict supervision as in Germany. The Prussian State has always possessed the indisputable monopoly of education. She has never tolerated free schools and universities, such as exist in Belgium, England, Switzerland, etc. All professorial chairs are, without exception, in the nomination of the State. German professors are State officials. German professors have unlimited power of their calling, with the exception of the liberty to differ from the Government. Provided that they regard the Prussian State as a model State, the dynasty as appointed by God, and the existing Constitution as the highest expression of civic bliss, they have even the liberty to rebel against the Amignty (Haeckel, Ostwald, Eucken), or to criticise the economic order from a socialist point of view (Schmoller, Sombart, etc.). Hence, among the German professors, we find extraordinarily bold spirits—free thinkers, free traders, pedants of reform theories of Socialism, sexual-reformers, and even intellectual anarchists; but there are among them no actual democrats, republicans, or apostles of popular liberty. In other countries, professors, after quitting the lecture-room, again become citizens and take their place, as such, in the political world, without regard to the Government. But professors who belong to the Socialist party and openly acknowledge the fact are not unknown in England, France, Italy, Switzerland, etc. In Germany such a state of things is unthinkable, because there professors, in their private life, still retain Government officials. A century of intellectual drilling has reduced them to such a condition of absolute dependence upon the State, as bread-givers, that the dynasty can hardly rely upon them.

It could have been wished that Mr. Fernau had emphasised this point even more than he does. It is not only the professors who have been "intellecutally drilled." The stubborn solidarity of modern Germany is due to the fact that the whole nation has been intellectually drilled; that the ideas initiated by Hegel, and continued by his school, have reduced the nation to so widely different representatives of it as General Bernhard, George Bernhard, Paul Rohrbach, Count Reventlow, and Professor Delbruck—not to mention such classical historians as Treitschke, Sybel, Mommsen, and their present-day representatives—have been insinuated into the mass of the people with such skill and assiduity that every crackpot theory of Germany's immeasurable superiority to the rest of mankind is implicitly believed in as an article of national and even religious faith. Germany, now, as it has ever been, is the foundation, the rallying point, the "granite rock," on which these principles of German superiority, of German culture, rest. Upon what, asks Fernau, do we found our German patriotism?

As a fact, we base it upon our affection for the Imperial house. Any other devotion to country would be senseless.

William II, Professor Delbruck, and other
authorities, assure us, and with truth, that the Army "is the basis of our political system." But, since this Army is sworn to allegiance, not to our country and its Constitution, but to the person of the Emperor-King, it follows, by mathematical logic, that our whole German political system does not exist for the behoof of any German citizens, but is merely a creation and possession of the German dynasty. And so it is: Empire and Fatherland are in Germany one and the same. (P. 216-217.)

The Kaiser, as Fernau goes on to emphasise, is not merely regarded by the Constitution as the supreme authority in the State. He is, in fact, the very incarnation of the political system, the leader of the people in peace and war, the arbiter in problems of art and science, and also, it might have been added, of morals and faith. Here is an essential difference between Germany and other countries founded on the European tradition:

The notion of Fatherland implies for the German only the person of the German Emperor. Our devotion to him is our love of country. If a German were to love his country as other civilised nations do their(as a political community of which he is an active member), he would be a revolutionary. Even to-day the lost spirit of Fatherland, below which the nation is regarded as a crime. Of course, it may certainly be disputed which notion of Fatherland is the higher, that of the French, the English, and so forth; or that it cannot possibly be Germany. It isputed that on this point, as on most others, we have sounder ourselves from the rest of the civilised world, that is to say, we have placed ourselves in diametrical opposition to it. For State and Fatherland, which elsewhere form a natural entity, are in our case only notions artificially welded together. In reality, the Prussian Staat is the absolute negation of the conception of the Fatherland obtaining in other countries. (P. 217.)

Germany, in short, has deliberately withdrawn herself from the comity of nations, justifying herself, where she troubles to do so at all, by vaunting her own cultural superiority and expressing contempt for what other countries regard as worthy ideals. The German conception of international law is an example of this state of mind. As Fernau shows—for the evidence is damning—the German representatives at The Hague Conference, translated the German idea of international law, the principle of the free right of nations to autonomy, which was so earnestly advocated by their non-German conferees. The application of the law of nations to international affairs show how completely the German mentality has isolated itself.

In a legal sense, international law is the codification of legal principles touching the attitude and relations of civilised States to each other. Now the French Revolution had set up an entirely new morality in respect to these relations between State and State. This morality culminates in the proposition (but tell it not to any German professor!) that every country has the incontestable right to administer its own affairs. It is clear at a glance that an international law resting upon this basis is a negation of the former divine constitutional right of dynasties, as Machiavelli taught it, and as it has been modernised by Hegel and Treitschke. These new theories of the free right of nations to control their own destinies were immediately put into practice by the Revolution. (P. 172.)

The instances quoted by Fernau are those of Alsace and Savoy. Both expressed a wish to be incorporated in the French Republic, and in both cases the French Government ordered the wishes of the people to be confirmed by a referendum. The French principle was emphasised by Carnot in connection with the incorporation of Mont-Terney. It is the inalienable right of every nation to live apart from others, if it so pleases, or, for the vindication of their common interests, to unite with others, if such be their desire. We French, who know no other sovereigns save the people themselves, have fraternity and not lordship as our system. We worship the principle that every nation, be the territory it occupies ever so small, is absolute master in its own house, and must, as regards its rights, be treated as equal with the greatest, and that nobody can justifiably violate its independence, unless its own is manifestly imperilled. (P. 172.)

After a period of superposed imperialism, France—always faithful, at heart, to the principles of the Revolution—reverted to revolution, first in the war against the Franco-German war, and protested energetically against the forcible annexation of Alsace-Lorraine without reference to the wishes of the permanent population. Fernau sums up the German answers by quoting Treitschke, who declared:

Who can plead, in the face of our duty to secure the world's peace, that the Alsace-Lorrainers do not want to belong to us? Confronted by the sacred necessity of these great days, the doctrine of the autonomy of all German races, that alluring theme of outlaw demagogues, will come to a miserable end. These lands are ours by the right of the sword, and we will deal with them by virtue of a higher right, by the right of the German nation not to allow its sons for ever to estrange themselves from the German Empire. . . . We Germans, who know both Germany and France, know what suits the Alsatians far better than that miserable people knows itself. . . . We wish to restore to them, against their will, their own real self. (P. 179.)

Upon which Fernau comments:—

"By the right of the sword!" "That miserable people!" "Against their will!" Here we find ourselves in the midst of the non-German notion of constitutional law and culture. Hegel's fundamental idea of the stupidity of the people is brilliantly demonstrated to us by Treitschke with reference to those "miserable" Alsat-Lorrainers. It is apparent, at the first glance, that this "modern" German conception of constitutional and international law is not only very convenient for the dynamic will to power, nothing else than a learned term for it. The fundamental difference in the legal conceptions of the two hostile nations is now rendered apparent, and also the reason why this antagonism, which has troubled Europe for forty years past, could never be adjusted. (P. 180.)

As it happens, the "intellectual drilling" of the people has had cumulative results. Little by little the "petty" ideals of the revolutions of 1789 were ruled out. Socialism has had cumulative results. Little by little the "petty" ideals of the revolutions of 1789 were ruled out. Socialism has percolated the body of the people, and even recognised Socialist leaders have suffered from the prevailing system of German education. How, indeed, could they escape it? The materialism which had affected the ruling classes led to what British Socialists will certainly regard as surprising results.

When, a year after the outbreak of the world-war, I translated a book by Gustave Hervé, in which he advocated for the better assurance of world-peace the autonomy of Alsace-Lorraine, and thereby a Franco-German understanding, this proposal was rejected as soon in Germany at large, and even by the Socialists in particular. The work of the former revolutionary, Paul Lensoh, "Die Social-Demokratie, ihr Ende und ihr Glück," openly scoffs at the idea of the right of nations to autonomy. German Social Democracy was, theoretically, the champion of the autonomy of nations. But it regarded this, according to schedule, as "civic ideology," and only awaited its realisation as a result of the great anti-capitalist revolution, without which no social amelioration was thinkable. Social Democracy regarded the eight-hour-day movement as more important than all the "petty" ideals of the revolutions of 1789 and 1848 taken together. (P. 182.)

Hence:—

A German professor of international law who should declare international law to mean the unfettered right of nations to autonomy, and, therefore, to denounce the annexation of Alsace-Lorraine and of Bosnia, or even the violation of Belgium, as being crimes against the law of nations, would once be unassigned on a charge of high treason. The logical thinking out of the principle of the free right of nations to autonomy, which
was proclaimed by the French Revolution, and has been acknowledged by the whole civilised world as, at least, a theory of international law, is a crime in Germany, because it inevitably leads to a condemnation of the whole Prussian-German policy. And, therefore, such a logical thinking-out has never been publicly attempted in the Fatherland of Logic. Is it likely that a Government will appoint and pay professors who condemn its policy as contrary to the law of nations? (P. 185.)

