NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The disadvantage of the critics of Mr. Lloyd George is that while they are only thinking of the substance of his speeches he is only thinking of their effect. This disadvantage came out clearly in the debate inaugurated by Mr. Asquith last week on Mr. Lloyd George’s recent Paris speech. Mr. Asquith was still ignorant enough of Mr. Lloyd George’s character to imagine that that speech was intended to be read and accepted verbatim et literatim; and he proceeded in a somewhat heavy barristerial manner to cross-examine Mr. Lloyd George upon it. In truth, however, as Mr. Lloyd George was scarcely at pains to conceal, the substance of the Paris speech was as it might be; the more or less of truth in it was a matter of no importance; but what alone mattered was the intention, the design, the effect, of it; and this, Mr. Lloyd George pleased to say, had been altogether to his calculation. With such a speaker, who openly confesses that his speeches are delivered not for their substance but for their effect, it is idle to attempt the ordinary methods of exegesis. It is not what Mr. Lloyd George says, he practically admits, that is of importance, but what he designs to be effected by the tone and nature of his speech. When he wants to “ginger” up the country, or to overcome some party or personal opposition, or to popularise a new policy, or to pass a Bill, or to cover up a blunder, he considers, like any other artist, what kind of speech will best effect his purpose. He has speeches for every occasion—optimist, pessimist, panic, cockahoop, severe, light—every sort and kind save speeches of weight and dignity. For these, it is obvious, depend as much upon substance as upon delivery, and since Mr. Lloyd George admits that substance is not the first consideration of strategic speeches, he is not likely to acquire the qualities referred to. The conclusion to be drawn from the debate of last week is that we must take Mr. Lloyd George’s speeches less seriously than ever in one sense and more seriously in another. We must take their text with lightness; but their intention, their political design, their “camouflage,” and their strategic meaning we must learn to divine.

Whether Sir Edward Carson’s attack on Lord Northcliffe was also a strategic speech we have no means of knowing for certain. But all the circumstances of the case suggest that it was. It is not usual with Sir Edward Carson when he is serious to mince his language; he usually serves it out thick and hot; and from this point of view his references to the “superman” suggest the playful pats of a personal friend. Again, it would be strange if so “powerful” a member of the War Council as Sir Edward Carson should be denouncing Lord Northcliffe one day as a gross calumniator of this country, and on the next assenting to his self-reappointment as our super-ambassador in America unless the denunciation were itself unreal. And, finally, what a coincidence to chagrin Sir Edward Carson it must have been, if his attack were genuine, to discover within a day or two of its delivery that Lord Northcliffe had been raised another step in the peerage! We cannot believe that all these things were unknown even to Sir Edward Carson; and least of all that the coming event of Lord Northcliffe’s further ennoblement had not cast its shadow before it. The world knows it, and why, then, should not the War Cabinet—that whatever the wishes of the Allies may be, the war-aim of Lord Northcliffe is Lord Northcliffe. Yes, Sir Edward Carson’s attack must, after all, have been a feint, for it is not compatible on any other assumption with the new honours heaped upon its victim. Had it been genuine, one of two things would have occurred neither of which has, in fact, occurred, or is likely to occur: the disappointment of Lord Northcliffe, or the resignation of Sir Edward Carson. That the nation is robbed of both or either of these events is the last proof that Sir Edward Carson is learning the trick of speaking without substance and for effect only.

Hundreds of our young men are not, however, dying every day for political manoeuvres; and we turn from tremendous trifles to matters of common human significance. Among these we do not hesitate to rank the presidential speech of Herr Scheidemann at the recent German Majority Socialist Conference at Würzburg as one of the most important. Herr Scheidemann, as our readers may remember, was a delegate at the original Stockholm Conference from which he returned to Germany with the new conviction that Germany must democratise herself as a first condition of a world-peace.
This conviction Herr Scheidemann appears not only to have taken home with him, but to have propagated and developed until it is now become a ruling passion among the German Majority Socialists. It is no exaggeration to say that the leaders of the Majority Socialists are now all of them enthusiastic democratisers of Germany with only such qualifications as we shall note in a moment or two. Herr Scheidemann's speech, under these circumstances, was trebly significant. It witnessed to the retention of contact with other Socialists German Socialists would return to the Fatherland chastened and democratic; it witnessed to our contention that if only the German Socialist leaders could be got to see reason they would sincerely set about reforming Germany; and it also witnessed to our faith that the rank and file of the party would respond to a democratic appeal. As a matter of fact, all these things have been proved with heaping and over-running measure. Never, we are told, was a Socialist presidential speech delivered more passionately or received more enthusiastically. It has been described as marking a turning point in the history of German Socialism, and hence in German history and in the history of the world. Not only all the Socialist forces of Germany—including the pacifist minority—were unanimous upon these points, but the Radical and Liberal Press was equally convinced that the speech was a decisive act. We hope to publish a translation of the text in a future issue of THE NEW AGE; for the moment the following points may be observed.

Herr Scheidemann made no concealment of his conviction that the Prussian system was largely to blame for the war, and that it must be destroyed if peace were to be made permanent. "I freely confess," he said, "that the mentality of a section of our people is not irresponsible for the world's hatred that has been directed against Germany. We must put an end to it," He likewise made a comparison, flattering to ourselves, of the relative policies of England and Germany. "Whereas," he said, "England by her policy had won the friendship of the world, Germany by her policy had forfeited it." And this, again, he traced to certain "institutions" and "opinions" in Germany, which the Socialists had hitherto permitted to flourish, but which they must now "uproot." "After the war," he said, "we shall be compelled to inquire which institutions in our own country and which opinions have allowed to prevail among us have contributed to the catastrophe; and when we have discovered them we must uproot them." He was likewise confident that the democratisation of Germany would be inevitable after the war. Upon the whole there is so much interested or ignorant unfaith in England, Herr Scheidemann was more emphatic than even we ourselves have been. Not only, he said, does German Socialism need democracy, if only as a means of controlling the vast new powers of the State; but "it is now inevitable that after the war Germany will become a parliamentary and democratic nation." It is even possible, he asserts, that at the first General Election after the war the Socialists may command a majority in the Reichstag, in which event, he says, they will insist upon the election and responsibility of their own Ministers.

While attaching to Herr Scheidemann's speech, in the circumstances under which it was delivered, an importance scarcely second to that of any event during the war, we must, nevertheless, point out several defects in it. To begin with, we miss from it the true purgatorial note proper to a party that has confessedly acquiesced in the development of such a tragedy as the present world-war. It is all very well to stand in a white sheet and to acknowledge the sins of omission of the German Socialist party; that is admirable. It is well, again, that the German Socialist party should resolve for the future to turn over a new leaf and to exercise an effective control over the militarist maniacs at whose hands the world has been made to suffer so much; that, too, is admirable. But it is also proper that the German Socialists should go a little further on the road of real repentance. In their Socialist presidential speech delivered more passionately than ever before to France of the provinces of Alsace-Lorraine. Similarly, the world requires of the present-day German Socialists not only the admission of their error in supporting Prussian militarism, but an undertaking to make good the wrongs done in consequence of it. An offer to compensate their neighbours for the national damage done by Prussia, and to restore the territories stolen by Prussia, is needed to complete our conviction that the German Socialists have at last realised their error. Then, too, we cannot say that we are altogether satisfied with the note of Deutschland über Alles still to be heard in Herr Scheidemann's speech.

It is true that the world would welcome a new competition for the friendship of the nations; but it is a little unseemly that the German Socialists should desire to put themselves at a single bound 'at the head of it.' A recently converted burglar is not the best man to be made a missionary; and German democracy is not yet of such an age that the world for some time to come has much to learn from her. The habit of supremacy, it is obvious, still lingers in Herr Scheidemann's mind, even after its form has been changed from force to friendship. We are afraid that it is likely in the end to be no less disturbing to the peace of the world. What, in fine, we ask of a democratic Germany is, for the present, no great zeal for distinguishing herself, but a zeal for justice in which there is no first or last but all are equal.

These defects notwithstanding, the speech of Herr Scheidemann is an epoch-making event, from which among other things this reflection may be derived: that it is folly to talk of a League of Nations, as our Liberals do, with Prussia as one of the component members. The fact that Germany is one of the League of Nations before Prussia has been defeated is premature. Infallibly, a peace under the present circumstances would leave Prussia standing; and equally infallibly a peace that left Prussia standing would put an end to Herr Scheidemann's hopes and promise of the democratisation of Germany. This appears so obvious to us that we are at a loss to know upon what reasoning (for there are no facts) the assumption of the Liberals rests. Are they willing to interrupt the process of democratisation now taking place in Germany, and, by establishing a peace, to re-establish the prestige of the Prussian autocracy? And do they believe that if peace were brought about with Prussia the process of democratisation in Germany itself would continue just the same? But if there is anything else in history, the facts before us, or in the causal relation of constitution with policy, nothing is more certain than that a peace with the present rulers of Prussia would throw back democracy in Germany, re-establish the Prussian constitution now shak'ing, and encourage in a very great degree that militarism inseparable from its real nature. The Prussian constitution, it is now clear, is militarist in character. It makes no disguise of it; it is not ashamed of it. To expect of it, therefore, after whatever pledges of disarmament and partnership in a League of Nations, a peaceful policy is to expect figs of thistles. Herr Scheidemann and
his fellow-Socialists have at last seen that this is the fact; and they are under no illusions that Prussia can be reformed. Are our Liberals better informed or less apprehensive of the object of the Prussian militarist autocracy? made against the present conscientious objectors to military service, but all their defenders have done the same; yet at the same time and after having assured us that the consciences of the objectors were innocent, they went on, with Lord Hugh Cecil, to proceed to defend the objectors on the ground of the reality of their conviction alone. At this rate, we should find ourselves under the necessity of respecting conviction in whatever form it might appear. Should it appear in the Prussian form of a conviction that God has intended Prussia to rule the world, we must not only recognise but respect, tolerate and acquiesce in it. There is an end, in short, if Lord Hugh Cecil is right, to the practical moral judgment. All this, however, is somewhat beside the point of the disqualification of the present conscientious objectors. Undoubtedly, as "A. E. R." argues, the nation has the right through its chosen representatives to deny political privileges to men who repudiate political duties. But it is in no sense the case that the conscientious objectors to military service are the only citizens who are failing in their civic duty. They are singled out for disfranchisement while profiteers, wastrels, corrupt politicians and journalists escape under cover of hypocrisy. The honourable thing, in fact, about the conscientious objectors, their forced avowal of their refusal to perform their political duty, is that for which they are to be disfranchised.

