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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

We shall be forgiven for mentioning Mr. Bottomley for the last time; for this loud-voiced representative of the small business community has shot his bolt. The peril to good sense embodied in his paper has passed away. We left him last week still taking odds on a victorious peace by Christmas, but with a tendency to hedge in view of certain "sinister" rumours. This week confidence has entirely left him, and, though he is not yet prepared to utter the fatal words of recantation, he is preparing to revenge himself upon the "experts" who have duped him. To begin with, we are not, he says, to regard him as having himself formed the opinion to which he has given million-tongued utterance. "I am only a chronicler and reporter of other people's opinions." As if the instructed world ever thought otherwise. Next, he is, as we say, preparing his language for the event of his disillusionment; and, if the specimens he gives are a guide, it is characteristic of the plain, blunt man who discovers that with all his shrewdness, knowledge of men and horses, etc., "John Bull" has been sold a pup. "Lunatics or liars" is the polite form of the question he proposes to put to his patrons when disappointment shall prove that he need no longer mince his words. Finally, he tries to console himself that, after all, his "optimism" (as for some strange reason he calls his journalism) has not done very much harm: it has "consoled the bereaved and sorrowing" who apparently rejoice to be told that things are as they wish them to be. But what is Mr. Bottomley to us?. Let him console himself as he best can. All that he is to us is a man who has been used as a man of straw to indicate which way the wind was blowing. From a war-vulture he has changed, without knowing it, to a peace-kite, and having returned without an olive-leaf in his bill, he is of no further immediate service.

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Without any rooting into the manœuvres and motives of which Mr. Bottomley has been an easy victim, common sense suggests that if there were to be peace by the present Christmas, there might have been peace last Christmas, if not the Christmas before, or even the Christmas before that. For the actual military circumstances (remember we discriminate between the actual and the potential)—the actual military circumstances at this moment are certainly no better, on the whole, than they were exactly one, two, or three years ago. Unless, therefore, the Allies were about to conclude a peace to-day that might with as bad reasons have been concluded long ago, the talk of an early peace was from the common sense point of view simply thoughtless unless designed for other purposes; and even the readers of the most popular Press might have been expected to hesitate before believing that a peace was possible with Prussia at the zenith of her geography. Moreover, we cannot even flatter ourselves that Germany has learned her lesson from the events of the last three years. We might conceivably have hoped that even without a dramatic military defeat, Germany would have realised by this time the crime of militarism. But, on the contrary, militarism has been confirmed in its opinion of itself, and, consequently, in German opinion of it, by the maintenance and improvement of the total war-map in Prussia's favour. This is the clear deduction made by General von Freytag, one of the most moderate and respected of the Prussian military caste. Quite unimpressed by the terrible events of Armageddon, he cheerfully writes of the lessons to be derived from the present war—not for the future peace of the world, but for the next war. "We cannot conceive," he says, "a world of nations, each of which, given the opportunity, does not strive for world-dominion; in consequence, we cannot conceive a world without war." "Pacifist treaties," he goes on, "will, of course, be signed—but, after all, they are only treaties." War is inevitable. But this is the Prussian spirit, which it was, and is, the object of the Allies to break; and it is still unbroken. Nay, we may say more, and declare that far from having as yet been broken, it has been strengthened in the Prussian caste itself by the actualities of the war to the present moment. We leave it to be imagined what in this state are the chances of peace; still more of a permanent peace, however bound up peace may be by treaties of arbitration, Leagues of Nations, and vows of disarmament. We will only say that Prussia is not yet a Liberal party.

For this very reason, however, we do not like the tone of Mr. Balfour's reply last week on the pacifist debate in the House of Commons. The pacifist group is not particularly strong in intellect, and their case suffered, as usual, by being stated in terms that are now clichés. But Mr. Balfour might have remembered that he was addressing a different as well as a larger audience than the one before him. The nation should not be taken cheaply, even if the pacifist group might be. On the question of the democratisation of Germany, raised by Mr. J. R. MacDonald, Mr. Balfour had, in the first place, only a question to ask: Did Mr. MacDonald think that there should be no peace until Germany had been democratised? For ourselves we should have answered with Pitt on a similar occasion in the affirmative; but, at the same time, have pointed out that the question was irrelevant. For it is not our precise difficulty to know whether we or anybody else affirm that the democratisation of Germany must precede peace, but to inquire whether peace is possible in any other event. Can a peace, we should retort upon Mr. Balfour, concluded with the present Prussian caste be stable? Would not the seeds of future wars be left in their very forcing-beds and hothouses if peace were made with the militarist party? If Germany is not "forced" to become democratic before the conclusion of peace, must not the democratic nations become militarist immediately and permanently after peace? We should not, however, be content merely with this retort. To wish passionately, as Mr. Balfour says he does, that Germany should be democratised is no better as a means of democratising Germany than to wish passionately that Prussia should be militarily broken is a means of breaking her. In the former case, as in the latter, some means to make our wish come true must be adopted; and it is on this point, above all, that Mr. Balfour appears to us to be more resigned than practical.

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But Mr. Balfour is in a tragical dilemma. Assuming that (in theory, at any rate) there are two means of bringing about the result he certainly desires no less than we—which, in his own words, is "that Europe may be free from the perpetual menace of the militarist party in Germany"—and that these two means are the military, and what roughly we call the democratic—his dilemma is that the first must needs be regarded as hopeless, while the second he regards as impossible of adoption. The first is hopeless because, as we have often asked, if it has cost two-thirds of the world over three years of war already, even to begin to confine the menace of Prussian militarism, how much will it cost us to contain the evil if the Prussian caste is left intact? Oh, but, it may be replied, the Allies intend to take military and strategic guarantees for their future security. They mean to make it impossible for the Prussian caste ever to break out into Europe again! And are the democracies of the world to remain perpetual warders of the most powerful maniac of militarism; and to sit on guard over all their military guarantees and strategic securities; and to prevent the prisoner from devising new weapons within his cage; or from making friends among the democracies who will loosen a bar here and there? Does Mr. Balfour call that a state of peace or a lifted menace that leaves the world always on the verge of war? The occupation of Germany, or of any part of Germany, or of any part of any adjacent territory coveted by Prussian militarism, involves the militarisation of her neighbours as surely as it assumes the continued militarism of Prussia itself. That Mr. Balfour is vaguely aware of this we have no doubt. Every member of the War-Cabinet, and of every Allied Cabinet in the world, must have this apprehension ever present in his mind. At the same time, Mr. Balfour, whether after or without serious thought, dismisses the only possible alternative means to the military means as utterly impracticable. Replying to Mr. MacDonald again, who had accused the Government of having missed many opportunities of democratising Germany, Mr. Balfour said that the charge was grotesque, the Allies had no power to change the heart of Germany, for the simple reason that they had no means of getting at it. But is this true; and, above all, would it be accepted as insuperable if the case against the merely military solution were *fully* realised? Suppose that someone should wholly convince the War-Cabinet that the military solution by itself, and without the democratisation of Germany must infallibly result in the permanent militarisation of the rest of the world; in short, that the price to pay for removing the menace of Prussian militarism is the universal adoption of militarism—would the War-Cabinets then lightly confess that they knew of no means of democratising Germany—would the democracies be satisfied with the confession? As a matter of fact, there are means to be tried with as much hope as we began, at any rate, to employ our military means. It is a different "propaganda," of course; but, to our minds, it neither presents insuperable difficulties, nor would it of necessity clash with the continued employment of military measures. Never for an instant need the military measures against Prussia cease merely because we were carrying on democratic measures against (or, rather, on behalf of) Germany. On the other hand, the latter might even be of some assistance to the former.

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This is a matter upon which public opinion may be better informed as having more need to be anxious for the result than most of the politicians now directing our policy. After all, it is not surprising that men like Lords Milner and Curzon, and Sir Edward Carson should find the democratic way difficult to adopt in the special case of Germany. They can scarcely be said to have practised it. But the people of this country cannot (we had better say should not) allow their future to be determined by the defective imagination of three or four un-Englishmen. The issues before us are three, of which the first two amount in the sequel to much the same thing. They are, first, a patched-up peace; and, second, a military victory that leaves Prussia still standing; the third is the democratisation of Germany, with or without a military victory (an event of no necessity if its object should have preceded it). Of the last, we say that it is the *only* condition of permanent peace: it is the *only* security for democracies everywhere; it is the *only* condition under which any one of the various plans for keeping Prussianism under can possibly succeed—whether they be military plans, economic plans, plans of arbitration, league of nations, disarmament, or what not. Without the democratisation of Germany, we cannot repeat it too often, no plan for preserving peace is worth more than the value of the paper it is written on. Peace will depend upon a scrap of paper. But, on the other side of the account, the forecast is no less certain. It does not take a prophet to foresee that from a "patched-up" peace there must result the permanent militarisation of Europe; by which we mean, to be exact, the retention permanently, in more or less their present form, of measures of conscription, protection, the censorship, espionage, registration, compulsory arbitration, together with the addition of new measures—State-controlled education, for example. Even the halfpenny Press is pretty well convinced that a state of war must result from a "patched-up" peace. Yet no more prescience is necessary to foresee the same results from a military victory unaccompanied by the democratisation of Germany. A peace with the Prussian caste is, in fact, a patched-up peace, whether it follow or not a military victory. And we do not see, if democratisation is thought to be unnecessary, that a military vic-

tory on the present occasion should be thought to be necessary. The Allies will have plenty of opportunity for a military victory in the future if the democratisation of Germany is not made a fact in the present.

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Without cynicism we may point to Russia as an example of the improbability of a democracy pursuing an imperialistic policy; or, indeed, any aggressive policy for many days together. The aim of an autocracy, as Aristotle used to say, is power; but the aim of a democracy is liberty. But at the same time that Russia's direction of endeavour has been changed by the revolution from power to liberty, a good half of the popular excuse for Germany's "defensive" war has been got rid of. Not even the most nervous of Germans can pretend any longer that he cannot sleep o' nights for the Russian peril. The Allies have now only to prove that there is no peril to Germany from the western world to rob German popular opinion of its last excuse for a "defensive" war. And still another lesson is to be drawn from the present events in Russia. It is that of the unwisdom of depriving an extreme Left of its natural leaders. Reviewing the phases through which the Revolution has already passed, we can see plainly enough that the original error of policy lay in the attempt to patch up a compromise between the Soviet and the older political parties. By attempting to draw over to a Coalition Government the more moderate leaders of the Soviet, the older parties not only obtained no fresh power themselves—since the Soviet leaders did not carry the rank and file with them—but they ensured the succession of leadership in the Soviet to men more extreme than their predecessors. Kerensky and Cheidze made room for Lenin and Trotsky. This is what comes of the policy of buying the Left; and the result has demonstrated once more the soundness of the popular view in which the buyers are merely cunning politicians, and the bought are traitors. Better by far would it have been if Kerensky and the rest had stuck by the Soviet and refused to share responsibility with the older parties. There would, at any rate, have been a clear-cut division of parties, and, consequently, an alternative Government always in existence. Moreover, the retention of Kerensky in the Soviet would have ensured a moderation in that body very different from the acephalous anarchy that now prevails. We should be grateful to Russia for once more illustrating the lesson of history that it is dangerous to draw off the leaders of the Left. As this policy is now being pursued in this country in regard to Labour and Ireland, the example of Russia ought not to be lost on us. To buy the brains of force is to leave force primitive.

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The Lords debate on Capital and Labour, which took place on Wednesday, was a much more liberal debate than any that has yet been allowed in the Commons on the same subject. It was notable for the frequent references to propaganda with which our readers are, we think, familiar, and of which the leading phrases are the partnership of Labour with the State, the abolition of the commodity-theory of Labour, and the endowment of Labour with a superior status. All these things were commented upon sympathetically and understandingly by practically every one of the five lords who took part in the debate; and in the general course of the discussion other familiar ideas as well, and of an equally novel character for the House of Lords, were more or less explicitly approved of. Lord Salisbury, for example, in referring to the impossible restoration of the pre-war Trade Union regulations, recommended the Government to make a clean breast of its errors, and to throw itself on the mercy of Labour with an appeal for Labour's co-operation. The Archbishop of York, again, recommended a permanent association of Capital, Management, and Labour as three equal partners in industry; and Lord Selborne made the suggestion that the Trade Unions should become blacklegproof, and therewith responsible for their monopoly of labour. Finally, it should be observed for future reference that Lord St. Davids, while denying that Capital had profited by the war, and opposing the Conscription of Wealth, nevertheless thought that the case deserved an answer, and possibly some practical consideration. In short, he thought that a levy on Capital might be necessary. These opinions, of course, are all to be taken with salt, since it is a fact that the House of Lords, though free to debate, is unable to act. Intelligence may, therefore, well be cultivated in a Chamber whose expression of opinion is as harmless as our own.

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At Manchester last week, Mr. Bonar Law was at his perennial task of praising the bankers as both patriots and business men, and recommending the war-loan as at once a duty and a bargain. At the same time, he had to confess that for the moment his appeals were failing, for the money was not coming in; and he, therefore, devoted himself to examining the reason for the public's reluctance. And what do you think was the reason he found? It was the apprehension of the public that investments with the Government were not safe! To meet this alleged fear he was at pains to deny, in the first place, that the Government had any intention of conscripting wealth, and, in the second place, to affirm the right of the State to "all the income and all the property of every citizen of the United Kingdom." Your loans, he said in effect, must be safe with the Government, since the State has it within its power to draw upon all the resources of the nation for their repayment. Very true, no doubt; but the reflection can hardly fail to occur to the apprehensive citizen (if such there be) that if the loans are only safe by reason of the conscriptability of wealth, the conscription of wealth may be a necessity if the loans become so great that ordinary taxation cannot repay them. Mr. Bonar Law, in fact, is in this position: he is assuring investors that their loans are safe because the State has the power to conscript wealth; and, at the same time, he is assuring the wealthy classes that the State has no intention of conscripting wealth. And from this the only practical deduction to be drawn is that the Government will not conscript wealth—until it is compelled to do so! We deprecate, however, this huckstering and double-dealing, this miserable alliance of patriotism and business, this confusion of public with financial policy, and the consequent paradox of a simultaneously begging and bullying Government. It is a depressing spectacle. The war is a necessary war and a popular war. The nation has got to see it through, or to subside into the oblivion of history. We are a wealthy people, and we have the means. The people has the will, the State the right, and the Government the power, to commandeer all the financial resources necessary to the efficient prosecution of the war. Why, then, alternate demands with appeals? The voluntary system will in the long run as assuredly fail in finance as in the shorter run it failed in the military field, and to recognise that it is already beginning to fail is the first duty of a Chancellor of the Exchequer.

