NOTES OF THE WEEK.

For the general feeling that the war is dragging when we least expected, we might blame the prevalence of rumour if the prevalence of rumour were not itself the consequence of the absence of official news and views. Certainly rumour has been busy enough during the past week or two to cause uneasiness in the general mind; and when these rumours have or appear to have a straw of evidence to cling to, they naturally survive a good deal of mere argument. The interior causes, however, are to be found in the extraordinary secrecy of the Government, which now affects to regard both the conduct of the war and the conduct of the diplomacy connected with it as matters of no public concern. We are to continue in our present attitude of faith and patience though exposed, as the Government knows, to every kind of evil rumour, without questioning either the competence or the good will of the Executive. Parliament is in recess and the newspapers are full of lies. Yet the public is to remain as faithful as when we were receiving news daily. It cannot be so. Sooner rather than later public opinion will demand to know what is taking place, what is hoped, what is expected, and what is intended; and the penalty of denying it this information will be the discredit of the present Government and the strengthening, in all probability, of the incoclusive peace party.

The most obvious defect at the present moment is the absence of military news. We are accustomed, of course, to the “silence” of the Navy, though we might have expected that we should have heard more about it during war than during peace. But the Army is traditionally in a different situation. For the first two and a half years of the war we have, indeed, been fairly well supplied with news of the Army, but from the moment when Mr. Lloyd George became Premier the public has been denied even the publication of the routine dispatches of the commanders in the field.

There are, as we know, five main fronts upon which our troops are fighting—and when we say our troops we do not mean the professional Army which the War Office regards as its personal property, but our fellow-citizens—and from each of these fronts it is our right to hear at frequent intervals the report of what our soldier-citizens are doing there. Will it be believed, however, that from not a single one of them has the public received any detailed official information since March; and that from at least two of the fronts our public information carries us no farther than to the beginning of this year? In the single case of the Salonika expedition the defect of news is even worse; for the last dispatch to be published was dated October of a whole year ago. What is the reason of all this delay? If no news were certain to be good news, the suspense might be borne with equanimity. But both the Dardanelles and the Mesopotamian Reports are there as evidence that the absence of news cannot be regarded as a good sign. Are we in the end to have Salonikan, Palestinian, Bagdad, and East African Reports all in the same tenor of excitation when it is too late? The only remedy, we fear, against reports of this character is the publication of Dispatches; and when, as now, the dispatches are not published, we may apprehend the necessity of Reports.

The absence of military news, though disquieting to those who have no romantic estimate of the ability of our governing classes, is, however, of less serious moment in its depressing effect upon public opinion than the absence of diplomatic views. The signs of a clear and common understanding among the Allies are all too few for the situation which three years of war have created. It is true, of course, that in the main the objects of the Allies have been fairly well defined; but what we need, and what we have a right to expect, is a progressive classification, simplification, and unification of those objects as the war approaches its goal. That, however, is precisely what we do not get. And what is worse, from every meeting of the Allies in council there appears to emerge either nothing whatever or only evidence of continuing mutual differences. Everybody knows, for example, that the Allies were to meet at the end of August; and everybody was given to understand that the subjects of conversation were to be the formula of common agreement as regards the future of Germany and the means of bring-
ing the proposed change about. Has the meeting been held? Did it come to any agreement? And what was the agreement it came to? The public simply does not know. On the other hand, arguing from the defect of news, we may certainly conclude that if the meeting was held, it issued in no agreement, for what better evidence could we have of the carelessness of Mr. Lloyd George’s recent speeches, the manifest disharmony of Mr. Wilson’s Notes with our own and the French official statements, and the Babel of sentiment and opinions expressed by our Cabinet Ministers? Surely if the Allies had reached an agreement even on the terms of the settlement, some sign of it would have appeared in the synoptics of their leading spokesmen. They continue, however, to talk at cross purposes or to no purpose at all, exactly as if they were still without a common formula.

In this confusion the best thing that occurs to us to do is to set out the situation as it stands and to indicate what in our judgment are the various opinions at work. They fall mainly, we believe, into two schools, common to all the Allies in varying proportions—the Imperialist and the Democratic; and these again may be subdivided into the extreme and moderate Imperialist and the Liberal and the Democratic. Of both the Imperialistic schools it goes without saying that the first plank in their programme is a military victory. To the extreme school the defeat of the Allies has reached an acute sense of the futility of the whole war. Prussia has been defeated? To the extreme school the answer is not. Its poky is not ended. In other words, its poky is not ended. Its poky is not ended, except when peace is settled. In this confusion the best thing that occurs to us is to set out the situation as it stands and to indicate what in our judgment are the various opinions at work.

They are represented in this country by the politicians who control the “Morning Post,” the “Saturday Review,” and, to a certain extent, the Northcliffe Press. Fortunately, however, for both this country and the world, their power is less than their pretensions; for, setting aside for the moment the fact that England will not in any case be the sole penalisation of the German people. But it is no less plain that they are divided upon the matter of the desirability and possibility of a military victory. To take the Liberal opinion first, as represented in this country by the “Nation.” In its current issue the “Nation” assumes that a military victory is impossible, and hence that a peace by negotiation is the only kind of peace that can be looked for. The “Nation” goes on, it is true, to require of a negotiated peace such conditions as appear to us fantastic; but for the moment we will overlook the terms and confine ourselves to its simple assumption that a military victory is impossible. It is just upon this point, however, that not only, as we have seen, do the two Imperialist schools differ from the Liberal school, but the Democratic school differs from it as well. The Democratic

school in every country of the Allies, in America no less than in England, in Russia no less than in France, though no less hostile than Liberal opinion to any form of Imperialism, differs from Liberal opinion in both believing in and in being prepared to work for a military victory over Prussia. The negotiation, therefore, which the Liberal considers must precede a victory, and must take place in less than the present time, the Democratic school believes must follow victory. The formula of the various schools may, in fact, be summed up in these terms. The Imperialists hold that we must have victory without negotiation; the Liberals hold that negotiation must precede victory; the Democrats hold that negotiation must follow victory.

In the passage to which reference has already been made, the “Nation” defines the “three substantial foundations” of a negotiated peace as (a) general disarmament, (b) economic world-settlement, and (c) a League of Nations. These, if you please, are all to be brought about by negotiation before Prussian militarism is defeated; and the security for each of them is to be compatible with the continuance of the Imperial system in Germany. Certainly if one or all of them were conceivably practical in the absence of victory and the continued presence of the Prussian autocracy, the war would not be worth continuing for any other of its objects. We should, in fact, have “won the war.” But the “Nation” appears to us to be asking for the fruits of victory while at the same time denying us the means. The world is to enjoy disarmament, economic justice and security for democracies without the trouble of destroying the avowed and powerful enemy of all these things—the Prussian military caste. To this we may reply that if the “Nation” suggests that a military victory is impossible, it is not, by many degrees, as “impossible” as the satisfaction of the “Nation’s” demands without it. Of the two, indeed, the military victory (which, moreover, we regard as certain) is easier to bring about than a Liberal victory such as the “Nation” dreams of; the one may therefore be difficult, if you like, but the other is starkly impossible. Can the “Nation” imagine, we ask, an undefeated Prussia consenting to disarmament, to economic justice, to a League of Nations? And even if it did as a means of putting an end to the present war would its consent last a moment longer than the present Alliance? Being what by nature the Prussian autocracy is—a caste convinced that the war is the propitiation of expansion—its assent to the “Nation’s” programme could in any case be more than policy, for at bottom it would be a contradiction of its own nature. Its assent would therefore be conditional and given in reserve; to be withdrawn, we repeat, at the first favourable opportunity. The blindness of the “Nation” proceeds from the democratic doctrine misapplied to a military caste. Like the “Nation,” we believe that democracies mean well and would, if they had the power, on the whole do well. Unlike the “Nation” we cannot believe that in any conceivable circumstances the Prussian system means well or would do if the chance offered of doing ill. The conclusion from this, and the conclusion to which democracy is being brought all over the world, is that the Prussian system must be democratised. There is no other way; and in setting up its Liberal notions against the plain drift of their own opinions, the “Nation” to our mind is jeopardising the victory of democracy which is the victory over Prussia.

It is not the moment for a lengthy review of the situation in Russia which may repay the pains which with which we welcomed the Revolution that in due time all is going to be well with democracy in Russia. The hostility of the Allied Imperialists to democracy (and, most of all, to an economic democracy, such
as there are evidences of in Russia) has obscured for them the forces at work in Russia. They have consistently backed the wrong horse upon every occasion. From the outset it was evident that a body like the Soviet that was capable of wresting the Revolution from the hands of the Duma was unfeigned, if it remained united, of keeping it there; and all that has occurred since the moment when the first coalition Provisional Government was set up has confirmed our estimate that the Soviet, in office or out, is the real master of every reactionary movement, whether arising from the extreme or even the moderate Right, has hitherto been overcome by the force of the Soviet, whose greatest triumph was witnessed last week when Korniloff was arrested and brought to Petrograd to be tried. There can surely no longer be any doubt, even in the office of the "Times" and the "New Witness," that the Soviet is the sovereign power in Russia. The Duma is dead! Long live the Soviet! With the growing and undeniable stability of the Soviet, however it becomes more than ever urgently necessary for this country to re-orient its policy, and particularly as regards the war. While our War-Cabinet (consisting mainly, to our confusion, of anti-democratic bureaucrats) was in hope or in doubt that the Russian Revolution would stand or fall, a revision of the war-terms was perhaps advisable. After all, they could not be certain that the Tsar would not return to power, and therewith annul the agreements entered into with the Revolutionary Government. But with fresh evidence that the Revolution is here to stay, the suspense must cease if we are not permanently to alienate the new governing forces in Russia. What is the formula upon which the Revolution is likely to agree with the rest of the Allies in the matter of the conduct of the war? As in the case of the Tsar, it is plain, is useless. The Soviet will not consider it for a moment; and America will be in agreement with the Soviet. Equally, we are certain, the Liberal formula will be useless; for a Soviet that has deposed a Tsar will not consent to the continuance of a neighbouring Kaiser ten times more powerful than a Tsar. The reconciling formula, once more, is the defeat of Prussia for the purpose of democratising Germany. No other will meet the case.