Sir Eric Geddes is on the right track in his new scheme of "occupational recruiting," since he has begun to recognise the existence of function. What he calls the "parrot-cries" of the Press in the early days of the war for the "younger men first" were not only the natural formulae of the men married or over forty, but they were, of course, like most panic-demands, hopelessly unscientific. Without approaching the scientific classification of industry which guildsmen have made since Geddes's classification is sufficient for immediate purposes. He divides industries, according to their national function, into four classes: the wholly and the partially essential, and the foreign and home luxury trades; and these he proposes to draw upon or to require to be closed down in the order of their functional value, It is an admirable notion, and we may modestly recall the fact that it was put forward in The New Age a little less than three years ago. But we regret to say that Sir Eric Geddes will discover it to be impracticable. For the practicability of the proposal to draw upon industries in the degree of their relative national utility presupposes the exercise by the State of its right of compulsion, either as regards Income, or as regards Labour; and for different reasons, neither of these rights is likely to be exercised. But in the absence of the power, on the one hand, he cannot labour to withdraw from the luxury trades; or, on the other hand, and in the alternative, to compel luxury-employers to close their works by taxing the superfluous incomes of their customers—how is Sir Eric Geddes to proceed to draw off either labour or customers from these trades? To labour he certainly cannot offer higher wages in useful industries than can be offered them by the luxury employers; in other words, he can offer them no inducement which the luxury-employers cannot better to transfer their labour voluntarily from the industries of lesser to the industries of greater national utility. And, to the customers of the luxury trades—the luxury buyers who create the demand for luxury-labour—he has at present nothing better than appeals to make, appeals that for the most part, as our West-end shows, fall upon deaf ears. What, then, can he do?

Before displaying his "pure dialectics" in the defence of conscientious objectors, Lord Hugh Cecil would have been well advised to recall the dictum of Bishop Butler that it is good to follow one's conscience but better to see first that it is not the conscience of an ass. A conscientious objection arising from a conviction that a commanded act is immoral must, of course, be reckoned with; since a conviction differs from an opinion in being charged with action; it is, in fact, an opinion primed and loaded and ready to go off. But to recognise and to reckon with a conviction and to "respect" it to that extent is by no means the same thing as the further claim made on its behalf by Lord Hugh Cecil that we shall respect it in the sense of admiring, honouring or even leaving it alone. There are convictions and convictions, conscientious objections and conscientious objections; and all of them are to be respected for the power they contain. But when, in addition to power as a fact, we are asked to accept and to honour the convictions merely because they are convictions, our reply is that we must discriminate between right and wrong convictions, human and asinine conscientious objections. This discrimination, as our colleague "A. E. R." has pointed out, not only Lord Hugh Cecil seems to have

We are glad that the proposal to introduce Proportional Representation into our parliamentary system has been finally defeated. The objections to Proportional Representation, if subtle, are simple; and there is no need to make a mystery of them. In the first place, the representation in it is a complete misnomer. Proportional Representation does not even aim at representing the nation in the personnel of Parliament; it aims at reproducing the nation in miniature. But just think what that means: We create a system of representation in order to form an executive, and then we devise such a system that Parliament becomes the nation over again. But, in the first instance, the nation is not competent without representation, how will it become more competent by merely being reduced in scale? In the second place, the effect of Proportional Representation, in so far as it was carried out, would be to make of the House of Commons the patternless patchwork quilt of opinions and interests of which the nation is itself composed. This would result in the formation of as many parliamentary groups as there are interests and opinions in the country capable of voting a quota, each of which, moreover, would be intent on frying its own little fish in complete indifference to the fish of its neighbours. Log-rolling under these circumstances would be the chief parliamentary industry. In the meantime, however, what about the Executive, the Government of the day, whose fish would be very often no one of the sprats of the members of Parliament, but great national whales? Nobody need suppose that because the House of Commons was subdivided the morsels would present any great difficulty to the Executive. On the contrary, the more divided the House of Commons the more united and powerful the Executive. A plutocratic oligarchy could not possibly desire anything more favourable to its maintenance than a parliamentary Executive selected by itself, and a House of Commons elected under Proportional Representation.

The Church in relation to the State, and upon most moral matters, seems much of the same opinion as the mother who directs the nurse to go and see what baby is doing, and tell him not to. Whatever the State does is wrong; but, on the other hand, the Church refuses to say what is right. The latest ex-
ample of this weary maternal attitude on the part of the Church is to be found in the formation of a Marriage Defence League, consisting mainly of Lords Spiritual and Temporal, and avowedly designed for no other purpose than to maintain the existing marriage and divorce laws against the proposals of the Divorce Reform League. In a memorandum issued last week the Marriage Defence League points out, what is undoubtedly true, that the proposal to grant divorce on the sole ground of three years' separation of the parties is equivalent to the licensing of marriage during convenience only; and they properly urge that the effort to divorce of this high seriousness. Very good, but has it not occurred, or might it not occur, to the Lords Spiritual and Temporal now engaged in defending holy matrimony that perchance, if only perchance, the State may have something to say for itself? That the high seriousness of marriage ought at all costs to be maintained we do not deny; and it is the duty of the Church to co-operate with the State in maintaining it. But suppose that things have come to this pass, what with our industrial system that breaks up homes by hundreds daily, the war, and other causes, that without an adjustment of the law or to the new circumstances, the high seriousness of marriage is likely to disappear in a dwindling minority of cases—has the Church nothing to say to that? Is the Church prepared to see high seriousness disappearing from marriage by one means, while refusing to co-operate with the State in maintaining it by another means? With or without the consent of the Church (or even of the State for that matter) the conditions of marriage are being fast transformed. You cannot, for one thing, have six million women permanently in industry without submitting to a change in the status of marriage. For another, you cannot continue and intensify the wage-system and maintain the institution of the English home at the same time. With or without the Church or the State, therefore, marriage is undergoing a transformation of status; and it behoves the Church, while leaving to the State the judicial facts of the case, to maintain, if it can, the sacramental facts which give marriage its high seriousness.

Mr. Fisher, it will be remembered, recently remarked, in apology for the timidity of his Educational scheme, that he could not count on public opinion in advance. Of some three hundred or so of protests against the postponement of his Education Bill, however, just over a half have been received from Labour organisations; and the rest are mainly professional. The pretence is herewith knocked on the head that it is Labour that objects to education; and the truth is established in its place that the public that is not ripe for the extension of education is the public school public. We have never had any doubt that this was the case, for the discrimination rests on an analysis of the material interests involved. On the one hand, the working-classes are likely to see their children delivered from the degrading wage-system; and, on the other hand, the property classes are anxious to have them continued in it. The latter, however, are faced with this nice problem of policy. As certainly as they insist upon maintaining the present order, they are so certainly in one of two calamities befall them, either the calamity of being out-classed in industry by better educated nations, or the calamity of an ignorant revolutionary movement in our own country. On the other hand, by instituting better education for the sake of better industry, of an intelligent revolution. However, the risk is not as great as they fear; they should plump for education and damn the consequences. At the worst the Northcliffe Press can easily counteract the effects of any education for a decade or two.

Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdad.

It is a pity we have not had more time to see one another since you came over with the Mission; but now that this Downing Street function is over, and if I may put my question in a rather banal form, what are your impressions?

Well, I can't speak officially, of course; but there is no harm in giving you a general survey, I suppose.

In the first place, I rejoice to find the same old earnestness and determination to see the thing through. In the second place, alas and alack, my dear Verdad, I wish and wish and wish that all this earnestness were accompanied with a tinge of the equally essential intellectual elasticity. The fault is the same as ever: there is a lot of slapdash action and no ideas. But let me explain that remark. Every member of the Mission, and everybody in Washington, for the matter of that, is genuinely and frankly anxious to see your military and naval preparations and achievements, which your shout-the-loudest newspapers always decried. I am not going into the question of your Higher Commands when I speak of the general lack of ideas, mind.

That is a delicate point, I know, and the Prime Minister has dealt with it already. But how do you wish me to take that observation of yours?

Just like this: We have all noticed your gigantic Army—you have put into the field far more than the ten per cent. of the population which was previously believed to be the limit, even with Conscription, for any country in the midst of a great war. And the Navy has done magnificent work. But we people over on the other side don't believe that the waging of the war ends with the Army and Navy. We think there are three other factors to take into equal consideration—equal, I said. They are economics, diplomacy, and politics. This remark applies especially to the present war, even more than to our own scrap in the sixties. You do not appear—in our view, at any rate—to have considered the latter three factors. If a war is declared, any fool can understand that the Army and Navy must be used. But you people haven't considered diplomacy, economics, and politics as factors in waging war, either positively—that is, by active use against the enemy in his own country; or negatively—that is, by stimulating the patriotic feelings of your own people or of your Allies. Is that clear?

I think we have attended to these three factors in The New Age, though the Press generally has not; but I shall be delighted to hear you develop your views.

We can easily deal with economics, since my opinions on that point are known to you. A capable Government would have prevented profiteering of any kind from the very beginning of the war, and with it a good deal of the indignation that led to Labour outbreaks. Apart from that, you people didn't sufficiently consider the economic side of the war. Look how you let shipping down! This was an essential question of production, yet even as we sit here talking the papers are telling us that you are losing merchant ships faster than you can replace them—and yet you folks are the shipping experts of the world—and the Army authorities, the papers say, have not yet sent back to industry the experienced shipbuilders asked for by the Shipping Controller. A pretty muddle! Then, again, the production of munitions, the economic situation of the enemy countries, transport—all these things were neglected at first, simply because the people in control here hadn't enough imagination to see beyond puttees and blue trousers made narrow at the knee and wide at the ankle.

I agree about all that. What of diplomacy and politics?
Trotzky or somebody has said that the secret correspondence of the Russian Government is to be published. There was some talk of publishing alleged secret documents at the beginning of the Revolution. Why weren't they published? Why wasn't there a declaration by all the Allies jointly that they didn't care the stump of this cigar whether they were published or not? Why could nobody say, like Wellington to the blackmailer, Publish and be damned? That was one good move, I admit, at the beginning of the war. The diplomatic correspondence was published, and published nearly so that everybody had to buy it; but why did diplomacy after that stalk back to its cave with a dignified and injured air, as if it had done something to be ashamed of? Eh?

Oh, I don't know. Remember that the publication of the correspondence at the beginning of the war was urged upon the Government, and since then so many of our legislators have become placemen and do just what they are told. I entirely agree with you that there should be a campaign of diplomatic propaganda, and it's a pity that it has not been arranged for.

The third factor, politics, is the most important of all for both home and abroad. Consider for a moment the essential aspect of the war. Wilson summed up all our views by saying that this was a war to make democracy safe. He made it clear that he could not accept a peace treaty which bore no better guarantee than the signature of William the Second. He is willing to accept it--must have a good endorsement. The point was always, as it is now, to make the Reichstag back it. If you get William into such a position of moral dependence that he must appeal to the representatives of the nation to guarantee his say-so, then you have solved the problem that brought on the war. Isn't it so?