All the defects in present-day Germany, however, are utterly opposed—and Fernau is not alone in thinking so—to the spirit of the German people. We have known the Germans, by tradition, as solid if somewhat heavy thinkers; as scholars, plodding and accumulative rather than displaying brilliancy and initiative; as mere amounts of simple national songs remarkable for their emphasis on the domestic virtues—and on the virtues of good wine and unlimited food—rather than as the blood beasts of a later period who devote themselves systematically to brutality and crime, whether in peace or in war. I do not want to enter into a distinction between north and south; for even Prussia displayed, during her formation under ruthless sovereigns, much of the good-nature of the south, albeit with more servility. The point is that the modern German is what his ruler, acting through the professors, has made him; and some of the German Emperor's sayings are wonderful enough. Mr. Fernau has collected a few to illustrate his arguments, as follows:

So we belong together, I and my Army, so we were born together, and so will we indissolubly hold fast to one another, come, as God wills, peace or storm. (July, 1888.) You have sworn me the oath of allegiance. We need not quibble with historians; as poets; as the possessors of simple national songs remarkable for their emphasis on the domestic virtues—and on the virtues of good wine and unlimited food—rather than as the blood beasts of a later period who devote themselves systematically to brutality and crime, whether in peace or in war.
and Hughes, whilst Chartism had Jones and Feargus O'Connor. No two men did more to put trade unions on a legal basis than Frederic Harrison and Professor Thos. Gray. It is a great deal of monumental knowledge and industry. With all respect for the trade union veteran George Howell (a conscientious writer who should be studied), Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Webb, two intellectuals, have written the best history of trade unionism. Without consulting any book on the subject, that name instantly comes to my mind when we consider the intellectual life of organised Labour. Without mentioning others, if these writers and thinkers had never lived, Labour would today be in a more parlous condition than it is. Relevant, too, an open-mouthed, silent and amazed. At Stuttgart, attended international Socialist congresses must have been, almost without exception, advocates of a bourgeois economy very deadly in its effects upon Labour, both industrially and politically. Labour, treating its own thinkers with persistent contempt, has let its enemies produce Nassau Senior and Jeremy Bentham; then, having devitalised its own general staff, has been content to live on the intellectual scraps thrown to it by its oppressors. The result is that, notwithstanding our industrial prudence, we must look to the Continent for the best Labour and Socialist thinkers. The English profusion of social thinkers is English Labour's shame and condemnation. Again, without any book of reference, let me jot down such names as immediately suggest themselves—Balzunin, Kropotkin, Siemondi, Proudhon, Fourier, Louis Blanc, Lassale, Marx, Engels, Saint-Simon, Jaurès, Reclert, Labriola, Sorel, Largarde, Rousseau, Jean Grave—and I daresay a thousand more. Those of us who have attended international Socialist congresses must have been struck with the intellectual crudeness of the British delegation, or for the British Socialist and Labour movement is the least knowledgeable and inspired in the world. I have been in literally hundreds of villages in Europe, from Northern Scandinavia and Finland to the Adriatic, where the book-shop was the rallying centre, precisely as in the public-house in England. Bookishness, like drink, may become a drug, clogging serious thought and numbing action, but at least we must admit that great stretches of Europe show to-day a reverence for ideas unknown in England. That we are what we are is, of course, inevitable that, where there is an end to the intellectual, as to the scavenger: both look to it for a new freedom and an ample air, and, in consequence, securing the labour monopoly to change its status and cease to be proletarian. But what shall it profit, if it become blackleg-proof and remain proletarian in spirit? I understand perfectly that Labour is in some degree justified in its suspicion of the intellectuals, however, because they are intellectual, but because they belong to the oppressing classes. It is not unreasonable for Labour to demand its intellectuals that they shall give hostages to fortune. But the sacrifice once made ought to secure some measure of consideration. The simple fact is that the "intellectuals" to-day whom Labour slavishly follows are the popular writers who think far more of their "public" than the integrity of their ideas. Whatever the economic result of labour monopoly (even if without intellectual guidance and support it can be achieved), the proletarian spirit will not have ben exorcised until new ideas are welcomed as more precious to mankind than the things of the flesh. For that is a mark of freedom—the freedom to plunge gaily in and find bottom. When the Labour leader shouts at the intellectual to begone, it is not courage. But a cowardly truculence springing from class-servitude.

We may rest assured that no intellectual worth his salt will turn a hair or retreat one inch because Labour renews him. For many reasons, but primarily because, if he turned from right or left from threats or rudeness, he would ipso facto cease to be an intellectual and become a spiritual blackleg. He is an edifice, not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. Even if its structure be as gossamer, it is a fortress impregnable before ignorance and prejudice and only reducible in the never-ending struggle of expanding knowledge. But a more mundane reason dictates the intellectual's refusal to move on when the Labour policeman bids him. The whole Labour movement belongs just as much to the intellectual as to the scavenger; both look to it for a new freedom and an ample air, and, in consequence, must give to it what they possess: the one his modest contribution to mental and moral health; the other, his modest, but not less useful, aid to physical health. It would be passing strange if the sheer weight of Labour organisation should constitute a menace to intellectual freedom; if in these later days, three centuries after Milton's "Arequopagita," Labour should rely upon its brute strength and forget the spiritual implications of the freedom it would compass. If that be the tendency, then the intellectuals, far from retreating, must redouble their efforts, and, as far as possible, of starvation on Labour's doorstep. But I anticipate nothing so tragic. It is true that, at the moment, new ideas come diffidently and speak in whispers; it is true that Labour regards them with ill-disguised aversion, thinking perhaps of the frying-pan and the fire. Nevertheless, the new ideas, now scarcely felt or heard in the boom of cannon and the insistent clangour of muni-
Notes on Political Theory.

Mr. Ramiro de Maeztu has remarked that outside of academic circles idealist political theory has been second-rate. Practitioners of it think this is false, unless it be meant only that the world goes on without heeding how philosophers strive and try; but Utilitarianism is then in little better case. Almost all recent political theory has been tinged with idealist notions, and its principles have still more frequently been the common basis from which argument started. Accompanying this we have seen social changes (which forgetting that man once fell. I agree that these obviousness to the authoritarian mind is a mere inference. The first condition of a church's of any real corporate life of their own, practically without influence. I think this is false, suggest this is a constant need to cry "Beware, beware" until the worth living it has been because of these "communities" Idealism arises from the fact that it has provided a largely autonomous and voluntary groups, together liberty as possible in the activities of men, often when heresies are very damnable, but I shall be happy to think that it will remain treacherous ground with a. MR. RAMIRO DE MAEZTU has remarked that outside of mean thing, though it is fatally easy-bordered as definitely provided for according to the letter of a. As. It cannot be worked into the context of a complete life, either because it is disorderly, or because though harmonious enough it leaves a great deal outside of it. Goodness in life develops in proportion to its fulness and completeness and harmony. Duty, then, is the pressure of a relatively complete experience exercised on a limited part of itself, and moral obligation the expansion of the boundaries of a narrow and incomplete soul, due to the presence of the ideal in it. The necessity is real, for nothing else than this can be meant by really: it is self-imposed, because the obligation is to realise the fuller self, which includes within it whatever of reality and goodness and truth the lesser had. Similarly with political obligation. No apology for it is possible except to show that the power which is asserted to have the right to compel represents the real will of the person on whom the compulsion is exercised. It is his fuller self: it enjoins what he himself would wish to do were his insight more sure and his passing desires less insistent.

S. G. H.
of this sort, if we follow it out. That is, in order to defend it, certain views about truth and existence must be shared, and their functions must be variously defined. Mr. Russell once called it "The Axiom of Internal Relations," and the Pragmatists have thrown a great deal of mud at the something called Absolutism, which, they asserted, had something to do with it. More usually it is termed the coherence theory of truth, and may be shortly expressed by saying that the truth is the whole. No proposition, that is, is true by itself; it borrows its truth from its context. Only in its relations with other propositions does it acquire any stability, or become so far secure against denial. Isolated desires are transformed and purified as daily in the way you build systems of connected propositions. The whole of geometry is more true than a single proposition; but it is not quite true for it becomes better understood and the limits within which it holds more and more clearly distinguished and defined as the rest of mathematics is taken into account. Then there is the rest of knowledge—until in the end the truth of a proposition is seen to be what it means in the mind of God. I will not discuss the proof offered for this theory; nor what the reasons are for believing it to be false. But it is necessary to point out that the by the elementary judgment—one's first guess at the truth—is defined and corrected is an exact analogue to that whereby the isolated desires and impulses which make up the everyday lives of men are transformed and purified as they come to discover through experience what they really want.