The situation in France which the "Nation" and other journals allege is "mysterious" has been sufficiently illuminated by our colleague Mr. S. Verdad in an article in the present issue. We should like to emphasise here the anti-imperialistic character of the crisis and to draw from it the reassuring conclusion that the leaven of democracy and of a democratic peace is harder at work in France than in England. Everybody in this country is aware of the fact that M. Ribot, the late French Prime Minister, is a moderate Imperialist, such as many of our own statesmen are. Waiting upon the result of the military war he was prepared to enlarge or contract his demands upon Germany with the varying circumstances and calculations of the hour. He was willing to blow hot and cold as the war-map allowed him, declaring on this occasion (when the prospect seemed unfavourable) that France would be satisfied with the retrocession of Alsace, and on the next occasion (when the prospects were brighter) that a buffer State must be created on the left bank of the Rhine. Against this vacillation, over which, of necessity, made any common Allied declaration of aims impossible, the French Socialists, Majority and Minority alike, have at last rebelled. They have nothing to do, they say, with Imperialism in any shape or form, and particularly as regards the war and its settlement? The Imperialist formula, it is plain, is useless. The Soviet will not consider it for a moment; and America will be in agreement with the Soviet. Equally, we are certain, the Liberal formula will be useless; for a Soviet that has deposed a Tsar will not consent to the continuance of a neighbouring Kaiser ten times more powerful than a Tsar. The reconciling formula, once more, is the defeat of Prussia for the purpose of democratising Germany. No other will meet the case.

A lamentable instance of neglected counsel, tardily offered for by an open confession, is to be found in a little work by Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, published last week under the title of "Socialism after the War." "The experiences of a war," says Mr. MacDonald, "lead to revisions of opinion"; and though we must regret that it took a war of these dimensions to lead Mr. MacDonald to revise his opinions, we must allow that he has done it completely, if not very handomely. "British Socialism," he tells us, "never imagined that the political State . . . could control the factories and workshops"; and it was never therefore precluded from accepting the Guild idea. Not, in fact, to make any bones about it—"It is necessary to be left regarding the fact that National Guilds must play a characteristic part in the Socialist industrial State." We must thank Mr. MacDonald for having come to this conclusion; and we must thank him for having the dream of the Guilds to the full, to being human, refrain from a gentle reproach. During the ten years that we have been advocating a reconstruction of Socialist theory, Mr. MacDonald has been a silent but hostile spectator of our exertions. So far as we know, during all the ten years, Mr. MacDonald has never once communicated his views in the Guild idea to any public body, to any public journal, and, least of all, to ourselves. The penalty he now has to pay for his neglect is to confess that he has been mistaken and to receive our forgiveness.
The Situation in France.

By S. Verdad.

Crisis means, in the Greek, the power of distinguishing something; a separating; hence a decision, a judgment; and the verb from which it comes means to part asunder, to pick out, to choose, to form a judgment. When, therefore, our journalists devised headlines in the last week or so relating to the "French crisis" they devised better than they knew. For the last political upheaval in Paris was really a crisis in the primary sense of the word. The Socialist Group in the Chamber—the Unified Socialists, one-sixth of the parliamentary bodies—have definitely separated from the Government; they have upset M. Ribot, and they upset M. Painlevé's first Cabinet. How long M. Painlevé's second Cabinet is to last depends more upon the Unified Socialists than on any other body in the Chamber, not even excepting the strong Radical-Socialist Group led by the mysterious M. Caillaux. Let us note in passing that M. Caillaux, whose name is associated with pacific financial transactions, was unable to force his nominee into the Ministry of the Interior in the Cabinet just constituted, though two or three members of his party are among the Under-Secretaries. Let it be remembered, further, that hyphenated Socialist "fractions" in the French Chamber are in effect Liberals and Whigs, from our point of view. The so-called Radical-Socialists and Progressists have not an atom of Socialist or progressiveness about them. The Unified Socialists are definitely and clearly a Socialist and thoroughly democratic political group, their party organ being the "Humanité."

What was the origin of this crisis? Why did the Unified Socialists show themselves so determined to upset Cabinet after Cabinet, without, to all appearances, caring whether they sacrificed the "national unity" or no? We in England must be particularly careful in answering these questions; for we are closely associated with France, and we are likely to remain so. And endeavours, unfortunately, are being made to misrepresent the attitude of the French Socialists. The reactionary papers in Paris are criticizing them bitterly, and the reactionary papers here, as need hardly be added, are only too glad to follow this example. The "Times," for instance, says in its leading article of Sept. 14 that the Socialists, through their delegates, proposed to exercise "a new and unheard-of control" over the Government and its Socialist members. This had reference to M. Painlevé's first chosen Cabinet. M. Painlevé received the delegates of the Socialist party, explained his policy to them, and secured their approval after a prolonged discussion. But when, an hour or so later on the night of Wednesday, Sept. 12, or rather on the early morning of Thursday, the delegates heard the names of M. Painlevé's associates, they flatly refused to have anything to do with them—and all because, as the "Matin" admitted on Thursday, M. Ribot had been selected as Foreign Minister. Hence subtlety attempts have been made to induce the French Socialists becoming, or have in fact become, pacificist. The English anti-Semites, on the other hand, are, wittingly or not, seeking to divert attention from the realities of the new situation by hinting that the Almerzyia question, with its Jewish flavour, was alone responsible for everything. The "Times," for instance, says in its leading article of Sept. 14 that the Socialists in France are not pacifists; that there is no difference of opinion regarding an international Conference between France and British Labour. As for the left bank of the Rhine, we are accustomed to associate this imperialistic policy of annexation with an injudicious speech uttered by Sir Edward Carson at Belfast several weeks ago; and London critics were inclined to assume that he spoke in entire ignorance of the geography of this part of Europe. It was not geography, however, of which Sir Edward Carson was ignorant, but rather of the grammar—the alphabet, if you like—of politics. In France there is, as I have said, a group of men who hold that peace cannot be ensured unless the Germans are driven to the right bank of the Rhine, and kept there. In the course of the last two years a whole literature has grown up round this proposal; and even M. Yves Guerot is lending his support to the movement. The Socialists in France believe, rightly or wrongly, that M. Ribot has not disclaimed the claims of justice. The Group declares that in these conditions for victory, both of a military and of an economic nature, and safeguarding both public and national defence, but it is of opinion that such participation and responsibility cannot again be assumed without the party's being assured that the Government which would be joined by one or more of its members shall adopt the most energetic measures and creating the most favourable conditions for victory, both of a military and of an economic nature, and safeguarding both public and national defence, and understanding the necessities of national defence; by declaring also its faith in international policy to bring about a just and lasting peace, and its determination to go away with methods of secret diplomacy, and keep the war aims of the Allies within the limits of the claims of justice. The Group declares that in these conditions it is with delegates properly accredited that its co-operation and the guarantees which it can offer the Allies.
two proposed Cabinets after they had been definitely formed, and refused their support to a third. The delegates—see the French papers of Sept. 9 to 12, and compare the long telegram in the London "Times" of the 12—explained their proposals to Mr. Poinlevé; demanded assurance regarding the frank and open foreign policy, discussed questions relating to Parliamentary control over the Army, asked for better conditions for the soldiers during the coming winter campaign—not much pacifism about that!—and (again I quote) "in the factories the men's opinions!

They further expressed the view that the right of Syndicalist organisations to discuss and settle conditions of labour and wages through workmen's delegates must be recognised, whether State or private labour is involved.

This is letting the cat out of the bag with a vengeance; and the extract I have just quoted explains the horror of the reactionary newspapers. This is the point of internal reform which has deprived M. Poinlevé (as it deprived M. Painlevé) of Socialist support. By the way, when the "Times" speaks of Syndicalist organisations, it means simply the French equivalent of our Trade Unions; for that is, in general, what a " Syndicat" is. The point thus raised is as old as the Clyde agitation of 1915, culminating in a more or less of violence. Mr. Lloyd George must be content with a twelvemonth the chief engineer congratulated his colleagues because the output had increased by one-third.

Need I say more? No pacifism but no imperialism; no secret diplomacy but open conferences; no industrial autocracy but democratic control—there you have the programme of the French Socialists. What is more, it is already being carried out. The crisis is all but settled, and the solution is in accordance with the democratic traditions of 1789.

Mr. MacDonald After the War

In his new book, "Socialism after the War," Mr. J. R. MacDonald remarks upon the changes wrought in working men's opinions. As to his own, however, he implicitly denies that the war has changed them; on the contrary, he many times asserts that the war has done nothing but conform them. The utmost he is prepared to allow is that things have taken on a new significance rendering not a change of his former opinions necessary, but merely their progressive development.

But it will not do. The Mr. MacDonald of the present work is in many respects a changed man from the Mr. MacDonald whom we have known in days gone by. In the days before the war it was Mr. MacDonald—"the brain of the Labour movement," as he liked to hear himself called—who was the State capitalist, the advocate of co-operation between the Liberal and Labour parties, the conservative opponent of those policies he called "mere rebels," and the enemy of the new ideas in Trade Unionism and Socialism. Upon how many score of occasions has not The New Age had to comment adversely upon Mr. MacDonald's activities in repressing the new movements of economic thought and in bolstering up the schemes of such enemies of Labour as Mr. Lloyd George? "One of his most intimate friends?" To-day, as this book shows, there is scarcely anything which he was ready to denounce before the war that he is not anxious to claim as a mere development of his own ideas. A list of the reforms he now demands, for the most part in terms suggesting that they are his invention, would comprehend most of the ideas put forward in this journal during the last ten years in the teeth of Mr. MacDonald's most unchristian opposition. Again, therefore, we say that it will not do for Mr. MacDonald to oligy that only things have moved, but not his own opinions. Things are for the economist to-day exactly what they were five or ten years ago. It did not need the war to convince the readers of The New Age that the reforms herein advocated were significant. Their significance was apparent to everybody who could compare them with an open mind. Rather, however, than admit that his marvellous mind was ever at fault and that he failed from prejudice and conceit to realise the importance of what we Guildmen were saying before the war, he makes the war reason of his former opinions, and the developments of the war the sole cause for developing with them. Ungenerous as he was before the war, he is ungenerous still. Vain and pusillanimous as he was, he is the same to-day. Though adopting almost every opinion of the Guild ideas, he has not even the courtesy to acknowledge their original source or to direct his readers to it. He quotes Gladstone, Bluntschi, Kant, Kidd and Proudhon—all...
safely dead; but never by a glance does he refer to the group upon whose ten years' work he has written his new book.

A review of Mr. MacDonald's book may appear elsewhere in "The New Age," but written by other hands than ours. We cannot pretend to have the patience to write it. Our purpose will be served by making an extract or two from the book and adding a comment to them.