Yes. Have you seen much of the Minority Socialist propaganda? Of course I have. Remember that there was always a Minority Socialist in Germany in the person of Liebknecht. Now, that movement should have been supported by the Allied Press from the very beginning, even when it was a one-man movement. By steadily insisting on the rightness of the minority point of view--representative government, to sum it up--your papers would have been quoted in Germany. Their arguments would have been howled at in every German paper but one or two; but at least they would have been considered; they would have circulated. As it is, our view in America is that your newspapers and politicians, by neglecting the actual economic and political situation in Germany and making wild suggestions in consequence, have simply intensified the enemy's resistance, until by this time rational argument with the bulk of the German politicians has become extremely difficult. Why did they do it?

Defective education. Look at young Waugh's book I left for you this afternoon. Our public men depend for their information and views on their private secretaries, who are often as badly educated as they are themselves.

I am afraid that is true. Consider another point. Should you be surprised if I told you that representative government has advanced in Germany in proportion as it has retrogressed in England?

I give it up.

Listen and learn. The Reichstag had trouble with Michaelis out. The Reichstag, whose consent had to be obtained before Hertling came in? The Reichstag's. Who made up Hertling's Cabinet for him? The Reichstag again. But who put Asquith out? Northcliffe. Who put Lloyd George in? Northcliffe. Who made up the greater part of Lloyd George's Cabinet for him? Northcliffe. The King, the Lords, the Commons, all the political bigwigs--had they any say? Nary a syllable. Now do you see what I mean when I say democracy is spreading in Germany and subsiding in England? Northcliffe, to judge from what he has said here and in America, would like to be, and indeed must be, an irresponsible autocrat, with or without the benevolence of which Mr. Hodge speaks; and your Parliament appears to have given up its control while its members cheer with due decorum some out-of-date twaddle about the German political system. My dear Sir, I know well enough that the form of the thing is as autocratic as ever, but give it a chance; let it grow and develop. See what has happened--the Reichstag has stretched out an unexpectedly strong arm and hooked it round the Kaiser and the Imperial Chancellor. Isn't that something? With a sound diplomatic and political propaganda you can strengthen that arm immensely. But so long as your statesmen talk nonsense, aided by your jingo newspapers, about carving Germany in pieces and establishing commercial boycotts and so on, you must expect the Reichstag to use its new authority to the country, even if, for the time being, that may seem like defending the Kaiser's autocracy.

Hear, hear! We have always been believers in a democratic Germany; but I am prepared to agree, that is what you call in mind, that we can hardly expect revolutionary changes under ten million men are trying to keep the enemy away from the back garden. At the same time, there is nothing to prevent a formal change in the constitution immediately. The Russians did not hesitate.
Towards National Guilds.

SOVEREIGNTY AND THE GUILDS.—I.

We have no wish to be more dogmatic than is necessary to occupying any intellectual position whatever. We are entitled, however, to say that among the many problems contingent upon the adoption of the theory of National Guilds some are closed while more remain open. Among the closed problems are, for example, the nature of the existing organ which shall be taken as the nucleus of the Guilds: it is the Trade Union; and the question of the relative importance of industrial and craft unions. These and many other problems, we say, are closed, because guildsmen generally agree with the solution that has been arrived at in regard to them. These decisions may, of course, be challenged elsewhere; they may show no sign of being practically adopted by any of the existing Trade Unions. But these facts do not alter the fact that for guildsmen these represent problems discussed and settled. Among the still open problems, however, upon which no such general Guild opinion has yet been reached are as difficult as and many more difficult as and than have been closed and done with. They include the problems associated with the government of the Guilds and its relation with the State; the intergovernment of the Guilds themselves; the respective judiciary characters of the State and the Guilds; the relations between Guild policy and general politics; and so on. Upon these matters, therefore, it is not only legitimate to air opinions, but it is almost incumbent upon guildsmen to express themselves; for while they are still open the time is at hand, and when they are closed it is a time to be silent.

There is a natural order in which these unsettled problems come up for discussion; and when we say "natural," we mean that nobody can determine it at his discretion. On the one hand, we say, that it was the easiest matter for one of the writing guildsmen to bring into discussion any of the problems awaiting settlement. All he has to do is to write an article, or a series of articles, to open the discussion and to set the ball rolling into a conclusive pocket. But, in fact, it is not only not easy to discuss, or to bring into discussion, any given problem before it is ripe for discussion, it is usually impossible. Try as you may to set going a debate upon a problem prematurely, and you will infallibly find that either you fail, or the conclusion you gather from it is unripe and green; the debate will have to be carried on all over again. All this, of course, has nothing to do with National Guilds in particular. It is applicable to ideas of no matter what kind. We are simply affirming the experience of all thinkers that there is an order fixed by the time-spirit (or name) in which, and in which only, ideas can be fruitful discussed. The application to Guild discussion is as follows.

Some years ago, when a number of us were first discussing the subject of National Guilds seriously, the question arose of the relation of the State to the Guilds. To most of us the problem in the particular form appeared to be prematurely raised, at any rate, for a practical solution to be expected from it. We contended that since we had already provisionally decided that the Guilds should be National, the immediate problems were concerned with the constitution of the Guilds as a whole, and that the relation that might afterwards be established between the State and the Guilds. In a word, we were of opinion that the consideration of Guilds should precede the consideration of the State and the Guilds, as economic power was assumed to precede political power. But it chanced that there were several of our number who thought otherwise, who thought, that is, that since the problem of the relations of the State and the Guilds had been saluted, it should be formally introduced and put in its proper place; and they proceeded to discuss it as if it were really ripe for discussion. Well, what happened? As anybody may see who cares to turn back to some earlier volumes of The New Age, the discussion was carried on competently, vigorously and thoroughly. Even more than that, the conclusions arrived at were conclusions to which, in our judgment, all competent discussions of the subject must arrive. Nevertheless, it has to be noted that for all its effect upon Guild doctrine, the discussion might as well never have taken place, and for the simple reason that outside of the two or three persons participating in it nobody had any real interest in the problem at that time.

Since that period, however, the problem has been brought up in various forms and upon many occasions. These pages once more bear witness to the fact that so far from the earlier discussion, conclusive in one sense as it was, settling the problem for good, it has simply been ignored. Indeed anybody who considers ourselves and the protagonists of that premature debate has any recollection of its existence. On the other hand, from then until now there have been appearing in these pages and elsewhere in books and articles what may be called materials for a new discussion of the subject—materials, we venture to say, far fuller than were employed in the last discussion, and promising, in consequence, to bring us this time not only to the right, but to the sure conclusion. Nay, we would even go further, and assert that without these materials the original discussion could not be understood. It was an egg laid without a shell, a conclusion wanting protective premises. But in the light of the materials now assembled and derivable from the articles of Messrs. Cole, de Maizet, A. E. R., O. Latham, S. G. H., and the present writers, the earlier conclusions became clearer. They are, in short, well on the way to being established as the conclusions of guildsmen generally.

Our readers are, no doubt, all in the dark concerning what we are talking about; and it is time to enlighten them. The problem of whose debating history we have just given the outline is the problem of sovereignty under the Guild system. It concerns the domicile of the supreme power in a Guild State; and it opens the question whether in a Guild State there shall be two sovereignties—the sovereignty of the Guilds and the sovereignty of the State (or co-sovereignty, as it is called), or one sovereignty only, namely, that of the State. It will now be seen in perspective that practically all the discussions in which Guild writers have lately been taking part have turned upon this question: what is to be the nature of sovereignty, its constitution, its definition, and its powers, in a State whose industrial organisation is based upon National Guilds? Upon what, in short, are the proper or appropriate relations of the Guild to the State, of the producer to the citizen, of the man as industrialist to the man as a member of a nation. These, we say, are particular forms of the single problem that has been ripening for discussion during the last period that is now, in the general form of the nature of sovereignty in a Guild-State, ripe for conclusions as well.

We hope that nobody, least of all guildsmen, will dismiss all the foregoing as rigmarole. It represents not only the experience of years of discussion, but the mood in which conclusions both should and must be arrived at. Ready-made conclusions are like fruit hung upon a Christmas-tree. Being foreign to the nature of the tree, they do not belong to it, and cannot be repeated at the tree's will. But a conclusion pro-
The One Thing Lacking.

When the United States declared war against Germany we were told that she would make none of our initial mistakes. The best advisers that Europe could find were sent to give her the benefit of our experience, and her own amazing genius war directed to the more suitable methods of organisation for war. President Wilson's profession of America's spiritual mission of intervention restored, for a moment, the idealism with which we began this war, and found its practical expression in that extraordinary rush to the colours which expressed more clearly than any words could do the real will of the people. There never was a more popular war than this at the beginning, and if, by the time that America intervened, its popularity had somewhat declined, that was due not so much to what is called "war-wearyness" as to a growing distrust of the domestic reactions of the war. There is no doubt that any unpopularity of the war, any ebbing of the flood of the spirit of sacrifice, was due to profiteering, to the perception that certain persons were taking advantage of the national necessity and the public spirit of sacrifice to make enormous profits for themselves. The trade unions declared it; the co-operative societies declared it; the general public, through its Press, declared it; the Government declared it. What is the proportionate value of the Excess Profits Tax as compared not only with the acceptance of the Military Service Acts, but also with that marvellous free-will offering of life, which is the enduring monument of the voluntary system of recruiting, the fact remains that it does register the natural opinion that profiteering is the cause of the decline in popular approval of the war. It makes the national will that wealth created for the prosecution of the war shall be used to some extent for that purpose.

But however well-advised by Europe in the technical preparation for war America may have been, in this respect, she is repeating our mistake. It is not often that Americans find anything to admire in English politics, but in this matter of profiteering, in the sense of excess war profits, the elite English monarchy is being held up as a model to American statesmen. Mr. Asquith, who is Chairman of the American Committee on War Finance, addressed a letter in September of this year to the Conference Committee of the Senate and House of Representatives. The letter, we may say, was written in his private capacity, and must not therefore be taken as representing the view of the American Committee on War Finance, although his information was doubtless derived from that source. He had previously argued before the Conference Committee in support of two propositions: (1) that the expense of the war should be borne mainly by those who can do so without hardship—that is, by rich people and great corporations that are making money out of the war, and (2) that the Americans should, as far as possible, raise the necessary money by taxation and not by loans. These two propositions were heartily endorsed by the people of America, letters and resolutions being received at the rate of half a million a week. In spite of this expression of public opinion, Mr. Pinchot has, months afterwards, to reaffirm these two elementary propositions, to offer certain evidence and to argue against the inadequate expression of these propositions in the financial legislation of the United States, and to insist that the spiritual purpose of America is already being corrupted by the licence allowed to the profiteers.

