NOTES OF THE WEEK.

If we call attention once more to Mr. Bottomley's opinions it is not for their intrinsic importance, but because millions read him, and he is reported to be in personal touch with Mr. Lloyd George, Sir Douglas Haig, and others even more highly placed. Last week we observed that he was confident of peace before Christmas—a peace, moreover, for which his readers were to get ready their flags in the certainty that it would be a peace with victory. But in his latest tip to the nation we observe him to be less confident than last week, and to be distinctly hedging. An analysis of his article in the current issue of "John Bull" reveals him as being divided between two opinions which are incompatible with each other. On the one hand, he is still "taking over" that Sir Douglas Haig "will practically have finished his task by Christmas"; in other words, that the war will be won in a military sense on the Western front within the next six or seven weeks. But, on the other hand, he warns his readers against the "sinister" attempts of the War Cabinet to prepare the people for "a patched-up, inconclusive settlement." How these two statements can be reconciled we cannot easily understand, for if we are on the eve of a military victory what is there sinister in preparing for peace? And if, on the contrary, there is something sinister in the preparations for peace, what reliance can be placed upon his forecast of a military victory? We should see nothing "sinister" in the alleged employment of General Smuts by the War Cabinet as a special delegate to prepare the public for peace if the peace were to be brought about by a military victory. On the other hand, there might conceivably be something sinister in these "dodges for doctoring public opinion" if no military victory by Christmas, or in the near future, could be anticipated. Between these two inconsistent hypotheses, Mr. Bottomley must, therefore, be said to have fallen once more to the ground as a prophet; for he cannot, to use his own language again, have it both ways. Either there is to be no military victory with peace before Christmas, or there is nothing sinister in the War Cabinet's alleged preparations for peace. One or the other, Mr. Bottomley, but not both. Having given publicity without comment to the various forecasts above referred to or the near approach of peace (or shall we say of the new war-loan?), the "Times" has now turned upon its reporters with the rebuke that such forecasts have "wrought incalculable mischief." For itself the "Times" is content to say that the war has already been long, and that it will be still longer—in forgetfulness, it would seem, of the tolerance it has been showing of views of the contrary kind. Sir Eric Geddes likewise has been affirming that he "sees no signs of its being a short war," in forgetfulness again, it would seem, of the expressed opinions of some of his fellow Ministers to the contrary. From all of this we conclude that what was, perhaps, in the balance a week or so ago is no longer in any doubt. There is no immediate expectation of peace, and the country must, until the next Budget is due, prepare itself for the indefinite continuance of the war.

More disquieting than Mr. Bottomley's attempts to keep up his circulation without exercising the minds of his readers is Mr. Bonar Law's cool announcement that the forthcoming Allied Conference "will consider the prosecution of the war, but not war-aims." The circumstances under which this momentous admission was made by him were so trivial—a casual question across the floor of the House of Commons—and the unconsciousness of anything surprising in it was so manifest in him, that we can only imagine that Mr. Bonar Law and the Cabinet have for a long time been thinking of a fresh Allied Conference, has been the nature of the discussions at such a Conference, and particularly the conclusions to which it would be likely to come upon the common aims of the Allies, old and new. And when, in his speech at the Albert Hall only a fortnight ago, Mr. Lloyd George referred to the coming Conference as "the most important ever to be held," and explicitly announced that the subjects for its discussion were both "military and political," the expectations of the world that the war-aims of the Allies would at last be clearly formulated appeared to be confirmed. Mr.
Bonar Law, however, seemed from the tone and substance of his reply on Monday to be entirely ignorant of the impression Mr. Lloyd George's announcements have made, or of the expectations they have aroused. He seemed to take it for granted that the proposed Conference had never been so much as discussed in any circles outside the planet in which the War Cabinet has its abode. We were all to be informed that the Conference was not for any political but only for a military purpose; and we were to take it as a fact of no particular but of only official importance. It is true that, in response to a further question, Mr. Bonar Law asked in a hurt tone of surprise whether political considerations had not also a militarily bearing, thereby to our simple minds, after letting the cat out of the bag putting a fox into it. But his appendix leaves us in this dilemma: either war-aims are to be discussed at the Conference, or the bearing of questions political on matters military is not so close in Mr. Bonar Law's opinion as to justify his surprise. Our forcible conclusion is that Mr. Bonar Law, no less than the public, is totally in the dark; and that both he and the War Cabinet are drifting without rudder, and with only Micawber at the helm.

Of a scarcely less depressing character was the reply of Lord Robert Cecil to a question inviting him to pledge the Cabinet to parliamentary sanction of the treaty of peace. Assuring the House of Commons that "the same spirit had pervaded all the Parliaments into its confidence," he then proceeded not only to decline to give any pledge to obtain its sanction before signing the peace treaty, but to pour Cecilian scorn upon the phrase "democratic sanction." What did it mean, he asked? Did it mean any more than the demand that Mr. Bonar Law, no less than the public, is totally in the dark; and that both he and the War Cabinet are drifting without rudder, and with only Micawber at the helm.

In the unhappy state to which Ireland has been reduced it is only to be expected that our Press medicine-men should set about devising quick remedies; and their infallible prescription is invariably the same—namely, force. Because the treatment described contemptuously as Birrellism was cut short before it could become effective by the Easter Insurrection, our press-politicians conclude that what is needed to-day is a contrast to Birrellism—in other words, doses of blood and iron. The conditions, however, are by all means the same that brought about the failure of Birrellism and that are now favourable to Birrellism. But for the accident of the association of Mr. Connolly with the Sinn Fein movement we may fairly say that there would have been no insurrection in Ireland as a consequence of Birrellism; but, on the contrary, the Sinn Fein movement would have continued to this day in its original condition of feeble-forcible agitation. At this moment, on the other hand, Sinn Fein contains all the elements previously wanting in it, though not as yet in such strength as to be able to attain its object. The Birrellism of yesterday should therefore be persisted in to-day with more rather than with less assiduity and consistency. It is true, of course, that the outward symptoms of Sinn Fein are more threatening at this moment than ever before; we should not be surprised to see them becoming more threatening if to-day the insurrection extends to the other provinces of the next few months. But the diagnosis of Sinn Fein remains, that it lives upon grievances; and the remedy to be applied is not force but fewer grievances. But how is this policy to be pursued when our agents in Ireland are deliberately or unconsciously intent on creating grievances? That is the real problem of Ireland; and it has been once again vividly illustrated in the case of Thomas Ashe. A special, not to say a packed jury, sitting at Dublin under Government auspices, has censured the Castle officials involved in the death of Ashe and explicitly accused the deputy-governor of Mountjoy Gaol of having violated the law in his treatment of political prisoners. In other words, even a packed Irish jury has been unable to come to any other conclusion than that the Castle authorities and administrators have negligently or maliciously been the means of the death of an Irish political agitator. But what does this imply? Surely that we in this country are totally unaware of the provocation offered to Ireland by our own agents. And this is the fact. We say that it is useless to expect peace in Ireland while our agents and administrators of the type of the deputy-governor of Mountjoy, the resentment of Ireland is not under these circumstances disloyalty or contumaciousness, it is simple
humanity. And our only course is to weed out of our service in Ireland all the officials known or suspected to have been plotting against Ireland with no less thoroughness than we have weeded out the persons known or suspected to have been plotting more directly against England.

The best defence of the South Wales miners is the result of the ballot upon the proposed "comb-out": it is four to one in favour of the Government scheme. But if it had been the other way about, we cannot say that we should have been greatly surprised, for both the men and their case have been misrepresented to a degree sufficient to exasperate all but the most level-headed and even-tempered body of men in the industry. To begin with, it is entirely false that the objection of the men to the proposed "comb-out" was on the ground of an objection to military service; and it is merely flattering to Mr. MacDonald, Mr. Snowden and the rest to affirm that it was. The real objection was to the use of their own trade union organisation for the administration of an Act of Parliament which had nothing directly to do with industry. The minority of South Wales trade unionists have argued, quite plausibly, that the Government employment of trade unions in political administration is ultra vires and cannot be reconciled with the purposes of trade unionism; in other words, that it is an attempt to capture trade unions and to convert them from their proper function. To reply, as the capitalist Press has replied, that this objection is a cloak for pacifism is to evade the issue and at the same time to emblitter the miners' case. It would be far better to meet it in the open and to offer such explanations or guarantees as would rob it of the cogency it possesses. We should also remember that in dealing with South Wales we are dealing with a kind of industrial Ireland, a body of men, that is to say, sorely with many long-standing and neglected or aggravated grievances. The various Acts passed for the "nationalisation" of the mining industry have not as yet been put into more than paper operation; and, in the meantime, though nominally in State service, the men actually remain under the profiteering direction of the worst industrial employers in the whole of the country.

The reactionary Press on Friday devoted some columns of priceless space to the publication of the programme of the British Workers' League, whose secretary is Mr. Victor Fisher, late of the old Social Democratic Party. The "Times" even went so far as to write a leader in support of and to recommend the document as "instructive evidence of the trend of opinion and worth studying" from that point of view. But is it possible that the "Times" or its readers are not fully aware that the British Workers' League is a League pour rire, or, shall we say, a League for the duration of the war? Eclecticism and opportunism and written all over its literature; and nothing is more obvious to the most elementary student of the Labour movement than that the League is bent on the sole purpose of making hay for its members while the war shines. The association of the League with that other aborted party, the National Party, is another proof of the precariousness with which it clings to a doomed life. That the workers of this country have anything to gain by submitting their programme to men like General Page Croft, Lord Charles Beresford, Viscount Valentia et hoc genus omne is absurd on the face of it. The League is plainly a war-expedient, a political adventurer engaged in fishing in troubled waters. With the war it was born, and with the war it will disappear. We advise our readers to pay no attention to it.

Another little group that has now issued its programme is the W.S.P.U., henceforward to be called by its original founders, if by nobody else, the "Women's Party." The presumption implied both in the programme and in the new name is characteristic of the women whose signatures they bear. Setting aside for the moment the misapplication of the name of "party" to a group that at best is only propaganda, we must deplore with a thousand pities the pre-emption of the programme of the "Women's Party" by a group of women who are in no sense representative either of women or of women's interests. For Mrs. Pankhurst and her friends and family to arrogate to themselves the direction of the political, social and industrial future of women is not only an absurdity to make the new "Women's Party" ridiculous; but when they add to this little programme a regular gallimaufry and hotchpotch of proposals for directing our whole national policy, the comedy becomes a farce. We are solemnly assured in this unparalleled programme that in the opinion of the "Women's Party" the solution of the industrial problem is not to be found in the direction of the "control of industry by the workers." Democratic self-control, it seems, has gone quite far enough when it has endowed the founders of the W.S.P.U. with a vote. "The path of control of industry by the workers leads inevitably," you will be impressed to hear, "to the demoralisation and disintegration of British industry, and its capture and conquest by Germany." We must, therefore, avoid as suicidal the extension of democracy to industry, and seek instead to introduce more discipline, more organisation, and more obedience. Upon other matters, too, the new "Women's Party" is no less unmistakably under the influence of the "Evening News" and the "Weekly Dispatch." Indeed, these journals might almost sue the W.S.P.U. for conveying their thunder. For instance, we are to remove from all Government departments officials of "pro-German leanings," we are to prevent Germans from ever again acquiring British nationality; we are to maintain the Irish Union; we are to continue in the present system of governing India; etc., etc. But the joy of the piece is still to be recorded: it is that in the considered judgment of the "Women's Party," the authority of the national Parliament is to be maintained. Remembering the former attitude of this group of women to the "authority, supremacy, and dignity" of Parliament, we cannot but smile at their present transformation, and wonder how long it will last.