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The City Editor of the "Times," however, is of the surprising opinion that we who recommend the conscription of wealth solely in order that the war may be carried on efficiently are, nevertheless, "deliberate mischief-makers." The suggestion of conscripting wealth is, he says, "absurd," and it has only been taken up by people who understand nothing of finance. We might reply that the City Editor of the "Times" seems to understand nothing else; but this would be to allow that he understands finance while admitting that the advocates of the conscription of wealth may not; and both admissions we decline to make. Leaving

aside ourselves as suspected authorities upon any subject, the proposal to conscript wealth is so far from being dependent upon us that it will be observed that none of its present advocates seems to be aware of our existence. It is suggested, for instance, by the "Round Table," by the "Nation," by the "New Statesman"; to a certain extent by Lord St. Davids, and other magnates of intelligent leisure; by a host of bankers in their private, if not in their public capacity; by every great Labour and Socialist organisation and party in the country; by Sir Wilfrid Laurier in Canada, and by President Wilson in America; by the common sense of every man in the street; by publicists like Mr. Belloc and Mr. G. K. Chesterton, who cannot certainly be accused of pacifism; and, lastly, by the example of Germany who has twice, so Mr. Bonar Law tells us, made a levy on Capital. The suggestion, therefore, cannot be as "absurd" as the "Times" would have its clients believe. It commands, on the contrary, the support of practically everybody who understands not only finance but public policy. That a City Editor should think it absurd, and denounce us as mischief-makers is only natural, since he is speaking for Finance against the nation. But that anybody outside the City should believe him is more absurd, and much less natural.

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While Mr. Arnold Bennett has been content to busy himself with brushing up the political crumbs, dusting and tidying up the hearth, we have felt nothing but praise for him. Far better than most of the pre-war writers he has hitherto conducted himself during the war with propriety, patriotism and good sense. When, however, he attempts to carve out a policy for himself and in opposition to all the established facts, we may gently remind him upon which side of the table his talents lie. He has now been to Ireland to examine the conditions of that unfortunate country for himself; and he has returned, after having been shown all over the "Castle" by the highest officials in it, perfectly satisfied that whatever is wrong in Ireland it is not the fault of "Dublin Castle." We must believe, of course, that Mr. Bennett is an accurate reporter of what he has seen and been told in Ireland; nor do we question for a moment the honesty or the independence of his conclusions. But they are, nevertheless, so contrary to the universal evidence of others not inferior to Mr. Bennett in judgment that even a Tertullian would not counsel us to accept them. To enumerate some of the grounds of our incredulity, there is, in a prominent position, the public reference of Mr. Lloyd George to the appearance of "malignity" in the official administration of Ireland. Is it possible that an appearance of "malignity" extending over many years has no reality to support it? Again there is the consensus of opinion among observers resident in Ireland (and by no means all of them mere Irishmen) that the system of the Castle, whether designedly or by mischance, is the cause of most of the trouble in Ireland. Then there are the known facts of the series of incidents of which the latest is the case of Thomas Ashe in every one of which the conclusion to be drawn is that someone has blundered, whether by design or mischance we again leave open. Finally, there is the testimony of reason which asserts that an alien Government admittedly hostile to the nationalist ambitions of the natives cannot fail to be the means of strife. Yet in the face of all this Mr. Bennett after only a brief visit and under the auspices of the parties accused concludes that the "Castle" has been maligned. and that some otherwhere than in the "Castle" must be sought the root of the grievance. Is it too unreasonable to suggest that in coming to this conclusion Mr. Bennett arrived with assistance? Reconstructing the comedy, we see him met by "Castle" officials, every one of them as mild a mannered man as ever scuttled a nation, pirates accustomed to sinking without trace, and as full of explanations as the Prussian government. The blue eyes of this exquisite bureaucracy gave the lie to the crimes with whose charge Mr. Bennett confesses he went armed; and in the accompanying atmosphere of documents and explanations Mr. Bennett's suspicions were dispersed. That is how we "explain" the event to ourselves; and it holds water by virtue of the fact that a distinguished novelist need have no insight into actual character.

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There are as yet no visible signs of serious food-shortage in this country; but the actual situation may be said to be in contrast not only with the potential but with the probable if not with the absolutely certain. Addressing a meeting last week and speaking with "studied moderation" Mr. Prothero announced, not for the first time, that peace would bring us no relief from our present anxiety about food, but, on the contrary, our problem would be more difficult. When the world supply is once more thrown open to world-competition, and the capital and shipping are also in increased demand, both the supply and the price will be such in our individual case as to cause both famine and famine-prices. Nor can the remedy be found entirely at home. By no available means is it possible for us to begin producing the four-fifths of our corn-demand and the two-fifths of our meat-demand now satisfied by foreign imports. At the best we can only increase our production by a small fraction of the deficit. And, on the other hand, we cannot either, without very great pains, increase the total supply of the world and direct it to these shores by our own unaided exertions. There remains, then, only the Defence of the World measure to be adopted to which we referred a few weeks ago; a measure, that is, to be taken by the Allies or by the League of Nations for the rationing of the whole world. It is a colossal task and the available political abilities of the world's parliaments do not appear to us to be equal to it. But hunger, as Mr. Prothero said, is inexorable, essentially selfish, implacable, blind, deaf and pitiless; and we may therefore well see the supersession of the existing political groups at the prompting of hungry nations.

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We have often remarked that the reason our capitalist classes appear more amenable than workmen to parliamentary control is that they themselves exercise it. Their strike is directed against a Bill, while the strike of the men must usually be directed against an Act. This fact has been vividly illustrated in the recent and still current negotiations between the Government and the coal-owners concerning the proposed Coal Mines Control Agreement Bill, the terms of which are to define the compensation to be paid to the coal-owners for the admission of State-control. Twelve months have already passed between the promise and the performance of the drafting of this measure, during which time private negotiations between the two parties have been continuous. And now on the eve of its Second Reading the coal-owners have again discovered that their demands are not entirely satisfied; and the Second Reading was postponed from last week to next. On Wednesday last, according to the "Times," "coal-owners from all parts of the country had a full discussion with the President of the Board of Trade"; during which "they indicated to Sir Albert Stanley the changes which they would accept as satisfactory and received from him an assurance that their representations would be sympathetically considered." When the Bill becomes an Act and the astonished coal-owners see it for the first time (vide Press) they will no doubt patriotically accept even the most onerous of its confiscatory provisions and be applauded by the Press in consequence. The workman, on the other hand, may have something critical to say about it, in which event he will once more be held up in the same Press as a pro-German, a pacifist, an anarchist—a deliberate mischief-maker!

Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdad.

FROM Mr. G. K. Chesterton's unusually clear and logical article in last week's "New Witness" it is to be inferred that the advocates of the democratisation of Germany may now count him as one of their declared supporters, and that his attitude towards the papal propaganda is, to say the least, that of a religious neutral. I welcome, with much cordiality, Mr. Chesterton's definite statement:—

> I most earnestly hope that Germany will receive all the good things of Europe, including the democratic ideal; and the likeliest road to it, I think, is to conquer the Germans and then let them alone, in full liberty, on the one condition that they must not combine again under Prussia.

Unfortunately, the cunning and crooked policy pursued by the Pope's advisers has for some time been the greatest impediment in the way of carrying out this policy—which, it is agreed, must almost necessarily be preceded by a military victory before the German Minority Socialists are able to feel themselves strong enough to carry it into effect. It is now known—General Cadorna is candid enough in his complete reports, and more credit to him—that the disaster in Italy was due almost entirely to the action of the Second Italian Army, the combatants in which were placed in the firing line for the first time only a few weeks ago. At the initial onslaught of the German troops, two divisions of this army surrendered virtually without striking a blow; and those who did not surrender either put up only a feeble resistance or ran away. The enemy was in consequence able to break through a whole section of the Italian line, with the inevitable result that the entire front had to be shortened. But the forces composing this Second Italian Army had not always taken up what can only be described as an attitude of pacifism. They had been in training for at least a year before, and there had been no signs of disaffection on the part of the men engaged when north-western Italy was being invaded last summer, or again when the enemy was being driven back, or when Gorizia was captured; and, later on, when desperate fighting was taking place on the Bainsizza Plateau. It is known, however, that for many months the extreme Catholic interests in Italy have been engaged in careful propaganda calculated to weaken the effectiveness of the Italian forces; and this treasonable propaganda (as it has been termed in the semi-official report issued in Rome on Nov. 7) was more than adequately supplemented by pamphlets distributed among the Italian soldiers at the front by Austrian aviators.

So evident is the connection between the papal agitation and the defeat of the Second Italian Army that even papers in England which do not as a rule go out of their way to attack the Pope and his General Staff emphasise this point. The rumours in circulation that it was the delegates of the Russian Revolution who urged peace on their visit to Italy are contradicted even by the "Morning Post"—which has notoriously no love for present-day Russia—in the definite acknowledgment that the pacifist agitators were "mostly clericals" (Nov. 6). The "Globe," now under Mr. Maxse's influence, goes even further in explaining to us on Tuesday week last that the Vatican "is the avowed enemy of our Ally the Kingdom of Italy." The "Globe," however, adds: "British Catholics who try to persuade themselves that the Vatican is more friendly to the Allied cause than appears on the surface should exert any influence they may possess in Rome to prevent anything so disastrous to Catholicism as a further manifestation of papal politics such as inspired the recent peace note." One wonders what is meant precisely by this. It is true that if the Allies win outright in the face of papal intervention the Vatican will find itself discredited. This is the one possibility against the Vatican; but there are two in favour of it. In the first place, the Vatican, by pacifist propaganda, aided by political propaganda, may hope to drive Italy and Russia into a separate peace, thereby leading (so it might be argued) to the complete defeat of the Allies. In the second place, these manœuvres might, at any rate, result in a draw, in which case Austria would remember the Church with becoming gratitude, Italy and France would be humiliated, and the Spanish clericals would look forward to a revival. Was it not General von Bissing himself who urged, in his last will and testament, that the influence of the Vatican should be used to the utmost in order that Belgium might be Germanised after the war; and is it not the Belgian Catholics who have shown signs of being willing to listen to peace proposals while the Belgian Socialists want the war to go on until the enemy is driven out?

But the English Catholics, even if they go to the extreme length of opposing the policy of their religious authorities and of endeavouring to enforce their views, cannot in the present circumstances bring to bear on the Vatican the influence which the enemy can exert there. The new Imperial Chancellor of Germany is Count Hertling, until recently Prime Minister and Foreign Minister of Bavaria, and the former leader of the Centre (Catholic) Party in the Reichstag. He is known to be in close touch with the Austrian Court and with Count Czernin, and his equally close association with Rome is open and admitted. I believe I am right in saying that Count Hertling is the first Catholic, and he is certainly the first non-Prussian, to be appointed Imperial Chancellor; and the meaning of the appointment is by no means recondite. Germany, jettisoning many of her traditions, and almost every Prussian tradition, is joining herself to the Vienna-Budapest-Vatican group; and any further peace suggestions emanating from the papal authorities must be regarded as inspired by enemy influences, consciously or not.

We may rule out the influence of the British Catholics on Rome; they simply do not count. We must also rule out certain remarks regarding Count Hertling and his policy made by Mr. Brailsford in last week's "Herald." Mr. Brailsford, with disarmament on the brain—overlooking the fact that there can be no disarmament (which would in itself settle nothing) without the establishment of a democracy in Germany following upon a military defeat of militarism—urges that Count Hertling "is the intimate ally of Count Czernin, the Austrian statesman, who more clearly than any other man who holds office in Europe has preached the idea of a peace of reconciliation"—as if that had anything to do with a real peace! Finally, adds Mr. Brailsford, "there is no doubt that he stands behind the Pope in his advocacy of disarmament and arbitration, and may have done much to inspire it." But these things, disarmament and arbitration, and others like them, depend in the last resort on the goodwill of governments enforced by the people of the countries concerned. How many arbitration treaties were thrown overboard when Germany invaded Belgium under the official plea of military necessity? Count Hertling definitely repudiated democracy in the last speech he made as Bavarian Premier, when he demanded, incidentally, "an honourable peace—not a self-denial peace." He said on that occasion:—

> Events in enemy countries have not made us admirers of their democratic Constitutions and the parliamentary system: On the contrary, they have only made us conscious afresh of the value of the monarchical constitution and the constitutional monarchy as history has developed it—i.e., in Prussia.

What satisfaction can Mr. Brailsford get out of that?

For His Name's Sake.

"It's your circulation," said the doctor, "that's what we've got to improve."

"Ah!" said the sick editor, "I would swallow anything you suggest if only you could do that. But I'm past hope, I fear. I've tried everything—even the most poisonous stuff in the gutters. You see, doctor, it's hereditary: it isn't only skin deep. My skin is thick enough to stand anything. But the real trouble is this——"

The sick man dropped his voice, and, with his hand over his mouth, whispered the name of his affliction to the doctor, who replied lightly: "Pooh! What's in a name?"

"What's in a name?" repeated the editor. "Well, there's the deuce of a mixture in mine. Spell it for yourself. Isn't it absolutely flowing with milk and honey? You might have thought it would have gone down like cocoa—vile stuff!—but somehow it sticks in people's throats nowadays. So what's to be done?"

"Have you tried Jingo?" asked the doctor. "There's nothing like it for taking the bloom off a name."

"Not strong enough," said the editor. "It doesn't touch the last letters. I've changed all the rest of the spots—just painted them over with red, white, and blue. But this last syllable makes itself felt in spite of it."

"What about camouflage?" asked the doctor.

"Well, I've tried concealing it under a coat-of-arms. You know my crest? A hidden hand hitting below the belt, and lower still the motto, 'Ubique, or Where circulation leads, adverts. follow.' What more can I do? I've stripped myself of every rag of principle I ever had. I'm all out on everything that seems to be going. I've stunted and stunted till I'm short of advertising space. I've published bans here and bans there till I feel like a marriage service. I've even swallowed Smuts, though his blooming veldts send a twinge right down my leading column. But the only thing that did me the slightest good was pink pills for pale pacifists. My headlines shot up an inch in a night on them."