Beyond that we have no more comment to offer on Mr. MacDonald to-day than Mr. MacDonald of yesterday had with us. As a Guildman he is not only a new recruit, unable as yet to perform more than the goose-step, but his intellectual dishonesty disqualifies him from making much advance.

We shall, therefore, treat him as his ideas deserve, while leaving him at liberty as of old to take what measures of reprisal he chooses to adopt. 

P. 5: "A change of political opinion to be effective must show itself in parties and organisations of citizens and classes to the extent of the various functions of society." Under this harsh verbiage is concealed the simple truth that political power is dependent upon economic power. It is characteristic, however, of the political Mr. MacDonald, who still nurses a parliamentary career and talks of forming a "class-war," to insist that he has put the cart before the horse. It is not the case that a political party in order to become effective must find an economic backing; but it is the case that an economic group, in order to become politically effective, creates a political party. Economic power precedes political opinion and power.

Mr. MacDonald, like Mr. Barnes (whom probably he taught by himself, or at least by himself, that economic power is the economic basis of economic classes, and that in its abstraction it did not mean what he feared, namely, that he might not dine with a peer without soiling his Socialism, but only that Wages were at war with Rent, Interest and Profit—it was all in vain. We were fomenters of the class-war and of class-discord."

On p. 5 he now writes, however, of "classes whose characteristics are fixed by economic law"; and he preaches in this sense the renewal of "the class-war."

P. 6: Such consideration for Labour as has been paid by the State during the war has not been apparent. The leading political Labour organisation before the war was the I.L.P., whose power during the war has been negligible. The Labour representatives who have commanded the State's consideration have been those who were in control of Labour's economic power. It was not in the least the votes of the Labour movement of which the Government was afraid, but its strikes. It was a political and economic organisation of Labour that the Government hastened to conciliate.

P. 7: The International was powerless to prevent the outbreak of war because "the International was like a heap of stones, not like a web of cloth." The images form a parallel for the distinction between political and economic power. Politically, the International was a fairly complete organisation with a common programme, policy, and all the other paraphernalia. Economically it had no common ground.

P. 8: The drive of the Government over the I.L.P., its membership has increased, the circulation of the 'Labour Leader' has more than doubled," etc., etc. Elsewhere Mr. MacDonald denies that democracy is a matter of arithmetic; it is a matter of weight, of ideas, we presume. Examined from this point of view, the I.L.P., is the most disregarded political body in existence. Were its membership increased tenfold, its power would not be increased on its present lack of ideas.

P. 9: "Socialism retains its proud position in the van of progress."

We need not understand that Mr. MacDonald does. The context makes it plain that he is thinking of "Socialism = I.L.P. = J.R.M."

P. 10: "The war has taught us to distinguish between State Socialism and Social Democracy." Hitherto, it appears, this distinction between State Capitalism and Guild Socialism was confused in the Continent (Mr. MacDonald reads French); we did not trouble ourselves with the matter in this country. But the war has taught us, etc. Our readers are passive witnesses, however, that we did not need the war to teach us what has only recently been discussed upon the Continent. We bored them stiff with the discussion. But Mr. MacDonald is always grateful to France—and the war.

P. 11: "Socialist doctrine must be rid completely of the idea of the social question, and of the economic and not social classes, and that in its general structure is Socialist, but its life slavery." O! Bellou, thou hast conquered! Formerly, we believe, Mr. MacDonald dismissed the talk of the Servile State as the twiddlings of disgruntled politicians and impossibilists. To-day

On p. 9 Mr. MacDonald claims that "nothing that has happened has given reason for changing his standpoint." On p. 17 he writes: "Before the war I felt that what was called 'the spirit of the rebel' (by whom, Mr. MacDonald?) was, to a great extent, a stegy pose. It is now required to save us, but it must be serious." The complacent insolence of the words we have italicised is characteristic. The "rebels" (meaning the former critics of Mr. MacDonald) have proved right; they must henceforth be serious. Mr. MacDonald's jokes are no laughing matter.

P. 20: "The war has given a new significance . . . to the movement known as the Guild movement."

Mr. MacDonald is here misinformed to two places of decimals. The movement is nowhere known as the Guild movement, but everywhere as the National Guilds movement. And it is not the war that has given the movement any new significance, but, if we may say so, it is the movement that has given a new and special significance to the war. Mr. MacDonald has confused his belated discovery of the "Guild movement" with the growth of the movement itself. It must have taken on a new significance by reason of his discovery of it!

P. 20: "British Socialism [to wit, Mr. MacDonald] having never imagined that the political State . . . could control the factories and workshops . . . is not precluded from considering . . . the Guild plan."

We doubt whether Mr. MacDonald or "British Socialism" can point to any expression of suspicion that the political State could not control the factories, etc. Why do these people profess to have kept their minds open and to have precluded nothing all these years? Their strength lay in their dogmatism on the very point they now allege they never imagined. The "Guild plan" arose in opposition to them and in the teeth of their opposition. However, we cannot prevent Mr. MacDonald from "considering the Guild plan"; only he must not claim that he never precluded himself from it.

P. 22: "I admit that it is easier to retain the spirit of progressive adaptation in a professional organisation than in a labour movement. Mr. MacDonald is not entitled, after a reluctant and brief consideration of the Guild plan, to make any admissions on behalf of Guildsmen. With better authority, we absolutely deny the statement made by our novice. It is simply not true. We refer our readers to our previous discussions of the subject.
The Payment of Hospital Staffs.

A highly important issue has been raised by the British Medical Association in connection with the treatment of disabled soldiers in civil hospitals. The Ministry of Pensions has arranged that men who have been discharged from the Army or Navy while needing further medical and surgical treatment shall, when no military hospital is available, be referred to the nearest voluntary hospital for such treatment. The local pensions committee have been instructed to arrange for a payment to be made in such cases to the hospitals concerned. The suggested payments (which are for maintenance only) range from 21s. to 28s. per week for in-patients, and from 6d. to 2s. 6d. per attendance for out-patients. Before the local committees have had time to make any definite arrangements in this direction, the British Medical Association has circularised the hospitals with the definite object of securing an increase in the foregoing payments, in order to allow sums to be paid to the medical staffs. In its letter to the governing bodies of the hospitals, the Association says: "In taking into consideration the question of the adequacy of the above suggested payments, the British Medical Association trusts that your Board will agree with the opinion of the Association that not only maintenance, but also professional attendance should be paid for by the State." This circular letter is accompanied by another, addressed to the medical committees of the hospitals, which goes into the question in greater detail. It may be explained that the medical committee of a voluntary hospital consists of all the visiting physicians and surgeons of the hospital. The high professional standing of these officers, and the fact that their services are honorary, combine to give great weight to their recommendations in the eyes of the Board of Management upon which, indeed, the leading members of the staff usually sit ex-officio.) The British Medical Association therefore impresses upon each medical committee the importance of considering the question at once, in order that the committee may "inform the governing body of the hospital that these cases cannot be treated as a matter of charity."

The Ministry of Pensions has not acted in this matter without consulting the medical profession, for Mr. Barnes appointed in May last an advisory committee, consisting of Sir Frederick Taylor, Bt., Dr. Sidney Martin, Sir W. Watson, Sir Richard Godlee, Bt., Dr. H. B. Brackenbury, Dr. Alfred Cox, and Mr. Bishop Harman (the last three nominated by the British Medical Association). This committee was itself divided in opinion as to whether payment should be made for medical services in the cases at issue. In face of such a difference of opinion, Mr. Barnes rightly refused to disturb the status quo, regarding himself as unable to decide the general principle "without raising the whole question of the responsibility of the hospitals to public authority in the matter of their staffs." He was, however, prepared to leave the matter to be raised at any individual hospital by the staff concerned.

Subsequently, the advisory committee seem to have reconciled their differences, and to have come to the unanimous conclusion that payment should be asked for, and that it should be arranged by a central authority rather than left to be "a bone of contention between local pensions committees and hospitals." The Ministry, however, refused to suspend the circulation of their instructions to the local bodies, so that the British Medical Association was reduced to the plan of advising the medical committees to bring pressure to bear upon the governing bodies of hospitals in order to enforce the Association's views. It is much to be regretted that the Association should have raised this contentious question over the cases of disabled soldiers and sailors, whose care should surely be dealt with both generously and with unanimity. These cases do not present any new principle, for they are essentially the same as those of the sick and wounded men who for the past three years have been treated in the voluntary hospitals without any payment being made by the State in respect of medical attention. Apart, however, from the inopportune character of the claim now made by the Association, one may reasonably question the validity (or at least the application) of the principle which the Association advances to support its claim—the argument that "the services of the medical profession should not be given gratuitously to patients who are maintained by public funds." The whole gist of this contention lies in the word "gratuitously." The services of the visiting staffs of hospitals are gratuitous only in the sense that they are not paid for in money (except in a few cases, such as St. Bartholomew's and Guy's, where nominal honoraria of £50 or £100 per annum are paid); but in the sense that those services are "all give and no take," they are not gratuitous at all. One wonders how long the fiction of the pure altruism of specialists in attending hospitals will persist as an argument in deciding social policy. One has only to bear in mind the ardour with which hospital appointments are sought, the patience with which they are waited for, and the celerity with which posts in small hospitals are given up when appointments in larger ones are obtained, to realise how little altruism there is in the matter. Quite recently, in the columns of the "Daily Telegraph," the Secretary of the London Hospital gave frank testimony to the competition for hospital appointments, and although the tenor of his argument was that the system of filling vacancies is all wrong, he gave convincing evidence that the balance of obliga-
tion lies on the side of the specialists rather than on
the side of the hospitals. Yet the profession, assum-
ing to themselves a degree of unsoundness which is,
at the best, a matter for dispute, stigmatise their treat-
ment of disabled soldiers as "charity." They demand
that their attendance on these men shall be paid for.
They dare not name any specific sum for such serv-
ice, but they suggest that certain amounts, to be
agreed upon, shall be paid into a separate fund, which
shall be at the sole discretion of the medical staff
and shall be used for the purpose (inter alia) of "remon-
nerating those who do good work." The point is of
some importance, for it implies that those who "do the
work" may not be members of the honorary staff.
Therefore, the practice which is in many hospitals
has been adopted in the case of the treatment of
school children, of tuberculosis clinics, and of venereal
diseases, may be repeated in this case: namely, that
the salaries of £100, £200, or £300 per annum pro-
vided by the State or municipal authority, not being
large enough to attract the real "Harley Street men",
may be given to the rising generation of physicians
who are to be paid for their services, but they suggest
that certain amounts, to be agreed upon, shall be paid
into a separate fund, which shall be used for the purpose
of advancing the education of medical students or
for public authorities.