Lord Rhondda has frankly described some of the difficulties he has encountered in his attempt to create a Ministry of Health. They have not been, he says, the ignorance or the conservatism of public opinion, which usually receives the blame in such cases. Nor, in the present instance, have they been due to the private vested interests which are usually to blame. They have been due, on the contrary, to the "very great jealousy" of the various Government departments concerned. At the very outset, Lord Rhondda asserts, one Government department apparently made up its mind not to surrender its present share of health administration, and in course of time its example was followed by all the rest. The result of this, he says, was that the department created was increased in its intensity by the fact that as well as quarralling jointly with Lord Rhondda, the departments quarrelled separately with each other. It is not to be wondered at, under these circumstances, that Lord Rhondda's Bill was considered of too controversial a character to be discussed in the House of Commons. All we wonder at, just a little, is the acquiescence of Ministers and Parliament in this bureaucratic blackmail. Relatively to the departments the House of Commons appears to be in the position of a weak but wealthy man encumbered by a multitude of squabbling valets who have so little respect for their employer, and so much conceit of themselves, that between them he gets nothing done that is not exactly to their fancy.
The French Socialist Resolution.

[The text of the Resolution passed by a large majority at the recent French Socialist Conference held at Bordeaux. Translated by “S. V.”]

After three years of war, the Socialist Party need not recall with what an ardent spirit and firm will it has played its part in the national union to ensure the defence of our invaded country.

After three years, we find that the battlefield has become still larger. The number of nations at war with the Central Empires has increased. The meaning of the struggle is becoming more and more definite. The responsibility of rulars, of peoples, and of the political parties among the peoples is everywhere becoming greater.

The coming peace must solve something more than merely national problems. It must give the world a system of law whose object shall be to forestall for ever the unprecedented devastation of men and treasure. It must define the terms of peace, but only an active and ceaseless diplomatic and economic activity. Our resolution is sufficient to decide the time of it.

The Socialist Party knows that the rights of peoples and of the Society of Nations must rest not only upon government treaties, but also upon the intelligence and system of law whose object shall be to forestall for ever the hegemony which a triumphant industrial and military organisation would confer upon Germany and her Allies; but all alike are fighting for the right of peoples to dispose freely of themselves and to establish a Society of Nations which shall be the guarantee of the peace of the world.

The Socialist Party does not forget that the capitalistic régime of economic competition, colonisation, and imperialism may render peace always precarious; but, representing the interests of the peoples, it expects to secure the maximum number of guarantees against the risk of conflicts by the inauguration of this Society of Nations, which even bourgeois in the upper class regard as a framework which may ensure a just and lasting peace.

The meaning involved in the events of to-day is that might cannot triumph over right, and the lesson of reality is that the Allies, in order to set right on a firm basis, must exert their maximum military, diplomatic, and economic activity. Our resolution is sufficient to define the terms of peace, but only an active and ceaseless effort can decide the time of it.

The peace must be a good and a just peace. It must come at the earliest possible moment.

It is because we hold this conviction that the Socialist Party will neglect no action to this end, and calls upon governments, both in their national and in their international capacities, for a more penetrating and vigorous conduct of the war. It calls upon France, in view of the great gravity of our circumstances, to subject to an active and constant public opinion all the men who may share the responsibilities of power.

In international politics the Socialist Party once more observes that, though the Government of France has explained itself satisfactorily with regard to its war aims, though the French Socialist Party has observed in secret session the definite disavowal of certain manoeuvres of secret diplomacy, and though the Chamber of Deputies has publicly announced its determination to reconcile thoughts of conquest and annexation and to pave the way for the Society of Nations, all our Allies have by no means yet done so explicitly.

It is, therefore, essential that the French Government, taking advantage of the initiative assumed by the Russian Revolution in demanding a complete revision of war aims, shall consult with its Allies—a joint declaration defining their national claims solely according to the dictates of international law.

It is also necessary that, in view of the conflict of interests which is always possible, among other things, the Entente Governments, by a general arbitration treaty, shall entrust the task of determining their interests and rights, first of all, to a board of arbitrators established by themselves, and, secondly, to the Society of Nations.

As regards the terms of peace, the Socialist Party draws attention to the international declaration drawn up in London by the Allied Socialists in February, 1915, and it has already been filed in its Reply to the Dutch-Scandinavian questionnaire how, in its opinion, the peace terms should be framed to prevent the seeds of new wars from being sown, and to give the world guarantees of security in place of the regime of armaments, annexations, and strategic guarantees. The Socialist Party, through its groups and federations, will take steps to impress upon public opinion the interests which Socialists believe to be indispensable to a complete, just, and lasting peace.

Regarding its own work, the Socialist Party declares that it aims at securing full liberty of international action. Here, again, it appeals to public opinion to realise for itself, and to make the leaders of the Government realise also, that the expressed desire to join in an international Conference, so far from being opposed to the interests of the nations which have suffered aggression, cannot but be of service to them; and that these nations can engage in no more useful work than that of defining both the responsibilities of the war and the terms of a just peace.

The Socialist Party declares that it will seek to obtain passports for a Conference of this nature, and will urge upon the Government the need of preparing and establishing, on a basis, a new body of international organisations, for the purpose of giving the world a weapon of diplomacy which it cannot neglect without reflecting on Socialist patriotism.

In order to make definite preparations for an International Conference, to the principle of which it agreed at its National Congress of May 29, and of which it laid down the desirable conditions in its Reply to the Dutch-Scandinavian questionnaire, the Socialist Party will continue its negotiations and conferences with the other Socialist Parties and Labour organisations of the Entente countries; and it authorises the dispatch of a friendly communication to the Russian Federation of the contents of the Congress has taken due note.

Affirming that the Reply to the above-named questionnaire contains the maximum terms of agreement among French Socialists, and forms, for the French Socialist Party, the established basis of international action, the Congress charges its Central Committee, the Socialist group in Parliament, the “Humanité” and its delegates at the International Socialist Bureau and elsewhere, to act in accordance with the general directions given in this document.

The Congress, in addition, asks the Dutch-Scandinavian Delegation to demand from all the Socialist Parties, neutral or belligerent, their detailed replies to the Dutch-Scandinavian questionnaire for publication before the international Conference meets. The Socialist Party is of the opinion that short and general formulæ are not enough to solve the tremendous problems raised by the war. It asks particularly and fraternaly that the Russian Socialists of the Soviet shall furnish these detailed answers.

Replying to the Soviet’s telegram, the Congress takes advantage of the opportunity thus afforded it to assure revolutionary Russia that the Socialists of France are at one with the French nation in rejecting any settlement of the war which, in defiance of the rights of peoples, would involve a sacrifice at Russia’s expense, or a separate peace.

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In the sphere of national politics, the Socialist Party adheres, and will adhere, to the national union for the defence of the country, and for the war of right without
Towards National Guilds.

In the preface to this new book: "Old Worlds for New" (Allen and Unwin. 3s. 6d. net) Mr. Penty makes a very frank confession of his change of attitude towards National Guilds. Hitherto, as our readers know, Mr. Penty was a little at cross purposes with National Guildsmen on the question of the priority of National over Local Guilds. It was our contention, after prolonged examination of the possibilities of the restoration of the craft guilds, that the way to them was through national guilds, and not, as Mr. Penty contended, vice versa. Mr. Penty, we are glad to say, has now come round to our opinion, not, however, as a result of arguments, but as a result of reflection upon the war. This is a pity, for what the war may affect in some, it may disinherit in others; and, in any case, the argument must have been independent of a war that was contingent if not actually unforeseen. As a matter of fact, there is nothing in the war peculiarly disturbing to Mr. Penty's old views. On the contrary, out of the industrial chaos resulting from the war local guilds might almost as easily have been anticipated as national guilds. What was fatal to Mr. Penty's theory was the practical fact upon which the war has brought only a fresh impetus to bear, namely, that the party to which he was attached, the Capital and Labour is towards organisation, centralisation, and nationalisation. Until this current has run its course it is idle to recommend local guilds as a practical policy.

Mr. Penty, while accepting the precedence of national guilds, nevertheless affirms that they must be followed by the establishment of local guilds.

"National Guilds," he says, "can have no finality about them. We agree; nor have we ever claimed that national guilds in the simple form in which we have advocated them are the last word in social evolution.

On the contrary, out of the industrial chaos resulting from the war peculiarly disturbing to Mr. Penty's theory was the practical fact upon which the war has brought only a fresh impetus to bear, namely, that the party to which he was attached, the Capital and Labour is towards organisation, centralisation, and nationalisation. Until this current has run its course it is idle to recommend local guilds as a practical policy.

Before closing its debates, the French Socialist Party, referring once more to the text of its Reply to the Dutch-Socialist questionnaire, solemnly renews its appeal to the Independent Socialists, and to the people of Germany themselves, to secure that Germany, throwing off the yoke of her masters and punishing their crimes, shall become a democracy in good faith, and no longer represent by the Imperial Government. Moreover, as Marx, in 1857, appealed to the Imperial Government of his time: "Do not kill its germ the French Republic," it shall be the duty of Socialists throughout the world to ensure that the Allied Governments do not crush the revolution in Germany, but shall enable the freed German people to recover the health lost to them under the virus of militarism. The wishes of revolutionary Russia in this respect admit of no doubt. The French Socialist Party associates itself with them; and if the Allied Governments, through their present leaders, Mr. Lloyd George, M. Ribot, and President Wilson, have not all, as yet, entered into definite understandings on the point, they have all, at any rate, clearly defined their intentions. . . .

To the German Socialists.