"Who made them up for you?" asked the doctor.

"Oh, the office-boy! Of course, there's nothing in them. I know that. But they're Government-marked, and in these days of food-shortage the people can be fed up on anything. Anything, I say, to distract their attention from real troubles—such as mine."

"And how often did you take these pills?" asked the doctor.

"Whenever there was a meeting likely to call attention to my trouble," said the editor. "Unfortunately they are almost impossible to get now. There was such a run on them. Demand much greater than supply, you know."

"You mean to say there isn't a pill left in the whole pacifist pharmacy?" queried the doctor incredulously.

Before his patient could reply, the door opened, and with the speed of an express in rushed a man—or I should say reporter. In his right hand (his left being hidden) he held a sheet or two of paper, and these he waved about as if they were flags. "Another pill, sir," he gasped. "I've just made it up—from beginning to end. It took some doing, but it's a knock-out—worth a halfpenny a box."

"What's its make-up?" asked the editor, all agog in a moment. The puppet bent down, speaking close to his master's ear. The editor's cheek paled. "Gilded," he groaned. "Too thickly gilded."

"What's the matter?" asked the doctor.

"Another meeting. But almost too harmless—gilt-edged."

"Then surely you suspect German gold?" suggested the doctor, stooping to pick up the velvet glove he had dropped.

There was a pause, during which the sick man's soul offered up prayers for its own salvation. They must have been duds, for the next moment the editor brightened up and said: "Of course, we could always say that some of the chairs had a bit of a German leaning. They always creak if you sit on them." He turned to the reporter at his heel. "Ring up that hall and tell them there's to be no lecture to-night. Say we can't allow meetings in a free country in war-time. Strange thing, doctor," he went on; "I can feel my circulation rising already!"

They shook hidden hands.

SELAH.

Guilds and their Critics.

III.—THE CONSUMER.

"But, as usual, these developments have emptied the baby out with the bath, and imagined that the community can be superseded altogether by the Guilds, and Mr. Everybody the consumer by Mr. Somebody the producer."—MR. BERNARD SHAW.

"Is it not evident, therefore, that 'rent' or prices will be fixed by the same authority? A joint Congress, equally representative of the State, or the consumers, and the Guild Congress, or the producers, is the body suggested for this office."—MR. G. D. H. COLE.

AN ADDENDUM TO CHAPTER II.

I have received the following letter from Mr. J. H. Matthews. It bears with such force upon the points dealt with in my second article, that I cannot ignore it. I draw the readers' particular attention to the writer's remarks on stratification of control, to the sloth and ignorance of the technical administrators (thousands of similar instances have been brought to light by war-pressure), and to the Shylock methods of the Costs Department.

Your article in a recent number of THE NEW AGE has given me an impulse to write you. It is about your answer to Mr. Bulley re "the vested interests in tools and processes."

For more than a few years I was employed as a mechanic (shipwright) in Portsmouth Dockyard, and it may or may not interest you to know the attitude of the skilled workers of my own and allied trades when working for a State-managed concern which offeted security of employment.

Ten years ago all light plate work—that is, the making of cupboards, lockers, bins, shelves, bed berths, cabin lining, rifle racks, ventilation trunks, was done entirely by hand. We went to the field where the plates lay stacked, selected a suitable size, marked it off, cut it out to shape with hammer and chisel, punched the holes with a hand punch, did the necessary flanging, and then riveted the whole thing again by hand.

To-day each of these operations, except the marking off, is done by machinery, awkward work, of course, being still done in some part by hand. Piecework prices, a fair measure of the increased efficiency, have been halved at least, with the earning capacity measured in wages somewhat heightened, and the physical strain very considerably lightened. This change has been welcomed. When the mechanic doing a particular job is allowed to put his work through the machine himself, there is almost an over-eagerness to use the machine and an endeavour to make it do impossible things.

Reversion to handwork only occurs when machines are glutted with work, in which case the pieceworker prefers slow progress to no progress.

Another case. The use of pneumatic machines for riveting and drilling is now general in shipwork. It now seems inconceivable that work was ever accomplished without them.

Here, again, the semi-skilled riveter and driller welcomed the machines, devised means of adapting them to difficult work, and used them, when first introduced, even when, owing to the mechanical crudity of the early machines, some physical discomfort was involved in their use. Periodically the men are driven to prefer hand work to machine work because a zealous officialism cuts machine piece rates down to an impossible figure. My experience is that machines and new contrivances are welcomed. They are often scoffed at, but the scoffers cannot restrain their interest in the "new toy."

So far as my own industry is concerned, what I have written above is a true picture of the workers' attitude to machinery under conditions which offer fair security of employment, as is the case in Admiralty dockyards.

The people who restrict mechanical efficiency are the technical administrators, who are too lazy or ignorant to gain a sufficient knowledge of mechanical processes to enable them to provide a mechanical equipment co-ordinated in detail to the work which has to be turned out. Then, too, they will never maintain the machinery in first-class condition, nor provide for continuous adaptation to new demands. Then the costs department aims at extracting the last farthing of additional surplus

value created by the use of the machine and to extort a few more by squeezing the worker's level of subsistence.

Of these three forces restricting mechanical efficiency the first is the result of control being stratified into grades, the second mainly due to the supposed economy of grossly over-working two men as an alternative to employing three men and having the pressure of work occasionally below the normal, and the third is an old friend which needs no diagnosis from me.

If I have bored you, please forgive me; if the above information is of any value, please take it as a modest offering to the cause of National Guilds.

I.

Mr. Bulley visualises the State as the natural protector of the consumer. I suspect that he has been influenced by three reports of the Fabian Research Department, the first on "Co-operative Production and Profit Sharing," the second on "The Co-operative Movement," the third on "State and Municipal Enterprise." The argument underlying these reports is mainly this: that Associations of Producers have failed, in part due to lack of discipline, and in part to lack of capital. The conclusion reached, with certain large reservations, is that, as an alternative to Capitalism, we must look to a Co-operative movement of consumers, rather than to any association of producers. "So far," we are told, "as the control of industry is concerned, experience proves the Co-operative Movement of Associations of Consumers to afford, so far as it goes, no less in manufacturing than in wholesale and retail trading, a genuine and practical alternative to the Capitalist system." The logic of the argument inevitably leads to the control of the producers by the consumer. Mr. Cole, a distinguished member, both of the Fabian Research Department, and of the National Guilds League, aims at a balance of power between producer and consumer, objecting as much to the dominance of the one as the other. Whilst the Collectivist sees in the modern State the machinery for securing control of production by the consumer, Mr. Cole looks to Guild organisation to redress the balance. But he agrees with the Collectivist that the State truly represents the consumer. I do not think it will be difficult to show that the Guilds represent both producers and consumers; that the basis of Guild organisation is the control of every economic process, productive and consumptive—its supreme raison d'être, in fact; that the State has quite other functions and purposes.

On an issue so vital, involving ex hypothesi a bilateral government, it is remarkable that no attempt has been made to define consumption or delimit the rôle of the consumer. Mr. Cole is conscious of this grave omission. In his last book, which every student of these problems ought promptly to procure,* he draws some distinctions:—"The municipal council represents the individuals who inhabit the city as 'users' or 'enjoyers' in common, and is qualified to legislate on matters of 'use' or 'enjoyment.'" But a few paragraphs later, he assigns the generic term of consumer to users and enjoyers:—"The State, on the other hand, we have decided to regard as an association of 'users' or 'enjoyers,' of 'consumers' in the common phrase." It would, therefore, seem that the term "consumer" covers both effective demand and ordinary citizenship. To do this, however, is to rob the word of any specific meaning. If I walk in the public park, maintained out of the rates, I am, presumably, an "enjoyer"; but it is difficult to see what community of interest I have on that account with my neighbour who buys a bottle of whiskey. If he should have a grievance against his spirit merchant, he can hardly approach me to help him to remove it, on the score that we are both consumers, he of whiskey and I of the public park. I may detest his whiskey-drinking propensities; may desire the price of whiskey to be doubled, or the stuff prohibited altogether. In this regard, my neighbour and I have nothing in common; it is, therefore, impossible to consider myself as belonging to an "association," namely, the State, which can by any stretch of imagination be deemed to represent us. But my neighbour may smoke my brand of tobacco, and we may jointly desire to rectify our relations with the tobacconist. Our community of interest is not that I am a municipal enjoyer, and he a tobacco consumer; we fight on the issue that we both are more or less devotees of tobacco. But there is a large army of non-smokers—probably the majority of the community—whose attitude to tobacco may be similar to mine to whiskey. The State can only act on grounds of public policy, which would obviously embrace both producer and consumer. It cannot make flesh of one and fowl of the other. Some mode of redress, other than State intervention, must be found. I have heard of sand in the machinery; the proposal to make the State the protagonist of the consumer, thus generically considered, as against the producer is to choke the whole machine with sand, not in grains but by the ton.

We must seek a more precise definition of consumer.

* "Self-Government in Industry." By G. D. H. Cole. (London: Bell. 5s.)

Notes on Political Theory.

AN APOLOGY FOR THE LIBERTY OF THE PERSON.—IV.

To use the Republic of Plato as the basis of our argument is, however, to take the abstract form of the functional principle at its best. For it seems hardly possible to exclude from it, except by some qualifications which sometimes escape the notice of its exponents, extensions in two directions to include societies which we can be certain they do not admire, and can hardly suppose they even desire to defend. One can be obtained by emphasising the specialisation of functions and the separations between them, by taking care, therefore, to secure that these are just what the State requires, and that the persons who are their bearers are fitted for the responsibilities of this office, be it high or low. The other accepts those functions which happen to exist, and the persons who chance to perform them and weeps over the devotion to their duty, which is the religion of all good men. The former may be typified by the Selenite State in Mr. Wells's novel, where the children over the lower classes were from birth so treated and developed as to be able to perform one task and one only, to which the citizen (if so he was) was to devote his whole soul and find in it his good. Mere labouring men might by hypnotic means be cured of desires above their station; and even induced to spend the intervals between their tasks in healthful and refreshing sleep, instead of wearing and useless agitation. It does seem to me that this type of social organisation conforms to the definition of the functionalist basis, and although I admit its real difference from the Republic of Plato, I think that this difference belongs to elements in social structure other than the abstract idea of function. Why should one not admire such a State as an ideal, producing what values are possible by the most detailed division of labour, thoroughly efficient and under the all-seeing eye of a most wise man, if one does not believe that liberty is a good? For this is only to hold that certain complicated unities of experiences, which we call selves or persons, either have value for their own sakes, or enter as elements into wholes which very greatly increase in value by their mere presence, and diminish equally when they are taken away. But if nothing matters but values, and if no values attach to persons except that they are their unconsidered and inconsiderable vehicles, the Selenite State, when it has

been created, will be very good. Surely, however, we shall not be asked to call it free, though it is a society based on the principle of function. If, however, this is what Mr. de Maeztu is to mean by political liberty, we may, at least, agree that it differs from personal liberty. We will not grudge him that antithesis.

If we neglect the possible existence of a basis of slaves for the Republic, it strikes us as a city which enjoys a high degree of political freedom (not merely autonomy), even although the citizens may possess little or no personal liberty. Wherein does it differ from the Selenite State, refugees from which might be attracted by the liberties of the wage-system? Not, certainly, in the allotment of privilege in proportion to service rendered to the State. Rather because (arguing on the assumption of the wisdom of the guardians) we feel that a husbandman in the Republic tills the soil because he can do no better, and is not a director of the State because he would rule it badly; while the Selenite labourer may be a thwarted soul, where he is, only because other people happened to be stronger than he. You have a ruling class, and no security that it will rule except in its own interests, which is precisely the defect of capitalism. But, it may be replied, you mis-state the weakness of the imperfect State; the fact, admittedly, is that the ruling class is a fraud; but the explanation is not a failure of the functional principle, but its absence. This principle means that no man has any right to rule who is not fitted for it by nature and training, while poverty (if it is to exist), and a difference of station (which there must be), belong rightly to people naturally suitable to them. Pardon me, I should rejoin; but what do you mean by "naturally"? Nothing, clearly, to which the functional principle by itself entitles you; for if a man have his station and reward according to the function which de facto he performs, and the values he brings into being cædit quæstio; if he would have deserved other privileges and served the State in other ways, given a different but quite hypothetical environment, what is that to the functional principle?

I am, of course, as far as possible from denying that the argument is always relevant that given a certain social change, an increase in values would follow. That is the basis of rights, and anyone who accepts the functional principle at all must admit it. What I am trying to show is that from the abstract statement of the principle *by itself* no criterion can be desired for preferring the Republic to the Kingdom of the Moon. Such a result only becomes possible when we are allowed to argue on the detailed values involved, and to show in particular either that what a man achieves freely is good for its own sake, or that it is an indispensable element in good wholes: and that this is what "naturally" means. It cannot be denied from the functional principle itself, which only lays down that where value is, there will duties be gathered together. It is therefore a principle, not a premise. Incidentally, also, it should be remarked that all this is quite independent of whatever conclusions follow when we come to consider *how* certain goods are to be realised.

In a very recent number of THE NEW AGE, Mr. de Maeztu, in discussing M. Duguit's endeavour to find a basis for society in social solidarity, the interdependence of men with one another, appeals beyond the fact of interdependence to the things which lie behind it, and make it both possible and necessary. Such an argument is sound, and I do not wish to dispute it, but to guard against a possible misinterpretation. What I have called the abstract statement of the functional principle, may, perhaps, seem to have a suspicious resemblance to M. Duguit's interdependent group, and here (it may be concluded) my arguments are not directed against the principle itself, but a mere shadow of it. To this, the reply is sufficient that the reference to values is not excluded from the functional principle in the rigid sense as it is from the mere idea of social solidarity. Or, rather, the latter idea is the surreptitious claim by one set of values to dominate all others. But the avoidance by the functional principle of this error has its counterpart in the impossibility of determining any details about what values are by reference to it alone. Functions and duties are the correlates of values, there is no subjective right to anything: objective rights regulate the increase of goods—but out of these things alone who shall bring forth the settling of a social order, and say that your claim is that of the lying pretender, while his bears the divine stamp of truth?

Studies in Contemporary Mentality.

By Ezra Pound.

XII.—THE EMBLEMATIC.

I HAVE been accused of living too exclusively among artists, among "my own generation," among unpleasing people engaged in altering the general state of affairs, or at least in tampering and making attempts. Desirous of getting not only out of myself, but out also of "a circle of art interests," out of "my world," my "generation," I said to my butcher: "What papers does your mother-in-law read—I mean what weeklies and monthlies?"