Thus the disabled soldiers and sailors, through the
well-intentioned action of the Ministry of Pensions in
paying the hospitals for maintenance, may actually fail
to get the attention of the front rank physicians and
surgeons, which they would get as ordinary patients
in hospitals, and this merely to safeguard some ill-
defined principles of the British Medical Association.

It should be noted that while asking for grants from
public funds, the Association makes no offer of any cor-
relative public control. The medical profession are thus
to have all the advantages of equipment and experi-
ence offered by the hospitals, they are to enjoy the
status which comes from connection with those insti-
tutions, they are to be paid for their services, but they
are not to be subject to any public control; they are to
continue to elect themselves by their own methods,

and they are to continue to exist in a self-made atmos-
phere of charity and altruism which effectually bars any at-
tempt to control them. One may suggest that the
voluntary hospitals are not the sole property or the
peculiar province of physicians and surgeons, and that
the voice of the public should be heard when impor-
tant principles of this kind are about to be decided.

X. Y. Z.

The Vogue of the False Prophet.

By Allen Upward.

"There is no vision, no prophecy, except in the
mouths of the vulgar. Of the Hebrew prophets he
was the one whose words were most promptly and
literally fulfilled. In fact, his story shows him not as an inspired
prophet, but as a practical statesman giving
consensus advice which the King would have
been glad to accept but for fear of those about him.
Yet this is the man whose name is a term of reproach
to-day. His chief rival and opponent in his own day
was the prophet Hanannah, or Ananias as it is spelt in
another place of Scripture. The name of Ananias has
not yet become a term of laudation, but his proph-
sic does not mean that he is not a great part of the
suffering that it has brought.

For many years beforehand every one who was will-
ing to know the truth knew that the German people
were in a position to cause that their nation should
be a taunt in the mouth of the vulgar. Of all the
prophets of smooth things not only tempted and pre-
parated the present war, but were responsible for a great
part of the suffering that it has brought.

It is significant that the name of Jeremiah should
be a taunt in the mouth of the vulgar. Of all the
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advantages as something which must be put down to his credit in any peace negotiation, so that the evil wrought by the false prophets now confronts them in their actual course. The nations were scarcely plunged in their blood bath before the voices of these blind guides were heard shouting out new directions with the same confidence as of old.

Some of them treated themselves to public recantations, which proved to be their panegyrics of themselves. They had been so noble to think evil of others, too high-souled to distrust. Not one said that the prophets is their power for future mischief.

There is a sort of candour which we find in the mouths of the characters in their books, but never in themselves. They expect it from the German Emperor still, but do not set him the example. The columns of the Press remained open to him as a minority, and the right advertisement for the true prophet would be a useful asset, without reference, to the civilised community good sense. It is pitiful to see men treating the sage as the savage treats a barometer, with a mixture of fear and dislike, angry with it when it foretells the wind of change.

The right advertisement for the true prophet is the fulfilment of his prophecies. I am fortunate enough to be known to the vulgar only as the writer of certain stories in a magazine; and it is curious that even those stories, written, so to speak, in falsetto, and not in my natural voice, should have reached the House of Commons.

The columns of THE NEW AGE I have sometimes been permitted to emerge from my incognito, and on this occasion I will reproduce the words of one prophecy which appeared just twelve months before the outbreak of the European war, in a volume which was reviewed in these columns.

"When civilization sets Jesus the Nazarene on a gibel, and Caligula on a throne, it is time for it to be laid waste. Our era is like the Christian one, our society is like that of Antioch, our empires are too like that of Rome, for the thoughtful man not to apprehend, and for the prophet not to pronounce, and even to demand, a parallel catastrophe. The apotheosis of Humanity is a denial of the Creator. And while lip service is done to this false god, the effectual worship of mankind goes forth to Mammon in the shape of the successful gambler, to Ashaethor in the triumphant voice of the mob, and thus may be mistaken for every spirit of bastard who inherits power without ability. The Divine Man is only tolerated in the tomb; and while the prophets are invoked with stately sepulchres, the prudent Annas and the well-meaning Caliphas preserve over their resting places the behests of the money-changers."—"The Divine Mystery," p. 183.
Studies in Contemporary Mentality.

By Ezra Pound.

VI.

"THE SPHERE," AND REFLECTIONS ON LETTER-PRESS.

This study like any other branch of natural science demands great endurance. The individual specimens must, or at least should, be examined with microscopic attention; otherwise one's generalities will descend into mere jeux d'esprit, and the patient student of contemporary misfortune will derive from them nothing more than a transient amusement.

Not as a theologian interpreting the Divine Will in infallible dogma, but as a simple-hearted anthropologist putting specimens into different large boxes—merely for present convenience—tumbling things apparently similar into the same large box until a nothing more than a transient amusement.

I do not wish to press this classification; desires only to "stop down" thought, to prevent its action. The second group aims to make its reader action. The second group aims to make its reader

Third : Trade journals, such as "The Bookman," "The Tailor and Cutter," "Colour," etc.

Fourth: Crank papers. Possibly one should include here as a sub-heading "religious periodicals," but I do not wish to press this classification; I do not feel the need of two categories, and my general term will cover a number of crank papers which are not definitely religious, though often based on "superstition," i.e., left-overs of religions and taboos.

Fifth : Papers and parts of papers designed to stop thought altogether.

This last group is obviously quite distinct from the four groups that precede it. I do not mean to say that one can tell at a glance which papers belong to it, but its aim is radically different. The first group desires only to "stop down" thought, to prevent its heading any man into any unusual or "outward" action. The second group aims to make its reader a self-helping and undisturbing member of the commercial community, law-abiding, with enough virtue to be self-content. The third group is a specialization of the second. It aims to do in particular trades and groups what the second does for the salaried and wage-earning order in general, i.e., to tell it or show it what sort of work is demanded; where one can get the best price, etc., e.g., "Colour" presents monthly sample illustrations (free of cost to its editors) by people who more or less obviously desire to be transplanted from the "main text" to the advertising section of the paper. It also tells you about Mrs. Gumps' "Place in Art" or Mr. R. Roe's "Place in Art," patiently explaining each month just which follower of Mr. Brangwyn is the true successor of Ingres; Barticelli, Monticelli, Montenegro, Bouche, Watteau, Coader, Manet, Albrecht Dürer, Velasquez, or whoever it may be who most needs an inheritor at the moment. (By the kindness of such and such "Galleries.")

This is essentially the scheme of "The Bookman," although Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton and Dr. Robertson Nicoll both need careful scrutiny on their own account. "The Lives of Publishers, a careful and comparative study by one not in their employ," is a book we have long been in need of.

The fourth group expresses those of the community who desire all people to "do something." Regardless of the individual temperaments with which nature has endowed us, these people desire us to behave in a particular way. For example, some of them earnestly desire us all to procreate in abundance, others desire that we cease wholly from procreation; others demand that people may not use in Confinucianism go at great expense into far parts of the earth to prevent Orientals from remaining Confucians. Still others demand that we desist from alcohol in all forms, substituting food, coffee, tobacco; others demand that we substitute one form of alcohol for another. Others demand that laws be arranged in a book with an intelligible system, still others demand that laws must essentially be without any system whatever. Some demand the "suppression of all brothels in Rangoon and other stations in Burmah" ("The Shield," July 1916, a very interesting periodical). Others desire that we believe in "God." Others desire that we should not "believe in God."

These periodicals must be distinguished from other propaganda for shifting the taxes, for a shifting of the taxes must amount to being, at least temporarily, advantageous to certain interested groups of individuals; but in many cases the "crank" periodical is more or less without "interest," for it can make no possible difference to Mrs. Crabbee of Hocking whether Lo Hi Li of Canton believes or disbelieves in Confucius, or whether the Burman cleave to, or eschew, the customs of their fathers.

Now in the face of these papers and on the grave of the Victorian era, it is by no means surprising that many people should have desired to stop thought altogether, or that there should have sprung up many papers like "The Sketch," whose obvious aim is to console the inane for inanity.

It is perfectly natural that people overwearing with being asked to decide at what age the female shop assistant of Hammersmith shall be judged fit to mislead the butcher-boy; overwearing with being asked to support missionaries to keep the Fijians sufficiently friendly to trade with the vendors of spirits, and to decide which sect shall morally uplift which islanders; overwearing with being asked to decide the necessary ratio between bath-tubs, work hours, salutations of various brands; overwearing, etc., etc., etc., that natural that these people should desire "success" from thinking at all; just as after a period of frumpery and too many petticoats worn at once, it is perfectly natural that people should take delight in "five" with no petticoats whatsoever, and in similar mental rickcocks.

It seems unlikely that anyone else has ever read the letter-press of illustrated weeklies, i.e., more than enough to learn who it is who is "chatting." It is being done in the current numbers of three of them. I take "The Sphere" because it appears to be about "middle-size." It eschews the simple aphrodisiacs of the "brighter" papers; it has fewer cross-sections of dissected ships showing little compartments marked: coal, whale-oil, ballast, engines, crew, than is published in the "Ill. London News." This last, "The Sketch," and "The Sphere" are familiar to me because I used to dine occasionally in a restaurant where "Milanesa" was 7/5, the same being now 1/5. I judge these papers are aimed at people who paid 1/5 for veal cutlet before the War, and who are still able to afford the same dish, slightly smaller at an advance of 40 per cent. That is, I should say, about the average economic range of the 6d. (now 7d.) weekly. And though "The Sphere" is about the average weekly, having fewer salients than the others. Current number is 1 3/4 by 16, 3 inches. Cover: Soldiers in waterproof blankets, looking at camera, but labelled "Fighting"; Fry, Shoolbred's, "Army Club." Full-page illustration. Books received: "Harry Lauder's
Logic," etc. "Plays Worth Seeing," are described as follows:—
1. Most attractive musical comedy, with some pleasant songs and picturesque scenes.
2. Irresponsible company provide an excellent night's entertainment. Play continues very popular, and the Song . . . is spreading far and wide over the Kingdom.
3. . . . looks very chic as the heroine. First text page, Editorial.
4. "It is certain that certain people should allow them- selves to formulate such an ignorant and careless question as 'What are we Fighting For?'"
5. "Mr. Wells has perhaps forgotten . . . famous pledge . . . Asquith . . . never sheathe the sword . . . ultimatum. . . . Serbia . . . Belloc. . . ."
Usual picture of "chatting." Fourteen pages of war pictures and maps. These things are of interest, are to be found in various weeklies. One wishes the editors would stick to photographs and not employ "artists."
Usual "science" page or half-page: "164,000,000 miles," etc. Mr. Lucas: "But apart from money, which has nothing to do with the pleasures of craftsmanship, it must be great fun to write aphorisms."
Sketch of "Tommy in Italy, like Tommy in France, is spreading far and wide over the usual columns in the New Age for August. . . ."
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end, its results are, as it were, foregone conclusions, conclusions to which, implicitly if not explicitly, the common mind had already come.