In the course of his book Mr. Penty, while fairly representing the general ideas of our propaganda, falls into one or two errors of some importance. One of them is his association of the General Strike with the means we have contemplated for bringing in the Guilds. Because, he says, men would need to be "drunk with enthusiasm" in order to strike for status instead of for material wages; and this "drunkenness" is at all possible in the atmosphere of a general strike. "I feel justified in associating The New Age policy of restoring the Guilds with the idea of the general strike." We deny the correctness of Mr. Penty's deduction; and we suspect that he has been reading
Sorel’s “Reflections on Violence,” in which the association of the general strike with an enthusiastic myth is ably expounded. But, if you please, sir, it was not we who wrote the contrary, but Mr. Penty himself says, have criticised it, and dismissed it with an admiring caution. Not, certainly, for us is the general strike of Mr. Penty’s imagination on Sorel’s initiative the way to National Guilds; for there are, in our opinion, other and more likely and more effective means than the general strike for producing the enthusiasm necessary to a grand act of Labour emancipation. One of them is the collapse of Capitalism under over-production—a state of affairs that, as Mr. Penty himself says, will liberate enormous revolutionary forces, if chiefly of a destructive character. But another and the greatest, and a creative force into the bargain, is the national victory over German militarism, which the workers will have won. We cannot understand why Mr. Penty, who has learned so much from the war, has, nevertheless, not taken this probable outcome of it into account. Plainly, however, if the conclusion of the war is what we hope it to be, the release of energy in a general thanksgiving will be at least equivalent to the release to be expected from the general strike. And as it will have been brought about by, so to say, natural means, without propaganda and organisation, its effects may be surprising. Exactly, therefore, as we recently warned the Capitalist optimists that in reconstructing industry reckoning without their hosts, literary contrast), that in dismissing the general strike for producing the enthusiasm necessary to a grand act of Labour emancipation. One of them is the collapse of Capitalism under over-production—a state of affairs that, as Mr. Penty himself says, will liberate enormous revolutionary forces, if chiefly of a destructive character. 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whether I shall employ it in my land or in industry. But industries have an obvious advantage over land. In a factory the hands are concentrated, and I can control them. In land the hands are scattered, and I cannot supervise them so efficiently. Of course I am not saying that under slave conditions such as those created in territories occupied by the German Army an efficient supervision of agriculture is impossible; but in this case the supervision rests ultimately on military power, and not upon the conditions of the work itself as in normal industry.

The direct exploitation of labour is, therefore, easier in industry than in agriculture. My money goes into industry. In choosing so, I give work to some hands and create an inducement to the land-workers to migrate to towns. If my land remains without workers on it I do not prejudge my interest, because I have learned from the classical example of the Dukes of Sutherland that if I convert arable to pasture, my rent does not diminish but rather increases. "And the sheep ate the men." Society as a whole is concerned that my land should occupy the maximum number of men; but I am interested in the maximum rent. And to obtain this latter result I should prefer to rent the land to a single farmer who might cultivate it by machinery, rather than distribute it in small plots or employ many men, the work of whom it is difficult to supervise; who would consume most of the product of my land. In an iron foundry men do not consume pig-iron; but on a farm a labourer has his pickings.

As a landowner I am not interested in retaining a great number of workers on my estate, although I am interested in seeing that there is an abundance of labour somewhere near, but not in giving them permanent occupation. As an industrialist I am interested in giving them permanent occupation, and also in having near at hand as many possible unemployed to draw upon. Anyhow, the fact remains that the greater the labour-reserve the lower the wages. On this point the National Guildsmen are right when they say that the Trade Unions cannot become masters of the situation until they are blacklegproof. So long as potential blacklegs are abundant, Trade Unions will have a difficulty in maintaining wages since their masters have always alternative labour to command. But against this contention of Guildsmen stands the theory of Karl Marx. Marx stood for the thesis that first came the "original accumulation"; that is to say, the creation of capitalism, and that the result of capitalism was and is present the creation of the labour-reserve army. What is the "original accumulation" according to Marx? Simply the appropriation of land by the lords who possessed political power; in other words what the English call enclosures and evictions. And the evictions were in themselves the means of creating the labour-reserve army; and it is this reserve that permitted to some masters in the so-called free towns the foundation of the industries that killed the guilds of the corporate towns. Marx himself acknowledges that the accumulation begins in an act of Might, in a political not economic act. Let us follow on this point the remarks of Dr. Gilbert Slater in the Land Report:

During the terrible struggle with the Danes, the peasantry might be regarded as making a reasonable bargain when they gave half their labour, and in consequence half the produce of the village lands, to obtain protection from foreign enemies and internal disorder. Either as defensor or conqueror, the lord of the manor held land by the claim of the sword, while the villager's right was based on his ability and willingness to till the soil.

Dr. Slater had formerly said: "Private ownership in land rests ultimately on one of two claims, the claim of the spade or the claim of the sword. What, then, mean the "original accumulation," the enclosures and the evictions? Simply the triumph of the claim of the sword over the claim of the spade. And this is not an economic act.

The original accumulation and the labour-reserve army both arise on the land through political, juridical, and industrial capitalism. Both are conditions of industrial capitalism, which could not have arisen without them, and which, thanks to them, continue to develop unceasingly; but they are not effects of capitalism. But once that the labour-reserve army has been created, how to maintain itself? Marx replies that it is capitalism itself "as much in agriculture as in industry" which continues producing this reserve by means of the constant substitution of machine for hand-labour. But facts destroy this thesis. Bernstein observed against Marx that the industrial population grows faster than the total population, without a proportional increase of the unemployed. The continuous creation of new industries gives occupation to the workmen displaced by mechanical progress in the established industries. On the other hand, the migration of land-labourers to the towns is continuous. This is the greatest phenomenon of modern centuries. What is its cause? Marx attributed it to competition and machinery. But he was wrong. The greatest development of machinery has occurred in town-work and not in land-work; and competition in agriculture does not operate in the same way as in industry. Competition between small and large landowners. The price of corn—and in this Ricardo was right—is determined by the cost of production in the poorest or least marketable favourable land; but the price of industrial commodities, except in the case of monopolies, is determined by the cheapest production. In industry it is true to a certain point that the big manufacturer drives out the small; but in agriculture where the great landowners cannot undersell the market, the small not only resist the competition of the big, but do not even feel it.

In truth, the migration from the land to the towns is not a fact of economic origin. The great landowners reduced the number of farmers simply because the law allowed them the private right of doing what they pleased with their property. This is the right of the sword over the claim of the spade. By this right the Junkers of both Prussia and Pomerania not only have deprived the original population of their lands, but they entailed the land, and the entailments are still operative in this twentieth century. The labour-reserve army is born of the population expelled from the land. Statistics prove, and personal observation confirms it, that the migration from land to towns does not occur in countries where land is well divided—as in most parts of France and Belgium. Not even in the most populous countries, but almost exclusively in countries of big landowners, in the rest of Germany, in Poland, in Great Britain, although part of this migration occurs in countries where land is too minutely divided, but migration in these countries is not permanent but only seasonal.

But here is the fact that definitely establishes the thesis of the agrarians. If industrial capitalism were the cause of the formation of the labour-reserve, the world would observe a constant migration to the land from the towns. But nowhere in the world is the phenomenon observed of migration from machinery to no machinery, from town to country. The universal fact is the migration from country to town. And the result of this migration is the concentration of the wages of industrial workmen, or, at least, that delays their increase, which prevents the Trade Unions arriving at the condition of blacklegproof, and, hence, the establishment of a National Guilds system based on moral principles. The migration from land to towns killed the old guilds; it still impedes their resurrection.
So far I have only followed the agrarians, but the remedy must be applied to the evil. This is why I cannot accept the solutions they propose. One of them seems to me inadequate. Space does not allow me to deal with all of them. But let us deal with the most practicable of them, the substitution of peasant proprietors for big landowners, after the Irish example. Nevertheless, if you have a good agricultural population but there must be in existence a skilled agricultural population, that only lacks the stimulus of ownership. But there must be in existence a skilled agricultural population, that only lacks the stimulus of ownership. And it is probable that it would need to be re-created by little. This requires time, and the problem of food-scarcity is going to be urgent.

There is another point. You do not want small ownership merely in order to satisfy a dubious instinct for property. You want it, first, in order to stop the migration from land to towns, and, second, to obtain from the land the greatest possible production. In other words, small ownership is not an end in itself, but a means to a double end, better distribution of population and greater food-production. Of small ownership may be said what Mill said of property in general: “Whenever, in any country, the proprietor, generally speaking, ceases to be the improver, political economy has nothing to say in defence of landed property.” In other words, land ought to be given in trust and not in property, for property is not in itself a guarantee of occupation or production. And if this is true, the right of property is only productive of the subject and private right which allows the owner to neglect its cultivation, but the objective and functional right depending upon the fulfilment of the duty of, first, maintaining on the land a contented population, and, second, producing all the food of which his land is capable, given the labour and capital adequate to these ends.

The solution of the social problem is therefore to be found in the application of the functional principle to agricultural life. How is this application to be made? Depending upon the fulfilment of the duty of, first, producing all the food of which his land is capable, given the labour and capital adequate to these ends.

The solution of the social problem is therefore to be found in the application of the functional principle to agricultural life. How is this application to be made? Depending upon the fulfilment of the duty of, first, producing all the food of which his land is capable, given the labour and capital adequate to these ends.

The fine-cut is a dope. It is often...
November 8, 1917.

The New Age

bide too little even to enable yourself to ask intelligent questions. It goes back even to school-days, when a boy may study a language, which, if he learn it, will be all his life an almost extra sense, an open avenue for sensation and knowledge; or he may read through a classic which will be a life-long possession; or he may take a year's physics or chemistry, which unless he continue the study, unless he make one of these sciences his profession, will be out of date before he is twenty-five. (He may also receive so dead, pedestrian and incomplete an impression of a Greek or Latin author that the said author will not be a "possessed."

Even some of our least commendable but prominent writers have been taught by their forebears the value of a "subject." The basso popolo never learns the value of a subject; they accept fine-cut, and as long as they insist on, or take, fine-cut, just so long will they remain of the basso popolo, impotent, mastered. Believers in imperia will say: "let them be mastered," but unfortunately they serve to no purpose. The dominator but floats like Jules Romains' "drop of oil. And we have heard of the member of a mystical orde or who, in his whole life, is engaged for the leadership of twenty second-rate souls.

There is a social determinism, and it is indicated when the Italian immigrant mother in America comes to school to say, "Jenny not study any more. Jenny not read book. She read book, it makes her sick." (Note: "sick" in American is used of other ailments beside simple nausea.)

Keeping this simile, we may say, that a man's social ascent or descent is determined largely not only by how much he can "digest," but by how much he can "take in" and "hold" at one time. The number of people who can read Doughty's "Arabia Deserta" is decently and respectfully limited; so much so that the readers of that work tend to form an almost secret society, a cellule, at least, of an actual, if almost imperceptible aristocracy.