My butcher (pronounced "beutcher") is a man from Unst, or some such island. He hates the Scotch. His mother-in-law must be about sixty. She cannot be called *of* my generation. He said he did not know, but would ask her. He informed me in due time that the old lady liked "The Christian Herald," "The Sunday Companion," and the "People's Friend," but "*not* the 'British Weekly'—THAT'S Robertson Nicoll." He particularly cautioned me against this latter organ and its editor.

I set out in search of these weeklies. The first "news-lady" was firmly negative. I noticed the "Catholic Suffragist" on her counter. The next newsagent was without them. He had heard of them. I suggested that I was on a wild-goose chase. He informed me that the likeliest place would be the shop at the corner by Notting Hill Gate, wheretoward I proceeded, stopping in two shops by the way.

The female in the first treated the matter as a joke, she grinned, to the peril of her splendidly furbished complexion. (This shop also provides "minerals.") The next shop, also for the vendage of "minerals" was almost derisive. I purchased the "Union Jack," the "Penny Popular" and "The Marvel" to reinstate myself in their graces.

At the next corner a cleric was exhorting his auditors to beware of the wrath to come, of the last days; and beseeching them to get right with God, for "many terrible things are still to happen." His voice was rather apoplectic; the audience was perfumed with liquor.

At the Notting Hill Gate shop I found "The Sunday Companion," "The Christian Herald," "Ideas," and "Forget Me Not." Mackensen claimed 60,000 and 450 guns. I asked for the "People's Friend." No! Didn't stock it. I asked what it was like: "Just like these?" "Uumhn, nah! more like 'Tit-Bits' and 'Answers'; got no call for it.'"

On returning, I found the cleric had ended his rhapsody. A white-headed layman was saying, in a tired, trainy, and sympathetic voice, that the "blood of his blessed Saviour had taken them all away."

"The Christian Herald and Signs of our Times." "Attractive Autumn Number Next Week—New Serial Story." "This paper is an insurance policy of £1,000." "Largest circulation of any unsectarian religious paper."

It bears upon its smear-grey cover the representation of a young woman at a piano, a young man seated with child aged about two years on his knee, one aged about 3½ years perched in or on chair by his shoulder; further children, one male and one female, in right-hand corner. One and one-third of male adult's trouser-legs are pale grey, the remaining two-thirds being of the same colour as his coat. The mouths of female adult and of the four children are open. There is a potted and feathery palm plant in upper right-hand corner, and beneath the whole this inscription: "A NAVAL OFFICER HOME ON LEAVE: A Restful Sunday Evening with His Family."

Reader, pause! We are about to take a jump out of sanity and into the thick of a peculiar, a very peculiar, milieu.

Old Moore advertising a "Splendid Principal Hieroglyphic," to say nothing of minor displays, heads his March, 1918, page with a little lead-block portraying a kangaroo harnessed to an ordinary four-wheeler; a nude leg projects from the window of said four-wheeler; a notched sign-post, with no inscription, stretches above it; and behind it follow six apes bearing each on his, her, or its back an apelet. In the background a forest; at the extreme right edge of the picture the carcass of a pig is suspended by its hind feet. Old Moore says that the kangaroo, harnessed to the cab, "represents marvellous advance, not only in trade, but improvement all round, including art, literature and music. The mob of hairy monsters is emblematic of the undesirable section of the colony."

For July, Old Moore shows a ballet-dancer standing on a swift motor-cycle, pursued by cowboys. He says: "The spirited picture selected by the Prophet for the month of July shows us that the eternal feminine will be in great demand, especially in our colonies." (Note: We have heard about this colony matter before: "Hibbert" and "Quiver.") Moore continues: "The ragged tramp leading the lusty goat is by no means a good omen."

For February he shows . . . but why say what he shows? when he says that "The heading chosen by the Prophet for the month of February needs little or no explanation." Neither, in one sense, does it. We all understand the prophetic significance of a policeman watching a monk sharpen a carving knife; of a cat gazing on a stubby man with a feather in his bowler, drawing a skeleton on a black-board. The nude leg in the four-wheeler was, doubtless, Old Moore's conception of art, and, perhaps, also that of his readers.

The "Christian Herald's" "Sidelights on the War" tells us that "the Book of Revelation deals with the Protestant Reformation, not with the Mahomedan system at all, but with the Western Anti-Christ, the Papacy." (Note, this is unfair to the Papacy. The Kaiser has some claim, and I shall perhaps put in one of my own. And (sotto voce): What price the late "Boney" or N. Buonaparte?)

Return to the "Christian Herald" and remember the butcher's mamma-in-law: "And it will be remembered that when we were dealing with the seventh chapter of Daniel, we there met with the period of 'a time, times and a half,' and I pointed out that it referred to

The Western Anti-Christ,

and, hence, must be reckoned in solar years, because it is the habit of Western people to reckon by solar, and not lunar chronology. I noted that the Papacy reached the climax of its greatness in the year 663, because the Pope in that year enjoined that all the services should be in Latin."

(Note: Italian and braw Scots not being current).

"That year, therefore, is looked upon by competent historians as marking the full development of Latin Christianity."

(Note: What price Thomas Aquinas?)

"If we reckon 1,260 years from then, we are brought to the year 1923; so that it seems likely that these years 1917 to 1923 will be most remarkable and momentous years in the history and decline both of the Papacy and of Mahomedanism."

("'Le Pape est boche,' dit M. Croquant").

"To return again to the tenth chapter of Revelation."

(Note: The "Christian Herald" has already told us that Daniel is an introduction to "Rev.").

"Angel swearing that time shall be no longer, and that the mystery of God is to be finished."

(Pauvre Père Eternel! He won't last out our grandchildren).

"Now a 'time' in symbolic prophecy always means a year of 360 days."

(Possibly a five days' reduction for good behaviour. "Time" and "a time" are subject to divergent interpretations).

Continues the heraldist! "Always means a year of 360 days. So that a year of 360 days symbolises a period of 360 years."

(Note: "A four-wheeler drawn by a kangaroo" = marvellous progress not only in trade, but with art, literature, etc., into the bargain).

"A period of 360 years. This is reckoned from the beginning of the sounding of the voice of the seventh angel."

(Clear as a bell!)

"Now, when did the seventh trumpet begin to sound?"

(Answer in next week's "Christian Herald." Leading prize winners £5, and three consolation prizes, in event of two correspondents giving same answer . . . ????? Not a bit of it!)

The author tells us that "the seventh trumpet begins to sound immediately after the Reformation."

(All clear!)

"Immediately after the Reformation. The question, then, is, When did the Reformation end?" Add 360 to 1563, and you get 1923.

(Note: 4—11—44, 23 skiddoo).

Heraldist continues: "Many people have added two and two together, only to be disappointed. But this we know: the nearer we come to the end, the more light we shall get. . . . The Lord comes as a thief in the night."

(Note: Most Bohemian of Him).

"But only to the world does He come as a thief; not to those who understand and wait for Him."

(In the latter case he rings the bell, and politely inquires of the butler?)

"Blessed are we who wait and come to the thousand three hundred and five-and-thirty days. If these years do not witness His longed-for-coming, they will at least prepare the way."

Let us go back in quiet to Mr. Moore and his almanac, to its little pictures of diminutive boys upon stilts stalking among huge exotic roosters; to coffin caskets with a whirl like a pin-wheel in front of them; to the man in a swallow-tail coat holding a clock while a fireman turns his hose on a blackamoor. Let us note that for twelve pages of "text" and some further pages thereof scattered through the ads., Old Moore carries twenty-four pages of ads. Sic: Nerve force, free to the ruptured, asthma, drunkard saved (18 pictures showing swing of the pendulum), rupture, magnetic girl, whooping-cough, fits, why be fat, pine-forest in every home, children's powders, message to mothers, don't wear a truss, life-pills, test horoscope, no more grey hair, grey hairs, gold watch free, eye ointment, drink habit conquered, neuraliga, free offer superior to steel and pennyroyal, ditto, infinitely superior to bitter apple, pills for women, kidney, renal pills, given away: information to the married, pills, pills, £5 notes for correct answer and stamp, free gift, without medicine, gold watch free, surgical appliance, lung tonic, Eno's.

And some ass has said that the age of Faith is dead!

"But then, you see, he has a Leg."

THE conversation turned, of course, to women. The point had been raised of employment after the war; Forsyth had wondered what should be done with women, and Bullows' advice had been asked. Bullows was explicit, terse, and manly. "Get 'em married," he said. "Ship 'em off to the colonies. Make 'em mothers. You'll hear no more of women wanting to work."

We all agreed save Hemmingway, who objected that you could not impose children on women. "And it seems to me," he said, "they're rather getting out of the habit of it. I believe that in some cases, with the choice before them, they prefer working."

We looked expectantly to Bullows. We had given him our applause, and he carried our credit with him. It was not up to him to refuse the first jump. Bullows bounded. "Ah, my boy, that's where your wrong," he said, coming down on Hemmingway with that three-man beetle of his. "That's your fancy, just as it's theirs. That's what they *say*. But what they want is another story. And they know it too, mark my words. It's the fashion nowadays to protest and pretend and say they're different from what they used to be, and nonsense of that sort. But don't you be misled, my boy; just go ahead in the old sweet way." It was evident that here was an expert, and consciousness of omniscience was visible in Bullows' manner and expression. Both had become profoundly knowing, intensely suggestive, and as material as befitted the subject. The subject of women always lowers the intellectual plane of a man; and Bullows' appearance testified to it. His features broadened. His eyes smiled at invisible jokes, and his intellectual legs were up on the mantelpiece to indicate plainly that he was very much at home.

"I'm not talking of the merely protestant type," said Hemmingway. "I have in mind the real exceptions. And there are such. I fancy there's a different type of woman growing up. Or perhaps it isn't altogether a new type; but there are many more of them than there used to be."

Bullows screwed up his eyes in the smoke of the large cigar which he kept cocked in his mouth at an angle to fire at the ceiling. With masterly withering he replied: "It's your real exceptions, as you call them, that I'm talking about, and my advice is—beware of 'em, my boy; they're the devil. They're more cunning than all the rest put together. They know all the tricks on the board. They'll interest themselves in your work; they'll read your books; they'll begin to write a little themselves; you'll help them and help them till you've ruined your own work, and then they'll turn round and throw it all up at you. There'll be a row about nothing; they'll say you're a fool, and then off they'll go to the first man who'll seduce 'em. Clever! Oh, yes, they're clever. But there's nothing to it. And as for their gifts of intuition and so on—it's all high falutin' nonsense—the bait in the trap. They don't *want* to be different. They're unalterable, my boy. Women are sex and nothing more."

Strangely enough, however, even after such a feast of wisdom and flow of soul, Hemmingway was not satisfied. From that inexhaustible fount he would provoke more by still another pebble cast into the geyser. "I know the type you have in mind," he persisted, "but the few women I'm thinking of are as different from it as reality from a mirage; and I tell you the number is growing."

"Rats!" exclaimed Bullows. "I know women. I've met scores of 'em—hundreds of 'em—all sorts and conditions—and there's not one that fills your bill; there's not one who wouldn't have owned on the strict q.t. that what she really wanted was children. You don't know how to talk to 'em, my boy. You let 'em fool you!" Bullows chuckled conclusively, and we all enjoyed ourselves for a minute or two, all save Hemmingway, who only waited for silence to remark that he knew a woman whom even Bullows could not persuade to admit it.

Bullows was fairly delighted with the challenge. This was the sort of tit-bit he relished. Séduction pour mérite, and in the cause of truth! "Oh—ho," he said, "that's the trouble, is it? Now we've got at it! Is she pretty? Blue eyes and golden hair? Come, out with it, my boy. What's the lady's name? Does your humble know her?"

"I believe you have met her," said Hemmingway, unembarrassed and unblushing. "I was thinking of Miss Barford."

"Oh, Janet!" said Bullows. "Smart little turnout! Congratulations, my boy! I had my eye on her myself, but she's on the thin side for me, though you'll get her over that. They usually put on flesh after they're married."

Perhaps Hemmingway did not acquit himself so chivalrously as some women still might hope of a man. He seemed to have no difficulty in keeping his hands off Bullows. In excuse for him it must be remembered that he was a man himself, and what man would see anything calling for help in Bullows' remarks? Moreover, he was a sociologist, to whom means are indifferent if only they lead to conclusions, and, besides, he had thought of a more smashing defence. "I'll tell you what, Bullows," he said, "I'll bet you champagne to a cigar that you couldn't get Miss Barford to admit your impeachment of all women."

"Done, my boy!" thumped Bullows. "Send it along on Wednesday. I'll see Janet to-morrow. Much obliged for the idea! Damned good joke!"

* * *

A desirable woman, thought Bullows while, arrayed like Solomon in all his waistcoats, he watched Janet Barford pouring out tea for him. She wore black, and from its shadows her fairness seemed to flash in the gloam like Cupid's arrows, and the thinness of which Bullows had complained was lost in the dark and occasionally whispering ripples of her dress. What earthly business had those bright eyes to do with books? Bullows asked himself; but aloud he said for the third time, as if layer after layer of his senses had been absorbing the gratification: "Lucky chap I was to find you in, Miss Barford."

Janet smiled. "That's very nice of you," she said for the third time of replying. "But do you know," she added, "I can't help wondering why exactly you've come. It's so long since I saw you that underneath my pleasure I'm almost alarmed." Bullows laughed in retort very handsomely. "I see I'd better confess," he said. "The fact is, I was passing when I felt a sudden craving for tea and muffins; and you know tea isn't tea to a man without a pretty woman to pour it out for him."

"Isn't that rather left-handed?" asked Janet. "Besides, isn't there always a pretty waitress to pour out tea for you? I always thought that was one of men's advantages from having women in industry."

"That's cleverly unkind of you," replied Bullows. "But I suppose I deserved it for not telling you the truth at once. Well, what would you say if I told you that my trouble is to keep away from you, and that I've been all these weeks thinking of some plausible excuse for calling?"

"I'm afraid I should say you were still not telling the truth," the girl laughed. "And I can see you're

not going to tell it, so we'll change the subject. What shall it be? Shoes or ships or sealing-wax or cabbages or kings?"