He considers, first of all, the composition of the Council of National Defence. "In close co-operation with the Government, in daily conference with our highest executive officers, these men are forming two irreconcilable functions. They are sitting in the morning as foremost patriots, actively directing the mobilisation of America's resources, and in the afternoon as private citizens, used to former considerations, used to former business, used to private life, in the evening they are sitting in the General Committee and give elaborate details relating to thirty-three members of the Council of National Defence who are also directors or members of corporations which are making money out of the war. Summarising these details, the forty-eight corporations controlled by these men had a total net income (that is, of amounts applicable to dividends on stock) which, for the three years previous to the war, averaged $280,777,937. In 1914 it dropped to 208 millions; it 1915 to 412 millions; in 1916 to 500 millions. The figures for 1917 are not generally available; but for eight of these corporations he has the figures for the first six months, and their estimates for the whole year. For these eight the estimated increase of profit in 1917, compared with 1916, is 338 millions; and his suggestion that, for the whole forty-eight, the 1917 excess will be 1,200 millions of dollars cannot be called an extreme suggestion. When it is remembered that, in addition to these profits, the corporations concerned have paid out of earnings for great extensions of plant since the war began, it will be obvious that they really are paying concerns.

Labour, of course, has had its share of this abounding prosperity, and it is worth while considering one or two instances of what that share is. The United States Steel Corporation is of international importance, and we cannot be accused of impertinent curiosity if we examine the figures relating to it. Its pre-war average of net income was 63 millions of dollars; for 1917 it will be about 530 millions, which is quite a satisfactory increase. The "New York World" has shown that this increase of dividends is not due to greatly increased production, but to superior business ability. The prices of its goods have been "jacked up" to meet the universal willingness to pay more for necessary commodities; for example, in 1913, the Pittsburgh price for steel billets was $25.50; in 1916 it was $28, and in the middle of this year it was $300. Just to remind America and Europe that there was a war on, the Steel Corporation raised the price of steel plates by $25 within eleven weeks of America's entrance into the war. The price of steel plates was, in 1913, $32.50; in 1916, $73; in 1917, $200. But the total labour charges of this company rose only 27 per cent. from 1913 to 1916, or, as Mr. Pinchot puts it, "for every dollar of the Corporation's expenses that went to the employees, in 1913, the amount that went to the employees in 1916 was $1.27. But for every dollar that went to the stockholders in 1913 for dividends..."
Patriotic Campaign of the Women's Party.

A ball in South Wales. Speakers—Miss Christabel Pankhurst and Mrs. Drummond. Local Mayor in the chair.

Miss Christabel Pankhurst: Not since the days of the Spanish Armada had we been faced with such a great danger as at the present time. These pacifists among us... German influence... Ramsay MacDonald... when we were fighting and suffering for our convictions, who was against us?... Ramsay MacDonald... he always sided with the biggest bully... Wales... lovers of liberty... that great Welshman... we women... Ramsay MacDonald... these pacifists... German influence... profiteers... capitalists not the only profiteers... the working man who withheld any of his labour quite as big a profiteer... I'm sick of all this talk that because a man is a working man he is a saint... these pacifists... worse than the criminals in our gaols... (Holman and Ramsay MacDonald... part and parcel of the German military machine... the German Kaiser and his German people... peace by understanding was what the German army was fighting for, while the German Socialists worked for it... these pacifists... Ramsay MacDonald... no democratic régime possible in Germany... that great man, President Wilson... (Student thought he was a democrat)... the women's suffrage as we women had worked on behalf of Serbia and Roumania... we women thought it our duty to back up the Prime Minister in his determination to put an end to the waste of effort... you men, thinking only (only!) of your liberties and your freedom... it seems that freedom has something to do with the hours of closing the public-houses... it took the ballot in the South Wales coalfield to prove that Ramsay MacDonald's party was a minority trying to rule the majority... (a new and wonderful explanation of the ballot).

Our Social Programme... co-operative housekeeping... six milk-carts in the same street... (this sounded familiar)... one kitchen... eliminate housework... central housekeeping... SIX-HOUR DAY... LET WOMEN COOK IF THEY LIKED IT... WOMEN MAY "DOWN TOOLS"... (but what about our men profiteers, withholding labour, talking about rights and liberties?—Student assumes that the women who licked the ballot!)... women, voteless and pauperised... (it's beginning all over again)... German Kaiser... Ramsay MacDonald... the German people... these pacifists... German agents... Ramsay Mac... Germ... Ram... (Collection taken. Admission 12d., 6d., 3d.)

Mrs. Drummond having removed her expansive and expensive for coat, urged all women not employed on war work, those engaged in luxuries trades, for the sake of the struggle, to join the Wimmen's something or other... Welsh wimmen to work among Welsh people... stated that they had also taken oaths on the pit-heads... that she knew of a friend who had been in South Wales until the German people who had been officially certified to become a mother... NOT going wrong in France... Tommey and Jack the best fellows in the world... wimmen... you have given your sons, your give your daughters too... you may not believe the reports of atrocities... (musty examples cited)... suppose the Germans came to South Wales!... (making our flesh creep)... or was this Miss Pankhurst's thunder?... WIMMEN... why shouldn't your daughters go?... fathers send daughters... we are not going to leave South Wales until the war is over... we wimmen have to come... come to stay... come to stay.

FRED KAY.
Let us move on past May day:

"It is more than probable that towards the end of the month a raid will be made by the police upon the premises of what was thought by the public to be a social club, but which proved to be the meeting-place of many desperate and hot-blooded Socialists. Much literature will be impounded, and several arrests made, bail being refused."

(To our friends in Tothill Street should beware of the weeks following the ides of May in 1918.)

Old Moore also in his calendar calls to our attention the anniversaries of the births of Trollope, of the Princess Royal, of Alfred Austin, George Washington, Lord Haldane, Tho. Hood, of the death of Hugh Conway, of the birth of Sir A. Sullivan, of "Spenser Perceval assass.," 1812. He says: "Trade will be good and cash plentiful!" In December, all England shocked by terrible crime, alarming news from Ireland, "outbreaks and riotous conduct among a dangerous and reckless body of the Commonwealth," and, I think, the birth of an heir in some noble family, but I cannot stop to verify this citation.

On my own and unaided initiative I do not hesitate to predict the births of heirs in at least three families of title; and I venture to predict that at least two I liar'd mothers will have photos by Swanre reproduced in one of the leading Illustrated Weeklies, and I predict that several noted politicians will be discontented with the Government and that several new appointments will be made, and that there will be religious protests against sanity in divorce laws, and that grey hairs will appear on the occiputs of more than one well-known politician, and that rain will fall in the London district during the month of April, and that the sun will rise more or less in the East.

The British Weekly.

I was, as the more slavishly attentive among my readers may recall, warned against the "British Weekly" by my butcher. I wish I had heeded the warning. The rag is twice the size of the "Sunday Herald." It contains more Joseph, Hockin. And, moreover, my butcher was kind enough to tip me the wink in that all-embracing phrase: "That's Nicoll, that's Robertson Nicoll."

I know nothing personally of this Sir, Dr., or whatever he may be, Nicoll, save that he was once seen talking with Mr. Shorter in the hallway of the Royal Societies Club. I have heard no other rumour of his living and bodily presence. Of his spiritual presence, I am told "The Bookman" is a constant and eloquent witness. In a more enlightened community such a statement might be considered as libellous. I do not, however, find his name in the "British Weekly," and have no better assurance for connecting him with it than the stalwart speech of my butcher, and a few lines in a reference book. I do, however, find a name praecærus and well accustomed—it is the name of Claudius Clear.

On coming to England I heard this name somewhere, and supposed the owner was some connection or other of Smiles. However, the "British Weekly" has still got him. And, what is more, I find him reviewing some sort of book or criticising some sort of Victorian Essayist, of doubtless irreproachable morals. With the cols. next him, someone signing himself, "A Man of Kent," says that Conan Doyle's "His Last Bow" appears to him "one of the most agreeable and entertaining of all the inimitable Sherlock Holmes series." It is always nice to find these people criticising something one has read. The gentle peruser may turn back to No. V of this series. I analysed the title story of this Conan Doyle volume. He will then get the full idiomatic savour of the words "agreeable," "entertaining," and "inimitable," as current in Sir R. Nicoll and his publications.

This is as brief a summary of contemporary journalistic criticism of contemporary books as I am able to
Offer. The “British Weekly” is “A Journal of Social and Christian Progress”; at least, so we are told on its cover. The subscribers are told where to sub- 
scribe; the advertisers, that the “British Weekly” has by far the largest circulation of any religious newspaper published in this country—Church or Noncon-
formist.

And I by my choice of subject have got myself into a position where I am morally and socially bound to read or read at the shelves of the store before me, numbered 89 to 108, and measuring 13 by 19 inches.

The Rev. Principal Alex. Whyte, D.D., had a reverie on a raid night (alliterative). He wrote: “With the instruments of death hurrying over my head, I said to myself—let me now lay hold of the right handles, and thus work out my salvation, even in the moment of death; if that moment should come to me during this midnight.” The fine old Angle-Saxon alliterative measure seems coming back to its own, the exact position of the ‘handles’ must remain meta-
phorical.

On the next page we learn that ten prizes of ten shil-
lings each are offered for the best paper on “MY FAMILY BUDGET” sent in by a minister’s wife or housekeeper.

Hocking is here, as we noted. “Synopsis: Captain John Penrose, D.S.O., is staying at the home of his friend Teddy Onslow, in Hertfordshire, when a tele-
gram arrives from Athens to say: ‘Athene mysteri-
ously disappeared. No trace: Fear foul play, etc.’” etc., and as usual. It is quite clear wheretoward Xtn. and Soc. Progress is progressing.

Three generals talk about God. The Sayings of the week are full of pep. sic: from the “Xtn. World.” “If shortly after twenty years of age a human face has not acquired certain mental and spiritual qualities, its leave undone, is right.” “Church Times”: “It has come to this, that nothing the clergy do, or leave undone, is right.”

The “B.W.” in the rest of its vast and gloomy ex-
tent seems Christianly to have progressed to about the same status as the other Sunday weeklies we have in-
spected. The Ladies’ Column addresses “Dinah” in these words: “I cannot tell you the reason of your hair falling out, etc.” “Inquirer” receives the follow-
ing: “Since your letter has reached me, I have been making inquiries, but cannot learn of anyone suit-
able.”

Their one distinguishing feature, apart from the illustration of “Ficolas” is the “WHAT TO DO, Problems of Conduct” column.

60. Young man on leave marries in haste (I con-
dense their phraseology a la synopsis of Hocking); he returns to front, lady unsatisfactory, declines to work now she is married, overdraws his bank account: What shall he do? “A copy of ‘In the Northern Mists,’ by a Grand Fleet chaplain,” will reward, comfort, and enlighten the well-constellated emitter of the successful solution.