I see no reason why the perusers of "Answers" should be held inside any limit. There is no mind so flabby that it need quail before "A Ducal Farmer," "Hindenburg British Subject," "Princess as Typist," done at three or four to the ten-inch column. In the same column we learn that "Miss Brayton's dressing-room library also contains some books on golf," "works on gardening and old china, in both of which subjects she takes a keen interest. She says that nothing soothes her nerves better than to read a book on one or other of these topics before going on the stage."

This paragraph is headed: "MISS BRAYTON'S LIBRARY." It contains a masterly phrase, or at least an implication, as valuable as that of the famous "Argumentum ad hominem," but I suspect that this statement concerning "his native goat" is "the argumentum ad hominem."

I have two other examples in my file: (a) The advertisement which says, "There won't be much the matter with the young chap who takes a good dob of X's mustard with every meal;" (b) an incident by me observed, and as follows: The bard, once mentioned as faithfully as the writer has dealt with his brothers, "exchange fighting for fun for a brief spell. No greater war work is being done than that by those clever people who enable our troops to forget the grim business of war by organising entertainments."

"Sentiment and Hume" is the label upon her first sub-section, "Blue-eyed, with a mass of shining fair hair, a typical daughter of Britain is singing," "the sweet notes," "a thousand clear voices," "an audience such as only a war of this magnitude could produce." Miss Hilda's inimitability consists to some extent in the omission of certain verbs, and in a lavish use of the present tense in such verbs as she permits herself to retain.

In "Answers" next salient, "Taffy-Fighting Man," we are hallowed with the black-type heading: "The Welshman butts into battle like his native goat. He goes for the enemy at sight, and asks no questions. In this, the final article of the brilliant series on British nationalities, the Welshman is dealt with as faithfully as the writer has dealt with his brothers, John, Sandy, and Pat." This statement is comparative, and I have no doubt the comparison is most just. I have at my elbow no reference books which will refer me to the precise meaning of "argumentum ad hominem," but I suspect that this statement concerning "his native goat" is "the argumentum ad hominem."

I have two other examples in my file: (a) The advertisement which says, "There won't be much the matter with the young chap who takes a good dob of X's mustard with every meal;" (b) an incident by me observed, and as follows: The bard, once mentioned for laureate honours, had been with difficulty induced to read from his works. "Induced" is perhaps the wrong word. He had absolutely refused, young and older authors arising and reading, he seized upon the only method of keeping them quiet. He read from "The Purple East" with the emphasis and sweep of a Melancthon; he was very impressive. When he had finished his thunders, there arose the female sculling champion of the Orinoco, or some such river. She was what "Answers" would call "blue-eyed, with a mass of shining, fair hair, typical daughter of Britain." She had the allures of a prize-fighter, and approaching our un-Herculanean host, said distinctly in a hoarse whisper (in what "Answers" might term the "throbbing notes of the contralto"): "Who's that man talkin' against our country?" The host with greater deliberation responded (in tones such as are usually reserved for "Lift up your heads, O ye gates, and who softly join in the haunting refrain." It is, in paroxysmal tetrameter. We are promised the next instalment in a single line at the foot of a page, sic: "A Pathetic Description of Our Graves in France, by Miss Hilda M. Love, next week." Miss Hilda is their special woman war correspondent.

As in a village one is surrounded by individuals, so in the metropolis we are surrounded by these agglomerate personalities. One cannot become articulate and distinguishable, even though the outline be indistinct. One need not put oneself down as "unanimist" to be increasingly aware of their imminence, of their power, of their importunity. One may shut one's door in a village; one may shut one's letter-box in a city, and refrain from reading the papers, or from reading current publications of any sort; but one cannot wholly shut out the consciousness of other existences in one's neighbourhood.

Besides, even the attempt at something like complete isolation is overhasten, it is a mental and social constiction no more to be commended than the spiritual cowardice of the "Spectator." The modern Ulysses will recognise Miss Hilda as a very extensive agglomerator. Miss Hilda can "put over" the so-called "Staff-stuff." Her editor says in his little black-letter heading, "In her inimitable way, she is engaging in exchanging fighting for fun for a brief spell. No greater war work is being done than that by those clever people who enable our troops to forget the grim business of war by organising entertainments." "Sentiment and Hume" is the label upon her first sub-section, "Blue-eyed, with a mass of shining fair hair, a typical daughter of Britain is singing," "the sweet notes," "a thousand clear voices," "an audience such as only a war of this magnitude could produce." Miss Hilda's inimitability consists to some extent in the omission of certain verbs, and in a lavish use of the present tense in such verbs as she permits herself to retain.
be lifted," etc.), "That! . . . is Mr. William . . . . Watson."

"Well, you tell Mr. Watson if he wants to settle this thing he can step right out into the hall, an' right now."

Even long residence out of Albion had not altered her intrepidity.

My difficulty with the sentence about the Welshman and his native goat is that there are, metaphorically, native goats elsewhere. I am unable to see the statement as definition—the particular statement about the goat and other statements in the two columns following. It is not always clear that these statements apply, or are intended to apply, to all Welshmen, or to Welshmen exclusively; and if they do not apply to all Welshmen and to Welshmen and Welsh goats exclusively, their definitive value is open to objection; is, if we may so phrase it, ineptive, inefficient.

In fairness to the editor of "Answers," we must state that the editor does not claim for the article definitive or absolute value. He merely says that it is brilliant, and that the anonymous author has "dealt with" the Welshman quite as well as he had done with his brothers.

He goes on to a £500 prize, and thence to "Our Kiddies' Zoo." This consists in a black and white picture of an animal not unlike a potato. Beneath it are the following lines:

"The Spotted Ponk sits on the hill.
While morning dew is wet,
And stays there patiently until
The evening sun has set."

Drama.

By John Francis Hope.

At a time when the police are harrying the professional spiritualists, and are convicting even astrologers as common rogues, the production of two spiritualistic plays (if we may regard the theatre as an organ of public opinion) constitutes an unconscious protest against the action of the police. Both at the Savoy, and in "The 13th Chair" at the Duke of York's, spiritualism is justified by its results, and is so dramatic a fashion that the public must be convinced in its resort to the augurs. In "The Invisible Foe," Mr. Walter Hackett conceals under the lapel of his coat-collar to Mrs. Barton Mystery. "I am unable to see the growling of the corsage (for if our actress is still straight, she is no longer slender); but Mr. Bayard Veiller perhaps did not wish to make fun of the critics but to advance the action by revealing how the circle could be broken. He asks us to admit the over-dent improbability, that a guest should come to dinner armed with a dagger; admit that, and the medium's trickery showed him how to obtain the opportunity of using it, although he must have been an expert knife-launcher if he really did conceal the weapon after the murder by throwing it into the ceiling. But they breed that sort of man in America for the democratic purpose of showing that even "a policeman with brains" may suspect the wrong person. Besides, a man who can another without traces being left on his person is a much more skilful murderer than was Macbeth; my only difficulty is in believing that such a man exercised his abnormal skill on only two occasions.

But the police must be baffled to enable Mr. Veiller to introduce the real spiritualism. I do not quite understand why the heroine should have been ignorant of her parentage until the entrance of the medium; maternal and filial affection is not usually developed at sight. But Mr. Veiller needed the intense maternal love of the medium as the necessary condition of real occult manifestation, which is a concentrated, exact opposition to all the teaching of all the divinatory arts. For the moment, at least, he departed from the mystical tradition and adopted the sentimental one; "Love has eyes," and the ocular power of a mother's love is apparently superior to that of all other kinds of love, because it penetrates to the unseen. He went on to the following lines:

"The 13th Chair is the parable of the importunate mother who will trouble even the courts of Heaven on behalf of her child, and induce spirits to emulate the skill of the professional medium; as well as the technical technique of the accomplished actress. At the Duke of York's, Mrs. Patrick Campbell gives us as remarkable an exhibition of mediumship as Irving gave us as Beverley in "The Barton Mystery."

She exposes the tricks of the trade with as much gusto as Beverley did, or Chaffery in Mr. Wells' "Love and Mr. Lewisham;" although Chaffery's tricks were certainly more deserving of the description he applied to them as being "darned good." There is something a little crude in Mr. Bayard Veiller's conception of the wooden sole to the shoe as the means of producing raps; and I certainly prefer Chaffery's pneumatic hand concealed under the lapel of his coat-collar to Mrs. Campbell's journey half-way round the circle for the purpose of stroking the face of a sitter. People surely could not be deaf to the rustle of the skirt, or the cracking of the corsage (for if our actress is still straight, she is no longer slender); but Mr. Bayard Veiller perhaps did not wish to make fun of the critics but to advance the action by revealing how the circle could be broken. He asks us to admit the over-dent improbability, that a guest should come to dinner armed with a dagger; admit that, and the medium's...
tempted to create and criticise at the same time, with the consequence that there is no cumulation of effect, each moment of crisis being dissipated by the instant doubt whether such a liar as the medium is shown to be could really speak the truth. The result is that in spite of Mr. Veiller’s care for the unities (a welcome change from his “Within the Law”), he obtains only spasmodic effect, and even in the case of the ghost inspector. He is the only character whose every consistency makes the drama; and he was played to perfection by Mr. James Carew. The murderer has only his one moment of confession; otherwise, he is indistinguishable from any other character in the play. All the skill of Mrs. Patrick Campbell cannot make the medium a really dramatic character; she is neither very comical nor very tragic, and as she is the centre of the drama, and by her the main effect of the play should be demonstrated, the author’s incertitude does not do justice to his powers. It is possible to write a brilliant comedy by exposing the tricks of mediævalism; or a profound tragedy by accepting the spiritualistic hypothesis; but to attempt to preserve a balance between the two states of mind results only in the seen-saw effects of “The 13th Chair,” which is neither very witty, nor very woeful, but is only worldly-wise.

Readers and Writers.

There is a reason that Fontenelle has never before been translated into English. It is not that Mr. Ezra Pound, who has now translated a dozen of Fontenelle’s dialogues, was the first to think of it. Many readers of the original have tried their hand at the translation only to discover that some wiser or other Fontenelle would not “go” in English as he goes in French. The reason is not very far to seek. Fontenelle wrote a French peculiarly French, a good but an untranslatable French. He must therefore be left and read in the original if he is to be appreciated at his intrinsic value. Mr. Pound has made a gallant attempt at the impossible in these dialogues (“The Egoist,” is 3d.), and he has achieved the unreadable through no further fault of his own. The result was foregone. The dialogues themselves in their English form are a little duller than plain to my mind the “Conversations” of Landor, which is to say that they are very dull indeed. Nothing at the first glance could be more attractive than dialogues between the great dead of the world. To every tyro the notion comes inevitably to have seen before has been made by Mr. Owen Davis. He has not only to imitate the style, but to glorify the matter and style of the greatest men of past ages. No wonder, I repeat, that he fails; no wonder that the vast majority of cases he produces much the same impression of his heroes as is produced of them at spiritualistic seances. The attempt, however, will always continue to be made. It is a literary exercise form that has been tried fifty years or so. As I calculate its periodicity, someone should be producing a new series at about this moment.

