NOTES OF THE WEEK.

LORD LANSDOWNE’S letter in the “Daily Telegraph” has missed its mark. There can be no doubt what the writer’s intention was: it was to exhort the Allies to define their war-aims in terms comprehensible to the people as distinct from the government of Germany. And with this appeal we have, of course, every sympathy. But when this simple exhortation is mixed, as it is in Lord Lansdowne’s letter, with irrelevant, inconsistent, and dangerously controversial matters, instead of the appeal being strengthened, it is weakened.

In other words, Lord Lansdowne’s efforts have obscured rather than advanced the excellent intention with which he set out. To begin with, the letter was so drafted as to allow superficial readers to suppose that Lord Lansdowne’s object was to advocate an immediate negotiation with the enemy; and as such it has been read in places which desired it. But while we are of the opinion that the war has been unnecessarily prolonged and is being at this moment unnecessarily prolonged by reason of the failure of our diplomacy in this respect, we cannot conceive that there are no reasons, if even there are no good and sufficient reasons, for the present policy. What, in fact, we ask ourselves, is the cause of the failure of the Allies to state, re-state and reiterate their war-aims? Having so much to gain by it, be it only the goodwill of people like Lord Lansdowne, why have not the Allies adopted this course and created a Supreme Council on war-aims to publish from time to time addresses to the world and to the German people in particular? The answer, we imagine, is to be found in the fact that the Allies as a whole are not yet agreed upon their common aims. And it is to be found in the further fact, and one of the very highest
consequence, that from the moment of America’s participation in the war, any common agreement among the European Allies was bound to be submitted for ratification to America whose consent to the old aims was certainly not likely to be spontaneous and immediate. The position at this moment is therefore something as follows. There is a division of opinion between the European Allies and America on what should be the common body of the aims. The former group clung for the present the territorial agreements arrived at between them before America entered the war; and they find it hard to re-orient their aims or to see in Germany anything more than an aggressive State that must be defeated and crushed. America, on the other hand, has very different intentions and a very different outlook. While agreeing that Prussia must be militarily defeated, America is not prepared to support the European Allies in their original territorial plans or to countenance their proposals for attempting to keep Germany permanently subjugated. America’s object, it cannot be too plainly stated, is the democratisation of Germany—the “liberation” of the German people, and until the European Allies are prepared to adopt this as their formula, a common agreement upon war-aims as between all the Allies in its importance has been the cause of a long delay. For this reason we can only repeat our opinion that men like Lord Lansdowne and our Liberals generally are beating the air when they demand a re-statement of war-aims before understanding what the present difficulty of the Allies consists in. It is not, as they assume, a difficulty of speech or even any lack of conference and discussion; but it is the fact that while the European Allies have officially stated only military and territorial objects, America has the additional and more comprehensive object of a change of constitution in Germany itself.

An event of not much less significance than that of the democratisation of Germany would be the accession to power in our own country of the reconstructed Labour party. At the conference held on Saturday last a resolution was unanimously adopted to “prepare a national programme and obtain suitable candidates to contest every possible constituency with a view to the formation of a Labour Government to carry out the objects of the programme.” This is a splendid enterprise, and we wish it well. Whether, however, it will succeed or not depends upon several factors concerning which there is doubt. If the main object of the Labour party is to he concerned only to have his own neighbour opposite whose light; are exposed may share it to the extent of leaving our profiteers to the judgment of God when they are plainly under the judgment of men. ***

The “vicious circle” of rising prices followed by rising wages, followed, again, by rising prices, continues its cyclical career, and the Government has yet discovered the means of breaking it. The “Times” has its usual ingenious notion of how to do it: it is by resisting the next demand for higher wages on the part of workmen who are suffering from the next leap of prices. It need not be said, however, that any attempt to break the ring at the point where it is strongest is foredoomed to failure; and the Government will be ill-advised to make it. The source of the ring and its initiation in point of causation is to be found in two circumstances: the diminution of Supply relatively to Demand, and the inflation of the currency. Either of these by itself would raise prices; but both are neglected altogether and the inflation of the currency. On the contrary, by its policy of loans the State has been the means of inflating the currency, in which course it continues to the present moment. How ineffectual must be the regulation of the supply of commodities without a simultaneous and comprehensive regulation of the supply of the commodity of money, to which all other commodities are reducible, events are proving. The only way to break the vicious circle is for the State to stop borrowing and to tax instead. ***