Let me close with a citation from the International Lesson: “When he heard the tidings, he had sat down and wept, and had mourned for several days.” (All rights reserved)

Il ne marquait que ça. “With Sorrow in his heart it was difficult for Nicholas to foresee the day when he should be copyrighted at so much per 100. “to the north under Sanblatt and the Ammonites to the east under Tobiah” (All rights reserved)

“to Jerusalem and a grant of material for the work”

“And he also provided him with a military escort” (All rights reserved)

Sermon on the Mount lately patented and issued with each pair of boots.

Out of School.

When a word creeps into common use as a term of disapproval, becoming more and more the symbol of an abstract annoy ance and steadily gaining touch with its actual meaning, it is generally a signpost to some-
thing that people are afraid of. The word “pedan-
tic” is the latest word of fear, and it means that many people are increasingly afraid that we are shortly go-
ing to be required to think, and we most probably are. It is endlessly important that we should carry on the processes of thought in blinkers and bearing rea-
ning—that is pedantry in the real sense, the sense in which Mr. Caldwell Cook, for instance, uses the word. But the word is being deported for a more secret and in-
tangible service. Let me give a small personal in-
stance, a small personal grievance if you like. J. D. Beresford and I wrote a book which contained a good deal of quite simple, holidayish thinking. He wrote a few chapters about his acquaintance with a certain thinker; then I wrote a sketch of the thinker’s life; and then we each wrote a bit about his philosophy of life. One of our critics calls this arrangement of the book—not what we have said in it, but simply its ar-
angement—pedantic.

You will see that my grievance is not really personal, but general. If the man had called the ideas in the book pedantic, he might not have meant anything, and might have been cross with him for meaning it; but the word means nothing as it stands. The arrange-
ment of the book could have been called casual, loosely-
knit, unsuccessful; as for calling it pedantic, one might as well say that the arrangement of the book was pink. None the less, the word makes an impression (here my little personal grievance returns, after all): the impression that the book is devoted to, or controlled by, the thought-in-blinkers that the word naturally suggests, instead of the true impression, as I take it, that the critic has been a bit disquieted by the implica-
tion contained in the book, that thought is necessary, conducive to mental health, and rather fun. Or per-
haps he only disdains education, or social inquiry, or me, or Mr. Beresford—there is no telling.

Certainly education has to keep an eye on the people who are using the word “pedantic,” who are loudly and unscrupulous. Directly it is realised that any-
thing important has to be done, such as the reform of education, the question begins to be asked whether it can’t be done without all this thinking. And the worst of it is that you can have an education that leaves think-
ing comfortably out of account. It is thoroughly hard to do this education in not thinking, though perhaps it is a degree better than the real pedantry, which is edu-
cation in thinking all wrong. If, so, it is only a very small degree better, for against the advantage of the fellow mind, which may learn to think effectively later on, you have to set the disadvantage of the atrophed mind, which won’t. Also, fallow fields grow weeds, gave them time, and they grow fungi as well. The mycology of words is sometimes useful to detect a fun-
goid idea. The misuse of the word “pedantic” marks the spread of the fungoid idea that you can have truth without thinking; that the public school spirit is something quite unaffected by what is taught or is taught in the public schools; that it doesn’t much matter what you teach as long as you don’t teach the facts of our social life, which is necessary to think about. There is something so doctrinaire (another word for the mycologist) about the facts of our social life.

Mr. Fisher’s Education Bill is in danger of being shelved because it puts a certain amount of education in place of a certain amount of child-labour, the blind pressure of manufacturing interest against it exists, not because the manufacturers are ogres, but because they can see that this is an awkward time to
READERS AND WRITERS.

There are readers of The New Age who do not like this column of mine. I understand, but, naturally, I do not sympathise with them. After all, even the best tastes differ among themselves. At the end there is always something a little arbitrary in an aesthetic judgment; which is at the bottom of it. On the other hand, there are readers who like this column even more than I do myself, and some of them is "Rufus," who has lately been contributing a similar causerie to a provincial paper which, for a good reason, I shall not name. "Amongst contemporary writers and critics," he says, "R. H. C., of The New Age, is my first favourite. Week by week, in that admirable journal, he discourses on literature with a grace and power such as I meet with nowhere else. He reminds me of Augustine Birrell when in his lighter moods, but Birrell is never so profound. I cannot tell whether I am more instructed or pleased by him; but I know that I am disposed to linger over his causerie, and to read it again and again." Such praise I cannot say embarrasses me as praise usually does; it is to my mind too innocent, too naively sincere to be suspected of any dishonesty whatever. At the same time, I cannot say that it flatters my vanity—and probably for the same reason, namely, that it was never intended to. Praise falls into two great classes, I think: praise that corrupts and praise that purifies. The former goes to the head and intoxicates its victim with self-importance, with the feeling of something done, with the sense that perfection has been already reached. The latter sobers its subject, vividly contrasts the merit of the thing done with the merit of the thing still to be done, humbles while encouraging him. And to this class of praise the eulogy of "Rufus" belongs.

From the articles by "Rufus" which I have seen—I have referred to them once before—my impressions are mixed. He is plainly in love with out-door life and with literature that reminds him of it. For instance, Thoreau is his chief favourite, and I would lay a penny that he would prefer a new essay by Thoreau to twenty by me. Jeffries, Hudson, Cunninghamham, Gra-eme, follow Thoreau; a Next, his predilection is for what he calls the full-blooded. His greatest novel is "Wuthering Heights," of which, as a Yorkshireman native to the Bronte country, he has not only the highest opinion but the best right in the world to it. "Wuthering Heights" represents passion, strength, character, mystery, greatness, solitude, romance—all the qualities, in fact, of the Yorkshire moorlands. No wonder "Rufus" is with his county in reverence for "Wuthering Heights," for "Wuthering Heights" is Yorkshire. Both these pre- dictions, however, go with a certain contempt for literary literature which, I find, blinds "Rufus" to a good deal of delight. He is disposed to think that "art" is an affectation of the "thin-blooded," and once in his causeries he even refers to the literatures as long-haired. It is all very well to make fun of the inessential idiiosyncrasies of conscious literatures. I laugh at them myself. A writer who can be known by his dress is, in my judgment, a figure of comedy, a bit of a stage-player of the spirit, as Nietzsche said. But it is a provincial judgment that despises the art because of the artist's oddities, or that fails to recognise that sometimes behind the cold exterior, however buskined and all dressed up, there is a real spirit of art. However, I am not defending the class against "Rufus." Let him smile. All I shall point out is
Journey Round My Room.

III.

I was once assured by a Brahmin, who was conspicuous for living up to his doctrines, that to possess is to possess. Everything goes to show that he was right—possession is something more than understood. Indeed, only two abnormal kinds of people have no worries about their possessions. They are the very poor, who have nothing to lose, and the very rich, who have nothing to lose that they cannot replace. The rest of us spend a large part of our time worrying about our possessions, and on the whole experiencing as much uneasiness from the fear of losing them as pleasure from having them. Our ownership is not secure, and this insecurity is one of the bane's of our life. We may properly say that insecure ownership, as ours usually is, is no real ownership at all, since it is undeniable that insecure ownership brings no enjoyment of possession.

There is a recipe for security of enjoyment—and this implies security of possession—which I should like to offer the world. No charge will be made for this secret, except the reader's readiness, if he will promise to follow me to the end of this chapter, I in turn will let him into my discovery at once.

This form of possession takes precedence over ownership by birth, marriage, entail, heritage, nepotism and far superior to the time-honoured possession, incomparable. I raise here the standard of the only real possession, the only proper possession, the only honourable possession, the only worthy possession, the only rightful possession, and, above all, the only secure possession; and this is ownership by right of—description! What a man can describe, he possesses; until he has described it, he owns nothing! Ownership by description is the only real estate.

It will be objected, no doubt, that what is here hailed as ownership is replete with risks. If we were all to become literateurs, the world would be a mechanical office; and, since the proceeds are to be spent for the support of the Y.M.C.A., we do not inquire who the landlords happen to be in Wessex at this moment, or who they were twenty years ago or will be fifty years hence.

Will anyone deny that the statue of Charles I. in Whitehall is the peculiar and inalienable property of Lionel Johnson, by virtue of his verses upon it? The Old Curiosity Shop in Lincoln's Inn Fields can belong to no one else as it belongs to Dickens, since it is not known to be possessed by any. It is not doubted that the Old Curiosity Shop of the Old Curiosity Shop and has duly fulfilled certain duties connected with it, such as paying purchase money for it, settling accounts with the rate-collector, putting up the shutters at night and taking them down in the morning, sweeping the floors, and putting rubbish in the windows. But, all this agreed, can such mechanical offices give him any claim or pretension to own a shop which Dickens has described?

No! Reader, I thank you for that word. No; a
The Collected Papers of Anthony Farley.
(Edited by S. G. H.)

XI.—EVER ENTANGLED.

My little canvas grows crowded, and I am but begun. I now realise, as never before, how much easier is the task of the novelist, who has his scenario carefully limited to his theme—puppets that move obediently to his touch. But the autobiographer must ever weave new persons and new matter, apparently extraneous, into the texture of his narrative, like a river increasing its burden as it moves laboriously to the moaning sea—that final dissolution of things earthly. How much happier would we be if, like a novel, we started life with a body of friends never to lose them? All my life I have envied those quiet communities in the backwaters of civilisation that continue almost untouched by the surge of young ideas and movements, developing firm friendships in the early years, marrying, recreating life and dying, in a communal atmosphere resonant of love, friendship, and unbreakable good neighbourliness. After scurrying to the four corners of the globe, seeing strange peoples and customs, after imbuing new ideas (generally on investigation found to be old), and tasting modern literature, I often long for those quiet Carnlagh days, when each birth was a great event, as it surely must be in the sight of God, and the departure of an ambitious young man into the great unknown world, out beyond there where the railway runs, was felt to be a tragedy, as it too often became in the sight both of God and man. Ehem! The primitive still lingers in my heart. Even now, when I am regarded as hardened and cynical, I cannot read books of the "Crandon" genre without tears and the stirring of poignant memories. New communities, like new movements, are provocative, stimulating, conscious of rude strength, but the gentle decay of the old, with their autumnal tints and exquisite softening, is something not less spiritual than physical, to my tired eyes the more divine and searching process. Is it a foolish idiosyncrasy to wish that when I pass beyond this babbled old friends shall say:—"Man and boy we've known him fifty years. He was like the Master in whom there was neither variability nor shadow of turning"? Fleeting moods and vain desires!