An experiment in biography such as I never remember to have seen before has been made by Mr. Owen Hatteras, an American biographer; at the same time, it is so splendid that a genius for biographical portraiture is not to be found in the method experimented in by Mr. Hatteras. If there is anything wrong in the ordinary method it arises from quite another cause than a defect of personal detail—from a defect of imaginative insight, in the first place, and, in the second, from a defect in the writer’s skill. Very few biographers have been anywhere near the level of mind of their subjects; and fewer still have been able to describe even one or two personal details of the character of a great man so complex that a genius for grasping essentials must be assumed in his perfect biographer; at the same time, it is so tedious in the analysis that the narrative must be condensed to represent it. Between the sublety to be described and the simplicity with which it must be described the character of a man is likely to fall in his portrait into the distortion of over-elaboration or into the sketch. Though difficult, however, the art has been frequently shown to be not impossible. We could not ask for a better portrait of Johnson than Boswell’s. Lockhart’s “Life of Scott” is as good as we desire it to be. Plato’s Socrates is truer than life; and there are others. On the whole, the M.A.B. method of Mr. Hatteras is not likely to become popular in a cultured country.

“Root and Branch” is an art quarterly which, in spite of the war (and, in part, owing to the contrariety of certain artists, because of the war), continues to be published. Edited and chiefly written and illustrated by Mr. James Guthrie (Morland Press, 2s.), it is one of those magazines that inspires in its readers feelings of pleasure and annoyance. The pleasure is due to the excellent workmanship exemplified in paper, in printing, in the writing, and in the drawing. No pains, you feel, have been neglected to make of the whole a worthy memorial of a genuine appreciation of fitness and beauty. The tradition, on the one hand, is at the pitiable smallness of it all, its ineffectuality, its pathetic failure, with all its virtues, to impress you in the least degree with admiration or wonder. Turning
over the pages I have the sense of being an utter philistine incapable of moving my own art. Is it not good, I ask myself before each of Mr. Guthrie's woodcuts? Can you discover a flaw in his essay on "Some Aspects of Work"? Yet somehow or other my admiration refuses to beat any faster; it remains cold, and leaves me depressed. What can it be? Let me examine Mr. Conk's method. I fling myself into the thought of what changes are wrought, imagining ourselves as humble sharers of the glory. That pilgrim is honest enough, we reflect, who makes a shrine of the footprints of bold men, and is content to come but into the holy city: whatever new journey may be undertaken finds him always faithful. And even as we stay to admire this placid companionship, this willingness to be led, we are the more put from the thought of the chilly dawns and weary sundowners of more lonely days...

At this point I feel that I have coped out enough. What is wrong with Mr. Guthrie is that he has nothing to say, and takes a good deal of trouble to say it. The foregoing is not containing nothing but the commonplace has been smoothed and filed and trimmed and painted until it has become a kind of this placid companionship, this willingness to be led, we are the more put from the thought of the chilly dawns and weary sundowners of more lonely days...

At this point I feel that I have coped out enough. What is wrong with Mr. Guthrie is that he has nothing to say, and takes a good deal of trouble to say it. The foregoing is not containing nothing but the commonplace has been smoothed and filed and trimmed and painted until it has become a kind of casket in which a jewel of thought should be hidden. But there simply ain’t no jewel.

R. H. C.

Education in Liberty.

Mr. Caldwell Cook has really shown us how to do it. I want, first, to put that statement down without qualification. "The Play Way" (Heinemann, 6s. 6d. net) is the demonstration that we are asked to produce when we talk at large about real education—the education that is a reality to the learner, because it starts from child-nature as it is. And the book is more than a demonstration: it is an epic of the profession.

The first chapter is titled "Play." The professional mind, confronted by a notable achievement along its own lines of activity, is to try to belittle or circumscribe it. I possess enough of that instinct, after teaching and writing about education for eighteen years, to have a desire to show what it is that Mr. Cook has achieved. In qualification of this criticism, it is to be said that Mr. Cook's play method is confined to the use of play as a method within bounds, "for the child is the true amateur of philosophy," too, and can easily become too much engrossed in the game of abstract thought. And why does Mr. Cook deliver up his boys at the age of fourteen to "a distressing business called 'reason,'" which becomes synonymous (p. 96) with restriction? This is throwing the real case for the play method straight overboard.

In qualification of this criticism, it is to be said that Mr. Cook's method has been worked out where alone it could have been worked out, so as to escape subject-paralysis—in the region of school "English," that No Man's Land in the war of classicist and scientist. He has not had a chance to make a unity of language, history and science; and philosophical method is the making of units. But what a splendid garden he has made of his own region! What a "republic of childhood," too, in Froebel's phrase; what a democracy! In this respect any teacher who disregards his practical conclusions, and the practical methods by which he has achieved them, will be a criminal. The spontaneous, creative self-discipline of the class, flowering into a natural growth of ritual and observance—the right inhibitions of fellowship, not the wrong inhibition of fear—this is the discipline that all civilisation needs. This must not stop at the age of fourteen, by the Good Maxe and all the hall-bearers of West Kensington.

The root of the play method is the absolute preoccupation with the thing-in-itself: its complete disinterestedness; its elimination of all ulterior motive. (But there is such a thing as a philosophy of immediate ends, Mr. Cook—this in answer to your seventy-fourth-page—and I am not sure that it is not the master-philosophy.) Its flower is an ordered freedom. It occurs to me to wonder just how much depends upon the gardener being Mr. Caldwell Cook.

If you were to set "A.E.R.," Mr. de Macauley and Mr. Lathans to teach upon the philosophy (not one might get an interesting diversity of result. But there is nothing more futile than to tell an educationist (or does Mr. Cook prefer the horrible name that a reviewer has just called me—"pedagogist") that his method depends upon his personality. Both method and personality are there for our examination.

KENNETH RICHMOND.
The Collected Papers of Anthony Farley.
(Edited by S. G. H.)

X.—EVE CONTINUES.

The strike dragged painfully through a squalid Christmas into a gloomy New Year. The women, determined as ever, became querulous, nervous, and dangerous. Unhealthy brilliance of eyes, hectic flush on pale and wan cheeks, they grew thin and weak. It was a time of bad trade, and in consequence there seemed no motive on the part of the employers to reopen the factory gates. The Trade Union officials, their own funds running low as their members claimed unemployed benefits, shook their heads and talked of compromise. Meantime Sybil Lloyd ran hither and thither, collecting money, distributing relief, presiding at committees. She, too, was by then fine-drawn, her temper frayed. Susan Arundel took to the platform, speaking of revolution and a new heaven upon earth. Gradually her voice became raucous, her gestures ill-regulated, mechanical and meaningless. I remember unemployed benefits, shook their heads and talked of speaking of revolution and a new heaven upon earth. I remembered her appearance vividly. Hair done into an untidy knot, with loose wisps over a low-necked gown of jibbah pattern. A silver chain round her neck swayed with her gestures, hair done into an untidy knot, with loose wisps over a low-necked gown of jibbah pattern. A silver chain round her neck swayed with her gestures. I remember her, her voice became raucous, her gestures ill-regulated, mechanical and meaningless. I remember Sybil Lloyd, her voice became raucous, her gestures ill-regulated, mechanical and meaningless. I remember her. Hair done into an untidy knot, with loose wisps over a low-necked gown of jibbah pattern. A silver chain round her neck swayed with her gestures.

We were all hopeless of a successful issue.

"Tony, I must see you to-morrow without fail. Can you come up at twelve o'clock? You must; I insist." So on the morrow I duly presented myself. Sybil was haggard, plainly driven to bay.

"I can't go on, Tony. I'm dreadfully sorry, but Jack and I have cast our die, and we're off by the eturia next Saturday."

"Not if I know it," I said.

"You can't stop us."

"You can't transfer to a later boat."

"Never mind. I'll send a young spark to interview her.

"It's a body of men and women banded together to bring about a great change in our Society. We begin?"

"It had to be. Good-bye, Tony. Try to persuade Henry to divorce me. Jack says the place to have our child is in an orange grove in California. That will be heaven; so would a garret. Perhaps, once upon a time, a manger was. I try to persuade myself that I am depressed at the thought of losing you all. But that's my theatrical side. Really, I'm exaltée.

"You can't stop us."

"It's a sad business, Comrade, very sad. But I never thought that Sybil would stand the strain of the great struggle. Sometimes I thought she a little flighty, not serious enough, you know. We new women must steel ourselves against passion. We want a sisterhood vowed to chastity."

"Nuns are not in the fashion," I answered.

"I forget upon what terms the strike was settled. They were not unfavourable, and Susan was declared a heroine. She asked me about the possibilities of a lecturing tour. I thought I could arrange something in the next town. In due course, placards were out announcing that Miss Susan Arundel, B.A., would address a mass meeting in the Central Hall on the Fabian Programme. I knew the sub-editor of the local paper.

"Give her a show, old man," I asked.

"Bedad, I will. I'll send a young spark to interview her."

"What's the Fabian Society?"

"It's a body of men and women banded together to bring about a great change in our Society. We mostly are what you would term "middle-class," so you see we approach the social problem, not exactly as direct sufferers from the evils of capitalism, but as a body of thinkers and writers who are deeply moved by what we see and feel rather than what we actually experience."

"I turned to leave her. She rushed forward, caught my coat, and, as I stood in the doorway, threw her arms round my neck and kissed me.

"Tony, dear, be a little sorry for me."

"I knew that I had lost, and that I should see her no more.

On that Saturday morning came a note:—

"It had to be. Good-bye, Tony. Try to persuade Henry to divorce me. Jack says the place to have our child is in an orange grove in California. That will be heaven; so would a garret. Perhaps, once upon a time, a manger was. I try to persuade myself that I am depressed at the thought of losing you all. But that's my theatrical side. Really, I'm exaltée. Come and see us some day. You Irishmen are born wanderers. Harry must marry a nice, domesticated girl.—Svait."

In this way did Sybil Lloyd find her mate and Susan Arundel her métier. She succeeded to the leadership.

"We've deserted me; it's Susan Arundel they must transfer to a later boat."

"That's below your form."

"If Susan were running it? Pull yourself together."

"My coat, and, as I stood in the doorway, threw her arms round my neck and kissed me."

"I turned to leave her. She rushed forward, caught my coat, and, as I stood in the doorway, threw her arms round my neck and kissed me."

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"Give her a show, old man," I asked.

"Bedad, I will. I'll send a young spark to interview her."

"He was as good as his word. Here is the effort of the sprightly scribe. I found it recently, posted in an old scrap-book:—

"A LADY LECTURER.

Brains, Beauty, and Charm.