The secure establishment of Idealist politics demands further some attempt to prove that the State represents the real will of the individual citizen. If it is, it will theoretically have the right to compel him to do its bidding, and the occasions of its exercise will be a question merely of expediency. Essentially the contention is that the individual is a member of society, a part, that is, of a spiritual or ethical whole. This provides the logical elements which the theory of obligation requires. How then does the will of the whole get expression? Where, that is, does the sovereignty which has the right to enforce agreement reside? Plato supplied the answer, and his followers have echoed it in divers times. Society is a mind, a mind not numerically or existentially distinct from those of the citizens, but consisting of their minds looked at as organised together in the whole. The easiest way of getting at the meaning of this is to remember that what Plato really wanted to show was that a man's service of the State does not depend upon his holding public or administrative office. His daily work in the party organisation, the Press—all these are part of the administrative machinery, good or bad, by which the inarticulate subconscious desires and strivings of the citizens are elucidated and given some kind of clear and definite expression. An ingenious traditional (and damnable) doctrine of the sovereignty of the State is an end more binding on them than loyalty to Church or Guild, or even to Family, is a piece of gratuitous and malevolent folly. Men have common traditions of courage and honour and devotion, but never to the State. Yet when they sacrifice themselves for great ends, it claims the credit. The rule of the idea over men's minds depends on confusion and cowardice—confusion, because they will not think clearly—and cowardice, lest if we should overthrow the idol, those below us who also have reverence it may rise up against us. O. Latham.

**Studies in Contemporary Mentality.**

**By Ezra Pound.**

V.—"THIRD," OR HOW THE THING MAY BE DONE.

For those who have not followed the sign "Seek Safety First! Read the 'Spectator'!" there remains the great heart of the people. Not receiving comfort in the groves of academicians, I have given "out into the open air," to the popular forum, and for the addressees of this adventure I feel like Captain Kettle and Don Kishótee. Heaven knows what I shall come upon next! The "Strand" is a successful, and obviously successful, magazine. It carries 58 pages of ads. in a column, 50 before and the remainder at the back of its "reading matter," to say nothing of the cover with ads. on three sides and a modest statement, or command, concerning "Fry's Cocoa" neatly fitted into
its belettered façade. It does not contain pictures of actresses or of Mille. Régine Montparnasse in the act of saying that she wears beach stockings because sand is disagreeable to the feet. It is thicker and uses slightly better paper than the other 8d. and 6d. (olim 6d. and 4½d.) magazines on the stand where I found it.

Putting aside my personal preferences for "literature," thought, etc., and other specialised forms of activity, we (and again obviously so) will find here a display of the anteriority. This is therefore 54., manifestly what a vast number of people want; what a vast number of people spend the requisite 8d. to obtain. This is the "solid and wholesome." The ads. proclaim it. The absence of actresses' legs is a sign of power. "The Strand" can sell without their assistance, not only to those who despise or disapprove of the legs, toses, etc., of our actresses, but also to the dissolute who know that these delicacies can be more effectively "conveyed" in the pages of the large illustrated weeklies than in small-paged monthly magazines. I suspect that "The Strand" is "soundly" imperialist; believes in the invincibility of Britain (odds ten to one under all circumstances); does not present Americans in an unfavourable light—for is not the language more or less common to both countries, are there not American readers in the normal times? I think the comic characters might have about them a "foreign touch." However, let us come to the facts. Let us see what is requisite. Let us see what carries the ads.

1. "Sherlock Holmes Outwits a German Spy." Red band on the cover. "His Last Bow, The War-Service of Sherlock Holmes." This is what business managers of periodicals call "the real thing." Sir A. Conan Doyle has never stooped to literature. Wells, Benett, and the rest of them have wobbled about in penumbra, but here is the man who has "done it," who has contributed a word to the language, a "character" to the fiction of the Caucasian world, for there is no European language in which the "Great Detective" can be hid under any disguise. Herlock Sholmes, spell it as you like, is KNOWN. Canees and Corellis lie by the wayside. Sherlock has held us all-spellbound. Let us see what is requisite. Let us see what we are asked to believe.

In the first place, there is a residue in the minds of everyone who sees this name on the magazine cover. We all know something about Mr. Holmes. We have no difficulty in calling to mind this figure. He is perfectly fearless, possessed of inordinate strength, is absolutely impervious to the action of all known drugs and narcotics, and possessed, if not of eternal youth, at least of an eternal prime, of an invulnerable energy. He is also an enuch (though I have no doubt that Sir Arthur would fit him out with a past full of romance if ever the public desire it).

In the present story we are asked to believe that two years before the war (i.e., 1912), Mr. Asquith and Sir Edward Grey visited Sherlock, who had then retired to the South Downs to study bee-culture. "The Foreign Minister alone I could have withstood, but here is the man who hat; "done it," who has missed his shot at a bear, and being at the end of his strength, his marvellous acumen, his deductive reasoning (which is certainly not shared with the reader), has all the charms of the giant. He is also a moral Titan; right is never too right. The logical end of these likes is, or was, God. The first clever Semite who went out for monothelism made a corner in giantness. Having got a few inches ahead of everybody else, he was hip to the game. He knew that it was possible to get on. He knew that there were no limits to the powers of imagination. He knew that he could play a giant. He knew that he could be the 8th son of his father who was a 7th son of his father who was a 6th son of his father, etc., etc., etc., nilhelist Klopman, Count Von und Zu Gruen... etc. So like that pretty little song: "I'm the guy wot put de salt in de ocean." "There is only one man," said Von Bork. "We must really agree with Von Bork. Sherlock is unique, but mankind remains amazingly unaltered and unalterable. He likes a relief from reality, he likes fairy stories, he likes stories of giants, he likes genius from bottles. Sherlock with his superhuman strength, his manly courage, his manly courage, his manly courage, his manly courage, (which are certainly not shared with the reader), has all the charms of the giant. He is also a moral Titan; right is never too right. The logical end of these likes is, or was, God. The first clever Semite who went out for monothelism made a corner in giantness. Having got a few inches ahead of everybody else, he was hip to the game. He knew that it was possible to get on. He knew that there were no limits to the powers of imagination. He knew that he could play a giant. He knew that he could be the 8th son of his father who was a 7th son of his father who was a 6th son of his father, etc., etc., etc., nilhelist Klopman, Count Von und Zu Gruen... etc. So like that pretty little song: "I'm the guy wot put de salt in de ocean." "There is only one man," said Von Bork. "We must really agree with Von Bork. Sherlock is unique, but mankind remains amazingly unaltered and unalterable. He likes a relief from reality, he likes fairy stories, he likes stories of giants, he likes genius from bottles. Sherlock with his superhuman strength, his manly courage, his manly courage, his manly courage, his manly courage, (which are certainly not shared with the reader), has all the charms of the giant. He is also a moral Titan; right is never too right. The logical end of these likes is, or was, God. The first clever Semite who went out for monothelism made a corner in giantness. Having got a few inches ahead of everybody else, he was hip to the game. He knew that it was possible to get on. He knew that there were no limits to the powers of imagination. He knew that he could play a giant. He knew that he could be the 8th son of his father who was a 7th son of his father who was a 6th son of his father, etc., etc., etc., nilhelist Klopman, Count Von und Zu Gruen... etc. So like that pretty little song: "I'm the guy wot put de salt in de ocean." "There is only one man," said Von Bork.
posedly, August 2, 1914 is a mixture of moving-prognostication of the "cold and bitter" wind which will blow over England and wither many in its blast, and a hurry to cash a & Co. cheque before the arrested spy (then actually in their Ford motor-car, and about to be taken to Scotland Yard) has time to stop payment. Watson is urged to "start her up."

Sir Arthur is as illogical as any other sort of fanatic. He is loud in praise of Sherlock's faculty for reason, but his own flesh or mind, or whatever it is, falls a little short of divinity.

So much for the red-label story. It undoubtedly sells the magazine. But it is not all the art of making a magazine, and, besides, one can NOT count on such a draw as some interesting info. There is a lot more in the technique of successful magazine making than in getting an occasional story from Sir A. Conan Doyle.

The next item is "Confessions of a Censor-Fighter," by William G. Shepherd. This is clean, hard copy, six to seven pages of the first-hand experience of a newspaper correspondent during the present war, and much the best thing in the number.

Next Item. Luxurious room, light such as "Rembrandt," etc., burglar, quelled by tremendous will-power and concentrated lightning from the "bluetint" eyes of a blind man. Blind man very nobly does in the technique of successful magazine making than in getting an occasional story from Sir A. Conan Doyle.

Next Item: Comic story, bell in last paragraph but one.

Next Item : Mark Hambourg tells how to play the piano.

Next Item, in smaller print, end of continued story (résumé of the first half given in black print). Killer Ames, the wicked pearl-fishing captain, terribly wicked, hero terribly noble, tremendous passions, tremendous situations. Very readable. Very probably quite impressive if read without too close attention.