Susan Arundel brought two more figures to my canvas. She had gone North again, her winter campaign being in full blast. Grey memories of grim trade depression, with its swift sequel of a million unemployed, hover round a letter from her, as it lies before me, creased and discoloured. What were we to do with the unemployed? Even orthodox politicians became conscious of its urgency. I remember that the President of the Local Government Board went so far as to issue a circular letter recommending a more sympathetic treatment of poverty caused by bad trade. On searching my papers of that period I have found a resolution passed by a Socialist Conference. It is worth repeating, for it betokens the general blindness of the time to the true nature of the problem of unemployment. "That this Conference is of opinion that the time has come when some permanent institution should be established in the town to deal with the unemployed question, and calls upon the Bradford County Council or the Board of Guardians to take immediate steps to establish (a) farm colonies, (b) municipal workshops, believing that is the most efficient way of dealing with the vast and constantly increasing army of the unemployed."
Dear Comrade,—I have thought often of you since you went away. The weather had good weather, and did not forget in your enjoyment that the great struggle over here continues. When you return, you will throw yourself into it, won’t you? The movement wants such comrades as you; but you frighten me with your smiles and jokes and general levity. Dear comrade, be serious, I beg you. Stand at the edge with quizzing eyes, and make many of us unhappy. Do we seem ridiculous? We’re desperately in earnest, that’s all. I was told of a lecture you gave some time ago. It was punctuated with laughter. Please, please, comrade, don’t. It’s too terrible. I pass from town to village up here. Everywhere the same. My hostess apologised to-day for such poor feeding. She gave me a cup of cocoa, some bread and cheese, with a tomato. A bonny woman with beautiful children. Her husband has earned thirty shillings in three months. And you go on the platform and crack jokes! I want to cry all the time. With Hell gaping at our feet we must not laugh. I write from the scene of war, and picture you in slippers, before a blazing fire, with your Ruskin and Meredith. Here the people are clamouring. Their fortitude is wonderful.

I suppose you men don’t understand what it means to the women. Time for us to assert ourselves. I cut this from the “Labour Leader”:

"I feel, and thousands more besides me feel, that we are caged birds. We long for something we know not what, and some pine and die for lack of it, and some go on living without any music in their lives. Is it to be always thus? Some day we shall have the doors of our social prison burst open, and in the full enjoyment of our womanhood we shall sing and love and enjoy life as we dream it whilst we were yet maidens full of heaven, purity and innocence.

"Have you met Frances Wilton? She has just joined us. A splendid woman; took her degree with honours in mathematics. She understands economics. I wish she was more sympathetic. Her hardness raps me. But we are both women. She is going to lecture.

"And, oh! I meet David Smiles. He strikes me strongly. A big man, with grip of iron. Grey eyes that penetrate. He has been a minister, but found it too cramping. He wants to do something for the unemployed. A colony where they shall be set to make useful things and learn agriculture.

"I wrote to Each expressing my warmest sympathy, the ‘Labour Leader’:-

"Dear Mr. Farley,—Highthwaite with a broken heart. I am told that I have deserted my principles. You know me better than that, don’t you? I am still a democrat, but now see that democracy must learn to obey before it governs. The great thing is to teach it. David forces the truth of this by quoting many examples. He stands firm, erect, unmove in the midst of lying and slander.

"What hurts me most is the outrageous conduct of Frances Wilton. She has joined like a vixen. For I joined it I had no idea that it was to be run on feudal lines. Mr. Smiles and Miss Arundel, whose regard for reasonable decorum is a little to seek—and I am not squeamish—treated us with an arrogance not in harmony with their inefficiency. I regret if our action has injured the movement. But flesh and blood could stand no more, and the principle of democracy was endangered.

"I merely write to express the hope that you will withhold judgment until I see you.

"Yours fraternally,"

FRANCES WILTON.

Dear Comrade,—It has been a martyrdom, and I have Highthwaite with a broken heart. I am told that I have deserted my principles. You know me better than that, don’t you? I am still a democrat, but now see that democracy must learn to obey before it governs. The great thing is to teach it. David forces the truth of this by quoting many examples. He stands firm, erect, unmove in the midst of lying and slander.

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writers. And in my position I must know what to recommend to our young people. They look to me for advice about their reading."

"A heavy responsibility. What wicked authors have you been sampling?"

"Why, now, Mr. Farley, I certainly wouldn't look at any but the best authors. It is better to say to our young women, 'Read the best books you can get; then, if they seem good, don't do that, it is bad.' Positive advice is better than negative. So I have been going through our best magazines—'Harper's,' 'Scribner's,' and the 'Century'—and watching out."

"I hope you found nothing pernicious?"

"I'm vurry, vurry proud of our literature, Mr. Farley. It can go into the most cultivated homes. It is always in the vurry best taste. You must remember that with us it is the women who read, whilst the men work; so you see how important it is that nothing purely or suggestive should cross our thresholds."

"I fear," I remarked, shaking my head, "that in England our young women are breaking loose."

"It's just terrible. I've been discussing it with some of your noblest Christian leaders. Believe me, they're deeply concerned about it. My husband, who has a pull at Congress, says that the Post Office ought not to carry anything but what's pure and good. He's working to get legislation on the point."

"I know a young woman who smokes cigarettes."

"It's a sign, Mr. Farley, of degeneration. And some educated women in England have gone into politics. How are your mothers, after all? I'm thankful that our young women are still womanly and our men chivalrous."

"They tell me that the economic situation has something to do with it. I suppose you have no economic problem in America?"

"We have agitators and grafters who trade on the people's ignorance. But at the last Church Congress I attended, before going to Europe, Mr. Pierpoint Morgan told us that in America every man starts in the race equal with everybody else. And I suppose you know, Mr. Farley, that our Constitution declares all men equal."

"Yes; I've read it, and shall be immensely interested to see a country where all men are equal."

"I mustn't mislead you, Mr. Farley. They start equal, but some run quicker than others. That's Nature—a dispensation of work; and our men chivalrous."

"Ah, Lincoln, or Grant, or Emerson?"

"No; I ment Walt Whitman."

"Who did you say, Mr. Farley?"

"Walt Whitman."

"That's curious; I never heard of him. And I took honours in literature at Chicago University. Would you write his name down for me?"

Some ivory tablets, linked on an ivory chain, hung from her waist-band. She drew it up, detached a pencil and handed it to me. I had to lean over, rather awkwardly, to write the prophet's name, curious eyes glancing at me all down the table. Finally, I succeeded, remarking that I hoped our neighbours would not think that I was tied to her apron-strings, but rather that I was paying an act of homage. As I ascended to the Smoking Room, I pictured Mrs. Van Buren reading the Adamic Section.

Two months later, seated in my hotel room, in Chicago, dreamily scanning Lake Michigan, the bell-boy brought up my letters. Amongst them, this—

"Dear Comrade,—Warmest greetings. Wish me joy. It is a new home and a new earth. When I wrote to you last, the storm roared, the rain fell in torrents, all was black and dismal. I longed for forgetfulness. Everything seemed hateful. But into the storm to the rescue rode a cavalier, my champion, my king amongst men. Do you know him? Wallace Gillespie, artist, writer, orator. Above all, my man. He drew me unresisting to himself, his arms enfolded me. I tell him of my vow, but he laughs. His laugh is contagious, so I laugh, too. For six glorious weeks we have been in the exquisite solitude of happiness inexpressible. I have dreams of wonderful gifts from Fate—perhaps the greatest known to woman. You are one of the first to be told. Our glorious movement sweeps forward to victory. Come back and help. Wallace and I dedicate ourselves to the end. I am writing a novel. Love guides my pen."

"Your Comrade to the end,"

"Susan."

Ex uno! The novelty of those good days has worn off, but I have no reason to suppose that the modern woman agitator and politician is essentially different from Sybil Lloyd, Susan Arundel, Frances Wilton, Helen Thompson, and a score of others not unknown to the transitory glory of the platform. Women they were; women they remain. They have helped; they have hindered. And, on the whole, they have been a nuisance and a disturbance.

I try to think of the typical English woman—so placid, so capable, so splendidly nerved, so Australian, so Australia, as tenacious as her men. I think we shall find her in Spenser's 'Faerie Queen,' in the glowing lines that make Britomart live all down the centuries.

Views and Reviews.

The Higher Law.

Ar the risk of making as many last appearances as a prima donna, I return to the subject of conscientious objection. Lord Hugh Cecil's argument against the disfranchisement of conscientious objects was an important contribution to the controversy, because it demonstrated the contradictory nature of the conscientious objector's position. Of the merits of the particular clause as it applies to the various types of conscientious objects, it is not my intention to write; the principle of conscientious objection is completely stated only by those who push it to its logical conclusion and refuse to admit that they owe any duty to the State. They appeal, as Lord Hugh Cecil appealed, to a higher law than the law of the State; and no one will deny, or, so far as I know, has denied, their right to appeal to that law. By that law, they may be the elect, the very chosen of God; and when the last trump sounds, upon them may fall the task of judging the world for which they are qualifying by their behaviour here upon earth. There, where the King's writ does not run, they may have the franchise of the City of God, if they do not suddenly develop a conscientious objection to the compulsion of the moral law. As Christ said in the Sermon on the Mount: 'Blessed are ye when men shall revile you, persecute you, and say all manner of evil against you falsely; for My sake.' Rejoice, and be exceeding glad; for great is your reward in heaven.'

But if we accept the doctrine that rights derive from allegiance, it is obvious that the conscientious objects have no other rights than those granted by the law to which they appeal. Allegiance to the moral law entails moral rights; but political rights derive from allegiance to the State. This is most clearly seen in the process of naturalisation; the alien who becomes possessed of the political rights of a free-born Englishman does so by taking the oath of allegiance. The fact that free-born Englishmen do not take the oath of allegiance does not free them from the obligation of allegiance; they are heirs of the body politic, but the naturalised alien becomes an heir by adoption. But the rights and the duties of citizenship, if not commen-
The conscientious objectors have no monopoly of modern politics. Exact as it arrived at this conclusion, the “Times” report (which I am using) does not share in its moral law, higher than the law of the State, asserts that the doctrine: “The safety of the State is the supreme law” is Prussian (and so it is; it is also the first law of Nature expressed politically); but he does not show either that the conscientious objectors have interpreted it at a higher law correctly, or that allegiance to that higher law confers political rights. Like all the friends of the conscientious objectors, he believes them to be wrong: “That the conscientious objectors were mistaken, we have shared as vehemently as any one. But were they going as far as they were in punishing the conscience of the conscience?” The answer is “No”; we simply say that men who do not yield allegiance to the State have no political rights in it. No foreigner has the franchise; and conscientious objectors, by appealing to the higher law, have really made aliens of themselves. Politically, their Christianity is summed up in the one phrase: “Come out from among them, and be ye separate, saith the Lord, and touch not the unclean thing; and I will receive you.” They may vote for God, but not for the Patria Potestas, nor the law.

But if those who yield allegiance to a higher law than that of the State do not interpret it correctly, how do we know that it is a higher law, or has any real claim to be regarded as supreme? On the Christian hypothesis, we are all God’s children; we all have consciences which express themselves politically in the idea that those who do not yield allegiance to the State have no political rights in it. The doctrine that “the safety of the State is the supreme law” is as much a judgment of conscience as any other; the conscientious objectors have no monopoly of conscience. 