As she twinkled out these remarks Bullows' eyes revelled in her sprightliness. He was getting on; but the going was easier than faster. "Dangerous subjects these days," he commented. "Worse even than the subject of women!"

"Oh, do you find us dangerous subjects?" asked the girl.

"In man's kingdom, certainly," said Bullows. "Regular anarchists, that's what you all are."

"Which is probably because we object to being subjects," said the girl.

Bullows smiled indulgently. This was witty; and since he was now in high good humour with the gambit he had designed ready to be developed, he rallied her. "Oh, come, Miss Barford," he said, "we're not such tyrants, you know. You women have plenty of latitude nowadays. You do as you like."

"Oh, yes," said Janet. "We do as you like nowadays. We stand in 'buses for you, and take ourselves home after a theatre. And most of us can read and write a little, too. [By Jove, what a little firebrand of irony she was!] All the same I don't really think we have much to thank men for. They would have kept us locked up in a brazen kitchen for ever."

"Well, but my dear Miss Barford, isn't it natural that we should want to keep our treasures under lock and key?" asked Bullows archly. "The Bank of England is not too secure for me."

"Yes, but what about the women who are not exactly treasures?"

"But all women are all men's treasures," said Bullows gallantly, and with the ghost of a smile at the contrast of to-day's and yesterday's tone.

There was a second's silence, as though Janet were considering his abysmal idea; so novel as it was outside a book. Then, rather to Bullows' surprise, she exclaimed, seemingly seriously: "How very delightful! Do you know, Mr. Bullows, I had never thought of that. It's a wonderful idea of yours!"

Bullows' hopes rose crescendo. What a fool Hemmingway was. Janet different from other women? Humbug! All she wanted was a man to talk to her—a man not to be dazzled by the sight of a blue stocking—*a man who was a man—in short, the man before* her now. Bullows spread himself out in his chair in a sort of brooding paternity. The all-father was in the mood to write an old chapter of the new Bible. "You know, Miss Barford, in my opinion, the whole woman's problem," he said, "works out to this: there are not enough real men to go round."

Janet agreed. "That's just it, Mr. Bullows," she said. "It's so simple really. And you've put it so plainly."

"What I refuse to believe," pursued Bullows, "is that any woman really prefers not to be married."

"It's very difficult to believe, isn't it?" agreed Janet.

"And yet you know," Bullows rolled on, gathering more momentum than moss, "that's what some of them say. They won't even admit that they'd like to be married. They pretend they're quite happy without us." Then, spurring his hobby-horse in the confidence that he was now bound for home, he went on: "It's my opinion they say it for two reasons: to sour the grapes, and to keep men on the jump. As for trying to impress us with their difference from other women—as though a man wanted a woman to be different!"

"That's what I always say," agreed Janet. "I'm sure they don't. They despise us, but they don't want us different."

At the penultimate sentence Bullows had been already opening his bottle of champagne. Now he put it down, at risk to the beaded bubbles winking on the brim, while he turned empty-handed to Janet. The balm was threatening to be lost to Gilead. One word had darkened paradise. "Despise you? That's a very wrong idea of yours, Miss Barford," he said, soberly. "Where on earth did you get it from?"

"Straight from the stable," laughed Janet. "A man told me."

Bullows went turkey red. Hobby was only ambling. Champagne was flattening. He thought he knew that man perfectly well. He glanced at Janet. Her eyes were havens of serene innocence. Had she observed her own faux pas? Was he on the wrong tack? That champagne would take some winning, after all. However, the story would gain by it. Hemmingway would be made to understand that you needed some finesse to bag big game. As the jocular mode of attack had not brought her down he would try the well-known minor mode. The thing to do was to harp on her lonely note, to get her thoroughly strung-up with self-pity. In that state she would confess anything. But, all the same, how provocative was that little smile now dimpling the corners of her mouth! Hic est omen?

"I believe you're laughing at me, Miss Barford," he ventured. "But you don't know how serious I am. Honestly, it makes me wretched to think how unhappy you lonely women must be. And there's no doubt that some of you are."

"Oh, that's so," said Janet, changing her provocative dimples into two determined little lines. She was serious now, Bullows flattered himself.

"It's our rotten social system," he went on, striking while the iron was fresh in her soul. "And yet what can be done? Haven't you any remedy, Miss Barford? We men are helpless alone; and if women will not confide in us what are we to do? You know one doesn't too often get the chance of a talk with a sensible woman. Do tell me your views."

The girl quilted her brows. "You mean how is every woman to get married?"

"Well—er—. Exactly!" said Bullows. "That is the problem of problems. It's absolutely damnable that by our rotten civilisation women should be denied their divine birthright—their sole raison d'être if it comes to that. It's like denying men the right to think."

"*Or rather the means—that's the equivalent, isn't* it?" asked the girl.

"Exactly," said Bullows, paying her remark no attention whatever in the flush of his new scent. "Here you have millions of women going about the world unsatisfied, yearning, unfulfilled. Take your own case, for instance—if an old friend may be so personal—you know it's preposterous to think of a charming woman like yourself wasting all the best years of her life. You are plucky, and you may even cheat yourself into thinking that your work is enough. And perhaps it is, while you are in the company of admirers and fanned with empty flattery. But what of the solitary hours? What of the solitary years ahead? The ache of ennui—the loneliness of old age——"

"Oh, don't," said Janet. "I know it all. I know it all. But there are women much worse off for whom you must save your pity. You mustn't pity me."

"I can't help it," said Bullows, in a tone of distress that was the very cliché of pity. "When I come here and see you sitting all alone in this huge room—when I hear my footsteps echoing through the silent house—I know exactly what you're thinking—what you're really listening for. [Pulling out all the stops.] You're yearning for the sound of little pattering feet—you're thinking how gladly you would exchange all the world's praise for a little voice crying——"

"But then you see," Janet interrupted, "the trouble is, children so often take after their fathers."

H. M. T.

Readers and Writers.

ALAS, it is so: "The cause of democracy has suffered almost as much from its friends as from its enemies." This sentence forms the opening words of the Preface to Mr. J. A. Hobson's new book on "Democracy after the War." (Allen and Unwin. 4s. 6d. net). It is not my function to review such a work, but my curiosity led me to examine the reference to National Guilds. It occurs on p. 181; and it contains as many errors, as much ignorance of National Guilds literature, and as much pedantry to the square inch as any book by any anti-democratic writer living. To begin with, it is a double offence to taste and accuracy to describe the National Guilds theories as "gild Socialism." We know all about the Anglo-Saxon origin of the word "gild," and have discussed the spelling on many occasions; and, for good reasons, we came to the conclusion that to refer to guilds as gilds was pedantic. Yet, here is Mr. J. A. Hobson now trying to set us right! He is hopelessly misinformed, too, concerning the nature of the National Guilds proposals. They arose, he says, in despair of politics, and from a consequent "disposition to give the go-by to the State"; and they are, he implies, scarcely distinguishable from the proposals of Syndicalism. Now, considering that National Guilds were avowedly conceived as a practical compromise between State Capitalism and pure Syndicalism, and precisely in criticism of the latter's disposition to give the go-by to the State, it is a little surprising that a writer whose accuracy is his only claim to merit should so completely misrepresent us. Thus armed with error, of course, Mr. J. A. Hobson finds no difficulty in polishing off the subject in a sentence: "The notion," he says, "will not bear criticism." All this and no more occurs, it is understood, in a serious work dealing with "Democracy after the War." It seems admirably to illustrate the excellent sentiments I have quoted from Mr. Hobson's preface. Them's mine, as I lay down his work.

* * *

There remain from my recent pleasant little controversy on the subject of the Cinema one or two sentences in Mr. Hope's reply which I am unable to digest. With most of what he had to say upon the matter my constitution of mind was able to agree very well. But his analogical reasoning appears to me to be tottering on his throne. The point I urged, you may remember, was that the Cinema was reacting upon Drama, and not at all, at present, for Drama's good; and I further urged that Drama should be taught to re-act more spiritedly, and to become more dramatic as the Cinema more and more successfully invaded Drama's lower slopes. Mr. Hope's reply, you will certainly remember, was, among other things, this: that a reproduction could not affect the original, and hence that the Cinema cannot affect the Drama. And he instanced as a parallel case the relations of photography (the art of reproduction) and painting—the original art of production. So far, he said, was photography from affecting painting that the boot had been put on the other leg: painting had affected photography. Hence, we might expect from the rise of the Cinema, if any effect whatever, the effect of Drama upon the Cinema, and not vice versa.

* * *

It will be seen where the reasoning totters to the fall of Mr. Hope's argument. It is, indeed, drunk with overmuch ratiocination. I could allow myself to be convinced by the general statement that "a reproduction does not affect the original." It seems clear and axiomatic. But, then, Mr. Hope's examples sober me again; and I begin to ask questions. Is it the case that photography has been affected by painting, and not also painting by photography? And I recall the number of recent schools of painting that owe their origin to reaction from realism, to reaction, that is to say, from the art of the camera. That none of these schools has yet produced masterpieces, I am willing, for the sake of the argument, to allow: besides, it is of no moment in the case. All that it is necessary to establish is that painting should have been affected by photography; and that it has been Mr. Hope will agree, when he has taken a walk round the modern galleries. I can, moreover, now point out to him wherein the fallacy lies of his application of the general to the particular. It is true, of course, that a reproduction does not affect the original; but it is not true that photography has been confined to the reproduction of original paintings. On the contrary, photography has entered as a competitor with painting in the original production of representations. The case is not, therefore, one of a relation between original and reproduction; it is a competition of original with original. And though I agree with Mr. Hope that original photography is to original painting what moonlight is to sunlight, I cannot agree that their relations are entirely one-sided. Photography, in short, has affected painting.

* * *

Mr. Hope, having thrown me a boomerang, must expect to get it back again. And here it goes. If photography, because it is not wholly an art of reproducing painting, has affected painting, why should not the cinema, which is not wholly an art of reproducing drama, affect the drama? The boomerang appears to me to have gone home. As a matter of fact, the parallel holds to a greater length than is usually the case with parallels. For just as we can safely say that if it confined itself to reproducing painting, photography would not affect painting, so we can say that, if the cinema merely reproduced drama, it would not affect drama. But since the cinema no more confines itself to reproducing drama than photography to reproducing painting, but each aims in addition at original production of its own, the effect of the cinema on drama may be expected to be no less than the effect of photography on painting. I would go further and say that already this effect has begun to be visible, though the cinema is scarcely more than ten years old. Already, in spite of all the evidence Mr. Hope cites from the box-offices to the contrary, drama has begun to show the effects of the competition with the cinema. For the present, they are largely reactionary, as well as re-active. They are revealed in the movements for greater colour on the stage, more music, less conversation. But the time will come, I hope, when instead of these reactionary attempts to distinguish itself from the cinema, the drama will aim at more intensely psychological situations, more brilliant conversation, more wit, subtler characterisation, profounder drama. This appears to me the direction in which the drama should be affected by the cinema. As in painting the axiom to-day is that what the camera can represent the artist must not paint, so the axiom of drama to-day ought to be that what the cinema can reproduce the theatre must not produce. There is nothing hoity-toity in this. I am not saying that the cinema is an amusement for the deaf, and of use only in school class-rooms. My scorn is reserved for the drama that does not profit by the competition of the cinema to surpass itself, that competes with it upon the low level of music and dresses and stage-furniture. I would not, of course, any more than Mr. Hope, have any of these materials excluded from the use of the dramatist; at the same time, I would still less have him confined to them. What we ask is a drama full of art as a contrast to the cinema full of artifice. And with this, I leave the subject until the next boomerang is thrown.

* * *

I have intended several times lately to re-call my readers' attention to the drawings by Mr. Muirhead Bone, and published, under the authority of the War

Office, by "Land and Water" in monthly portfolios, under the general title of "The Western Front." The latest issue of the series (No. X. 2s. net) contains some exquisite drawings of ships, of ships in every stage of construction. No photograph, however carefully composed, could convey the impressions of strength, beauty, intricacy, and activity conveyed by Mr. Muirhead Bone's drawings. They are all masterpieces, and, as an artist's record of things, felt intensely, as well as seen clearly, they deserve the place they will occupy in the National Gallery.

R. H. C.

Journey Round My Room.

II.

XAVIER DE MAISTRE ended his life as a major-general in the Russian army! Who can imagine a more extraordinary fate for a French writer? Besides being an author, a poet, and a soldier, he was a painter, a scientist and the brother of Joseph de Maistre. He was also a gallant, and, if the tradition is true, we owe the "Voyage Round My Room" to an affaire. "What is more natural and proper than to cross swords with someone who happens to step accidentally on your foot, or who permits himself a biting remark in a moment of anger that your own carelessness has caused, or who—be it so—has the misfortune to win the attention of your mistress?" And what more natural than that unsympathetic senior officers should order such a fiery young man six weeks' confinement in his own quarters? Under such circumstances the Voyage was written.

This was in Turin at the end of the eighteenth century; Xavier de Maistre was then a young officer in the Sardinian army. During his forty-two days' arrest he wrote the forty-two chapters of the book, and sent them as an amusing trifle to his elder brother, who, unknown to the author, had them printed.

The reader will have noticed, from the summary of the Voyage and its sequel, the "Voyage by Night," that they are typical of their time. Some of the most fashionable conventions of that period have by now gone quite out; others stick to their post. For example, the dialogue between the author's higher and lower selves is now no longer very amusing. The modern reader feels that the truth of *this* subject is beyond a joke. An imaginative writer cannot suggest any division within our minds that is likely to outdo the muddle we now recognise to be there. De Maistre's sallies in this direction seem to us rather like mediæval humour about the likelihood of the world's being round; the fun has worn very thin indeed, and is on the whole saddening. We have had more than enough, too, of frivolous excursions among the classics. Indeed, from being a drawing-room convention, this way of regarding the classics has now come almost to be the scientific outlook; and we are weary of it.

De Maistre's frequent references to "Tristram Shandy" and his side-glances at its author show, however, that his humour has a far surer foundation than would be supposed from the ingredients just mentioned. Indeed, the "Voyage Round My Room" has vast resemblances both to "Tristram Shandy" and the "Sentimental Journey." It would not be too much to re-name it the "Sentimental Journey Round My Room." The objection that might be made to this new title is one I intend to make to the book as a whole. Would Sterne, I ask, have based forty and more chapters upon his room without ever giving the reader more than a cursory glance at this very room? Digressions we should have had in plenty, but Sterne would not have gone away from the room until every object in it was as familiar and interesting to the reader as it was to the owner himself. De Maistre, on the contrary, journeys everywhere except round his room. His memory, his imagination and his reveries carry him forwards and backwards in time and space, but hardly ever does the reader meet him in the very room they are supposed to be exploring together.