Point: Nobility is exalted. One must always remember this point in any study of melodrama. And, moreover, one must not scoff at it. In this story the fundamental life values are right. By this rightness the author is able to "move" the reader, despite his surface exaggerations, à la Hyper-Conrad. Of course, one skips large paragraphs to "get on."

The most wildly romantic and melodramatic writer always gives one advantage over the prosed, "realist," that whenever anything "happens" in real life it is often different from, and often in excess of, fiction, of the patterns of life already portrayed.

The dull writer, seeking only verisimilitude, possibly without even trying for imagination, does not take this into account, and his work lacks a real profundity. I am not saying melodrama is profound. But the "unlikely" element in romance has a profound value, a value that no aesthetic, no theory of literature can afford to omit from its scheme of things.

Next Item: "The Tanks," described at the request of the authorities by Col. E. D. Swinton, who is obviously put to it, to make an "account" without saying very much. The editors say he has written "masterly" stories. He is probably busy with other matters, and it is unfair to look at his article too closely. The beginning is vague, a predicate does the split over six lines, etc. He says "Schutzengrabenvernichtungsautomobil" is not likely to be used as a topical refrain in vaudeville song. Toward the end he commits information.

Next Item : Story, young man called "The Wasrel," worst recorded act that of distinguishing himself at football, gives his life for a cad who, we are assured, is very brilliant, although he behaves like an ass and displays no intellectual gifts.

Next Item: "Lion-Kings," in the smaller print. Brief biographies of Pezon family, possibly left over from before the war stock of copy.

Next Item : Story translated from the French. With the aid of its illustrations, we are to believe that "little millionnaires" in Paris are equipped with rather nice evening gowns, and that the way to struggle cruel Russian ex-Governors is with long gloves which leave no mark on the throat.

Next Item (small italics): Paragraph on "Improvement on Double Dummy."

Next Item: "For Greater Italy!" (in the smaller print). Descriptive writing of the Italian front, all the usual words, presumably conveys nothing which might not have been left to camera and cinematograph.

We are expected to read through such important bits of conversation as "Buon giorno, signor capitano." Life is too short to read this article. With the exception of the paragraph on "Double Dummy," it is, however, the only unreadable thing in the magazine.

(Note: Author writes of D'Annunzio as if he were greater than Leopardi. This, however, may be merely a slip of the pen; by "modern poet" he may mean "living poet." It is, however, quite possible that Leopardi's name is unknown to him.)

Next Item: Acrostics (half page).

Next Item : "Funny Pictures" for children (4 pages).


Next Item: "The Acting Duchess," usual farce about charming people with titles and egregious bounder without. Probably not based on a very close study of "the aristocracy," and would "do on the stage."

Next Item: Curiosities. One page.

Then comes Notice (as on front cover) that "The Strand Magazine" can be sent post free to the troops. (This postal regulation applies equally to all other periodicals.)

Finis: Johnny Walker, Secrets of Beauty, Jaeger, Protective Knickers, Eno's, etc.

Drama.

By John Francis Hope.

Mr. WALTER HACKETT's interest in spiritualism does not promise to be fruitful in the dramatic sense. He secured his one success when he created that delightful impostor, Beverley, in "The Barton Mystery"; but that success is not duplicated by anything that he does in "The Invisible Foe." There is no dramatic novelty in the use of the supernatural on the stage; the ghost of Banquo presumably rose to frighten Macbeth into confession of his guilt; and Mr. H. B. Irving's skill in playing the haunted man has been so recently demonstrated in the revival of "The Bells" that Mr. Hackett's use of the idea affects me with a sense of damnable iteration. There is nothing in Stephen Pryde that enables Irving to do more than repeat himself; and there is nothing in the play itself to make us more tolerant of spiritual intervention. The Horatian rule that a god should not intervene unless a crisis occurs worthy of his interference, should apply to the use of spiritualism on the stage; there surely is a lex parcimoniae of art as well as of science which forbids us to use short cuts out of our difficulties by calling to our aid the help of beings of a different order or condition to ourselves. If we make too frequent and commonplace recourse to the spirits, surely they will, like Hercules, tell us to put our own shoulders to the wheel, to exhaust every known means before resorting to the unknown. The problem that Mr. Hackett has to solve could have been solved by any stage detective.

The problem is quite simple. On apparently irrefutable evidence, Mr. Bransby had condemned his nephew, Hugh, as a thief; there were the entries in the ledger in a handwriting that Hugh could not deny. 1
do not pretend to know anything of the procedure by which an officer resigns the King's Commission; but if Hugh had not forgotten to write this resignation, Mr. Hackett would, have had to use his wits to make clear who was really the culprit. Mr. Bransby, noticing the omission, makes Stephen Pryde, Hugh's brother, witness the resignation, and signs it; and he observes that the handwriting is a facsimile of Hugh's, charges Stephen with the theft and forgery, extorts a confession, and compels Stephen to write and sign the confession. Both documents are then placed before a copy of "David Copperfield," with which he leaves lying on the table, when he staggered into the hall and died. A lady with a passion for putting things away busies in and puts "David Copperfield" in the book-case, while Richard Bransby is being diagnosed as dead; and the possibility of redressing by human means the injustice done to Hugh is, therefore, assumed by Mr. Hackett to be so slight as to be negligible. Therefore, for the next two acts, he calls to his aid the hypothesis of spirit return.

But the hypothesis of spirit return is not the particular use he makes of the spiritualist hypothesis as it condemns his recourse to it. If channels of communication already exist, there is no need to make new ones. Those channels do already exist in the play; Mrs. Hilary caused much hilarity in the first act, and, indeed, started the discussion on spiritualism by telling everyone that she had received a communication from a spirit control (through a professional medium) that one of her friends would die that day. She had visited them all, and, to her disappointment, they were quite all right. Richard Bransby died that night, and, on the hypothesis, fulfilled the prophecy. If it were necessary for him to return to repair the injustice done to Hugh, the channel of communication was already open; Mrs. Hilary's mediumistic friend could have assumed the message more easily, and much more quickly, than anyone else. But Mrs. Hilary's medium is forgotten after the first act; Richard Bransby had to begin de novo, as though nothing had happened since the Rochester rappings.

He has not only to develop his own power of spiritual control, he has also to develop the mediumship of his daughter. The reason is, of course, that Mr. Hackett wanted another two acts in which to give Irving and Miss Fay Compton the opportunity to do something more than play the ingénue and the gentleman. Mr. Hackett wanted another two acts of tragedy is upon it. To make Life beautiful, then, we must lose Love, and remain unhappy. Love, however, brings Happiness with it as the sun brings light. Is Happiness, then, the end of morality? Or an effect of Love?

Supremacy.—In order to deserve enjoyment, one need only be supremely happy or supremely wrethched.

Beauty and Tragedy.—In every beautiful face there is nobility, strength, and a touch of sadness—the seal of tragedy is upon it. To make Life beautiful, then, would be to make it tragic? Nay, rather let us say that to make Life tragic is to make it beautiful. Supreme beauty is but the expression in which we are comprised in a miracle of unity the sorrow and the joy of Tragedy. For in the most radiant manifestation of Beauty there is a brooding solemnity; in the most sorrowful there is triumph.

Christian and Dionysian.—The Christian and the Dionysian are both of them step-children and solutions of Pessimism. A gloomy and realistic view of the world was necessary before either of them could be born. In Christianity Pessimism was translated into symbols, "Original Sin" and "transgression against God"—these were the theological counterparts of the pessimist's "suffering," "the tyranny of the Will." How did Christianity find relief from this fundamental pessimism? By a pathetic illusion in which mankind were transformed into erring children. Lord, however, were forgiven by an indulgent Father. Here suffering was still an argument against Life, and a palliative was sought and found. The Dionysian, however, affirmed Life in the very tragicity of its aspect, and, by so doing, achieved a victory over it. In short, to the Dionysian Life is a tragedy; to the Christian it is a pathetic tale with a happy ending.

Mastery and Tragedy.—The desire of Man to subordinate Nature and fate and obtain mastery over his resources—perhaps it is as well that this is meantime unattainable! For Man's spirit is not yet noble enough for him to use this power aright: he would use it, if he could grasp it now, as such a real pleasure lost in the transfer of interest to her from Mrs. Hilary. As played by Miss Marian Lorne, this character could easily have been developed into as certain a comedic triumph as was Beverley; her breathless wonder, her artful innocence were a delight to observe, and I regret that she did not capture Mr. Hackett as nicely as she did Dr. Latham. She is a character who has a right to run off with her creator; she indicates that Mr. Hackett's gift is not expressed in his commonplace thrills (after all, he does not produce so powerful an impression of spiritual presence as Chesterton did in the last act of his "Magic"), but in his fantastic comedic characters. Mrs. Hilary is own sister to Beverley, and under her guidance Mr. Walter Hackett would do better work than "The Invisible Foe." A good word must be said for Mr. Sydney Valentine's performance of Richard Bransby, although he must be so used to good words that their utterance is really unnecessary. But if Mr. Walter Hackett maintains his interest in spiritualism, and forgets the obligations of drama, he will soon be qualified to write sketches for Maskelyne rather than for Irving.