* * *

Before considering in what respects Mr. Moore's conclusions appear to me to be lacking in common-sense (common-sense, by the way, is the mind of democracy—a remark to be remembered in reading Mr. Moore's allusions to democracy), I propose to expand and present introductory digressions by a note or two. To me, nothing uncomplimentary to Mr. Moore I shall say that to my mind no writer and thinker that ever lived is so lacking in common-sense as Nietzsche, and it cannot be unflattering to Mr. Moore to be put into the same boat with his master! Other writers, scarcely more common-sense in my judgment than Nietzsche, are Carlyle, Emerson, Heraclitus (whom Mr. Moore mentions after Nietzsche with profound obeisance), Hegel—in fact, a large proportion of the great German thinkers, a majority of them considerable if not great minds, and all of them, in my opinion, lacking in the quality of common-sense. The absence of common-sense is not, therefore, by any means incompatible with power of mind; power of mind is, indeed, very often the cause of the lack of or the difficulty of arriving at conclusions to which it is easy to be sure, to arrive at common-sense conclusions when it has not the power to arrive at conclusions of its own. But it is much more difficult for an extraordinary mind to be ordinary. My own rule in the matter is simple. It consists in requiring of every conclusion to which I am brought that it shall be susceptible of being expressed in what is called plain language, that is, in idiom. I do not care, mind you, in what form the thinker leaves the impression of his thought; it may be in the form of a play by Shakespeare, a dialogue by Plato, a poem by Milton, an essay by Swift, an epic by Homer or Vyasa, or a system of philosophy by Thomas Aquinas. The richer the expression, in fact, the more dignity is lent to the conclusions. But when the conclusions are examined which are contained within the expression, they should be, as I have said, susceptible of being expressed in idiomatic terms. At bottom, it is obvious that all expressed thought is addressed to the jury of mankind and is (if Mr. Durran will permit me to say it) a species of advocacy. The intention of convincing the jury of mankind that such and such a conclusion is correct or such another conclusion incorrect may not be openly affirmed by the advocate; it may not even be deliberate and explicit in his own mind; but nevertheless, it is present and operative, and I have no kind of doubt that every published work of thought is propagandist consciously or unconsciously. But this bears again upon what I have been saying, namely, that every piece of work should reduce to a simple truth capable of being understood by the jury of mankind. For what, after all, is the end of advocacy, but as the assessors of the case have put before them. To be sure, the greatest thinkers have also thought upon which it is impossible for common-sense to pass judgment to-day; thoughts which it perhaps not yet possible to reduce to truisms. But these, in my experience, the greatest way at anything but refreshing as conclusions; they leave them as myths, as guesses, as poetry or what not. Such, however, of their conclusions as can be expressed in plain terms always turn out to be the conclusions of common-sense; and by that test they stand.

I see that I shall exceed my space before discussing Mr. Moore in even his outlines. Let me hurry on. To put it very summarily, Mr. Moore is a romantic whom it is fatal to apply the criterion of common-sense. The world in which his discoveries are made is not the world in which the jury of mankind sits; it is a world shaped by his own imagination, a world constructed with some of the material of our world, but of a good deal more of the material of his own fancy. In that world of his, neither the problems nor the values are those which matter to us; they are either new in themselves or they exist under novel conditions. If I move, for example, a condition of his world that there shall be no fixed values in it, but that the value of everything shall be arbitrarily imposed by what he calls the creative will of man. Obviously this is not our world in which, willy-nilly, man finds himself subject to a scale of values (or, if you like, needs), the fixed degrees of which he is unable to change by a hair's breadth. Nor, again, is the world in which man is a creator the same world as our own in which man is only a creator if he creates the world and not the world as he finds it. Mr. Moore is most plainly revealed; for it is of the very essence of romanticism to wish for another kind of world than this which is. To the romantic not only is this world as it appears not interesting enough, not good enough, but he has the adventurous courage to say: "This is the world, but why should I not, he asks? The world is plastic to the imagination; it is what it is because imagination has wished it to be so; what if a new imagination should make a new world of it? Everything for the romantic turns, you see, upon the plasticity of "reality," and upon its responsiveness to the "creative" will and imagination of man. Acceptance of the doctrine of Becoming is as inevitable to the romantic as rejection of the doctrine of Being. Being—the fixity of what is, and the unalterability by man's imagination—is the very devil for the romantics who see in fixed "truths" nothing more than "stagnant values," that is to say, old imaginations become conventions. Away with them, they say; "stagnant values," to quote Mr. Moore, "are incompatible with the creative impulse"; they put a bound to the imagination of a man, beyond which he cannot "create." Anything "given" in the nature of the world and therefore unalterable by man shares the same fate at their hands. "Original Sin," for example, implying a fact (that is, a thing done once and for all) at the beginning of all things, Why should we accept this fact, they say, as a fixed principle, when plainly it is a theory, an interpretation, a valuation only? Examine its origin—did it not arise in a misunderstanding? Was it more than a guess at truth? Had not circumstances to do with its enunciation? And Mr. Moore replies triumphantly that the doctrine of Original Sin "was itself man's Original Sin." In other words, it is not a fixed fact, but an old theory. It is the same with Christianity, and with all the doctrines of Christianity. The defect of Christianity, says Mr. Moore, is that it "supposes facts, truths, truths that were in the beginning, are now and ever shall be. Thus it limits the possible, since only those things are possible that are within the compass of the fixed truths. Away therefore with Christianity, says Mr. Moore! Christianity is re-action: it is the clinging of the mind to old formulae. Our problem is "the enlargement of the field of choice"—and how is this field to be enlarged if we admit the existence of fixed truths? Thus Mr. Moore continues in his iconoclastic career, hammering away at claims to be final and dogmatic, urging the transience of every theory. What we need, he says, is a perpetual re-valuation of values. Nothing is true for all time; the truth-making faculty must be in perpetual motion, continually making true new valuations and thus continually creating the
future. For the future is only fixed if we allow it to be fixed. Our will can create it in our own imagination.

I call all this romantic because, as I have said, it assumes the absence from the world of reality of anything inherent and outside of man's power. It is an affirmation of the infinite alterability of the world. It is in contrast, therefore, with commonsense, which, while not denying that the world is alterable, affirms that it is alterable only within fixed limits, that it is a perfection possible for commonsense, but it is the perfection of things which now are into what they may become. Beyond their own ripeness they cannot pass, for other than what is possible to them they cannot become. The Doctrine of Becoming in the Platonic sense of the word is not that of Nietzsche or of his disciple Mr. Moore; it is not the Becoming of Things subject to the creative power of man, but the Becoming of Things subject to the pro-active power of man. For, once again, man is not the creator of the world, nor of the future of the world, but only, at best, their pro-creator. From this point of view—the classic as opposed to the romantic—there are not only fixed truths, there are no other kinds of truth. Intellect is our organ for the discovery of them; and morality is our method of making use of them. Limit is our organ for the discovery of limits, for the perfection of what is. Morality is a universal law. A rose-tree that brings its roses to perfection is a moral bush. A man who does his duty is a moral man and brings forth fruit meet for perfection. Is it not significant that Mr. Moore never once discusses the nature of Duty? Without fixed truths there can be no Duty.

These are hasty notes written after a re-reading of the series. They are marginal queries. I promise myself the pleasure of reading Mr. Moore again and many times. If the series were in a little book I should carry it about with me until one of us was exhausted.

R. H. C.

My late Uncle Anthony.

By his Nephew.

It may seem ungrateful of his nephew to undertake an appreciation which is certain to contain depreciation of the Letters of his Uncle Anthony. But I have several excuses. The Letters were written to me, and I am, therefore, surely the best judge of them. My Uncle is dead, or, at least, he has as good as told the world so. And, finally, since it was without my knowledge that he kept a copy of his Letters to me, and caused them to be published after his death without requiring my consent, I feel free to write of him without requiring his. However, I do not intend to give the old boy away. He was almost as good an uncle to me as he imagined he was; and this is eulogy indeed. He diddle the brokers for me; you will see that I borrow his vocabulary; for me he remained unmarried while he was engaged in travelling; and for me, in the first instance at any rate, he sat up o'clock in the blazin Tropics splitting bottles with divers Rafael's and Don Rodriguez, and writing the Letters that have made me famous. What could an Uncle do more? Peace to his cigar-ashes, and may he never read this with less affection than it is about to be written.

But, having promised not to give him away, I must restrict my account of him to the material of his Letters. Therein you have, I frankly avow, all of my Uncle that he cared to print, and all, therefore, that it behaves a respectful nephew to repeat. Reading between the lines with my personal knowledge of him, and writing with sustained discretion, I can, however, show a light here and there which never was upon his own sea or land. For my Uncle Anthony is a little food in his Letters of assuming an experience which only in later years I was expected to attain—experience derived, you understand me, well, from the tropical passion. Well, well, it is an indulgence of middle-age to compare itself with youth to youth's disadvantage; but I may make sure what you can guess, that Nuncle a little overdid it. Between you and me, his nephew also knew a thing or two. Again, you will observe him balancing the advantages of the various professions I was to choose between and dismissing them all save his own profession of business. It was natural in Uncle Anthony to believe that he could not have chosen anything but the best, for had he not arrived at himself? But, once more between ourselves, I can assure the reader that he had no choice in the matter. I had; and I can give you my word that I did not choose business by one of his long chalks! But these are hints only. While he is so hardly deceased, it is decent only to whisper his faults by his grave-side. To more trivial matters.

My approach to his was by way of Letters. As I finger the pile I receive from him over and over again, what I see every now and then, there come into my mind certain of their traits with a vividness like that of hot cakes—if Uncle will pass me the expression. Some of these traits are amusing in their naivete; others are beyond the reach of any small talent such as mine. Both shall be yours faithfully dealt with, however, in a spirit of extenuation wanting naught of malice and mounting to admiration in the closing parts of this absolutely final and only authoritative notice. Here beginneth... the faults of the Letters of Anthony Farley.