The conscientious objectors have interpreted it just as clearly as the “safety of the State” doctrine as in any other, for no one has attempted to show that collective self-preservation is immoral. Over this consensus of conscience, against this general and collective extraction of the moral law, we are asked to put an individual interpretation of the moral law which we are told is wrong. As though there were not enough stupidity in the State, we are asked to regard not only stupidity, but sheer and acknowledged error as supreme; the obstinacy of any fool is to be regarded as the will of God! Even if we accept this absurd doctrine, it does not justify the conscientious objector’s claim to exercise the political franchise, as put forward by Lord Hugh Cecil; if the will of God is not expressed through the other voters, then the political franchise is not a vehicle for the will of God, and would not become so if the conscientious objectors exercised it. God has no vote, and cannot qualify as a voter; and His subjects must therefore accept a similar disability.

In saying farewell to the subject, I also say farewell to a correspondent who has written me several interesting letters on the subject, and thinks that I have not dealt fairly with him. He insists that the conscientious objectors have a “right” to resist the law, and to suffer for that resistance; and my “unfairness” to his argument lies in the fact that I did not say that his “argument did not include the right to resist with impunity.” Therefore, he accuses me of “misrepresentation.” As my argument from the very beginning has been that conscientious objectors must suffer, that no one but themselves could relieve them of the consequences of their choice, it did not seem necessary to me to stress my agreement with my correspondent when what I wanted to express was my disagreement on the question of “right.” The conscientious objectors are no better, and nobody else is any worse, for the assertion of a “right” which, by the very fact that it does not claim immunity from consequences, is admittedly wrong. It is simply playing with words to call such an assertion a “right,” for a right is a power of doing, not of suffering; and no penalty attaches to its exercise.

But I must warn my correspondent against jumping to the conclusion that resistance to law is the condition of the development of law. It is really untrue to be so obsessed with a doctrine as to imagine that it must have been historically expressed. To tell me that “transgression of custom-law is not unknown in primitive society—nor was resistance to Patria Potestas unheard of—else why did the system die?” is to tell me nothing to the point. “The way of the transgressor was hard” in primitive society; and the endurance of custom-law is the strongest proof we have that primitive man did not claim a right to resist it. Law-breakers have always been since Cain slew Abel, or his father discovered sin in the Garden of Eden; but one and all, to the traditional burglar of these times (who says: “It’s a fair cop, guvnor; I’ll go quietly’’), have admitted it was not a “right” that they had exercised, but a wrong that they had committed. You cannot prove a “right” to resist the law from primitive society, where men actually “died of shame” at the command of the chief for a breach of tribal custom.

Nor is the case any stronger with respect to the Patria Potestas. It is hardly fair of correspondents to compel me to do all the reading and the quoting, instead of following up the quotation for themselves. Obviously with me, the letter of Trajan and Hadrian is apropos, and not the whole demonstration; and if my correspondent had turned to Maine’s “Ancient Law,” he would not have attempted his forensic justification of the “right” to resist the law. For it was the law and the affairs of the State that transformed the Patria Potestas, and not any resistance to it. “The first serious blows at the ancient institution are attributed to the earlier Caesars, and some isolated interferences of Trajan and Hadrian seem to have prepared the way for a series of express enactments which, though we cannot always determine their dates, we know to have limited the father’s powers on the one hand, and on the other to have multiplied facilities for their voluntary surrender. The older mode of getting rid of the Potestas, by effecting a triple sale of the son’s person, is evidence, my correspondent has told me, of a very early feeling against the unnecessary prolongation of the powers. The rule which declared that the son should be free after having been three times sold by his father seems to have been originally meant to limit, perhaps to repeal, the practice which revolted even the imperfect morality of the primitive Roman. But even before the publication of the Twelve Tables, it has been turned, by the ingenuity of the jurists, into an expedient for destroying the parent’s authority wherever the father desired that it should cease.”
that destroyed the Patria Potestas; and my correspondent would be well-advised to read history instead of reading into it the fantastic conceptions of men who do not understand even the obligations of their own religion.

A. E. R.

Reviews.

Marching on Tanga. By Capt. F. Brett Young. (Collins. 6s. net.)

Capt. Brett Young has written a most vivid account of his experiences with General Smuts' troops in East Africa; and, unlike most war-books, this is written by a writer. Certainly, he had the advantage of not being in France, where the war, like Wordsworth's world, is too much with us. In East Africa, the war was a war of movement, which means that there was much more movement than war, and many more enemies than the foe. Fever, and fly, and thirst, were ever present; and to the waterless waste of the bush, war could add no terror, although it certainly minimised what little comfort would otherwise have been secured. And the supreme mystery that men should be willing to suffer such continuous and acute discomfort and fatigue for the purposes of war, that they should pursue their foes into country where probably white men never trod before, and which is uninhabitable even to the natives of the region. But leaving the mystery unsolved, it is with a most profound admiration for our own species that we follow Capt. Brett Young's account of how they did it. His own work was with the medical service, and of the actual fighting he says little; but of the nature of the country, of the difficulties it presented to forced marches, he has much to say in a manner that is wholly commendable, that holds the balance fairly between the mere fact and the description of it. He had an eye for beauty, and photographed it; in fact, he spared no pains to make his book as illuminating as it is true. It has all the interest of an explorer's diary as well as being a record of a soldier's life; and his soldiers, we may say, do not talk slang. It was when he was lost in the bush with some of the wounded that he discovered, to his surprise, that the traditional virtues of the soldier were not fabulous; and we may say that it was a Punjabi Mussulman who enlightened him. It is a book that will be worth reading at any time during the next generation for its history of one phase of the war, and at all times for its simple record of what men can do and suffer in spite of apparently insuperable difficulties. His own words best describe the fact, while they indicate the quality of the observer. "We had always been told that an army marched on its stomach, but these men had been making forced marches and fighting on half rations or less. I knew then that an army Marches on its spirit, and the spirit of the army was great."

Knights of Araby. By Marmaduke Pickthall. (Collins. 6s. net.)

Mr. Pickthall tells us that his story is based upon history, a history of events that happened coincidentally with the period of the Norman Conquest. Why he should tell us that is not clear; a story is not better, is not more than a story, because it is true, and it is a confused literary judgment that decides that the truth of fiction must be related to the truth of fact. History should tell us what was, but romance should tell us what should have been; and if the romance is true, the author commits himself to the optimistic judgment that once, at least, in history what should have been achieved. But this is judgment of an unrefined imagination; for perfection does not lie in the past but in the future, or, rather, is not in time at all, but is to be found only in the ideal consciousness of man. Let us leave fact to the historian, and enjoy our romances of historical events because they ought to have been true.

From this point of view, the "Knights of Araby" is a good romance, which should have been a great one. A little more imagination, and less fact, and Abu Dad, the jester, would have rivalled Sancho Panza. He is not, like most of the other characters, exotic in spirit, although he shares a habit; he is compounded of the spirit of common humanity. Desiring only a quiet life, the exercise of his one gift hurries him into affairs for which he has no relish, and which, it must be admitted, he handles with more fidelity than skill. He should have been the centre of the common wisdom of the world; but Mr. Pickthall plagues him with a mad master, and reduces him to the level of a mere butt. The wit in himself is not properly expressed; he is too often the cause that wit is in other men, and he becomes a pitiable instead of an enjoyable figure.

For the rest, the story of this long struggle between rival dynasties is full of incidents that make an irresistible appeal to the imagination. The original conspiracy relating to "the dweller underground," the capture of the great camp by the seventy men armed only with wands, the alternation between Said and the counterfeit Lady Salihah, the rivalry of the Prince of the Pasha and Sadih, these have the feeling of romance. The stratagem that Lady Osma practised to make her son fight the invader, the madness that fell upon him when he discovered it, are as memorable as the later story of Jeyyish's wooing of Yasminah. The people are types rather than individuals; the old historian who wants to direct the conspiracy, and later the political affairs of the kingdom, according to the best traditions of antiquity is a pedant pure and simple. Sheyk Salam, king-maker and educator of Royal consorts, is uniformly successful in his base duplicity. Jeyyish alone seems able to alter his course when in full career, and to Jeyyish at last falls the kingdom, and upon the kingdom, the peace of the poet. But it is the swaying fortunes of the combatants that holds the attention far more than the result, far more even than the peculiar customs of an alien age and people. Towards the end, Mr. Pickthall treads a little, and lapses into Elizabethan expletives; but, on the whole, he preserves a style which, because it is like nothing else, must be called Eastern. We regret that so good a story should be true.

The Economic Anti-Christ. By the Rev. W. Blissard, M.A. (Allen & Unwin. 6s. net.)

Mr. Blissard's thesis is the very simple and very familiar one of the Gospels: "Ye cannot serve God and Mammon." The revelation of God through Jesus Christ was primarily the raising of human values to the nth degree, and if the extremity of the antithesis be maintained, economic values must rank not only as the lowest, but also as those most inimical to man. The things v. men controversy was settled by Christ by setting things below man: "What shall a man do if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?" So far, then, as the maintenance and creation of economic values usurps the attention that man should properly pay to his development in Divinity, it acts as anti-Christ; "the Prince of this world cometh, and he hath nothing in Me." All the more was progress proscribed as following the coming of Anti-Christ, Mr. Blissard sees at work in our social system, and culminating in the European war. There is much familiar information concerning social conditions in this volume; but the most interesting portion of the book is that relating to the antithesis of Mammon and Christianity. It is not new, but it is extraordinarily cogent; but we have lived by sight, and not by faith, for so long that we do not quite see how we are to live by faith. It would need another Christ to show us.
"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 GUILD OF ART.

The line between producers by hand and producers by brain is difficult to draw, and certainly does not seem to have been drawn at all rigidly before the introduction of machinery. The artist and the artisan spring from the same root, and they long worked side by side. Who shall say where the stonemason leaves off and the sculptor begins? And what, except Time, can distinguish literature from journalism?

Benvenuto Cellini was surely one of the most original of artists, and yet he took apprentices. There is something altogether delightful about those old Italian schools in which a Raffaele worked as one among a band of brothers, and every one contributed something to the progress of art. It seems as though modern painting were only a quite gradual development of the craft of illuminating missals; and we are only now beginning to distinguish between illustration and impression. The public still prefers the former.

Those glorious cathedrals that stand out like jewels against the dark background of the Middle Ages are the most perfect triumph of the Art Guild. The mere mechanical and mathematical science required to rear such monumental piles is prodigious for an age in which Virgilius of Salzburg was looked on as a wizard, and Roger Bacon could not be saved from persecution even by a Pope's patronage. Yet, in many cases, we do not even know the name of the architect of these wonders in stone. He was simply the Master Mason of his Craft Guild. Happily, the artist who can thus merge his fretting egoism in a group of fellow craftsmen all labouring together to produce one grand creation.