We Moderns.

By Edward Moore.

END OR EFFECT.—One may possess all the virtues save Love, and remain unhappy. Love, however, brings Happiness with it as the sun brings light. Is Happiness, then, the end of morality? Or an effect of Love?

TRAGEDY.—The desire of Man to

A MASTERY

CHRISTIAN AND

TRAGEDY.—The desire of Man to

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HENRY FIELDING.

The desire of Man to subordinate Nature and fate and obtain mastery over his resources—perhaps it is as well that this is meantime unattainable! For Man's spirit is not yet noble enough for him to use this power aright: he would use it, if he could grasp it now, as a means to Happiness! Our first duty is to find a commission that would make Man tragic. Once Man wills Tragedy, however, the more mastery he acquires the better.
The Hidden Faculty.—When we speak hopefully of the discovery of still undiscovered faculties in Man, to what do we look forward? In plain terms, how do we expect this faculty to be of use to us? In bringing about Happiness, it is a tragedy without the nobility—that in our time the most beautiful, heroic and powerful things have to bow their heads and become slaves to this weak and pathetic tyrant, Happiness. Should we then oppose the faculty in Man will not make him more happy, but simply more powerful; his self-expression in action will be the more complete; the essential conflict of Life will be magnified; Life will become more tragic. So think well, you votaries of Happiness, before you bring to life another power of the tragic creature, Man. Far better for your ends if you could but succeed in killing some of those he already possesses. But have you not sometimes tried to do that?

The Other Side.—And yet Man cannot create without Happiness. The soul that lives in shadow becomes unhealthy and stunted; sunshine is after all the great health-bringing and fructifying thing. Happiness does make a man nobler; more ready to generosity, heroism; more careless of enjoyment. Happiness! But what is Happiness? The Happiness that is essential to the best life is a state of the soul: this is the sphere of Goethe and Heine. Tragic art has no concern with the shop-keepers? Tragic art has no concern with the little accidents which a thinker laughs at! Are sacrifices.—"The first of the first fruits of thy land thou shalt bring into the house of the Lord thy God." Thus spoke the oldest reverence. We should not scoff at this feeling but rather try to understand it; for it is only too rare in our time. What was its meaning to the rulers of Israel? Gratitude, a beautiful, altruistic, happiness; a sense of the eternal, justice: by restoring a conception of Life in which Happiness was neither a positive nor a negative thing, our modern generation has given us,—that should be our form of sacrifice. the many, on the other hand, appear to the few as a naively happy, narrow and absurd form of existence.

The Modern Devil.—The devil is not wicked but corrupt,—in modern phraseology, decadent. The qualities of the medieval devil, rage, cruelty, hatred, pride, avarice, are in their measure necessary to give life, necessary to virtue itself. But corruption is wholly bad; it contaminates even those who fight it. Hell relaxes; Mr. Shaw's conception is profoundly true. But if the devil is corruption, cannot the devil be abolished? It is true, Man cannot extirpate cruelty, hatred and pride without destroying Life; but Life is made more powerful by the destruction of the corrupt. God created Man; but it was Man that created the devil.

Nietzsche.—What was Nietzsche, that subtlest of modern riddles? First, a great tragic poet: it was by a divine accident that he was at the same time a profound thinker and the deepest psychologist. But his tragic affirmative was the core of his work, of which thought and analysis were but outgrowths. Without it, his subtlest might have made him another Pascal. The will to Power, which makes suffering integral in Life; the Order of Rush whereby the bulk of mankind are doomed to slavery; the Superman himself, that most sublime child of Tragedy; and the last affirmation, the Eternal Recurrence: these are the conceptions of a tragic poet. It is, indeed, by virtue of his tragic view of Life that Nietzsche is for us a force of such value. For only by means of it could modern existence, sunk in scepticism, pessimism and the greatest happiness of the greatest number, be recreated.

For the last two centuries Europe has been under the domination of the conception of Happiness as progress. Altruism, the ideology of the greatest happiness of the greatest number, altruism as a means of universalising Happiness, was preached in the eighteenth century, until after a while it was seen by such clear-sighted observers as Voltaire that men did not obey this imperative of altruism; therefore they were condemned: the moral indignation of the eighteenth century, the century of censoriousness par excellence, was the result. First, an impossible morality was demanded, and for the attainment of an unattainable ideal; then Man was condemned because he failed to comply with it, because he was Man. Thus in the end the ideal of the greatest happiness worked out in pessimism: Life became hideous and, worst of all, moral, to the utilitarian, when it was seen that altruism and happiness are alike impossible. Schopenhauer is here the heir of Voltaire: the moral condemnation of the one has become in the other a condemnation of Life itself, more profound, more posthumous, more logical. Altruism has in Schopenhauer deepened into Pity; for Pity is altruism bereft of the illusion of Happiness. How was Man to avoid now the almost inevitable bourne of Nihilism? By renouncing altogether Happiness as a value; by restoring a conception of Life in which Happiness was neither a positive nor a negative standard, but something irrelevant, an accident: in short, by setting up a tragic conception of Life. This was the task of Nietzsche: in how far he succeeded how can we say?

Again.—Nietzsche loved not goodness but greatness: the True, the Great and the Beautiful. Was not this the necessary corollary of his aesthetic evaluation of Life?

Sacrifices.—"The first of the first fruits of thy land thou shalt bring into the house of the Lord thy God." Thus spoke the oldest reverence. We should not scoff at this feeling but rather try to understand it; for it is only too rare in our time. What was its meaning to the rulers of Israel? Gratitude, a beautiful, affirmative thing: to enrich Life with the highest gifts, which we freely offer in thanksgiving for what Life has given us,—that should be our form of sacrifice.
And we should perform it gladly, with festive, overflowing heart, not with sullen and conscientious face, as if life were a usurer.

Our Poverty.—The spiritual poverty of modern life is appalling; and all the more because men are unconscious of their prayer. Pray as in former times the channel whereby a profound current of spiritual life flowed into the lives of men and enriched them. This source of wealth has now almost ceased, and Man has become less spiritual, more impoverished. We must seek a new form of prayer. Better not live at all than live without reverence and gratitude! Let our sacramental attitude to Life be our form of prayer. Let us no longer desire to live when that has perished.

Finis.—To abjure half measures and to live resolutely in the whole, the Full, the Beautiful."—GOETHE.

The Moribund Idea.
By Triboulet.

[Room in Mr. Soaper's palace. Soaper stands with his back to the fire. Earl Widnes is chewing a cigar by the window.]

SOPAVER: I am entirely to blame, Widnes. Among the Prince of Portsmouth, you and me the Empire is divided. We are the dividers, they the policy of inaugurated threats destruction. I said I would make blackleg-proof unions impossible. I did so. By setting all, benefits, strike pay, etc., as direct charges on the State, I crippled the old unions.

WIDNES: Yes; but I organised the women.

SOPAVER: What harm has he done? Say I am responsible for the trouble. Must I tell you all over again? By making the unions smaller and poorer I made them desperate armies. Armies not led by men but by ideas. Would to heaven we had the old labour leaders back! I'd give a million pounds for twenty blackleg-proof unions with vast finances and highly paid officials. Unions with figure heads. Unions with human stuff at the top. When I was young it only took ten minutes to alter the fate of an industry by getting in touch with substantial leaders. My tact, my determination, had something to work on. To-day, we have to stand up to ghosts that have more power in their punch than fifteen-stone policemen.

WIDNES: But their ideas eat one another up?

SOPAVER: Ay, and then new giants are born. While ideas lead the organised working class we stretch out our hands like blind men. We touch no wall, no support, and we shall stagger on until we touch no floor. You cannot fight ideas with power and will. Ours is a forlorn hope, but there is hope.

SOPAVER: I shall tell you when you admit that my ideas are totally new. The Moribund Idea.

SOPAVER: Now, you will see what I am driving at. We must give the labour movement a head, a man. We must put flesh in the place of idea. Do you understand? Give them a saviour, saints, a Lin coln, a Cromwell, it doesn't matter which, so long as we give them a man. This means a great sacrifice, and as I am responsible for the trouble, I will make the sacrifice.

WIDNES: What do you want to do?

SOPAVER: I will publicly renounce my position on the Western Trust and say that I have entirely changed my life purpose. I shall produce my ability and all my personal wealth at the disposal of the organised non-political unions. You and Portsmouth can prepare for the crisis of the class war, but when I have command there will be neither crisis or class war.

WIDNES: But who would believe in your conversion?