INTERVIEW WITH MISS SUSAN ARUNDEL, B.A.

"The Editor scratched his chin with his inky forefinger and decided upon me, as the only gallant member of his staff, to interview Miss Susan Arundel, B.A., the very latest phenomenon in Socialist enterprise. So, greatly daring, in a new necktie, kid gloves and top-hat, brushed to brilliance by a motherly landlady, I went to the Grand Hotel and nervously sent up my card. I was promptly admitted to Miss Arundel's gracious presence. I found myself facing a young lady of medium height, blue eyes, fair hair, stylishly dressed, a pleasant smile. I said to myself, even before she spoke, 'Almost thou persuadest me to be a Socialist.' She came forward to meet me with words of welcome.

"Sit down, Comrade. I am very glad to meet you. I suppose you want to ask me some questions about our great and glorious movement. I'm so full of it that I could talk to you for hours. Now, where shall we begin?"

"What is the Fabian Society?"

"It's a body of men and women banded together to bring about a great change in our Society. We mostly are what you would term "middle-class," so you see we approach the social problem, not exactly as direct sufferers from the evils of capitalism, but as a body of thinkers and writers who are deeply moved by what we see and feel rather than what we actually experience."
The reporter left Susan to preen her wings, and found me in the smoking-room. I asked him how he got on. "She's bally fatiguing, but I got some stuff," he said. He had to report the lecture that night, but he wanted to take a girl to see Wilson Barrett, and would I do him a couple of sticks, particularly mentioning those on the platform?

Susan was now started on her lecturing career, which, for all I know, may continue to this day. She went down to Yorkshire, living with the "comrades," moving from town to town, speaking indoors in winter, outdoors in summer. I did not see her for several months. Finally, she returned completely exhausted, her voice gone, her ideas dissipated, intellectually living on formulæ and phrases. But she was ebullient as ever, the great day was rapidly approaching. Nor had her sense of humour been sharpened by contact with the quick-witted artisans of the North. She took herself and us others as seriously as ever. She was staying with some mutual friends, where I met her. She held my hand long enough to be embarrassing; she was, indeed, extremely cordial.

"Splendid news, Comrade, splendid. The North is on fire. The enthusiasm of the people is past belief. We are living in historic times. It's wonderful. And what are you doing?"

"Leaving it all to you, Susan. I might spoil it if I butted in. Besides, I'm just off for a driving tour through Ireland. Three weeks on a jaunting-car. Pray for fine weather."

"How positively thrilling! Are you sick, Comrade?"

"Oh, dear! oh, dear! I wish I could come, too. It would set me up again, wouldn't it?"

"Pick your traps and come."

Tom Malcolm joined us at this point.

"What are you two so solemnly discussing?"

"Susan and I contemplate an elopement. Pro forma honeymoon in the Island of the Saints. Refreshment of two jaded spirits. Assertion of sex equality. Defiance of convention. Lots more. We haven't quite worked it all out."

Malcolm laughed; Susan regarded me with grave, unsmiling eyes. I felt that I had perhaps carried the joke too far, so changed the subject, Susan remaining unusually silent. I concluded that my character was effectively damned for ever. On leaving, she told me that I had given her a great deal to think about. Such apparently was the case, judging by this letter, which she sent me the next day:

"Dear, dear Comrade. I lay awake last night, thinking of your beautiful offer, so spontaneous, so exquisitely friendly. The offer of a true comrade. And I want so much to come. I have never been to Ireland, and you would be such a perfect guide and mentor. The Celtic spirit must play a great part in our epochal movement. It is so imaginative, so free from the sordid considerations that move so many English people. Then I thought of three weeks in the company of such a comrade. You are so understanding and sympathetic. Dear, dear Comrade, forgive me. I cannot come. It might lead to misunderstanding. I know I am free; no outward thing binds me. But I am married to our pure and beautiful Cause. My own soul ever says that I am His. It cannot be otherwise. Only the Cause shall say that of me. I feel that I am sealed of its apostles. Tears come to my eyes as I think of what I forfeit. Help me to be the spouse of freedom. Farewell.—Susan."

"When I returned from Ireland, the Rev. David Smiles, land reformatory and village-communist, had come to town.

"Not at all, Comrade, not at all," she replied, "it is my duty and my pleasure. Good-bye. Are you coming to my lecture tonight?"

The Celtic spirit must play a great part in our epochal movement. It is so imaginative, so free from the sordid considerations that move so many English people. Then I thought of three weeks in the company of such a comrade. You are so understanding and sym pathetic. Dear, dear Comrade, forgive me. I cannot come. It might lead to misunderstanding. I know I am free; no outward thing binds me. But I am married to our pure and beautiful Cause. My own soul ever says that I am His. It cannot be otherwise. Only the Cause shall say that of me. I feel that I am sealed of its apostles. Tears come to my eyes as I think of what I forfeit. Help me to be the spouse of freedom. Farewell.—Susan."
Views and Reviews.

A WRANGLE.

When I spoke last week of the skill with which the conscientious objectors avoided converting this discussion into a wrangle, I spoke, perhaps, too hastily. Certainly, the letters this week are much more wrangling in tone; the writers seem to be able to continue the discussion only on the assumption that I am justifying religious persecution, and seem to cherish a secret affection for “the stake, the rack, and the thumbscrew,” as one of them puts it.

Certainly, this is a Christian country, and all that we know of persecution was taught us by Christians who had conscientious objections to heresy, witchcraft, and other peculiarities of thought or belief; and if it were true that the present conscientious objectors were suffering a religious persecution, the historical justification would be the behaviour of their prototypes. The man who claims, as most of the conscientious objectors do, a direct contact with the will of God is either a persecutor or a persecuted person; that there is nothing more despicable that the sense of right, the lives of Torquemada, and in another sphere, of Robespierre and St. Just, are proof. These, like the conscientious objectors, were admirable men in private life, full of zeal for their public cause; and ordinary, sinful, human men revile their memory as that of monsters. My correspondents apparently forget that their claim to speak the will of God was made by the Roman Emperors, and is now made by the Pope of Rome and the German Emperor. The associations do not commend the assertion to those who think in terms of constitutions, and have no affection for despotism.

But I deny that the conscientious objectors are suffering a religious persecution. In most cases, I believe, they are men who have exercised their legal privilege of pleading for exemption before a court-martial with defence, which summarises the atrocities committed throughout history by all parties to the present dispute, as irrelevant as all special pleading is. For by an exactly similar process of argument, the citation of all the matters to the credit of the respective countries, Councillor Ayles’ condemnation is shown to be contumacious, and the moral right of the Government to enforce its laws is proved. The Recording Angel does his book-keeping by double entry; and until the conscientious objectors can do so, their judgment is a usurpation and an impertinence, as all usurpation is.

“Judge not, that ye be not judged” is also Christ’s teaching; and it should not be forgotten that Christ, too, was judged, and that he was then “condemned” by the Sanhedrin. A Christianity that forgets these things is not the Christianity of Christ; it does not “forgive us our sins,” it ignores the fact that if life were the mere record of atrocities that Councillor Ayles enumerates, its continuance and multiplication would be a mystery for which he could offer no explanation, it banishes us to the nether region while alone, in a Heaven without occupation, Councillor Ayles enjoys the approval of his conscience. He is now serving a sentence of two years’ hard labour, legally, for refusing to obey orders, actually, to put it in blunt English, for behaving like a conceited fool.

The other point that I want to make quite clear (although I thought that I had done so last week) is my conception of the State. One of my correspondents alleges that my “argument amounts to this, that if Parliament decreed that every man’s religion should henceforth be Roman Catholicism, and that the majority throughout the country were in favour, religious persecution would be justified.” I am no advocate of religious persecution (that is only dragged in ad caputandum vulgus), but I accept the theoretical challenge. Parliament did decree that Roman Catholicism should be the religion of England, and by exactly the same power, it could, if it chose, decree that Roman Catholicism should be the religion of England. But I am not talking of any abstract State, am. Leviathan, or Utopia, or of anything but the constitution of England. Theoretically, the power of Parliament in our constitution is supreme; practically, there are limits to its power. In his “Science of Ethics,” Leslie Stephen has made the clearest statement known to me of the real facts of the case. “Lawyers are apt to speak as though the legislature were omnipotent, as they do not require to go beyond its decisions. It is, of course, omnipotent in the sense that it can make whatever laws it pleases, inasmuch as a law means any rule which has been made by the legislature. But from the scientific point of view, the power of the legislature is, of course, strictly limited. It is limited, so to speak, both from within and from without; from within, because the legislature is the product of a certain social condition, and determined by whatever determines the society; and from without, because the power of imposing law is dependent upon the instinct of subordination, which is itself limited. If a legislature decided that all blue-eyed babies should be murdered, the preservation of blue-eyed babies would be illegal; but legislators must go mad before they could pass such a law, and subjects be idiotic before they could submit to it.” Even despotism, as Burke said, “is obliged to truck and buckster. The Sultan gets such obedience as he can.” But in our case, with a legislature responsible to the electorate, it is impossible that a law should be passed which does not accord with public sentiment at the moment. The fate of “freak” legislation is not to be resisted, but quietly ignored; but such laws are only passed by fanatics who, like the conscientious objectors, are convinced that they are doing God good service. Put the conscientious objectors in power, and, according to the only theory they have so far enunciated, the only legislation they could propose would be an Act legalising resistance to any Act, even the Act that they were proposing; and, if they maintained their present sense of their own importance, the Act would endow every passive resister to it with a pension for life. Let us talk politics! A. E.R.
Reviews.

With the Turks in Palestine. By Alexander Aaronsohn. (Constable. 2s. net.)

Mr. Aaronsohn is a younger brother of the head of the Jewish Experiment Station at Atlit. He was born at Zicron-Jacob, and lived in that little Zionist colony until 1910, when he went to America to enter the service of the Department of Agriculture in the United States. He returned to Palestine in 1913, and this little book records what has happened to him, more particularly since the war began, until his escape. The author is a former member of the British Legion, and his complete and unflinching devotion to the Jewish cause in the United States. He was, of course, conscripted for the Turkish Army, and after a spell of service in a labour unit, secured, by bribery, his discharge on the ground of medical unfitness. "The doctor," he says, "had some difficulty in hitting upon an appropriate ailment. Finally, he decided that I had 'too much blood'—whatever that may mean." He returned to Zicron-Jacob to discover that it was, like everywhere else under that Government, under martial law, and that he was under the same régime as the Turks. The Turkish authorities had the effect of making the robber-baron prison, and suffered the bastinado. But their resolution of order and incompetence, of which he was an eye-witness whenever he went to Jerusalem with relief funds and arms were surrendered. Of the "general staff" type of mind in our public schools. The master simply could not understand the boy, and the boy could not explain; the problem that beset the lad was, in psychological language, that of "canalising the libido," and the athletic tradition, offered only one outlet, became a servitude of the soul instead of a mere servant of the body. Buller's idea of the hidden hand in psychological language, that of "canalising the libido," and the athletic tradition; offered only one outlet for his energies in the life that lay before him, and for which he was equipped—only by the failure of the ideals he had cherished. A cynic at seventeen, who knew his failings, was the product of this "loom of youth."