Such a spirit is possible in journalism. Already, the "Amsterdammers," a paper to which the Censor has permitted me to contribute during the war, is edited by a group of Dutchmen of letters, among them, my friend Van Eeden, whose works are not unknown in this country. Since I began this column, I have received many letters offering me support from writers who entertained a modest doubt of their title to rank as literary men. To all such I would answer collectively that there is no room for any such doubt in the true commonwealth of letters. To love poetry is to be a poet, to pick up the mahl-stick of Titian is to enter the Guild of Painters.

The besetting sin of genius is jealousy. Some one has said that if six men of genius could agree together they could rule the world. We do not want to rule the world, I hope; we are not Hobsonollers; but we do want to have the world so ruled that we shall have scope for our own spiritual growth and activity. We shall render a poor service to Humanity if we teach it that the best use to which to put genius is to starve it to death.

Immeasurable mischief has been wrought by Shelley's line:—

"They learn in suffering what they teach in song."

He meant the suffering of the heart, inevitable to the artistic temperament; but all the haters of genius and of art have seized on that line as the excuse to crucify.

This is the first step. If we can once rid men's minds of that delusion, we may fairly hope to renew the old brotherhood between hand and brain.

ALLEN UPWARD.

Pastiche.

FIGHT ON!

Fightest thou in the dark, poor soul.

And does the dayspring never come?

Art single-handed, Heaven dumb,

Whilst over thee deep waters roll?

Know then that day will never dawn

For those who fight in freedom's cause;

Unalterable, Nature's laws:

Thy hope must ever be forlorn.

The war of liberty will cease

When earth is cold and life has gone;

Oppression vanish with the tide;

To thee, alone, with death comes peace.

Thy sightless goat is never won,

Thy only triumph, endless strife;

The losing game demands thy life;

Yet, none the less, fight on! fight on!

BERNARD GILBERT.

CIRCE.

Who can prevail against the snares of sense?

The lures that crowd life's ways at every turn?

What devil's love a passionate lad may learn,

My veiled forebodings all his poor defence.

Against desire's restless eloquence.

Seeking strange joys where I only discern,

Headlong he speeds, unconscious that I yearn

To ransom him with life's experience.

I may but watch him reach the fatal isle,

On its voluptuous shore in haste to land;

Reckless of Circe and her swinish band;

But with no herb against her halatul smile.

Oh, youth! exposed to many an ancient wile,

Where all have slipped, God give thee grace to stand!

S. M. RICH.

THE JANITOR.

There is an august institution, which nowadays most of us have to visit on occasion, possessed of a janitor worthy of some niche in the temple of famous war workers. There are many guardians at the various entrances to the institution, but the janitor has the task of dealing with the bona-fide visitors who apply for a temporary pass. He is a small man of droll appearance, with a peculiar wheezy Cockney voice which is used continually in sub factions comment. You feel that he must have been recruited for his war work from the music-hall stage, perhaps a graduate of the Oxford or maybe a professor of the Tivoli, cut of work since it was pulled down.

Applicants as a class are given to foolish questioning, and in self-protection, therefore, the Janitor himself never stops speaking. It is true that he does answer questions but obliquely in the course of his chanting and garnished with generalisations on life. His attitude suggests utter boredom coupled with a martyr-like resignation. He is a Cockney George Formby.

"Any gempman wanter form? I've got locker forms ere—you've got to fill 'em in afore you can get in. 'Ere y're, sir; write your name, please. R-rite your name, ma'am, 'ere's a form; the messenger will be 'ere in a minute. Nah, then, come along there; take these three gempmen with you to the third floor; follow the gel, pliza. W'are all 'ere to 'elp and keep the war a-going on; that's a fact; 'ere's a form, sir. Doin' our bit, we are; 'ard, crool 'ard. Fill in—yas, so it is, but not kerrert. Nacher o bizzness against that line. Another gel will be 'ere in a mo' and then we'll be o'er it. Any gempman wanter a form? Oril rite, sir; no 'urry at all, sir; not 'ere, sir; again the rules. We 'as our reputations to keep up, same as anyone else. Everyone in turn; pliza, you can't expect the whole plice to put itself about for anybody. Any gempman wanter form? 'Ere, take these two, my gel, up to the fourth floor. Oril rite, sir, your turn'll come; no 'urry, there's no 'urry at all. Appliment? Fill in the same as anybody else and wait yer turn. A gel'll be dahn in a minute. . . ."

The Janitor's monologue is punctuated by snuffles and
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

PRESS CUTTINGS.

Sir,—The press cutting, from the gentleman "T. B. Johnston's" letter in The New Age of November 15, of great interest. The following facts are of much more interest. The "Abolition of Leaving Certificates Act" having become law, has determined themselves of the liberty to leave, and hand in their notices. While not preventing their leaving, the Masters' Federation pass the word around, and those same men on applying for jobs elsewhere in the district are not required, the reason given by the Unemployment Exchange being that of being seconded to the Janitor's lobby, you cannot forget the absence. While I rigidly abstain from making provisions among the Masters' Federation, and are sent 500 miles away to work, subsistence allowance having to be paid. This occurred at Newcastle. Again, four men leave, and are actually engaged by a firm, but on attending to start work, are told they cannot be employed, save at the works they have just left, the Masters' Federation has said so, a sub-contract from the one firm to the other, being said to be why they will not be employed. This has happened at Bristol, a week or so ago! Mr. Johnston cannot be surprised if such acts cause more distrust than his words arouse confidence.

"Shop Steward."

CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTORS.

Sir,—In the issue of The New Age dated November 15, 1917, "A. E. R." writes under the heading 'Views and Reviews,' "the conscientious objector is the only person who thinks that he is right." This remark surely overlooks the obvious fact that by passing into law the exempting section of the Military Service Act, 1916, the Legislature has given to an ethical objection to the sanction of the law, in the sense of affording a possible measure of protection to those persons who honestly entertain such. While I rigidly abstain from making pronouncements on the entire merits of the dispute, I must warn the readers of The New Age against accepting a view which is clearly absurd—absurd both because I have never involved us in the supposition that all the members of the House of Commons who voted in favour of the section are themselves objectors, which is in a high degree unlikely. One must also suppose that all the Lords who voted against it, and His Gracious Majesty, are also objectors.

But, passing from this, may I ask with all deference to their proper causes—R. H.

A PERSONAL EXPLANATION.

Sir,—As I hear that some misunderstanding has arisen concerning the story of the growth of my intellectual movement, will you permit me to say that my experiences were purely personal, and were related only in the belief that they might also be typical. It was in no sense intended as even a sketch of the history of the Guild movement, the objective history of which is still to be written.

A. J. H.

SAINT GEORGE AND CANON PETER GREEN.

Sir,—Perhaps a Papist may be permitted to express his interest in the passage of arms between "Saint George" and Canon Peter Green.

No doubt a canon may look at a saint, but it is unusual that the canonical attention should be made a sainctly excuse for a display of bad manners. It is, of course, quite likely that "Saint George" took a triple first in History, Theology, and Lit. Hum.; but such boast self-advertisement is usually left to cranky professors in the pages of "Who's Who." "Saint George's" point is that, if he is permitted to give liturgical instruction in private, he should be permitted to teach publicly in the pulpit. Edmund Bishop was a good liturgiologist, and W. G. Ward was a good theologian, but they were not permitted to teach publicly in the pulpit. They were laymen. It is open to "Saint George" to distinguish between the material, by the ordinary market mechanism and the prophetic offices, but until he has successfully done so his "point" is pointless.

J. A. V.

Memoranda.

(From last week's New Age.)

Coalition Governments are said to be unpopular in England; but the truth of the matter is that they are unpopular with themselves.

Lord Northcliffe is a Soviet that prefers to remain a Soviet.

To restore to Parliament and the nation what Lord Northcliffe has taken from them is the first necessary means to the definition of our national policy in clear terms.—Notes of the Week.

A liberal form of government in Germany is essential for the peace and progress of humanity.—S. Verdad.

I know of no social or economic issue which would differentiate producers, as such, from consumers, as such.

The foundation of all exploitation is to control the labour commodity, together with the raw material, by the ordinary market mechanism linked up with supply and demand.

"Mr. Everybody the Consumer" is found, on examination, to be really "Mr. Somebody," and at best a very small part of the population. The implied antagonism between producer and consumer is not economic but commercial.—S. G. H.

We cannot rightly regard a State as politically free unless it recognises that there is a sense in which all men are equal.

The struggle for liberty is merely a contest against the less reputable parts of human nature.—O. Latham

Cinematography is nothing but gesture-language photographed.—John Francis Hope.

The ill-effects of false news and unsound views are too long delayed, and too subtle, as a rule, to be attributed to their proper causes.—R. H. C.

The manifest sign of weakness in the more rampant modern art movements is the rapidity with which they melt into stereotypes.—B. Dms.

Superiority has its obligations of making itself intelligible to its inferiors.

We are responsible not merely for what we do ourselves, but for what we make others do to us.

That ignorant men should behave ignorantly is not surprising; but it is more profitable to denounce intelligent men who behave stupidly, and put themselves at the mercy of their inferiors.—E. R.

Poetry is a state of soul which has triumphed over a state of mind.—Reviews.
PRESS CUTTINGS.

In a very remarkable address Mr. Kuczynski, first of all compared the systems of taxation of England and Germany. Supporting his remarks with elaborate and significant figures, the speaker showed how far Germany has in this respect remained behind her wealthy enemy. When compared put before the meeting the strong financial policy of England, and he warned the public to beware of underestimating the English methods of financing.

As far as to the taxation policy, the speaker considered the loan policy of Germany far superior to that of her enemies. Germany has succeeded in obtaining within the country itself the means to provide for the current part of the war expenses, which is not the case with the Allies. In addition, Germany has been able to place all its internal loans at practically the same rates of issue and interest, which has not been the case with the Allied nations either. Of all the belligerent nations, Germany at present enjoys the cheapest war credit.

Whereas England, therefore, had a loan policy which was far inferior to the German policy, she succeeded, thanks to her superior system of taxation, in collecting during the four years from 1914 to 1917 in taxes an amount which exceeded the corresponding amount in peace-time by 18 milliard Marks (about $500,000,000). Germany, on the other hand, only managed to reach an increase in her revenue of 4 milliard Marks ($200,000,000) on account of the corresponding decrease in war expenses, which is not the case with the Allies. In addition, Germany has been able to place all its internal loans at practically the same rates of issue and interest, which has not been the case with the Allied nations either. Of all the belligerent nations, Germany at present enjoys the cheapest war credit.

The speaker concluded by insisting that the Government should draft a fixed financial programme to be passed into law before this winter. Even then it need not be put into full operation until the end of the war. -"The Times."