SOPAVER: There is nothing easier to believe in than sudden conversion. It has been the key to religious and political success. Men are suspicious of the sincere profound thinker's slow evolution in thought. My path is smooth, my success certain. I have the greatest power. I can read your thoughts. But who would believe in your conversion?

WIDNES: Yes, we'll do that.

SOPAVER: I'll be damned if you do. I know the game, Soaper. I can read your thoughts.

WIDNES: But then I don't think you should be left to make this great sacrifice. Let me do it.

SOPAVER: Not for the world, my dear Widnes. Must I tell you all over again? By making the unions smaller and poorer I made them desperate armies. Armies not led by men but by ideas. Would to heaven we had the old labour leaders back! I'd give a million pounds for twenty blackleg-proof unions with vast finances and highly paid officials. Unions with figure heads. Unions with human stuff at the top. When I was young it only took ten minutes to alter the fate of an industry by getting in touch with substantial leaders. My tact, my determination, had something to work on. To-day, we have to stand up to ghosts that have more power in their punch than fifteen-stone policemen.

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SOPAVER: I shall tell you when you admit that my ideas are totally new. The Moribund Idea.

WIDNES: What is it?

SOPAVER: The same as mine. I, too, am sick of the whole business. We are up in the cold. Sentiment and emotion have gone out of life. We starve in an impersonal world. But there is something worse than loss of comfort and glory. Beneath us, above us, about us, roll our enemies' ideas, and the only idea we had is dying. We felt it, and that is why we are now thinking in the same way. Come, confess that I have found you out.

SOPAVER: You have. I am just as responsible as you, and, moreover, I have studied elocution especially for popular appeal. Haven't I made mistakes?

SOPAVER: You have never made a mistake in your life, except, I should say, when you studied elocution. No, Widnes, I'll undertake the sacrifice for you.

WIDNES: I'll be damned if you do. I know the game, Soaper. I can read your thoughts.

SOPAVER: That is clever. What are they?

WIDNES: The same as mine. I, too, am sick of the whole business. We are up in the cold. Sentiment and emotion have gone out of life. We starve in an impersonal world. But there is something worse than loss of comfort and glory. Beneath us, above us, about us, roll our enemies' ideas, and the only idea we had is dying. We felt it, and that is why we are now thinking in the same way. Come, confess that I have found you out.

SOPAVER: You have.

WIDNES: You want to leave Portsmouth and me on the pretence that you will play our game among the enemy. It is a trick. We should be the dupes, not the workers.

SOPAVER: You have hit it. Well, what shall we do?

WIDNES: Make the sacrifice together.

SOPAVER: And Portsmouth?

WIDNES: Hang Portsmouth! We cannot all do it.

SOPAVER: We must have a background for our heroes. Leave him the whole Empire, and soon he will be broken and take the place he deserves for not thinking so quickly and so well as we have done. Bring him here, and we'll tell him of our sacrifice, and prepare him for the demonstration.

SOPAVER: Yes, we'll do that. (He goes to telephone on side table.) Hello! Hello! What do you say? No answer. Absurd! There must be somebody at Portsmouth Palace. Ah! they are there. (Soaper speaks.) Is the Prince there? No! Has gone where? Eh? Good heavens! (Soaper drops the telephone receiver and reels into Widnes' arms.)

WIDNES: What is it?
WIDNES: What do you say? His shareholders?

SOAPER: The whole thing is too sinister, too mysterious for my mind to realise.

PORTSMOUTH: So

SOAPER: Portsmouth! I am quite nervous.

WIDNES (loosening his collar): I am prepared for anything. What is Portsmouth's game? No shareholders have been called together for ten years; we have had absolute rule since then. They are a pack of wolves. We make them eat each other, but what insanity would make us consult them? Was it for this we had the whole police and army system transferred from the State to our personal service?

SOAPER: Mark my words, Portsmouth is also out to abolish the Wage System, and he has left us to the fury of the revolutionaries.

WIDNES: I am quite nervous. I fear a great calamity. (A loud report is heard from the street.) A bomb! Listen to the throbbing. I can hear a rushing below. Someone is running up the stairs. My God, they are upon us. (The door flies open, and the Prince of Portsmouth rushes in. He wears goggles and a great fur motor coat.) Portsmouth! Portsmouth! Portsmouth: Both here!

PORTSMOUTH: One of my tyres. I've run my car like a devil to get here quickly. Soaper, Widnes, we are ruined!

SOAPER: What have you done? You called your shareholders together.

PORTSMOUTH: So you heard of it. Don't be angry, listen carefully. I have rolled in my bed night after night, wearing away body and mind, as I reasoned and reasoned. Millions of policies have been dissipated in the trenches but work in the Home Office Centres, it is absurd. Millions of policies have been dissipated with the shadows at dawn. You, I know, have suffered no less. All seemed hopeless. At last I hit on a plan. It was too daring, too stupendous to trust to anyone. If I did not act myself without waiting to persuade or consult you, my plan would be worthless. I decided to abolish the Wage System!

WIDNES: I anticipated that. We have even lost control of our thoughts.

SOAPER: Portsmouth, you did not think of our interests. You betrayed us!

PORTSMOUTH: That's a lie! I acted for you. I knew you felt what I felt. I called together my shareholders. They were like tigers. At first, I thought I should be torn to pieces, but when I made my proposition they rose like one man, and cheered again and again. At last a man came forward and said that this day was the most important in the history of mankind. He congratulated me on my move, and affirmed that I had saved my soul and theirs. The first thing for me to do, he said, was to go with a number of the shareholders to the headquarters of the non-political unions and offer the best services of myself and my shareholders as allies in the revolutionary cause. I agreed, and we went to the revolutionaries' headquarters, and there, after much difficulty, we saw the nameless men whom the public never sees, the chief thinkers. As master of the Southern Trust, I explained the great sacrifice of my shareholders and myself.

SOAPER: Sacrifice! How dare you, sir! We were as ready as you. You have snatched for glory at our expense. We are left, and you are on the pedestal. Portsmouth: Rubbish! They laughed at me, and kicked me and my shareholders into the street.

PORTSMOUTH: What did they say?


SOAPER: If it didn't feel like doomsday, I'd laugh.

PORTSMOUTH: Don't laugh. We are the little men alive. The moral and intellectual world has revolved, and we had our eyes shut. Even our shareholders are our spiritual superiors. We are the infernal gods, big with economic power, but cut off from heaven. The revolutionary thinkers would not speak to me, because our only idea, the idea of the Wage System, is dead, stark dead. They kicked me into the street because their acquisition of economic power is only a matter of a short period of joyful endeavour. The thought of a few has become social thought, and we live in one of those rare world-moments when thought becomes deed.

WIDNES: And there is not even the chance of a job as a saviour! I'm off to America.

SOAPER: I am with you.

PORTSMOUTH: Yes, to New York. Double! (The triumvirate rushes off for its travelling necessaries.)

Views and Reviews.

RENDER UNTO CAESAR.

The case of the conscientious objector, as stated in this pamphlet* by Mrs. Hobhouse, is so self-contradictory that it is difficult to avoid being exasperated by it. It is true, as Professor Gilbert Murray alleges in a preface, that “all the Conscientious Objectors known to history have been exasperating”; but as no one is grateful to another for exasperating him, the fact does not tell in favour of the conscientious objector. The paradox of his position is manifest in the very title of this pamphlet, if Mrs. Hobhouse is really representative of him; the man who will not “render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar’s” is yet willing to accept from Caesar the gift of pardon, for that is what Mrs. Hobhouse claims. There are certainly cases in which substantial injustice has been done because the Tribunals believed that they had no power to grant absolute exemption; and there is a clear case for revision in these instances. But if for these men the alternative to prison is, as Mrs. Hobhouse declares, not the trenches but work in the Home Office Centres, it is not easy to discern what right even Caesar has to interfere with the choice of these men. State the case for conscience as powerfully as you please, assert the most absolute right for a man to do as his conscience directs, and you cannot escape the conclusion that no one has a right to interfere with his choice. If the consequences of his choice are not what he expected them to be, if they do not support his conscience and reinforce his purpose, then it is obvious that he has chosen wrongly; and should exercise his undoubted power to choose again. The simple fact is that no man can relieve another of the consequences of his choice, nor has he any right to do so, than he has to interfere between a man and his God. The inviolability of conscience carries the consequence that men who obey a categorical imperative must also accept the whole train of events that follows from their obedience; even Christ only came to “save His people from their sins,” not from their virtues, and Caesar, who makes no pretence to a mission of salvation, cannot be expected to do more.

But the appeal to Caesar must be answered by Caesar in his own terms. We talk much of liberty in this country, but the only liberty known to Caesar is that guaranteed by what is compendiously described as “the rule of law.” There is no doubt that the Militaristic Enterprise of Mrs. Hobhouse in the name of Mrs. Hobhouse.