Now that I have laid so much stress upon de Maistre's differences from Sterne, may I again be allowed to insist on their resemblances? Once, indeed, I thought de Maistre intended to improve upon his model, for I found a reference to "le dada de mon oncle Tobie"; I did not remember Uncle Toby's parent. A sudden suspicion sent me to the dictionary, which informed me that Uncle Toby's "dada" was nothing other than his hobby-horse. One chapter of the "Voyage" is not unworthy of Sterne himself; it is pleasant enough to bear translation.

"Good heavens!" said I one day to Joanetti, my valet; "this is the third time I have had to tell you to buy me a boot-brush. What a blockhead you are! What an ass!"

Joanetti did not answer a word; the previous evening he had remained silent under a similar reproach.

"He is usually so particular," I said, and could not understand his lapse.

"Get a rag to clean my shoes," I said to him angrily.

While he was gone I felt sorry to have been so rude to him. My wrath wholly disappeared when I saw how careful he was to dust my shoes without soiling my silk stockings. I rested my hand on him as a sign of reconciliation.

"What!" said I to myself. "Are there men who clean others' shoes for money?" The word *money* let in a flood of light. All of a sudden I recollected that it was a long time since I had paid my valet.

"Joanetti," I said, drawing back my foot, "have you any money?" A half-smile of apology played on his lips at my question. "No, sir, I have not had a penny for a week; I spent it all on your small purchases."

"And the brush? Is this the reason?" He continued to smile.

He could have said to his master: "No, I am by no means such a blockhead, such an ass, as you were cruel enough to call me, your faithful servant. Pay me the twenty odd shillings you owe me, and I will buy you your brush." But he preferred to let me abuse him to exposing me to blush at my own anger.

Heaven bless him! Philosophers! Christians! have you read anything like it?

"Here, Joanetti," I said, "here, run and buy a brush."

"But, sir, do you want to be like this, with one shoe clean and the other dirty?"

"Go," said I, "and buy a brush; let the dust stay on my shoe."

Off he went. I took up the rag and lightly dusted my left shoe, dropping a tear on it by way of repentance.

If Joanetti should happen to be out of place, would he please communicate with me? I think I could guarantee him an engagement.

If I am permitted another selection from the book, I should like to quote the following as the best example of the mock-classical portion of these "Voyages"—and of a thousand of their contemporaries. It is a chapter from the "Voyage by Night"!

Another time, in my reveries, I happened to find myself present at the Rape of the Sabine women. I noticed with great surprise that the Sabine men took the matter quite otherwise than history tells us. I offered my protection to a woman who was running away; and I could not help laughing, as I accompanied her, to hear an angry Sabine cry out in a voice of despair: "Immortal gods; *why* didn't I bring my wife to this festival?"

The summary I have given and these selections prove, I submit, that Xavier de Maistre's "Voyage Round My Room" is not to any large extent what my friend suggested to me it was, namely, a account of the nature and associations of the contents of the author's room. I am left, then, with a vacuum of unfulfilled expectation. De Maistre's Voyages might

have been undertaken round anyone else's room, and the incidents would have borne as much relation to it as they do to his own.

"What does this matter?" the reader may say; "one room is as good as another to hang a sentiment on."

To my idea, however, there is a vast difference between journeying round one's own room and round another's. And I propose to give my reasons for this, which are in part purely selfish, in the next chapter.

Views and Reviews.

THE LAST WORD.

UNLESS some new arguments are advanced in their defence, this must be my last article on the conscientious objectors; for I cannot be expected to reply to the charge that I personally am everything from a blackguard to a fool. They are irrelevant to the discussion. I may say, though, that I am not singular in my disagreement from the conscientious objectors; their friends dissociate themselves from their arguments. Mrs. Hobhouse only states, she does not support, their reasoning; Prof. Gilbert Murray, who wrote a preface to the pamphlet, said: "Of course, I think they are wrong—tragically wrong." Mr. H. W. Nevinson, in his article on "The Conscientious Objector," said: "Perhaps I should mention that I am not a conscientious objector myself"; Dr. F. B. Meyer, in his pamphlet on "The Majesty of Conscience," said: "Let me not be misunderstood. I am not a Conscientious Objector. I do not accept their views or conclusions." I agree, then, with the friends of the conscientious objectors in disagreeing from the conscientious objectors; they remind me of Wilde's description of Shaw, they haven't an enemy in the world, but their friends don't like them. The conscientious objector is the only person who thinks that he is right; and the only universal warrant for this state of mind that I can find is in the Book of Proverbs: "Every way of a man is right in his own eyes, but the Lord pondereth the hearts."

The supreme difficulty in debating the case is, of course, that they recognise no other authority than that of their own conscience; and they treat their conscience as though it were a form of lunacy, an idée fixe which is not amenable to reason, and is incapable of modifying its a priori judgment (that is, prejudice) as a result of a posteriori experience. Their conscience is imperative, but negatively; it commands them not to do anything, but to abstain from doing, to suffer all evil, not to do all good. It is, therefore, strictly conscientious objection, and not conscientious action; and the only political use for such a conscience that I can find was recommended by Shaw in one of his prefaces. When he was about to take part in a political contest, so he alleged, he first pawned his conscience; and thereby, I suppose, secured the right to make "pledges" to the electors. This may sound very cynical to those who appreciate conscience at its Sunday-school valuation; but it summarises centuries of historic contest between the Church and the State, and even so good a Catholic as Lord Acton would not admit the right of the Pope to absolve Catholics from allegiance to the State. If the conscientious objectors, like the Pope of Rome, claim to speak the will of God, we may remind them that, according to the Thirty-nine Articles, "the Bishop of Rome hath no jurisdiction in this realm of England," and they have no more; and, moreover, in the social contract then made, it is declared that "it is lawful for Christian men, at the commandment of the Magistrate, to wear weapons, and serve in the wars."

I use the phrase, "social contract" deliberately, because those of my correspondents who seek some justification of their conscientious objection do so by hints at the doctrine of the social contract and of natural rights; one of them, indeed, talks of the "ancient right to disobey the law." I do not know from whence he derives this "ancient right," but as he previously referred me to Hobbes, I suppose that he accepts that mythology of primitive man. For mythology it is; Wundt, in his "Völker Psychologie," tells us that "it was primarily by means of an abstract opposition of culture to nature that philosophy, and even anthropology, constructed natural man. The endeavour was not to find or to observe, but to invent him. . . . Man in his natural state, says Thomas Hobbes, is toward man as a wolf." This is certainly a strange justification for the conscientious objector; but if we press on a little, we may find something more relevant than this in the conception of man in a state of Nature. "To an age that is satiated with culture, and feels the traditional forms of life to be a burdensome restraint, the state of Nature becomes an ideal once realised in a bygone world. In contrast to the wild creature of Thomas Hobbes and his contemporaries, we have the natural man of Jean Jacques Rousseau. The state of Nature is a state of peace, where men, united in love, lead a life that is unfettered and free from want."

It is impossible to deduce any "ancient right" to resist the law from either conception; indeed, the discovery of primitive man has settled, once for all, the question of what really obtained. The rigidity of primitive law is its most certain characteristic, although, in the beginning, it was no more than custom; and it was long before law, in the sense of mandatory law, arose. Then we discover that "the formulation of laws did not, as a rule, begin in connection with the political community, and then pass down to the more restricted groups, ending with the single individual. On the contrary, law began by regulating the intercourse of individuals; later, it acquired authority over family relations, which had remained under the shelter of custom for a relatively long period; last of all, it asserted itself also over the political order. That is to say, the State, which is the social organisation from which the legal system took its rise, was the very last institution in connection with which objective legal forms were developed." We thus discover that if man ever had any natural right to disobey the law, it was the very first right that he lost; and if we turn to Sir Henry Maine on "Ancient Law," we discover that the individual and his rights, in our modern sense, are a creation of the law.

Take, for example, the Patria Potestas of the Romans. "The Patria Potestas of the Romans, which is necessarily our type of the primitive paternal authority, is equally difficult to understand as an institution of civilised life, whether we regard its incidence on the person or its effects on property. So far as regards the person, the parent, when our information commences, has over his children the *jus vitæ necisque*, the power of life and death, and a fortiori, of uncontrolled corporal chastisement; he can modify their personal condition at pleasure; he can give a wife to his son; he can give his daughter in marriage; he can divorce his children of either sex; he can transfer them to another family by adoption; he can sell them." What he could do to the conscientious objector we can guess. But "late in the Imperial

period we find vestiges of all these powers, but they are reduced within very narrow limits. The unqualified right of domestic chastisement has become a right of bringing domestic offences under the cognisance of the civil magistrate; the liberty of selling has been virtually abolished, and adoption itself, destined to lose almost all its ancient importance in the reformed system of Justinian, can no longer be effected without the assent of the child transferred to the adoptive parentage." The "ancient right" to resist the law is not to be discovered in "Ancient Law."

But let us turn to Rousseau, who formulated the terms of the social compact. "These clauses, properly understood, may be reduced to one—the total alienation of each associate, together with all his rights, to the whole community. . . . Moreover, the alienation being without reserve, the union is as perfect as can be, and no associate has anything more to demand; for, if the individuals retained certain rights, as there would be no common superior to decide between them and the public, each, being on one point his own judge, would ask to be so on all; the state of Nature would thus continue, and the association would necessarily become inoperative or tyrannical." The conscientious objectors will have to find their own authority for the "ancient right" to resist the law, for I can find none; but I may remark that my statement that the right to resist the law is anarchical is good Rousseau doctrine.

What justification can we find for the action of the conscientious objectors? There is the everlasting assertion that they are hastening the day of repeal. But the conscientious objectors to vaccination have not succeeded in fifty years in repealing the Vaccination Acts; on the contrary, Dr. Walter Hadwen alleged in the "Medical Times," of September 22 of this year, on the authority of the Registrar-General's statistics, that during the last four years thirty-six people have died from small-pox and thirty-four from vaccination. The passive resisters have not established the right to refuse to pay the Education Rate, and, so far as I know, they no longer advance the doctrine. We have no reason to expect that the conscientious objectors to any form of State service will be successful in their attempt to make the State abolish itself. Chinese vengeance can only be successful when the other man's conscience agrees with that of the sufferer; but as, in this case, our conscience affirms what the conscientious objector's conscience denies, they may commit actual, as well as social, suicide without effecting the change of heart in the nation at which they aim.

Meanwhile, the King's Government must go on; and just when people should learn that there are no short cuts to self-government, this absurd doctrine of a right to resist the law is put forward to mislead them. If the original experiment of the extension of the franchise has failed to produce the results that were hoped for, the reasons are simply that many of the hopes were impossible, and that the people, although conscious of their power, did not know how to use it. Just when it is necessary that they should learn that they can only become a power in politics when they are a power in economics, they are to be diverted from their task of assuming responsibility for their existence and government by revolutionary twaddle of the "right to resist the law," they are to be kept in bondage to an obsolete political conception because the conscientious objectors are so brave and gentle. The doctrine is not only a treachery to the State; it is a treachery to the new conception of National Guilds (which, by the way, will stand no nonsense about the right to resist their laws); and worst of all, it is a treachery to the objectors themselves, for it diverts them from useful activity to useless resistance.

A. E. R.

Reviews.

The Framework of a Lasting Peace. By Leonard S. Woolf. (Allen & Unwin. 4s. 6d. net.)

Mr. Woolf here reprints in full seven of the schemes for the judicial settlement of international disputes, the seventh, a Draft Treaty prepared by a Dutch Committee, being translated into English. Here are all our old friends: the League to Enforce Peace, the League of Nations, the Minimum Programme of our Dutch (shall we say, friends or neutrals?), Viscount Bryce's proposals, the Fabian project, and the Community of Nations pamphlet, prepared by Dr. Hodgkin. Mr. Woolf contributes a most interesting introductory portion (about one-third of the book), emphasises the agreements between these schemes as a possible basis of action, and minimises their differences as being due either to definition of meaning, or of scope of intention. Mr. Woolf does his best (and it is a very good best) for the claim to legal interpretation of political treaties; but if the enforcement of the verdict is always going to plunge us into wars of this kind, public opinion may not always regard a breach of treaty as the unpardonable sin. With regard to non-justiciable disputes, Mr. Woolf takes his analogy from the industrial world, with its Boards of Conciliation, Boards of Arbitration, and Sir George Askwith. The analogy is rather unfortunate at a time when "The Ferment of Revolution" has been discovered by the "Times" working in the Labour world; and even if that be exaggerated, yet the fact of "Labour unrest," in spite of all conciliation, mediation, arbitration, and the rest, is not an encouraging precedent. Laws do not always correspond to political forces, any more than a man's conscious ideas of himself correspond to the forces that really move him. This is, of course, no argument against the making conscious, the rationalisation, of his impulses; but it does warn us to beware of hoping too much from these schemes even if they become operative. Certainly, the proposals dealing with non-justiciable disputes do offer a means for "canalising the libido," but unless they offer a better means than war, they are not likely to command the allegiance of mankind.

Peace Problems in Economics and Finance. By Uriel D'Acosta. (Routledge. 2s. 6d. net.)

Mr. D'Acosta reviews the probable conditions and obligations of industry when war ceases, apparently on the assumption that the capitalist system of production will remain unchanged. He is chiefly concerned to show that we shall need a greatly increased production of necessary goods to pay off our debts, to repair the damage, and to open out a prospect of industrial prosperity. For this purpose, a greatly increased supply of liquid capital will be necessary, by which we suppose that he means bank credit, for we can hardly contemplate the sale of industrial capital, which is mainly fixed plant, and goodwill. Capital cannot be liquefied; it can only be transferred, and credit is no more than a legal means of using capital. What Mr. D'Acosta really means is that our banking system should be reformed, so that everyone who can possibly increase our production should easily be able to find financial backing. Apparently, he looks forward to a great increase in the number of master producers; and we confidently predict a great increase in the number of bankruptcies. The banking system should undoubtedly be reformed; credit should be based upon industry and not on currency reserves; a man should be able to secure advances on orders without being obliged to deposit collateral other than, say, a mortgage on his plant. But it is a grave omission that Mr. D'Acosta does not contemplate any of the proposed changes of control of industry, regards the present system of a monopoly of capital commanding the commodity of labour as a permanent one. For the only

liquid capital is labour, and whoso commands that has credit; and it may be that the Trade Unions will not be junior partners in industry when they recognise that credit itself is the creation of labour and not of the banking system.