My Uncle, I grieve to say, mixed his styles in a manner that was not altogether his own. I have seen it elsewhere, in Wells, to be precise. My reference is not to the variety of styles in which the old boy could write—his Carlylesque as like as life, his Meredithese as good as the original. At these literary tricks he was ripping, topping, and absolutely it. No, that diversity of styles marks the writer, and blessed was my Uncle who had his quiver full of them. My abomination is to the mixture as before digression—to the clandestine, and, so to say, internecine mixture of styles within a single style. For example, he would give to his Rafael, say, or to himself, some purple patch to deliver by mail to me, and open the envelope to add a phrase of cynicism the effect of which was to drab his purple to a beastly brown. I remark it particularly in his conclusion to this speech that Uncle Anthony remarked to Rafael: “Let's dress for dinner to-night and split a bottle of fizz.” What a let-down for his enthusiastic nephew! To mix drinks is bad, but to mix drink with oratory is worse.

I cannot conceal from you that my Uncle was also a chunk of a sentimentalist. He certainly had an eye for a situation, but the situations for which he had the keenest eye were situations of melodrama. In ideas, of which he had any quantity, he would rise to drama, and even, on occasion, to tragedy. I do believe that my Uncle Anthony could write an Uncle Anthony, and even, on occasion, to tragedy. I do believe that when he wrote of the curse of the wage-system, for instance, he was at his top-note. But in visible situations his setting was the stage, and not even the legitimate stage. In a precious word which I owe to the cinema he had only a matter of temperament. Let me illustrate. That death-sentence scene in which Dr. Micky told him that he was no better than a dead man. “It's thumbs down, Tony,” said

"Letters to My Nephew." By Anthony Farley. (Harrap. 5s. net.)
Micky. "No sick palaver beforehand?" asked my Uncle. It was meant to be grim, I think, and a lump indeed began to rise in my throat, but, on second thoughts, I could not swallow it. No, old coocolorum, you were playing to the screen, and I am old in cinema.

Uncle was a man as well as a sentimentalist. He saw people and incidents as they ought to have been to suit the picture instead of as they were to jigger it. He used to assure me, personally, that Rafael was as he described him, and that he had even failed to do justice to the perfection of Richard Tudor. But never could he get me to believe it after my discovery that Richard Tudor and Rafael wrote and spoke in the very character and language of the old rip himself. Observe that Tudor says that "polities bores him stiff." So, too, in his very first letter does my Uncle! And Rafael's speech—my Uncle to the Biblical quotation!

"No vulgar workman with stubbed fingers pattering on the beach, no shortened square-toed miner picking his tonnage in the gloom and grime [very good], no hectic cleric with hideous face [weak], no homeless, wretched A.B. in the fo'c'sle [poor], has aught to do with 'this strange process.'" You observe the decline in that. The old fellow was too lazy to keep up his observation. After two phrases, he probably went to spit a bottle of fizz. But the two phrases are:

Uncle Anthony had also a wonderful gift of the dialect. His Rafael and Tudors and Rodriguez and Hermados speak, it is true, à la Anthony himself; but his real persons have a tongue of their own. His Irish is excellent; his Yorkshire is about as good; and I have heard him speak in Welsh and negro to the patter. I wish he had taken it into his head to write more dialect sketches.

I abbreviated his faults, and I must pare down his virtues. The last I shall mention is his facility with ideas. Oh, how to theory, to call them his opinions? Well, let's split a fizz, and say that some were ideas, but that many were only intelligent opinions. Amongst his ideas I rank as the chief his sociological views. The old gentleman had had from early youth a passion for social reform, and it never left him. What is more wonderful still, he successively outgrew all the systems made for him until, as I believe, with the genuine conviction of a pioneer, he stood upright on the peaks of National Guilds.

That's some achievement, my boy! Take them, by and large, his Letters are a pilgrim's progress in sociology and economics which nobody has equalled, and if the illustrations are a little romantic, the text is solid grit.

I have done, done my durndest. There was to be no sick palaver before his demise; and there shall be none after it. The moorways light his grave and the Papers he has left behind are, I hope, endless. Dammit, this kid is not complaining of his Uncle Anthony Farley—not on your life!

An Album Leaf.

By Katherine Mansfield.

He really was an impossible person. Too shy altogether. With absolutely nothing to say for himself. And such a weight. Once he was in your studio he never knew when to go, but would sit on and on until you nearly screamed, and burned to throw something enormous after him when he did finally fling his way out—something like the tortoise stove. The strange thing was that at first sight he looked most interesting. Everybody agreed about that. You would drift into the café one evening and there you would see, sitting in a corner, with a glass of coffee in front of him, a thin, dark boy, wearing a blue jersey with a little grey flannel jacket buttoned over it. And somehow that blue jersey and the grey jacket with the sleeves that were too short gave him the air of a boy who has made up his mind to run away to sea. Who has run away, in fact, and will get up in a moment and sing a knotted handkerchief containing his nightshirt and his mother's handkerchief containing his nightshirt and his mother's nightshirt to the wharf edge on his way to the ship, even... He had black, close-cropped hair, grey eyes with long lashes, white cheeks, and a mouth pouting slightly. He had a wonderful gift of the. I believe, with the genuine conviction of a pioneer, he stood upright on the peaks of National Guilds. That's some achievement, my boy! Take them, by and large, his Letters are a pilgrim's progress in sociology and economics which nobody has equalled, and if the illustrations are a little romantic, the text is solid grit.

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image of the rag-time thing they were playing, like a
"Broken Doll." But when she took him back to his
studio, he had quite recovered, and said good-night to
her in the street below, as though they had walked
home from church together... Hopeless.

After heaven knows how many more attempts—for
the spirit of kindness dies very hard in women—the
gave him up. Of course they were still perfectly
charming, the dark pinafore, with pink handkerchief
tied over her hair. Her sleeves were rolled up almost
to her shoulders, and her slender arms shone against the
dark pinafore.

"Yes, it is quite warm enough. It will do them
good," she said, putting down the pot and turning
to someone inside the room. As she turned she put her
hands up to the handkerchief and tucked away some
wisps of hair. She looked down at the deserted flower
market and up at the sky, but where she sat there
might have been a hollow in the air. She simply did not see
the house opposite. And then she disappeared.

His heart fell out of the side window of his studio,
and down to the balcony of the house opposite—buried
itself in the pot of daffodils under the half-opened
buds and the spears of green. That room with the
balcony was the sitting-room, and the one next
to it was the kitchen. Everybody heard him shout
something in a saucepan, and ladling out tit-bits to
the swollen dog lolling on a bead cushion...

Perched up in the air his studio had a wonderful
view. The two big windows faced the water; he could
see the boats and the barges swinging up and down,
and the fringe of an island planted with trees, like a
top of the huge, umbrellas in the
trees were peppered with new green.

Of course they were still perfectly
and tidied their shows, and spoke to

One evening he was sitting at the side win-
dow eating some prunes and throwing the stones
on to the tops of the huge umbrellas in the
deserted flower market. It had been raining
—the first real spring rain of the year had fallen—
a bright spangle hung on everything, and the air
smelled of buds and moist earth. Many voices sounding
languid and content rang out in the dusky air, and
the people who had come to close their windows and
fasten the shutters leaned out instead. Down below
in the market the trees were peppered with new green.

That kind of trees they were, he wondered. And now
came the lamplighter. He stared at the house across
the way, the small, shabby house, and suddenly, as if
in answer to his gaze, two wings of window opened
and a girl came out on to the tiny balcony carrying a
pot of daffodils. She was a strangely thin girl in a
dark pinafore, with pink handkerchief tied over her
hair. Her sleeves were rolled up almost to her
shoulders, and her slender arms shone against the dark
pinafore.

"And, besides, I really think there must be
such a pattern, Ian French. It
was a little ' still life ' as it were—the
spears of green. That room with the
balcony was the sitting-room, and the one next
to it was the kitchen. Everybody heard him shout
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something in a saucepan, and ladling out tit-bits to
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at the same time he snatched up his cap and ran down the street. There was a lovely pink light over everything. He saw it glowing in the river, and the people walking towards him had pink faces and pink hands. He leaned against the side of his house waiting for a taxi, and he had no idea of what he was going to do or say. "Here she comes," said a voice in his heart. She walked very quickly, with small, light steps; with one hand she carried the basket, with the other she held the cape together. . . . What could he do? He could only follow. . . . First she went into the grocer's, and spent a long time in there, and then she went into the butcher's, where she had to wait a while. She was already at an age at the dressmaker's matching something, and then she went to the fruit shop and bought a lemon. As he watched her he knew more surely than ever he must get to know her, now. Her composure, her seriousness, and her loneliness, the very way she walked as though she was eager to be done with this foreign world of grown-ups—all was natural to him and so inevitable.

"Yes, she is always like that," he thought proudly.

"We have nothing to do with these people."

But now she was on her way home and he was as far off as she had turned into the dust and he saw her through the window buying an egg. She picked it out of the basket with such care—a brown one, a beautifully shaped one, the one he would have chosen. And when she came out of the dairy he went towards her. In a moment he was out again, and following her past his house across the flower market, dodging among the huge umbrellas and treading on the fallen flowers and the round marks where the pots had stood. . . . Through her door he crept, and up the stairs after her, taking care to tread in time to her tread so that she should not notice. Finally she stopped on the landing, and took the key out of her purse. As she put it into the door, he ran up and faced her. Blushing more crimson than ever, but looking at her severely he said, almost angrily:

"Excuse me, Mademoiselle, you dropped this." And he handed her an egg.

**Views and Reviews.**

**THE RULE OF LAW.**

The result of the trial for murder of Lieut. Malcolm was not unexpected, but in view of that melodramatic tendency which our criminal trials have manifested of late years, it was none the less disquieting. In its disregard of the facts and the law of the case, the verdict was another instance of that growing disregard of the rule of law which is one of the most perplexing phenomena of our time. Let us grant that no one, myself included, wished the death penalty to be inflicted on Lieut. Malcolm; the fact remains that no one had any relation at all to the case of Lieut. Malcolm was undoubtedly the attacker. He sought out this man, armed himself with a whip and a revolver, and declared in the letter that he wrote to his wife that he was going "to thresh [this man] until he is unrecognisable." That, in itself, was a criminal intention, but the letter declared a further criminal intention in certain circumstances, viz., "I may shoot him if he has got a gun." Now, the right of self-defence (and this point should have been made by counsel for the prosecution) does not pertain to the aggressor; doubtful as it is, it pertains only to the person attacked. It was the man now dead who went in such fear of violence that he bought a revolver to protect himself; yet if he had used it directly Lieut. Malcolm entered his room, it is doubtful whether he would have been justified. The gist of the rules laid down by the Criminal Code Bill Commissioners is that "no man must slay or severely injure another until he has done everything he possibly can to avoid the use of extreme force. A is struck by a ruffian, X; A has a revolver in his pocket. He must not then and there fire upon X, but, to avoid crime, he must retreat as far as he can. X pursues; A is driven up against a wall. Then, and not till then, A, if he has no other means of repelling attack, may justifiably fire at X." That is Dicey's summary of the law. Baumberg himself would only have been entitled to the plea of self-defence if he had first attempted to retreat, or to use some other means of defence than his pistol. The plea had no relation at all to the case of Lieut. Malcolm, and that it should have been urged by "the most skilful advocate of the day" does not reflect much credit on the profession of advocacy.