The Loom of Youth. By Alexander Waugh. (Grant Richards. 3s. 6d. net.)

That a youth of seventeen should write a novel is not a very remarkable fact; we know those immeasurable megalomanias whose lyrical ardour is matched only by their astounding ignorance. But that a youth of seventeen should calmly turn back on his school life for the purpose of criticising its defects, and should in the act discover a mature talent for psychological portraiture, that is a fact worthy of record in the history of literature. The intellectual content of the novel is meagre; it could hardly be otherwise; it is no more than a perception that the public school tradition of athletic excellence is too limited for the varied national services demanded by Patriotism. That, after all, has been perceived by Shane Leslie and Stephen McKenna among writers, and by the innumerable and undistinguished publicists; but it is remarkable that a lad of seventeen, trained in the athletic tradition, should have perceived so clearly the necessity of training the "general staff" type of mind in our public schools. But the value of the book is emphatically not its intellectual content, but its portrayal of the actual conditions of public school life, and their effect on the growing minds of the boys. It is in his grip of his characters, and their development, that Mr. Waugh manifests the mature mastery that must astonish everyone who reads the book. These boys grow before the reader's eyes, some by the regulation pattern, others of more refractory material into types that in their later years feel only the constraints of the prevailing tradition, and warp into unreasoning rebels. No more remarkable contest has been staged in a school story than that of the subtle hostility between the boy, Gordon Caruthers, and the master, Buller. Unreasoning on both sides, it wrought havoc with Gordon's peace of mind, confounded his judgment, corrupted his taste, narrowed his passion into the parochialism of pride of the House. The master simply could not understand the boy, and the boy could not explain; the problem that beset the lad was, in psychological language, that of "canalising the libido," and the athletic tradition, offered only one outlet, became a servitude of the soul instead of a mere servitude of the body. Buller's idea of the hidden hand, the author among them, were marched away to prison, and suffered the bastinado. But their resolution of order and incompetence, of which he was an eye-witness whenever he went to Jerusalem with relief funds and arms were surrendered. Of the "general staff" type of mind in our public schools. The master simply could not understand the boy, and the boy could not explain; the problem that beset the lad was, in psychological language, that of "canalising the libido," and the athletic tradition; offered only one outlet for his energies in the life that lay before him, and for which he was equipped—only by the failure of the ideals he had cherished. A cynic at seventeen, who knew his failings, was the product of this "loom of youth."

The Hidden Hand. By Arnold White. (Grant Richards. 3s. 6d. net.)

It is impossible to write a logical review of this book, for in style it is one of the most disjointed which has ever come to our notice. Compared with it, a ragtime song or a third-rate novel is a model of classical construction. We can best describe this book by saying that the only thread holding the various chapters together is a kind of maudlin, pseudodemocratic jingoism. One looks in vain for a point; for a definite thesis. So carefully concealed are Mr. Arnold White's principles; if he has any, that we venture only with the greatest difficulty to draw up a résumé of his ill-written volume, viz., that certain things (such as our relatively lenient blockade policy towards neutrals at the beginning of the war; the naturalisation of foreigners, and the consequent privileges extended to them, before the war; the passing of the Home Rule Act and of the Parliament Act; the fact that foreign banks were permitted to open branches in London, that a body of representative English newspaper editors accepted an invitation to visit Berlin some ten years ago, and the like) seemed to Mr. White and his friends to be inexplicable except on the supposition that somebody in this country was determined to further the interests of Germany; and, because these things could not be explained—by the Arnold White faction—in any other way, they have been attributed to the malign influence of a power called, for the want of a better name, the Hidden Hand. This unseen hand motioned our representatives to The Hague Conference in 1907, and pulled the strings in connection with Keir Hardie's visit to India—"the late Mr. Keir Hardie, a pro-German in heart and deed."

As far readers know, we have never supported this "hidden hand" theory, if only on account of its obvious childishness; nor have we changed our opinion after having read Mr. White's evidence, which he himself most carefully distinguishes from proof. We are simply more conscious than before of
January, 1917, 700 Irish Canadians (the Duchess of Connaught's Own, Irish Rangers) landed in Ireland and met everywhere with enthusiasm, and carried on industriously for the war. It is from remarks inexplicably interjected in passages here and there that Mr. White reveals himself. For example, he writes:

"The sea is the mother of all things—British character among them. In the canals of the long peace which lasted from Lisbon to Waterloo to the Battle of the Marne the land forgot the eternal call to the sea (p. 74)."

Useless to remind Mr. White of the Innumerable campaigns and the present war! Useless to remind him of the sacrifices of the Crimea and of the two Boer wars! Useless to point to our naval strength, and to the safe transport of millions of men and millions of tons of war material during the present campaign!

We presume that for this school the male part of the nation between 18 and 41 (at least) must always be engaged in making war; all the women should leave their homes and children to make munitions, while bloodthirsty critics like Mr. White and his clan sit at enthusiastic demonstrations of welcome which are well

It is with the Englishmen of all shades represented in the battalion, and no riots appear to have been caused by one of their number. It is on this account alone that Mr. Drysdale's pamphlet is of any value. We cannot disapprove of his. "Mr. Drysdale: (T. Fisher Unwin. 2d. net.)"

"The Department's choice of sites is generally rather worse than its choice of statues, if that be possible. The Greeks would have chosen the site before the statue, and designed the statue for the site. We cannot imagine Pheidias carving a frieze in his studio, and then looking round for a temple to put it upon. A sculpture by Mr. Epstein might come as a pleasing surprise in the Palm House at Kew, which would be quite out of place in front of St. Paul's Cathedral. But Commissioners of Works do not think of such things. When a work of art comes their way, they say—'Bother!' Here's another statue; where on earth can we squeeze it in?"

As a result we have Boadicea in her chariot perched on the corner of a bridge, in full gallop towards a huge tower that would stop even a Tank. This group would be admirably placed on the site of the Victoria Memorial, facing the long vista of the Mall. The Department is wanting in taste, as well as taste. It sets up the statue of Gladstone in the Strand (a strongly Unionist constituency), and mounts Richard I. at the entrance to the House of Commons, an institution which did not exist in his day. Lincoln was a great War Minister, whose statue is sorely needed in the neighbourhood of a Government Department; it therefore stands every chance of being placed before the House of Lords, an institution with which he was wholly out of sympathy.

In the borough of Chelsea a happier state of things prevails, and the Chelsea Art Club exercises a beneficial influence on the municipality, which conduces to the dignity and prosperity of both Art and the Decorative Arts. I Commissioner of Works I should place myself in all such matters in the hands of artists, and in the hands of the Chelsea Art Club rather than in those of the Royal Academy. For in questions of Art les femmes ont toujours raison.

Allen Upward.
Pastiche.

TAking hints.

In the absence of evidence to the contrary, it may fairly be assumed that the peace-loving German has no wish to inconvenience us by his air-raids, but only to kill us. This being the case, what a pity it is that all this time such valuable and useful buildings should be kept in readiness for the want of a little sensible advice. Of course, it is a matter of surprise that these princes and potentates of Kultur should be in need of a lesson in polite killing. But more especially is it to be regretted that so many members of the chosen of the fly-blown German missionaries consideration would have revealed a number of inexpensive devices to ensure our dying in peace and with the minimum amount of inconvenience. The simple fact that the all-highest mind seems unable to grasp is that no one objects to a bomb dropped directly on him. No word of complaint is known to have been uttered by the chosen of the fly-blown German missionaries. Clearly, then, it is not efficiency that we complain of; it is the inefficiency implied in killing carelessly that is so distasteful to the business-like Englishman.

You would think, for instance, that the first consideration of such fast friends would have been to issue a time-table of their air service, giving the approximate hours of arrival and departure. A means of notifying us when not returning at the time we could easily be added by wireless. But have our visitors any thought for punctuality? Not one. They come and go with an irregularity that would disgrace the London, Chatham, and Dover. Uncertainty is not, of course, killing, but on occasions it can be distinctly upsetting.

Then why visit the same town twice in the same night? The friendly German! But no really well-mannered person would dream of calling twice on the same host in a single evening. And there is particularly no need for the offensive airman to repeat himself. We can hear him perfectly well the first time he calls. Having done his business in the town, he should go and not loiter. The inconvenience caused by such conduct is considerable. For see what happens. You have probably turned out all the searchlights, popped into bed, and are just going off into a second sleep—your first having already been broken—when you are awakened by dear old von Uber Alles flying down the road again. Thinking he may have forgotten his password, down you have to go again, in case he decides to drop in upon you and you should be found missing. (We may point out that, besides the disadvantages to ourselves, these late hours, night after night, are bound to tell on our visitors, and one fine morning our young friends will find themselves turning up late for business.)

I need not inform good Germans that killing children is the least harm they can do them. Disappointing them is, of course, a far, far greater crime. It therefore follows that prudent parents must keep their undertaking to come to London when they are announced. They ought to remember that scores of children are kept up in anticipation of their visit, and hence are disappointed when the Guy Fawkes do not arrive. Moreover, having become accustomed to two houses a night and more being brought down, they naturally refuse to go to sleep without the familiar hymn of hate to rock them.

It would save our officials much trouble if our uninvited guests would carry their own "Take Cover" warnings. Surely every German can blow his own trumpet, and it would be the easiest thing under the moon to stretch a point and make a siren of it. They should also give their names. No person of culture with a C would invite into a stranger's house without announcing himself; and if we require of our kultured guests their name and business, we are well within the rights of hosts. For it will readily be understood that one's preparations for a scion of the house of Zeppelin are necessarily different from those one makes for the mere plebeian Goethe.

While upon the subject of trumpets, a note may be made on the "All Clear" signal. Since the Germans know much better than ourselves when they are leaving, it is only reasonable to require this signal to be given by them. This, of course, would ensure us speeding the parting guest.

On a delicate matter, it is most invidious of our visitors to show such preference for the poorer and East-end of our towns. It is a superficially irritating class distinction. Bombs should fall on the just and unjust alike, and any hint of partiality is properly resented by a nation just. I would, therefore, I would even go a tube-step further and suggest that all bombs should be labelled—such-and-such a hospital—such-and-such a school—that there might be no suspicion of favouritism. Under these circumstances, if a bomb took the wrong turning and hit, let us say, the Labour Party when plainly labelled "For Intellectuals Only," even the Daily Mail could not accuse the latter of stealing the former's fire. We, for our part, would still suffer without hope of redress, and all for the want of a little thought and a bottle of marking ink.