The Gathering of the Clans. By J. Saxon Mills. (T. Fisher Unwin. 3d. net.)

Mr. J. Saxon Mills is known in this country chiefly as the defender of Lord Milner, and his name is associated with the persons and classes among us who make it their business to oppose the very things for which, as Mr. Mills rightly says, the British Empire is engaged in waging war. As, however, he does not seek to impose his political views upon us at great length, we may say at once that the principal merit of his little book is that it puts before us figures relating to the part played by British oversea possessions in the war which were for a long time kept concealed by the authorities, and are even now not very easy to discover in the Press. It is interesting to note, according to the authorities quoted, that by March, 1917, no fewer than 400,000 Canadians had enlisted for oversea service. Considering that the population of Canada is only about 7 millions, of whom about 2 millions are French-Canadians with but a minor interest in the war, and that munition-making in Canada has developed to a very large extent, this is really a very good proportion, hardly justifying the necessity for resorting to conscription in Canada, even by reason of the unexpected duration of the war and the extraordinary economic and military circumstances connected with it. Down to the end of 1916 the total Canadian casualties were 67,890, and by the same time Canada had contributed nearly £11,000,000 to war charities, besides many gifts in kind. In addition, the Canadian Government contributed £50,000,000 towards the cost of munitions, which were being made for the Allies by 300,000 workers.

Australia—which Mr. Mills, forgetting for a moment that he is not writing for the "Morning Post," irritates the reader by seriously describing as "this young cub of the British lion"—has raised 300,000 men for oversea service, and the casualties among these down to March, 1917, amounted to nearly 42,000. Incidentally, it may be remarked that the Australian army is the best paid in the world, the privates receiving 6s. a day. The share of the Australian fleet in taking over the German colonies in the Pacific is also mentioned by Mr. Mills, though in unnecessarily colloquial language. New Zealand has sent 60,000 troops overseas, their casualties down to March, 1917, being close on 20,000 men; and this Dominion has also contributed large sums of money (about £800,000) to various war charities, apart from donations of meat, clothing, etc. South Africa, in addition to raising 50,000 men for the conquest of German South-West Africa and German East Africa, has also sent out an oversea contingent of 7,000 men, together with a few hundred naval reservists. Rhodesia has 5,000 men under arms, about 40 per cent. of the adult white population. Mr. Mills' statement would have been all the more impressive if he had left it at that, instead of indulging in Carmelite House lyricism ("proud mother of first-class fighting men"). The total South African casualties down to March, 1917, were about 8,700.

Mr. Mills does not tell us how many troops India has raised altogether, and it was already known that 70,000 Indian soldiers rendered very great service during the early fighting round Neuve Chapelle in October, 1914. No doubt this information is not yet available. Typical instances are given of the innumerable gifts from the Indian princes and other rulers. The contributions of the remaining British oversea possessions in men and money are carefully summarised.

"Producers by Brain."

[THE NEW AGE has placed this column at the service of Mr. Allen Upward for the purpose of carrying on his Parliamentary candidature as a representative of literature and art.]

THE LORD CHAMBERLAIN.

OUR nearest approach to a Minister of Fine Arts in this country appears to be a Palace official styled the Lord Chamberlain. The function of a chamberlain correspond with those of a chambermaid, as the name denotes, although, by some accident, the head of the female domestic service has come to be called Mistress of the Robes, instead of Lady Chambermaid. The Lord Chamberlain, of course, does not discharge his important duties in the Royal apartments in person, but by deputy, except on State occasions. He is, however, personally responsible for the moral character of visitors to the Royal receptions, for the length of the ladies' trains, and for the correct adjustment of the gentlemen's decorations, a point on which King Edward VII was most particular.

Among the minor cares of this high functionary is the superintendence of the British Drama. The Poet Laureate also is included among his subordinates, ranking, I believe, above the Running Footmen, but below the Pages of the Back Stairs. His wages, however, are considerably less than those of the superior domestics, and he does not live in.

For some purpose, unknown to me, the Lord Chamberlain further gives employment to an artist, as I discovered on one tragic occasion, in the reign of Queen Victoria. I had written a harmless story, called the "Theft of the Koh-i-Noor," and Mr. Jerome, who was bringing it out in "To-Day," had the unhappy thought of entrusting its illustration to the Lord Chamberlain's minion, in order to secure correct local colour. The artist, by what I must admit was an error of judgment, selected for his chief illustration the incident of the Queen's removing the jewel from her neck at the end of the day. The result was that the loyal public were gratified by a picture of her Gracious Majesty seated before her dressing-table in the act of preparing to retire.

Publicity is the breath of life to Royalty, as most monarchs are wise enough to be aware, but it is not always easy to tell beforehand how any new form of it will be received. I believe I was the first to introduce living monarchs by name into fiction, in a set of stories called "Secrets of the Courts of Europe," in the first volume of "Pearson's Magazine." Unfortunately, my style, like Edgar Allan Poe's, produces a certain illusion which causes my wildest inventions to be accepted as sober fact by many readers. I remember a friend, who is now a Judge of the High Court, stopping me on the Thames Embankment to ask me if those stories were true. A coal merchant of Swansea wrote to tell me that he had made a bet on the faith of one story that the Tsar Alexander III was still alive, and to ask me for my documents. An American doctor similarly wrote to ask me for the original MS. of Professor Lücke in "The Discovery of the Dead," which he was anxious to publish. This is possibly why my stories about the German Emperor and his designs against this country were resented by people who had never dreamt of complaining of the cartoons of him in "Punch." I was even distressed to hear that I was by no means persona grata in Potsdam!

I have felt bound to offer his Imperial Majesty's friends this apology, in the interest of my candidature.

ALLEN UPWARD.

Pastiche.

DENIAL.

In a sorrow like to the sorrow
  Of severed friends;
In a wonder, a mute, strange wonder,
  This day ends.

As the secret, the serene, secret
  Eyes of a maid
Leave her lover, her wistful lover,
  Remote—afraid:

So the skies shun me—their beauty shuns me.
  From the cool grass
Into my spirit, my striving spirit,
  Will no joy pass.

Wilt thou, at eve relenting,
  My lone heart take
Into thy quiet, thy golden quiet,
  For June's dear sake?

Nay! in a sorrow like to the sorrow
  Of severed friends;
Without solace, without pity or solace,
  This day ends.

E. C.

THE VIGIL.

A pale, lone star is flick'ring in the west,
  As the wet wind sighs through the poplar trees,
  An early swallow sings beneath the eaves,
The dawn is creeping from its midnight rest.

Here do I stand, where many feet have been,
  But they are gone to mingle with the dust—
  An end to all this living ta'en on trust,
And weary bodies rest beneath the green.

Am I then one, with star and wind and song?
  Is life's dark secret now revealed to me?
  This hour I think I've glimpsed eternity;
With peace and hope I join the vanished throng.

WILLIAM REPTON.

AT ROLL-CALL.

Across the page the ranks of red strokes wind,
  Marking my measured days in life's own hue.
  From week to week, from month to month I view
The crimson trail of lost hours left behind,
Booked in a tradesman's ledger, strictly lined.
  As each grain of eternity falls due
  I cast the account, alike for joy or rue;
For sweetest fruit the same as sourest rind.

Oh, thus to number days is not to get
  The heart of wisdom that the Psalmist craved;
For fast within Time's web, scarce mortal yet
  Found profit where his spirit was enslaved;
Or in his tale of losses took delight,
Or held it gain to approach oblivion's night.

S. M. RICH.

STRANGE PLACES.

If I must go to some strange, distant place,
I pray 'twill be where you have left some trace
Of having been, a stone that you have turned,
A plucked flower, or a footpath that you learned
The way of, or an imprint in the sand,
A figure that you traced with idle hand
Upon the bare sea-bed—and ere the tide
Has turned, or ere the circle growing wide
And distant from the pebble that you flung
Has died away, and ere the moon has swung
With all her attendant stars into the night,
May I be there to see, else, take me, Flight!

WINIFRED HOLL.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

"NEUTRALITY VERSUS JUSTICE."

Sir,—The gravity of the matter under discussion, and not any desire to criticise your able review of my little book advocating an international defensive alliance, impels me to ask for the opportunity of dealing as briefly as possible with the practical difficulties apprehended by your reviewer.

The idea of mutual defence has been put forward not lightly, but as the outcome of many years of thought given to the subject of international organisation, always with strict regard for what is *practicable*. If, at this time of day, an entirely fresh standpoint presents itself from which to examine the problem, common sense suggests that it ought not to be neglected. With your permission I will discuss, in the fewest words possible, the specific points that have been raised.

(1) To the question, "How many troops must cross a frontier to constitute an invasion?" I answer that the number is immaterial. The actual presence on its territory of *any* armed foreign troops—even half a dozen or less—would be a technical invasion entitling the invaded nation to call upon the allies. But a scouting party like this would be immediately driven back, captured, and disarmed, or killed, and the "invasion" repelled. The incident would, of course, call for investigation, but there would be no claim upon the treaty States for military aid, nor any need for it, because "the actual presence of armed foreign troops" could no longer be shown.

(2) It is quite likely that both sides in a quarrel might claim the support of the alliance upon the ground that the territory of each was invaded by the other. Under the terms of the treaty each party would be required to withdraw its troops, and either side refusing to comply would thereby place itself at war against the allied nations. If *both* sides withdrew, the invasions would be at an end, and no further military action would be necessary; if both declined to withdraw, the allied nations would be absolved from the duty of defending either of them.

(3) The naval aspect of the matter, which your reviewer quite properly regards as the more important for ourselves, has been by no means neglected. Each nation would retain its present freedom to employ its naval forces whenever and wherever it might judge that its own safety and interests demanded.

If a naval encounter should occur, the circumstances of its origin would be investigated by a competent body to be appointed by the allied nations at the request of the party (it might be both) claiming to have been attacked. The nation adjudged responsible for commencing the fight must make compensation on pain of war against the alliance. If, meantime, either of the parties should invade the territory of the other, and refuse to withdraw its troops on demand, this would be an act of war against the alliance, which would obviate the need for any further inquiry into the naval outbreak.

(4) Aircraft must be treated in the same way as shipping. A nation would retain its present power to shoot down any foreign machine flying over its territory, and would enjoy the additional right to demand inquiry into an alleged attack, and compensation for the outrage if proved.

(5) Small States like Holland and Denmark would decide, each for itself, whether there would be greater safety in the alliance than out of it. Whatever their decision might be, it would in no way affect the formation or successful working of a general defensive alliance on the part of the stronger nations.

(6) Of course, Europe would *not* require to mobilise in order to defend a South American State. If the combined nations could not bring enough pressure to bear upon the aggressor without the employment of military force, they would no doubt give a mandate to the country or countries most favourably situated for the performance of that police duty. It is worth noting that the United States, even now, stands pledged to defend any American territory against foreign—that is non-American—invasion.

(7) The objection that great defending armies might be as painful an affliction as the invaders cannot be meant seriously. Military help would not be forced

upon a country. It would receive only so much assistance as it might need.

I must not attempt here to touch upon the theoretical aspect of the matter except to point out that my theory of the origin of society can be neither impugned nor upheld by an appeal to history, since the conditions which form the subject of our speculation are necessarily *pre*-historic.

May I say, in conclusion, that I do *not* believe, as your reviewer assumes, that the mere desire to prevent war will move nations to organise for its suppression. I think that the instinct of self-preservation rather than the dictates of reason will force the general body of nations to merge their present alliances into one combination for mutual defence, now that war has become so indescribably terrible for the belligerents and so gravely injurious to neutrals. Much thought given to a serious grapple with the problem has left me firmly convinced that this apparently extreme step is in reality the only safe and practical first move which can be made towards international justice. Without a general defensive alliance, which will penalise war against any of the participant States, international law will remain little more than the etiquette of international crime.

A. J. JACOBS.

["A. E. R." replies: Mr. Jacobs seems to have departed from the proposal of his book, which was for a simple treaty of mutual defence, or, as he put it, "an agreement between independent States binding themselves to defend the territorial integrity of each, no matter by whom or for what reason attacked." Quite obviously this simple treaty would create a general obligation to perform a particular service; and as Mr. Jacobs argued that any nation that did not respond to the call would lose its right to make a call, all would have to respond, or the whole treaty would lapse. For if any signatory Power claimed the right to call to its assistance only such Powers as it chose, the general defensive alliance would be converted into a particular alliance which would probably be confronted by another alliance, and the present situation would be repeated. On the other hand, if the general defensive alliance is to work reasonably, and not automatically, there must be somebody with powers superior to those possessed by the contracting parties. To take the example of a South American State: if all the signatories are not to rush all their available forces to the assistance of the invaded State, and the invaded State is not to have the right to choose its defenders, obviously some third party must have the power to determine which of the contracting parties shall go to the assistance of the invaded State. But this means the creation of an international authority, which Mr. Jacobs says is not necessary. I do not feel obliged, therefore, to argue about a proposal different from that made by Mr. Jacobs in his book. The treaty that his letter suggests is not the simple, one-clause treaty of general defensive alliance that he proposed in his book; and his new proposals do not differ in detail from those of other advocates of international government. He has shifted his ground from the levy en masse, which does not require a supreme Power, to the international police, which does; and space does not allow me to continue a discussion other than the one that I began.]

* * *

HENRY DRUMMOND.

Sir,—In your issue of September 13 a writer signing himself "W. M." expresses great indignation at my statement that the meetings of Henry Drummond at Edinburgh University in 1887 were "nothing but orgies of terror about hell." I fully expected that someone would attack me on this point, for I am well aware that Henry Drummond never used the word "hell" in his addresses, and that there are passages in "Natural Law in the Spiritual World" which might lead one to suppose that he did not believe in hell at all. Drummond did, however, use the word "lost." I heard many of his addresses, and in every one of them he threatened his hearers with the awful consequences of being "lost." I do not certainly know to this day what Drummond meant by "lost," but I do know what it was understood to mean by boys of seventeen or eighteen, brought up, perhaps, in the Island of Mull or Skye, and taught to dread hell from earliest childhood. "W. M." mentions that Drummond co-operated with Moody. He did, and they were worthy of one another. Surely no person would call Moody anything but a hell-fire orator. I heard him several times myself.