* "I appeal unto Caesar." By Mrs. Henry Hobhouse. (Allen & Unwin, 18 net.)
conscientious objectors are there by their own deliberate sympathy. The complaints made are of a nature whatever profits may accrue to this publication to the prison, and the whole prison system, as well as the Tribunals, and refused to accept the verdict, are really precise on the point: "They stand for the Anarchist as the man who refused to ask for the relief of their undoubted rights, the Tribunals usually gave exemption. There is no such thing as a law-abiding man who has done his best, to bring the law into the standard works. The lack of educational facilities according to their own inventions also. If we drop the emphasis on our only guarantee of liberty. A. E. R.

Reviews.
The Town Labourer: 1760-1832. By J. L. Hammond and Barbara Hammond. (Longmans. 1918.)

The story of the Industrial Revolution has often been told, but seldom with such clearness and elaboration, or with such insistence on the philosophic ideas of the period. The authors have used the Home Office Papers freely, and have been able to demonstrate the historical existence of the two nations which Disraeli depicted in "Sybil." But they insist most on the spirit of which the whole history was an expression, which they describe as "a spirit of complacent pessimism. . . . This age had taken for its aim the accumulation of economic power, and its guiding philosophy was a dividing force, because it regulated men and women not as citizens but as servants of the power. If the needs of that power seemed to conflict with the needs of human nature, human nature had to suffer. In its extreme form, this theory made the mess of the nation the cannon-iodder of industry. It was an age in which things governed men, and from which, after a century of struggle, we are only emerging into a clearer perception that man must not only have dominion over every living thing that moveth upon the earth, in the words of Genesis, but over his own inventions also. If we drop the emphasis on man, we drop from civilization to barbarism, to the condition of England during the half-century covered by this volume. At least, the age was logical. If man in England would not submit to be a product of political economy, if he would not willingly be reduced to his functions (as the cow was sacrificed to its udder, and the ox to its sirloin), then he must be made to do so. Even the religious revival under Wesley had no more inspiring message than: "Whom the Lord loveth, He chasteneth." Hannah More had no more comfort for the women of Shiplham who had survived the famine of 1817 than this: "We trust the poor in general, especially those that are well instructed, have received what has been done for them as a matter of favour, not of right—if so, the same kindness will, I doubt not, always be extended to them, whenever it shall please God so to afford the food! Everything conspired to teach the labourer that he was a labourer, and to keep him so: education, for example, was thus regarded by Mr. Gidds, a President of the Royal Society, and a great patron of scientific enterprise: "However specious in theory the project might be, of giving education to the labouring classes of the poor, it would in effect be found to be prejudicial to their morals and happiness; it would teach them to despise their lot in life, instead of making them good servants in agriculture, and other laborious employments to accept it as a privilege granted in return for submission to the provisions of the Military Service Acts." In other words, they argue that that right is guaranteed by an Act of Parliament cannot be accepted by them; and their willingness to accept "the King's pardon," if Mrs. Hobhouse truly represents them, indicates that they prefer government by the Royal Prerogative. But the grant of pardon does not exhaus the Royal Prerogative, and the whole history on England expresses such a dread of the exercise of the Prerogative that few of us will feel inclined to turn back to arbitrary government. The ordinary constitutional procedure is inapplicable to this case; we cannot argue for the repeal of the obnoxious clauses, for they alone establish the right of conscientious objectors to exemption. We can only ask them to "render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's," and to show respect for the rule of law is our only guarantee of liberty.

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which their rank in society had destined them; instead of teaching them subordination, it would render them factious and refractory, as was evident in the manufacturing classes, where pamphlets, vicious books, and publications against Christianity; it would render them insolent to their superiors; and, in a few years, the result would be that the Legislature would find it necessary to direct the strong arm of power towards them, and to furnish the executive magistrate with much more vigorous laws than were now in force. The laws already in existence included the Combination Laws, which the authors thus describe: "The State was to abdicate in favour of the employers. The employers' law was to be the public law. Workmen were to obey their masters as they would obey the State, and the State was to enforce the master's command as it would its own." With spells to foment or invent disorder, and military to suppress it, the magistrates (who were usually employers) did not lack occupation. "Troops were distributed over the country, and the North and Midlands and the manufacturing region in the South-West came to resemble a country under military occupation. The officers commanding in the different districts reported on the temper and circumstances of their districts, just as if they were in a hostile or lately conquered country. The officers were moved about in accordance with fluctuations in wages or employment, and the daily life of the large towns was watched anxiously and suspiciously by magistrates and generals."

That the people became brutalised is not surprising; and the evidence in this book reads like a nightmare. Yet, in spite of it, they never surrendered, they kept alive in some form the memory of the golden age of the working-classes, and the hope of attaining to a similar condition. The objection, even of the men and women of Lancashire and Yorkshire, to machinery was that it was "inhuman, that it disregarded all their instincts and sensibilities, that it brought into their lives an inexorable force, destroying and scattering their customs, their traditions, their freedom, their ties of family and home, their dignity and character as men and women." Warped as they were, they yet struggled to become straight; and they resisted, openly and covertly, the attempt to reduce them to the status of instruments of wealth. Doherty told them that if life was to be enriched by the new industry, the employers, and the employers must consider the condition of the men and women. What bearing these discussions have on "Housing After the War," is not indicated, and as Mr. H. R. Aldridge, who deals with the latter subject, concludes: "It is clear from the figures given earlier in this chapter that the hope of the cheap cottage must be placed aside for at least a generation"; we must, therefore, conclude that unless the workers are rehabilitated (whatever that means), the land question will be solved, although there is no hope of increasing the housing accommodation of rural districts. One of the most misleading sub-divisions of this book concerns "National Health," which is dealt with by Dr. James Kerr, while Miss Margaret Macmillan deals with "The Care of Children," without showing that the conditions necessary to the health of children differ in any way from those necessary for national health. Collaborators should collaborate; but most of these writers in the "Social Reform" section demand more and more money to be spent on their particular hobbies, while Professor Alfred Marshall tells us at the end that "aspirations for social betterment," although strengthened by the community of men in the trenches, "will be to some extent hampered by the destruction of capital and the necessity of raising a very heavy Revenue to pay interest on the National Debt, and for other purposes." Mr. Arthur Sherwell's contribution is an argument in favour of the immediate abolition of all indirect taxes. For "The Organisation of National Resources," Sir Herbert Hadow and Sir Benjamin Browne (representing the Board of Trade) appeal to the community of men in the trenches, "will be to some extent hampered by the destruction of capital and the necessity of raising a very heavy Revenue to pay interest on the National Debt, and for other purposes." Mr. H. H. Roberts (representing Labour) argues that the elevation of labour is dependent on flourishing industry is self-evident, and he looks to the Ministry of Labour for "the harmonious co-ordination of the interests of capital and labour," and to the Board of Trade for the observation and "cultivation of both home and foreign markets." Sir Benjamin Browne (representing Capital) tells very vaguely about the necessity of producing in industry the same harmonious relations between employers and employed as exists between their relative classes in the Army. The men must consider the employers, and the employers must consider the men; but where the money is to come from to improve conditions, Sir Benjamin Browne does not know. So we might go on, trying to get not only a little light on our problems, but a little leading to their solution, and being foisted off always with some vague platitudes. We prefer Lord Cromer to any other writer in this volume, for he records "that rural life" with quite a good idea, but apparently impracticable. That is at least a definite opinion, and as it makes no demand on the Treasury, it will probably be welcomed by the governing classes. Altogether, the volume is disappointing.
An Attempt at Life. By J. W. N. Sullivan. (Grant Richards, Ltd. 5s. net.)

Since Mr. Wells wrote "Love and Mr. Lewisham," the life of the poor student in London has attracted remarkably few novelists. This is a pity, for the seemingly prosaic subject proves on analysis to be composed of highly poetical ingredients which accommodate themselves to the most varied treatment. Mr. Sullivan has turned the plant nature of his material to good account, and although in his normal attitude of detachment he steers a middle course between the romantic, the realistic, he owes to one extreme or the other in appropriate episodes.

"The Attempt at Life" is made by James Walker, B.Sc., whose ambitions are at first wholly scholastic. To him the value of scientific research in a college laboratory is a matter simply beyond dispute. But this comfortable religious creed is disturbed by contact with the less academic emotions, and then the aim of life presents itself to him as a menacing problem. Whether his manner of solving it will prove to be the right one is left to the reader to decide, and the reader will probably leave it undecided, since Mr. Sullivan's hero remains after all perhaps the most shadowy figure in the novel. Whether he does not begin life, or perhaps fail to depict a character with skill. On the contrary, his Lane, Professor Turner, Mr. Marsh, Briggs, Miss Nash and Marjorie are, in particular, presented with a convincing touch of personal atmosphere. But Mr. Sullivan has portrayed these characters more in the form of an outline sketch, for which his capacity is great. The portrait in greater detail which he has reserved for his main character has resulted in something more complete, but less harmonious in the detachment he steers a middle course between the frequent touches of dry humour. Above all, he has prepared his resources. There are admirable

as a novelist, Mr. Sullivan shows himself extremely versatile in his resources. There are admirable passages of impressionistic description. There are frequent touches of dry humour. Above all, he has avoided the common mistake of lapsing into aimless autobiography, and his 'Attempt at Life' is something more than an attempt at fiction.