Properly developed, this simple device would also provide means of squaring accounts made in Germany. For example, a bomb labelled "Fleet Street" should be accompanied by an I.O.U. for the ideas that would fall flat. The bill could scarcely be ruinous, but Kultur would get the credit of literally the most lofty intentions.

Another simple precaution against inconvenience would require every bomb that missed its target to carry it own fire-extinguisher together with the bricks, boards, etc., indispensable to restoration. Misapplied bombs should certainly be taught to tidy up after them.

On another point of manners. The simple German must remember that flying in the face of Providence is bad policy. And, by the way, no church should be disestablished.

I could continue the list of omissions indefinitely, but a hint should be as good as a bomb to a people of Kultur. It should be obvious that an organisation with such defects is too airy altogether. It remains to be seen whether the gentle German can take hints as well as lives. Culture, I am sure, would find them much more taking.

LITTLE JONATHAN.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

TO " R. H. C." AND HIS REPLY.

Dear " R. H. C.,"—Do you really believe all the good things you continually write about yourselves? Your remarks in a recent New Age clash most horribly with my recent experience of your treatment of others.

About fifteen months ago I was asked a question concerning National Guilds by a Socialist, which practically amounted to a request to define the point of contact between the State and the Guilds. I have followed the expressions of The New Age and all its disciples for enlightenment ever since. Now, however, I have become unable to answer the question. Private correspondence with Mr. Bernard Shaw—the despised and rejected of Guildsmen—brought the matter to a head and enabled me to answer the question.

I wrote an article entitled "Mr. Shaw, the State, and the Guilds," and submitted it to The New Age. It was refused, apparently for no other reason than that Mr. Shaw's criticisms were not addressed directly to The New Age—a fact not very surprising, seeing that I asked Mr. Shaw for his opinions and The New Age did not. The Editor, however, seemed to think the central point of my article amounting to a request to define the point of contact between the State and the Guilds, I have followed the expressions of The New Age and all its disciples for enlightenment ever since. Now, however, I have become unable to answer the question. Private correspondence with Mr. Bernard Shaw—the despised and rejected of Guildsmen—brought the matter to a head and enabled me to answer the question.

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It appeared in the "Herald," and has since been acknowledged by many people interested in the Guild movement as an important contribution. I then asked the Editor to give it a place in The New Age. He neither deigned to answer nor grant my request. What am I to think of your self-satisfied remarks about The New Age—a fact not very surprising, seeing that I asked Mr. Shaw for his opinions and The New Age did not. The Editor, however, seemed to think the central point of my article amounting to a request to define the point of contact between the State and the Guilds, I have followed the expressions of The New Age and all its disciples for enlightenment ever since. Now, however, I have become unable to answer the question. Private correspondence with Mr. Bernard Shaw—the despised and rejected of Guildsmen—brought the matter to a head and enabled me to answer the question.

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In the New Age.

Memoranda.

(From last week's New Age.)

What will it cost the Allies to keep Prussia under, since it will have cost so much to get her under?

Even supermen cannot go on borrowing without incurring debt.

It is the mark of a right policy that it reduces and simplifies the problems contingent upon it. A wrong policy involves more and more problems as it unfolds. Because we have not rationed our incomes—the ultimate source of our spending-power—we have first had to ration a few things, and by and by everything must be rationed.

It was an Irishman who said that Sinn Fein could be dispersed amid laughter by a couple of journalists of genius.

When the Irish are not practical they are dreaming.

Capital has compromised between the devil of the State and the devil of Labour by ensuring itself the support of either against the other.—“Notes of the Week.”

If our employers have brought the exploitation of labour to a fine art, they have procured their incompetence by allowing themselves to be blackmailed by railways, middlemen, money-lenders, and harpies.

Once a Guildsman always a Guildsman—he is “on the strength” for life.

The corporate impulse to acquire economic power necessarily involves an industrial discipline to secure the end in view.

An inefficient manager may be a good disciplinarian. Efficient workers are naturally disciplined.

Political economy is fundamentally a search for value.

The choice is between the Guilds with Labour as a function, and State Socialism with Labour as a commodity.—S. G. H.

Why suppose that those things which men pursue in co-operation must always excel what each man may get if left to his own devices?

Socrates was one of the earliest intellectuals with regard to whom, after what they no doubt regarded as extreme forbearance, a suspicious democracy at last resorted to the ultimate form of proscription.

The grounds on which we have theoretical objection of an institution may be made are nearly always different from the things that commend it to the affections of the crowd.

Personal liberty, in conjunction with the search after the good, will make by the same act citizens and free men.—O. Latham.

The time is fast coming, if it has not already come, when the standard of education and intelligence among the Anglican priesthood will be below that of any other Church in this country, and well below that of the average layman. This, of course, will be no disqualification for the function of the priest; but it is necessarily fatal to the office of the spiritual teacher.—St. George.

Interest is the “growing end” of the mind.—R. H. C.

Liberty in society is not liberty to resist the law, but liberty to make the law.

We are the State; and if we do not like its law or the way in which our chosen legislators allow themselves to be tricked into passing them, we have only ourselves to thank for our stupidity in electing them.—A. E. R.

Communists should learn not the tricks but the sound principles of capitalist production.—“Reviews.”

Developing. The Editor is a big man with some curiously petty weaknesses, and more particularly his absurd jealousy over his patent rights in the Guild idea."

"Don't quarrel with The New Age; take it good-humouredly. Don't you realize you have really thrown jealousy over his patent rights in the Guild idea."

"I am not surprised to hear that you have quarrelled with The New Age over their obnoxious egotism. Of course, I have always thought that much which is good in the Guild movement is spoilt by the narrow-mindedness of some of its chief exponents, especially, perhaps, the Editor of The New Age."

These are three typical replies, amongst which are not only those who have succeeded in overcoming their opposition to the Guild idea in spite of the attitude of its chief exponents, but also those who have been, as it were, reared by The New Age.

So, before you get putting yourselves on the back again, just give this a good think over. Many of us, your own children, claim to be fully conscious of the great good you all have done, and long to see you again, just give this a good think over. Many of us, anxious have you been on getting your full reward of dignity?

It was therefore advised—quite gratuitously—to publish it elsewhere, which he did. So much for the first grievance. Regarding his second, that The New Age declined to make a Press extract from his article, and, moreover, neglected to reply to his letters of request, the facts are these: An extract was made, and was set in type for immediate publication; and only the limitation of space had presented its appearance. But Mr. Constantinides' letters were of such a heated character that it was thought advisable to omit leaving Mr. Constantinides in the meantime to run curious petty weaknesses, and more particularly his absurd jealousy over his patent rights in the Guild idea."

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PRESS CUTTINGS.

In no spirit of heresy-hunting, but solely with the desire to keep open to debate a subject of surpassing importance in Guild theory—and one, moreover, by no means yet fully understood—let me register our objection to the thesis outlined by Mr. W. N. Ewer for his lecture at the Central Hall. For ourselves, and until we have had the subject more fully discussed, we are disposed to affirm not only the sovereignty of the State, but to deny co-sovereignty as a paradox. We are also of opinion that the National Guilds movement is only incidentally and not essentially political.—National Guildsmen.

The New Age says that "people like Mr. Bottomley" trade upon the desire of the public to be told things "they wish to hear." Why doesn't our esteemed contemporary try the experiment?—John Bull.

An outcry is being made by certain parties in England at the present time that no peace can be made with the German people till they get rid of their present rulers. The New Age points out the British nation and Dublin Castle are as inseparable and indistinguishable in the view of the Irish people as the普鲁士 Government. "Are we," asks The New Age, "like the German people, to endure the consequences of the acts of our self-appointed representatives in Ireland without an attempt, at least, to repudiate them? The situation is quite plain, and our duty is no less plain. Everybody knows that the one wish of the English nation was that the Convention might bring peace and goodwill to Ireland. The man in the street in this country was benevolently aware that the proper policy was to allow the Convention to conclude its labours without, if possible, endangering the conclusion of the Whitley Report the basis of its industrial reconstruction. It was a moment when the Castle dogs should not even bark. Having, however, not only barked but bitten, and bitten with a poisoned tooth, there is only one conclusion by a single act of coercion against the Sinn Feiners. It was a moment when the Castle dogs should not even bark. Having, however, not only barked but bitten, and bitten with a poisoned tooth, there is only one course for us to take to undo their crime—it is to recall every Castle official who can be proved to have connived before or after the death of Thomas Ashe. Unless something of this kind is done, the Castle, we fear, will have triumphed over the Convention and strangled it in the cradle." So an understanding of the game that is being played by Dublin Castle and the Die-Hard gang is beginning to percolate amongst the English people.—Dublin "Evening Telegraph."

We have yet to learn the distinction between legislation and administration, and to cater for the latter in a smoother manner. It is on account of our failure to do so hitherto which has earned for the world's foremost democratic nation the opinion of "humbug" in the eyes of other nations. Our failure to administer our laws in the same democratic spirit in which they are framed is because we lack the necessary machinery. To provide such machinery is the precise purpose of the founders of the National Guild theory. The National Guilds movement is no mere Labour agitation. It is a real statesmanlike proposal which aims at replacing the whole of the present anti-democratic army of permanent Government officials and autocratic captains of industry, elected and maintained by anything but the virtual authority of capability, by a complete economic, social, and political national administration on the lines of decentralised Guilds. Thus the Guildman in no way seeks to supersede the supreme authority of the State, since he will have no place in the legislative assembly.—T. Constantines in the "Herald."

The New Age states that "people like Mr. Bottomley" trade upon the desire of the public to be told things "they wish to hear." Why doesn't our esteemed contemporary try the experiment?—John Bull.

The continuous criticism of wagery, while not constructive, is, nevertheless, quite necessary; for unless ideas at present held by 97 per cent. of the community are made suspect, no advance will be made, nor will the value of the replacing idea be appreciated. In subsequent articles the construction of the National Guilds, their relation to each other, as well as the relation of the National Federation and National Guilds of other countries, will be considered as well as their relation to the industries and commerce of such countries as have not yet evolved National Guilds.

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For the present it is essential to grip the truth—that the wage-worker, while not a chattel slave, occupies a position between that and a freeman; and this is quite correctly defined as wage-slave. Few realise that in England, far into the eighteenth century, the miners were sold with the mine. "Slavery existed in Scotland down to the very last year of the eighteenth century. The colliers and salters were bound to the service of the crown for life, bought and sold with the works at which they laboured." The end of chattel slavery was manifest when the body of the worker was freed by the discovery that it was actually more profitable to buy the work for wages, and thus own the product rather than own the worker's body and risk loss thereby. "The release of the human body from the economic demand for the labour inherent in it marked the beginning of political democracy."—"The Green Ray" (New Zealand).

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