"In the case of justifiable self-defence," says Foster, "the man in the party charged with force in defence of his person, habitation, or property, against one who manifestly in-
tendeth and endeavoureth with violence or surprise to commit a known felony upon either." Plainly, Lieut. Malcolm was not the "injured party"; neither his person, habitation, or property was attacked by the dead man. The judge declared in his summing-up: "A husband has justly as the body of his wife. He cannot imprison her; he cannot chastise her. If she refuses to live with him, he cannot, nor can the Court, compel her to do so. She is mistress of her own physical destiny. If she sins, and the husband can prove it, he may obtain her imprisonment; but if she discomforts him, then the husband is not entitled to murder the lover either to punish the sin or to secure its correction." It would hardly be too extreme a statement of the law to say that the wife, not the husband, is the legal custodian of marital honour; certainly, there is an utter absence of legal right on the part of a husband either to avenge or to defend his marital honour by force. For him to do so would be to restrict unwarrantably the liberty of his wife to do as she likes with herself; he has his legal remedy, divorce, if she does not maintain the sanctity of the marriage contract, but he has no other right at all. But in this case, the defence asserted, and the prosecution also argued, that no breach of the marriage contract had occurred; the homicide was, therefore, committed to prevent the wife from exercising her liberty of choice. It is certainly not the written law, and if the unwritten law, that justifies a jealous husband in proceeding to extremities to prevent his marital honour, of which he is not the custodian, being violated. It is impossible to apply the standards of the harem to conditions that are not those of the harem; by English law, women are free to go where they like, and do what they like with themselves, and if a husband can with impunity prevent by homicide a breach of the marriage contract, social life will become impossible.

The jury, by its verdict, has approved a conception of life that is not only out of date, but is contrary to law; stupidly, for the law remains the same. To apply the standards of the harem to conditions that are not those of the harem; by English law, women are free to go where they like, and do what they like with themselves, and if a husband can with impunity prevent by homicide a breach of the marriage contract, social life will become impossible.

The chief interest of this translation of "Le Voyage Du Centurion" derives from the fact that its author was the grandson of Renan. The book describes his conversion to Catholicism while on Colonial service in the Sahara. As described by the author, the conversion owed little to the intellectual processes; he certainly describes himself as a materialist, but the materialism that he renounces is not a system of philosophy, but a number of sentimental gratifications. There, in the desert, he suffered unshielded contact with some of the most powerful and dangerous of natural forces; and the assurance of the existence of God, and, to put it at its lowest, the military necessity of living a pure life, insensibly developed within him and operated upon him. It was a conversion from the circumstantial to the centre; and when he remembered that the centurions of the Gospels had borne witness to the Divinity and power of Christ, he was willing to accept a religion that harmonised with his profession. Indeed, he asserted that "out of all men He has chosen the soldier, in order that the greatness and the sanctity of the soldier might appear as something of the greatness and the servitude of the Christian." After the end of his book, the soldiers are wondering whether the civilians know, whether they understand, if so, what object they have in keeping men at war. "More than attacks that are like dramatical reviews, more than visible battles unfurled like banners, more even than the hand-to-hand encounters of shooting strife, War is frightful and unnatural weariness, water up to the belly, mud and dung and infamous filth. It is befouled faces and tattered flesh, it is the corpses that are no longer corpses even, floating on the ravens earth. It is that, endless monotony of misery, broken by poignant tragedies; it is that, and not the bayonet glittering like silver, nor the bugle's chanticleer call to the sun!" Such passages abound, and not only in summary as this one is; descriptions not only of battle, but of the dreary vigils of the trenches, of the unending labour, of the everlasting mud that seems to soak through to the bones. M. Barbusse spares nothing, not even the soldier's language, not even the apparent lack of meaning of the whole misery. These soldiers argue and argue to try to settle all sorts of matters, the existence of God, the reality of politics, the responsibility for the War, even the possibility of their remembering enough of the horror to keep them anti-militarist in another emergency; To them, the thing that they have known so intimately and suffered so acutely seems frankly incredible; no one who has not suffered it, he argues, can believe it, and those who have will not be able to retain their memory of it. The realist comes near to believing in Maya, that the world of action is an incredible illusion, and that men are only moved to activity by illusion. This book is not a mere record, it is an apocalypse.

A Soldier's Pilgrimage. By Ernest Psichari. (Melrose. 5s. net.)

The Story of a Squad. By Henri Barbusse. (Dent. 5s. net.)

If it be possible to convey to civilians any idea of what the war really is like, as it affects the man in the ranks, this book should succeed. Mr. Patrick Macgill has done his bit for us, but in the same-spirited and of-fact way that he conveys an impression of the soldier's insensitiveness to the conditions of his life; M. Barbusse, with his greater command of language and his more vivid imagination, conveys an impression of the soldier's sensitiveness. In his book, the soldiers are wondering whether the civilians know, whether they understand, if so, what object they have in keeping men at war. "More than attacks that are like dramatical reviews, more than visible battles unfurled like banners, more even than the hand-to-hand encounters of shooting strife, War is frightful and unnatural weariness, water up to the belly, mud and dung and infamous filth. It is befouled faces and tattered flesh, it is the corpses that are no longer corpses even, floating on the ravens earth. It is that, endless monotony of misery, broken by poignant tragedies; it is that, and not the bayonet glittering like silver, nor the bugle's chanticleer call to the sun!" Such passages abound, and not only in summary as this one is; descriptions not only of battle, but of the dreary vigils of the trenches, of the unending labour, of the everlasting mud that seems to soak through to the bones. M. Barbusse spares nothing, not even the soldier's language, not even the apparent lack of meaning of the whole misery. These soldiers argue and argue to try to settle all sorts of matters, the existence of God, the reality of politics, the responsibility for the War, even the possibility of their remembering enough of the horror to keep them anti-militarist in another emergency; To them, the thing that they have known so intimately and suffered so acutely seems frankly incredible; no one who has not suffered it, he argues, can believe it, and those who have will not be able to retain their memory of it. The realist comes near to believing in Maya, that the world of action is an incredible illusion, and that men are only moved to activity by illusion. This book is not a mere record, it is an apocalypse.

The realist comes near to believing in Maya, that the world of action is an incredible illusion, and that men are only moved to activity by illusion. This book is not a mere record, it is an apocalypse.
pretation of the military life is obviously the most important contribution of this book. A religion that does not barely justify the activity of the warrior, but accepts it as a type for all men, a religion that finds salvation in Sparta, is a religion that cannot be ignored. On the other hand, the mystic has justified Machiavelli, who argued that innovators who have to use prayers "always succeed badly, and never compass anything"; but innovators who "can rely on themselves and use force are rarely endangered." Unfortunately, we do not know how M. Psichari's husband makes two or three scenes of emotional relation. Successful marriage, it seems, is based on the distinction of these letters is that they were written by a young painter to his mother; and as they deal chiefly with the necessity of acceptance. "Let us speak of patience. Nothing but to accept the present moment with all the treasures which it brings us. That is all there is to do, and it is precisely in this that all the beauty of the world is concentrated." He returns to the theme again and again, and always in the same hortatory fashion; indeed, he seems to be the spiritual director of his mother, telling her, for example, that he has succeeded in preserving his sensibility, it was due to the fact that he found that "Spinoza was a most valuable aid in the trenches."

Pastiche.

The British, alas, are an uncounted nation, Deficient in tact and consideration.

Ring Charles, awaiting the fatal call,
Passed his last night within Whitehall.
He heard the mob's wild clamouring,
The gruesome scaffold-hammering.
Nor showed the French much loyal zest,
In fact they proved themselves most shabby;
Poor Louis, to his final rest,
Was driven by a common cabby!
His royal spouse—it breaks one's heart—
Was placed upon a dingy cart;
More to insult her and deride,
A "sansculotte" sat by her side.

The Germans, however, they treat their royalty
With real show of devotion and loyalty.
A carriage drawn by six prancing steeds,
Harnessed and draped in the blackest of weds,
The coachman teat of mirth and mirth;
Thus will the German monarch, some day,
On his last drive be devoutly saluted,
And most "reverentially" executed!

HENRY (translated by H. H.).

THE EARTH AND THE HEAVEN, IN THE EVENING.

The Earth draws off her robe of broderied flowers,
And in green kirtle standeth for a space
Ere she doth wrap her for the slumberous hours;
In her white shift of mist, and veils her face:
She standeth in her kirtle green, and saith
To her brave, yet dull, yet sulky sky,
How might man image her in his own guise?
In the whole beauty of Nature and the blessing of God; and if his courage is, as he says, more "literary" than that of his companions, it is not less apparent or effective. If his chief purpose was to console his mother, his chief struggle was to keep his soul alive amid circumstances that were not particularly favourable; and if he did succeed in preserving his sensibility, it was due to the fact that he found that "Spinoza was a most valuable aid in the trenches."

LOVE PASSED MY WAY

Last night I lay a-thinking;
My past and future dreary lay.
This, the burden of my thoughts,
Love passed my way.

Would hence my life be wasted, spent
And every hour a useless fray?
The Gates have opened but to close,
Love passed my way.
No; wasted, spent my life had been,
And resting but on common clay.
With fierce exultance now I cry,
Love passed my way.

The tragic note, how foolish it!
Wealth untried has come to stay.
The Easy Goal, how vain it is!
Love passed my way.

On our dead selves we reach the clouds,
If reach the clouds we may.
The greater needs, how futile they!
Love passed my way.

Nought is lost: Enriched by pain,
Hearts and sores, odious away!
Transcendent gleam; its past, its here.
Love passed my way.