Proportional Representation and British Politics. By J. Fischer Williams. (Murray. Is. net.)

Mr. J. Fischer Williams writes with much clearness concerning the application of the single transferable vote to the Federal electoral system. He claims nothing for it except that it will result in a House of Commons numerically proportionate to the voters, and that it will enable a number of more or less independent members to be elected. What they are to do with their independence except "log-roll" he does not tell us; and if his argument is sound that the leaders of parties so elected will be less powerful, he has provided the most powerful political argument against his proposal. For it is certain that the Government (and therefore the Opposition) must be more powerful in the future than it has previously been. The only way to make sure of being happy for five or six hours together is to go to sleep; but one may be fairly certain of one hour's optimism outlook by judicious over-eating.

As your reviewer remarks, "Altogether, it is a most

H A L F - T R U T H S .

(1) Epigrams are half-truths felicitously worded.

(2) Nothing of importance ever happens before lunch—and very little after.

(3) A business man is someone who expects to be paid for ideas which any gentleman or artist would consider too obvious to be worth mentioning.

(4) It is as easy for an actor to be a man as it is for an actress not to be bewitched.

(5) Things are not always what they do not seem. Because a thing is printed in the paper it is not necessarily untrue.

(6) Man never plays the knave till woman has played the ten.

(7) The only way to make sure of being happy for five or six hours together is to go to sleep; but one may be fairly certain of one hour's optimism outlook by judicious over-eating.

(8) The highest taxed superfluity is sensibility.

(9) Jews, the working class, self-scrutiny, and Socialism are all particularly abhorrent to the average Christian.

(10) On one subject only are men and women in agreement—in distrust of women.

(11) Every debateable action is assignable to one of two causes—lack of money or superficiality of sex.

(12) The one advantage of being married is that it prevents you marrying such a lot of other people.

(13) Even old men and old women cannot wholly rob old age of its beauty, dignity, and pathos.

(14) Never do anything. This is the only known method of never doing anything wrong.

(15) To acquire a reputation for cynicism, merely whisper to your neighbour that which she and everyone else present is already thinking.

(16) Possibly even death may not prove the final disillusion!

(17) It is useless to try and raise money; it is hopeless to attempt retaining woman's love, unless you can contrive to suggest that you don't care whether you have it or no.

(18) Everyone does everything a little better when they are a little drunk.

(19) All generalisations are wrong—including this one. Kneelm. Poss.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

THE CURE OF WARSHOCK.

Sir,—I have been interested in reading in The New Age of July 26, 1917, a review of Dr. M. D. Eder's book on "War Shock." As your reviewer remarks, "Altogether, it is a most interesting and valuable record," and although, as he says, "It would be unfair to Dr. Eder's precision of statement and classification if we offered a general paraphrase of it," there is one point that evidently requires a little explanation.

In Chapter VIII of the book, the "Summary of Conclusions," it is observed (in par. 8) that "The treatment par excellence is hypnotic suggestion." Par. 9 of the same chapter states: "9 per cent. of cases of war-shock were cured by this method, and 8.5 per cent. improved. . . . Cure is very rapidly effected; most cases are well in less than two weeks; some in a few minutes
One would be glad to know what Dr. Elder means by, “care.” It is an instructive point, especially when one is aware that large numbers of those cases treated at the hands of Dr. Elder are not cured but are turned to duty in the trenches within two to four weeks. B.E.F.

SIR.-The Continental “Daily Mail” is practically the only newspaper accessible to most of the B.E.F. Its news is strictly limited to what it considers suitable for its own consumption. In its issue of August 30 one of its letters under the heading “Full Text of Mr. Wilson’s Note” the italicised words in the following not unimportant passage of that Note are simply omitted:—

[The American people] believe that peace should rest upon the rights of peoples, not the rights of Governments, the rights of peoples great or small, weak or powerful, their equal rights to freedom and security and to participate upon fair terms in the economic opportunities of the world, the German peoples of course included, if they will accept equality and not seek domination.

F. H. DRINKWATER.

SUPPRESS.

SIR.-Mr. R. B. Kerr’s interesting letter on “Rationalism in the University” which appears in the August number of the “New Statesman” contains an account of Henry Drummond’s work among Edinburgh students thirty years ago, in which occurs this grotesque terror about Henry Drummond worked in his early days, nor Drummond himself, said much about “hell,” but tried and often succeeded in getting at the consciences of men, and helping them to realise that they were already in a “hell” largely of their own making. I was also a student in Edinburgh for the best part of the ‘eighties, and_Declined to participate upon fair terms to the adhering “Missionary” in the City without a Church.” I need only refer to the student in Edinburgh for the best part of the ‘eighties, and_Declined to participate upon fair terms to the adhering “Missionary” in the City without a Church.” I need only refer to the

HENRY DRUMMOND.

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SUPPRESS.
PRESS CUTTINGS.

But, in view of the present technical development of the weapons and conduct of war, there are only two possible ways of completely satisfying the demand for security. The one way consists in the continuation of the war until one side is in a position to put its knee upon the breast of the other side and to make it utterly incapable of resistance for any time that can be foreseen; the other way is to reshape the whole State system of to-day by the winning of democracy and the radical removal of militarism. Accidents, which are incalculable, may indeed produce a peace of neither the one kind nor the other kind, but the result will be only a shambles. As long as the present militarism continues to exist, a peace between the nations, containing guarantees of permanence, and not consisting in violation of the rights of the peoples, cannot be expected.—EDOUARD BERNSTEIN, in "Neue Zeit."

Mr. Lansing, State Secretary, officially denies the published reports that he had stated that the United States Government did not insist upon the elimination of the Hohenzollerns as a condition of initiating any peace discussion. An authoritative announcement was made at the same time that what President Wilson meant by a change in the Government of Germany was a change in the character of the Government, and not a mere form. The United States reserves to itself the right to decide with which this nation will talk peace.

The present House of Commons began its existence with an immense preponderance of members whose association with their constituencies was of the slightest, and who frankly looked upon a seat in Parliament as a stepping-stone in their own career. Of the rest a number are serving in the forces of the Crown and still more in the Government Departments. Hardly a vestige remains of the old personal relations between Parliament and the people. The President sincerely hopes that the German people, sooner or later, will act in such a manner as to safeguard their own interests and the interests of the world.—"Times."

To the Editor of the "Times."

Sir,—It was, perhaps, to be expected that the considerable upheavals of reality which have taken place during the last three years should produce alarm in comfortable circles. But it may well be doubted whether the twit,terings of nervous alarmists are calculated to arouse respect at the present time for the powers that be, who are very much on their trial.

The President of Corpus has ventured to criticize a greater President for doing what constitutes a steadily widening breach at a time when the first requirement of the country is intelligent unity. There would be no substance in the general condemnation of "politicians" if more of them realized the true functions for which they were elected.—"Times."

The German Government is in its very social and political being an instrument for the exploitation and suppression of the laboring classes at home and abroad. It is the representative of world political expansion, the strongest upholders of competition in armaments, and one of the weightiest exponents in the creation of the causes for the present war. It arranged this war whilst it was misleading the masses of the people by the machinations.—Prof. Meinecke in "Frankfurter Zeitung."

It seeks to maintain the war feeling in the nation by the most blameworthy means: it carries on war by methods which, even regarded from the former customary standpoint, are monstrous. Such, for instance, are the invasion of Belgium and Luxemburg, the use of poison gases and Zeppelins, the submarine trade war, the torpedoing of the "Lusitania," the systematic extension of the "Lusitania," the systematic extension of the system of hostages and contributions especially in the beginning in Belgium, the systematic tapping of Germans, Polish, Irish, Mohammedans, and other war prisoners in German prisons, the use of the Censorship, etc., the Government service and traitorous espionage, the treaty of Zimmermann by Sir Roger Casement as to the formation of an Irish Brigade, the attempts to use civilian subjects of hostile States who were in Germany by threatening them with forced internment, the dictum, "Necessity knows no law," etc.

By the maintenance of the illegal state of siege and by the use of the Censorship, etc., the Government prevents the public knowledge of uncomfortable facts and smotheres criticism of its methods. The present war is not a war for defence or for the liberty of small nations. From the standpoint of the proletarian it signifies only the most extreme concentration of their political suppression and of their economic draining and the militaristic slaughter of the life of the working classes. —Dr. Karl Liebknecht.

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