I am glad this matter has come up in your columns, as those persons who terrify the young with the fear of hell and purgatory do not often enough get a chance of hearing what is thought of them by decent people. It is the merest cant for any man who defends Drummond or Moody to pretend to be shocked at the German Kaiser or Bernhardi. If there is any man on earth who deserves the punishment described by Dante of being shut up in a red-hot coffin for all eternity, it is the man who talks to boys and girls of seventeen about being "lost." There are still a great many such preachers, and millions of human beings are still terrorised by them. Until that breed is exterminated, I fear the ears of "W. M." will often have to be offended by harsh words.

R. B. KERR.

* * *

"THE NEW REFORMATION."

Sir,—The contemptuous and irrelevant attack of "Saint George" upon the Church of England should at once secure his decanonisation. Not that I would for anything, now that he has eponymously canonised himself, become advocatus Diaboli after the event. It is a pity that, being such an enemy of "Jewish curses," "Byzantine myths," etc., he cannot honestly see his bishop as anything but a servant of the devil, etc.

He pins his irascible faith in a possible resort to a party "not afraid of common sense." But himself he will not, has not, come within speaking or feeling distance of it.

Common sense—*sensus communis;* a Catholic idea! He may draw nigh unto it with his pen, but his heart, his style, is far from it. For it at least would demand some exemplification of those intellectual and spiritual virtues of humility and restraint which the common consensus of Christendom has approved and cherished for centuries. Let him first appreciate those excellences which have gone to the *formation* of the Christian complexus before he takes upon himself to launch a "New Reformation."

This, I fear, is very much *ad personam*, but such uninformed subjectivism as "Saint George's" invites it. He cannot easily deny that he is a sectary of a most bitter kind. The term "Catholic" is from him a term of reproach; yet to the Church it expresses one of the grandest ideals to which she has yet aspired, and failed, to attain. She has failed to attain it simply because of the presence within her fold of the very spirit which "Saint George" exemplifies; that makes exclusive claim to the passion for truth. And look upon what ground he makes it!

First he asserts that the Catholics in the English Church are only waiting their chance to take as much of the Church as they can back to Rome. But it is they, the Catholics—who include many Socialists, Republicans, and Guildsmen, to my knowledge—who most learnedly and unyieldingly deny the Papal claims to spiritual and temporal jurisdiction in this country, who invariably dub the Roman Catholic Church here the "Italian Mission."

The Catholics are the abolishers of pew-rents; they alone are now demanding a thorough training of candidates for ordination, in pastoralia, ascetics, and casuistry. The well-known defect of the Church of England clergy in the matter of casuistry was the subject of comment in a recent NEW AGE review. The "Catholics" are they who are determined to remedy this, and to make the "cure of souls" more than a curious phrase. It is wrong, also, to assert, as "Saint George" does, that the Church has provided theological colleges so as to rush ignorant men from the poorer classes into orders, in the lack of men from better circles. It is interesting to recall that some time ago this was made a subject of reproach in an "Open Letter to the Bishops" in THE NEW AGE. It was there pointed out that the intellectual and moral failure of the Anglican pulpit was in large measure due to the fact that only sons of wealthy people could enter its ministry. The *truth* is that, but for the outbreak of war, the order requiring all candidates for Holy Orders to be University graduates would be now in

force. In the diocese in which I have the privilege of serving there is a plan afoot to build and endow a large seminary, whose term of training will be seven years, scholarships and exhibitions being offered to enable the poorest lad, if capable, to undergo the training. As for the gibe about "social capillarity" (Sorel's phrase). It is one of the damning features of the wage-system that anyone who gets out of it is actually higher in every way. To attain to a vocation in which heart and soul may have exercise is a lift up in any case. It is caddish to prevent it, and snobbish to sneer at it.

"Saint George" is inaccurate, too; he says St. Paul was not ordained (see his previous article). St. Paul claims that he was (I Tim. ii, 7). The word there is *ἐτέθην*; A.V. translation, *ordained*. There is sufficient evidence in the same epistle to show that his claim to be an apostle called "of God, not of men," is not meant negatively and in contrast to the apostolic order, but as parallel. He exhorts Timothy to stir up the gift of God, "which is in thee by the putting on of *my* hands" (II Tim. i). In another passage it is the hands "of the presbytery." The *onus disprobandi* is apparently beyond "Saint George's" strength.

By all means let us have strong, uncompromising criticism; let "Saint George" with the most precise skill tilt at any Anglican windbags he may find, but let him not think that the broken spear of prejudice will make any impression on the tough hide they are made of. Let him give over prancing about at a safe distance outside the walls; let him into the breach, to fight under more exiguous conditions, where he cannot choose his own terms and his own meanings.

I do not think "Saint George" has got his spurs on. Here's a specimen of knightly logic: "An idiot or a savage is competent to 'offer the sacrifice of the Mass' (and to talk about it, too, after "Saint George's" reckless example!) but it is necessarily fatal to the office of the spiritual teacher." So, also, a cat may look at a king, but it is necessarily fatal to the office of a loyal-hearted citizen! By what authority could "an idiot or a savage" officiate at the Eucharist? It can be valid only when offered by the Church, being a sacrament of the Unity of the Church, through a properly ordained minister. "Saint George" should go in for a thorough course of study in the sacraments, beginning with the Epistle to the Ephesians, before he ventures these irresponsible generalisations.

He speaks of the Holy Spirit of Truth. But he does not seem to have an inkling of the idea of a mystical, organic embodiment of this Spirit. It would at least imply some discipline over its "members" which "Saint George" stands much in need of, if he will believe a "bit of a deacon."

Really his lip-homage to his God, Truth, is a little tedious, in view of his rather errant egotism.

Here's a pretty query: When that he had saved (and eloped with?) the maiden, Truth, would he take her on Mr. Allen Upward's Chaldæan roundabouts for a "whirl-swirl"? DIACONUS.

* * *

THE CASE OF MR. ALBERY.

Sir,—The case of Albery (a conscientious objector) v. the County of London Appeal Tribunal, reported in last Saturday morning's papers, is unsatisfactory. I pass over the fact that the gross disrespect shown to the law by the clerk who assaulted the applicant was not punished as a contempt of court, because the application itself is the important thing. It is clear to me, after many years of legal study, that Mr. Albery complied with the conditions formally necessary for the issue of a writ of *certiorari*. He was not asking the Court to do a positive act by writ of *mandamus*, or to prevent the commission of an act by writ of prohibition: he only asked that an order made by the Tribunal complained against should be brought up to be quashed. The "Daily Chronicle" reporter says that the Appeal Tribunal had made an order against Mr. Albery, following which he had been charged as an absentee. Whether the order was an order formally drawn up, dismissing his appeal, or an auxiliary order commanding him to join H.M. forces, is not material. There was an order to be quashed, of which, by virtue of the rules made under the Military Service Act, 1916, there was bound to be a written record, and therefore a *certiorari* was the proper remedy, if on the merits any relief was proper. That there was ample jurisdiction to grant the relief asked for cannot be questioned. All newly created Courts, says Bacon's Abridgment, *Certiorari* B, are amenable to the writ. Also, the term "Court" is wide enough to include all persons performing judicial acts, even a gas-examiner making a report to the L.C.C. (see R. v. L.C.C., II, T.L.R. 337).

Then, again, on the merits the applicant had prepared a long affidavit supporting his case, and, following established practice, naturally desired to read it aloud in open court. This he was not allowed to do. Neither would the Bench consider whether there had been an excess or a want of jurisdiction in the Lower Court, or whether there was any error on the face of the record. Worst of all, one Judge deliberately left the Court so as to render it not properly constituted as a Divisional Court. If that is a right thing to do, then the arm of Justice can be paralysed in every case where popular sentiment is aroused, or into which prejudice enters. The opinion of the Law Lords must be obtained in this case. A great constitutional lawyer who fought the Stuart Kings said of the Judges, "Though they be *sub Rege*, yet they be also *sub Deo et lege.*".

ARTHUR JAS. HUGHES.

* * *

SPELLING.

Sir,—None of "D. P. K.'s" questions has any particular relation to spelling.

As regards his point about children, I bow before his experience, but beg to suggest that one swallow does not, after all, make a summer. J. A. M. A.

Memoranda.

(*From last week's* NEW AGE.)

After letting the cat out of the bag, Mr. Bonar Law puts a fox into it.

The infallible prescription of Press quacks is invariably the same—namely, force.

In dealing with South Wales we are dealing with a kind of industrial Ireland.—"Notes of the Week."

National Guilds are rather the first than the last word in national industrial organisation.—National Guildsmen.

The differing productivity of different lands explains their differing rentabilities; what it does *not* explain is the fact of Rent itself.

The migration from land to towns killed the old guilds; it still impedes their resurrection.

Once assimilated, all true ideas become common property.—RAMIRO DE MAEZTU.

We English take the great dead seriously.

A man is not only not a hero to his valet, he is not even a man; he is simply a collection of fads and fancies to be indulged or to be shy of provoking.

Very few biographers have been anywhere near the level of mind of their subjects.—R. H. C.

The first instinct of the professional mind, confronted by a notable achievement along its own lines of activity, is to try to belittle or circumscribe it.—KENNETH RICHMOND.

Nuns are not in the fashion.—ANTHONY FARLEY.

The Recording Angel does his book-keeping by double entry.

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.—A. E. R.

No nation has a right to present another with a work of art.—ALLEN UPWARD.

PRESS CUTTINGS.

The National Guilds League had arranged as long ago as last September to hold four lectures on economic subjects at the Central Hall, Westminster. The first was to have taken place last evening, under the presidency of Mr. George Lansbury, and the next under the chairmanship of Mr. G. K. Chesterton. On Monday afternoon the trustees cancelled the bookings for the conference room on the ground that Mrs. Townshend, the treasurer of the league, had informed the letting agents that the meetings were of a devotional character.

The National Guilds League has passed a resolution expressing astonishment at the cancellation of the letting of the conference room for four lectures on purely economic subjects; declaring that the reason given by the trustees is false; that their conduct is not in accordance with the Noncomformist tradition of liberty of speech; and that their refusal is a concession to veiled threats by ruffians who emulate the proceedings of the Russian Black Hundred.—"Daily News," October 7, 1917.

"Labour and Brains" was the heading of an article published in one of the London dailies, in which was recorded the suggestion that Labour in the future should enlarge its constitution in order to enable the intellectual or ambitious person from the outside to come in and help it. Whatever may be the need of other movements associated with Labour, there is no need whatever for the Trade Union movement to adopt this course. It has within its own ranks capable and experienced men, able to organise, negotiate, and direct, if they are given the opportunities they are entitled to. Only too often they are handicapped by insufficient means. They are, as a whole, inadequately remunerated, and they are often harassed by the knowledge of the insecurity of their positions, and by attacks which threaten, not only themselves, but the stability of the unions for which they act. It is upon these men, rather than upon the irresponsible outsider, that the rank and file will lean when the present abnormal conditions have passed, and Governments are affected more by economic than by political considerations.—"The Federationist."

We are glad that Mr. Bonar Law took the opportunity of his speech at Manchester the other evening to repudiate as utter nonsense the absurd suggestion—emanating not only from deliberate mischief-makers, but also, we regret to say, from some others who talk or write about finance without proper understanding of it—that this Government, or any British Government, is ever likely to make a levy on capital wealth, which, inter alia, would mean that there was no security for holdings in our War Loans. The immediate consequence was a sharp rise yesterday in the price of the Five per Cent. Loan on the Stock Exchange—a rise which we have no hesitation in connecting with the speech of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, because it was the direct result of public buying and not of purchases for the Depreciation Fund by the Government broker. At 93¾ the stock is still cheap, but the price improved ¼ yesterday and looked like going higher. It cannot be said too plainly that investments in War Loans are bound to be safer than any others. Suggestions that lenders to the Government have not complete security for their capital strike at the very foundation of British credit—the confidence of the whole world that a British promise to pay is as good as gold. The object of the deliberate mischief-makers is, of course, plain enough, namely, to frighten off subscribers to the National War Bonds. Since Mr. Bonar Law knows that this is being done, sterner measures might well be taken.—"Times."

As an employer who has during the last few months attended many conferences of employers and employed, I believe the feeling is growing that the State should set up some form of machinery to secure that, at any rate in our staple trades, every worker should belong to his trade union and every employer to his trade association. In fact, at one meeting a resolution was passed to this effect.

May I be permitted to make a proposal which may serve as a step in this direction? Let the Government announce that they are prepared to grant a Charter to any industry in which the Masters' Federation employs 75 per cent. of the workpeople, and the trade union represents 75 per cent. of the operatives, provided that application is made jointly by the two bodies, which charter shall, inter alia, make it illegal for anyone but members of the trade union to be employed in that industry, or for any employer to operate, unless he is a member of the trade association. The charter should also lay down that the industry should be controlled by a joint board of employers and employees, presided over by a chairman appointed by the State, and, further, that statistics relating to the industry should be published yearly, showing the cost of production per £100 of net value of product, together with the percentage of average net profit on the goods produced, and all particulars with reference to markets, wages, conditions of work, health, etc. In other words, the industry should be laid bare and all the facts made public. Such a charter would safeguard the interests of employers and employed, and also those of the community, and would forestall any suggestion that the community was being exploited by a combination of employers and workpeople.

Such a proposal, I submit, the Government can put forward without taking any undue responsibility. They would simply offer facilities. If no trades availed themselves of these facilities, no harm would be done. If, on the other hand, one, two, or half a dozen trades applied for charters, a very useful social experiment could be made, which, if successful, would go a long way to solving the problems affecting industry.

I attach the greatest importance to the disclosure of all the facts relating to the various industries. Let employers and employed know the facts, and they can be trusted to deal with them in a common-sense way. It is precisely because labour at present does not know the facts, and because their only way of ascertaining wages an industry can carry is by making periodical demands after the manner of the income-tax collector, that friction arises. In truth, it is not possible to conceive a system, or want of system, better calculated to cause trouble and unrest. The first essential to a better understanding between capital and labour is that all the cards shall be laid on the table and all the facts known, and that can only be done when the industry is thoroughly organised and employers and workpeople belong to their respective organisations.—T. B. JOHNSTON, Managing Director, The Bristol Pottery, Fishponds, Bristol.

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