R. FRANCIS CLARK.

MAGNIFICAT ARTIFEX.
My soul doth magnify the State: and my spirit hath rejoiced in Webb my saviour.

For he hath regarded: the Trade Unions of his handmen and maidens.

For behold from hencroft: all the middle classes shall call me Socialist.

For he that is mighty hath nationalised me: and Efficient is his name.

And his Minimum Wage is for them that fear him:
until their Old Age Pension.

He hath bought out the ruling classes from their lands: and hath exalted a new statesman.

He hath employed the hungry at the Standard Rate: and the rich he hath sent superaxed away.

He remembering to pay time-and-a-third hath quadrupled the output of his servants: as he promised in his Supplements to Beveridge and his seed for ever.

Glory be to the Time-Boss, and to the Fabian: and to the Bureaucrat.

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be: Wages without End.

M. I. P.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTORS.

Sir,—There is one fallacy which “A. E. R.” holds in common with all conventional Englishmen,—namely, that law and its administration are one and the same thing. The framing of a law is one thing, but its carrying out is another. And it is our failure to realise that difference which has earned for us the opinion of “Hamburgh” in the eyes of other nations.

No one, perhaps, except the “A. E. R.,” will pretend that the Military Service Acts were anything but mal-administered. He may, however, have heard of widows’ sons having been conscripted,—a simpler matter and more within his powers of comprehension,—since he admits that “there are certainly cases in which substantial injustice has been done because the tribunals believed they had no power to grant absolute exemption.” In other words, because the tribunals did not understand their jobs. Yet he persists in thinking the victims should accept the consequences of the tribunals’ incompetence without protest.

I wonder if “A. E. R.” is aware that some of the conscientious objectors in prison to-day are there as a penalty for having struck work given them by the tribunals which they did not consider of sufficient national importance or consistent with their capabilities? These men did not deliberately choose to go to prison as “A. E. R.,” in his innocence suggests. They are there as a surprising result of having chosen to do work of real importance instead of well-nigh useless work imposed upon them by the tribunals in a time of national crisis.

I had the experience of appearing before a tribunal as a conscientious objector myself, and during my hearing I was asked whether I would consent to do work of national importance on a farm. I asked if they could first guarantee that I should not be required to work for a private employer, which I did not consider compatible with national service. The tribunal vouchsafed no reply. Consequently, I declined. Superpose the tribunal had decided to insist upon that or nothing, what would “A. E. R.” have done in my place in the interests of political liberty? Personally, if I had been required to work for a private employer, I should have begun the work by “striking,” which “A. E. R.” would have defined as my having deliberately chosen to go to prison.

T. C.

Memoranda.

(From last week’s New Age.)

The Whitley Memorandum is as far from National Guilds as it is near in spirit and structure to National Capitalist Trusts.

To invite Labour to co-operate with Capital in industry while reserving to capitalists the ownership and direction of Capital itself is to invite Labour to a joint responsibility in the secondary but not in the primary element.

The hostility of Labour to what it calls the intellectuals augurs no good from Labour’s accession to power.—Notes of the Week.

The only alternative to a democratic Germany is a European inferno.—S. VERDAD.

The European profusion of social thinkers is English Labour’s shame and condemnation.

Great stretches of Europe show to-day a reverence for ideas unknown in England.

To contemn the thinkers is to aggrandise Northcliffe, who learnt, while Labour slept, that the narcotic of fiction is the sure way to buttress the interests.

What shall it profit Labour if it become blackleg-proof and remain proletarian in spirit?

When the Labour leader shouts at the intellectual to be gone, it is not courage, but a cowardly truculence sprung from class-servitude.

It would be passing strange if the sheer weight of Labour organisation should constitute a menace to intellectual freedom; if Labour should rely upon its brute strength and forget the spiritual implications of the freedom it would compass.

New ideas are the one unchallengeable thing that life has to give.—S. G. H.

The first condition of a satisfactory theory of political liberty is the abandonment of the dogmas of the sovereignty of the State.

The discovery of errors in other people’s views is not so much in the hope of persuading them as of comforting oneself.

Argument is happily dissociated from belief or unbelief.—O. LATHAM.

Sir A. Conan Doyle has never stooped to literature.—Ezra Pound.

In order to despise enjoyment one need only be supremely happy or supremely wretched.

To the Christian Life is a pathetic tale with a happy ending.

The discovery of a new faculty in Man will not make him more happy, but simply more powerful.

The Happiness that is essential to the best life is a state of the soul.

Life is made more powerful by the destruction of the corrupt.—Edward MOORE.

The worst possible use you can make of a man is to put him in prison.

To show respect for the rule of law is our only guarantee of liberty.—A. E. R.

If we drop the emphasis on man, we drop from civilisation to barbarism.

History can inspire change as well as repetition.

We are getting tired of after-war problems, and should welcome a volume stating the solution of those problems.

Collaborators should collaborate.—“Reviews.”

Jews, the working class, self-sacrifice, and Socialism are all particularly abhorrent to the average Christian.—KLEM Foss.
The whole outlook of labour has been changed by the War. Men want not only a higher standard of living but more freedom and equality; they feel entitled to them and stand for them, and they mean to do so. Mr. Lloyd George exhorted a delegation from the Labour Party to be audacious in the after-war settlement. The advice is unnecessary. There will be plenty of audacity, probably more than he will expect. The Triple Alliance of Miners, Railwaysmen, and Transport Workers can bring all the industrial and commercial activities in the country to a standstill, and they will do it if they are challenged. I expect "direct action" on a tremendous scale, with the result of paralysed industry, unemployment, distress, food riots, violence, and a general turmoil amounting to a sort of civil war.

The Government might stop it, but only by changes which would be revolutionary in character. Possibly they may attempt to forestall it and make the revolution peaceful by daring legislative proposals. But is any case labour will sooner or later supplement direct political action, and very likely secure a majority in the House of Commons. There may be a Labour Government if anyone can form a Ministry; if not, the Party will still control the House of Commons and dictate legislation. . . . I am certain that we shall have revolutionary changes, not effected without much industry, unemployment, distress, food riots, violence, and a general turmoil amounting to a sort of civil war.

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The two outbursts were crushed, and the peasants paid with their lives for their attempt to get the land which they had worked for centuries. Each time after such an outburst the Cabinet was changed, a new Government came into power, and promised large reforms, but held new elections. There were scientific discussions in Parliament; beautiful social and economic theories were developed by members who had studied in the big universities of Western Europe, laws were passed, but the situation of the wretched peasants remained the same. The reason for this is not difficult to understand. The peasants were represented by 11 or 12 members of Parliament, while the landowners had 134 representatives. It was quite obvious that unless an extraordinary situation occurred to force the upper class, they would never agree to part with their properties, which gave them a huge income without any effort on their part.

The opening of the war found Rumania in the midst of a new discussion on reforms, which would have had the same result as the previous talk. When the King called his Army to the colours to fight the old enemy, the Austro-Hungarians and their allies, not a single peasant failed. They all rushed to their regiments. They all were forced back. Unfortunately it was not the same with some of the great landowners. Under the pretext of disagreement with the foreign policy of the Government, many of them, although officers of the reserve, remained behind with the enemy. The proportion of desertions was much higher among officers than among men. Those who had suffered every hardship in peace and war did not fail to do their duty, while many of those who had everything—honours, wealth, privileges, rights—remained traitors and deserters. Times.

A writer in The New Age discusses with skill a knowledge clearly born of inside information the hampering effects of class control of the Civil Service on national democratic progress. The article will be very instructive to the general public, and will be read with interest in the Civil Service by reason of its trenchant and fearless comment on the existing state of affairs. Absolute control and unlimited power wielded by the Higher Division and by the Treasury have developed a Civil Service machine which is anti-democratic in operation. Of course, the public, and even Members of Parliament, do not see through the veil that is drawn to obscure the view. The Higher Division of the Service is as clever at the game of camouflage as the Foreign Office. Probably few Civil Servants realise, for instance, that the inquiry into the Higher Division a few years back was merely a device to forestall a democratic onslaught, just as the House of Lords conference to-day is designed to save as much as possible of the hereditary chamber, which, if not materially reformed, will probably be swept away entirely soon after the war. The writer in The New Age notes the declining power of the House of Commons, which he says has never properly represented the community as a whole.—"The Citizen.”

**PRESS CUTTINGS.**

The whole outlook of labour has been changed by the War. Men want not only a higher standard of living but more freedom and equality; they feel entitled to them and stand for them, and they mean to do so. Mr. Lloyd George exhorted a delegation from the Labour Party to be audacious in the after-war settlement. The advice is unnecessary. There will be plenty of audacity, probably more than he will expect. The Triple Alliance of Miners, Railwaysmen, and Transport Workers can bring all the industrial and commercial activities in the country to a standstill, and they will do it if they are challenged. I expect "direct action" on a tremendous scale, with the result of paralysed industry, unemployment, distress, food riots, violence, and a general turmoil amounting to a sort of civil war.

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To the Editor of the "Northern Echo."

Your comment on the failure of Parliamentary action in industrial matters is illuminating. Such action can only be effective if it is originated by a well-organised industrial unit, backed up by economic power, and where this exists State action is often unnecessary. If the agricultural labourers had been organised in a strong trade union they could easily have obtained decent wages and conditions.

On the other hand, there is a possibility of danger to the community as a whole in the cry for "co-operation between employers and employed" which we hear on all sides now. Were such co-operation to become complete in a single industry, there would undoubtedly be an attempt on the part of the commercial element to exploit the community and divide the spoils. Profiteering would then be intensified a thousandfold, and who could control so powerful a combination?

It would seem that the only adequate answer to this question is that of the policy of "National Guilds," a proposal for "the establishment of self-government in industry through a system of National Guilds working in conjunction with the State." It is impossible to describe this system fully in a short letter, but briefly it means that workers (both hands and brain) in each industry should combine to form guilds responsible as producers for the conduct of that industry, while the State, as representing the consumers, should own the means of production and lease them to the guilds.

Newcastle.

By Mail.

During a visit to the front, King Ferdinand, addressing his troops, promised them reforms, the necessity of which has been felt in this country for over 20 years. Land and the right to rule their own country were promised by the five million peasants, and were repeatedly promised to them by the political parties, but the promises were never fulfilled. When things became really bad, and the peasants were starving while the landowners and farmers were rolling in money, spending their inheritance, some probably to immoral purposes, the peasants lost their temper, and the docile animal who had worked the whole year for his master became furious and uncontrollable.

This happened twice in 1888 and in March, 1907.

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