At St. Paul’s on Sunday last the Bishop of London appeared in his usual role of protestant individualist. The only souls we were concerned to save, he said, are those of protestant individualists. When he said, the example of the protestant individualists of the time, one thing is certain, namely, that for some years to come only the largest and most comprehensive national questions will be able to command universal attention. In the second place, what of the candidates? Is their selection to be confined to the class hitherto exclusively calling itself Labour, or to the class of the brain-workers recently invited to join the Labour party? Is it, again, to be confined to individuals who see eye to eye with the present Labour leaders, or who are willing to pretend to do so? In that event, the Labour party will once more fail to make a national party for itself; for its surely as it ostracises friendly critics, the latter will be made to appear unfriendly critics by sheer force of circumstances. The transformation of the Labour party into a National party is a task for the most generous and creative minds. Its agents are engaged in a work not more difficult than that which taxed the abilities of the founders of the American Republic a hundred and fifty years ago. Their minds need to be stretched to their utmost limits of liberal opinion, and to be as nearly as possible all-embracing; for the personal defects of the authors of the new Party will infallibly show in the forthcoming history of the Party itself. We shall know in the course of the next few weeks what that future is likely to be.

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duty. Among these the foremost is Lord Northcliffe, who was very anxious that everybody else should be put at the disposal of the State, but who himself has taken a conscientious objection to several of the services he has also advertised, by the State to discharge. In his Press, moreover, this consistent inconsistency is to be seen every day. Side by side with Lord Northcliffe's appeals for national economy, national saving, national restraint from spending labour on luxuries, and so on, you find vastly more effective appeals, issued by tradespeople, to ignore all these national duties and to spend your money to their private advantage. And these latter appeals that more than cancel the former, Lord Northcliffe not only publishes for pay, but he employs a staff of labour to collect them for him and to encourage more and more tradespeople to undoe the work of the national authorities.

In the issue of the "Times" which contained the report of the Bishop of London's sermon, together with other matter of a still more urgent character, appeared the following advertisements (that is to say, appeals to spend) of the following: oriental carpets, underwear, cigarettes, furniture—cream, brandy, a column each of Marshall and Snelgrove, Debenham and Freebody, Liberty, London Glove Company, Benson, and scores of smaller appeals beside. There was also a special article on Paris fashions, very well calculated to fire the reckless extravagance of the munition workers who are in the habit of reading the "Times." We know, of course, that all this is familiar to our readers; and that, like us, they see very little hope of doing anything against it. But we can, at least, exercise our Christian right of observing that our brother Lord Northcliffe is not playing the game. The contemporary issue of the "Daily News," by the way, had sold twenty-five per cent. of its space to advertisers, among whom the Chancellor of the Exchequer cut a poor figure beside somebody's brandy.

As was to be expected, the Employers' Parliamentary Committee have not been idle during the recent discussions of the Whitley scheme for the creation of Industrial Councils for the control of industry. At a Conference to be held next week resolutions will be carried for requiring of Labour as a condition of taking its own control, first, its assent to the principle of legally enforceable agreements, next, its submission of Trade Unions to the ordinary laws, and, finally, and for the foregoing purposes, the repeal of the Trade Disputes Act. Why the abandonment of the right to strike is not explicitly demanded we can easily guess; as we have often said, the word would never be mentioned, but the substance is what matters. It is strange, is it not, that employers should be found today, who, in spite of the threat of a Labour Government, are still ready to demand a price for the benefits about to be conferred upon them by Labour? The supposition of the employers is, of course, that the creation of Industrial Councils represents a concession made to Labour, a spontaneous thank-offering of Capital for which Labour should be much obliged to pay; and the present demands of the Council are the bill. We must disturb this happy dream, however, by remarking that it is an illusion; the boot is, in fact, on the other leg. Far from being a concession to Labour, the proposed Councils do not, as their object the welfare of Capital during the period of reconstruction now before us. They are Capital's attempt to insure itself against loss. Under these circumstances, so different from those imagined by the Employers' Parliamentary Committee, Labour owes Capital nothing for Industrial Councils, and would be wise to forgo no present right or privilege to have them adopted.

Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdad.

In several recent issues, including the current issue, of the "New Witness," Mr. G. Chesterton has done me the honour of replying to the open letter I addressed to him on November 1. It is in no spirit of idle compliment that I remark that I am honoured by Mr. Chesterton's reply. He is one of the few living journalists who see a point when it is made against them, publicly acknowledge it, and attempt to reply to it. There is no running away to hide his confusion in silence, nor any pretence at not being convinced when he is. In a word, it is a pleasure to discuss with Mr. Chesterton because he knows the rules of public discussion.

Before replying to the specific questions addressed to me in his current article, let me try to make clear to Mr. Chesterton how the matter stands in my mind. There are theoretically three possible outcomes for Germany from the present war. They are (a) Mr. Chesterton's own solution, (b) the British cabinet solution; and (c) The New Age solution. Let us consider these separately.

(A) Mr. Chesterton's solution is the break-up of the German Empire, the reduction of Germany to "a geographical expression," and to her original "chaos of cities and tribes." There should not be one German standing on another when he had done with it. This solution has the merit of being very thorough, like Mr. Chesterton himself. There is no nonsense of compromise about it; and I will not say that I could not honestly support it myself; for, indeed, I am often tempted to think that it would have been better for the world if Germany had never existed or could now be simply wiped out of existence. Unfortunately, however, for Mr. Chesterton and myself (in my worse moments) this solution is not practicable. The world has not the strength to employ it. It is not an alternative solution to that of the New Age. It is a pious or impious wish and nothing more; vox et praeterea nihil. I therefore raise my hands in supplication to Mr. Chesterton to put it out of his mind. It is an ideal that can never be realised. Germany will remain after the present war; and no power in the human world can prevent it.

(B) This being the case we are left with the solutions (b) and (c). These, I would have my readers note, are neither of them ideal solutions; but in practical life the choice is seldom between the good and the bad: it is between the bad and the worse. And this is the case with the solutions before us. Either, I say, Germany will be left after the war as the "Morning Post" proposes to leave her; or as The New Age proposes to leave her. There is no other alternative practically open. Now, what is the "Morning Post" solution? It is to leave Germany militarily defeated, but with the Prussian system intact and ready to renew its militarism. It is not, indeed, to leave it in the hope that Prussia will have learned her lesson: it is, on the contrary, to leave it in the certainty that Prussia will only have learned the lesson to prepare better next time. The "Morning Post" is not in the least alarmed at this prospect. It is quite prepared to leave Prussian militarism alive, since the continued existence of Prussian militarism will require militarism in her neighbours; and this militarisation of democracy is precisely what the Morning Post wants. This is so obvious that I am surprised Mr. Chesterton does not see in what company he is when he opposes our efforts to democratise Germany. The "Morning Post" does not want a new Germany; the "Daily Mail" does not; the "Times" does not; English capitalists do not; British Imperialists do not. And the reason is plain; they want to keep Prussia as a whip with which to beat the democratic and labour dog at home and all over the world.

(C) Now I say that the choice before us is between this solution and the democratic solution. Mr. Chesterton...
ton's own alternative is on the face of it impracticable; we cannot reduce Germany to a geographical expression. We are thus left to make our choice between leaving Prussia standing (as the "Morning Post" wants her left) and a democratic Germany. But at this point Mr. Chesterton suddenly begins to have doubts about the parliamentarisation of Germany, if not about the value of democracy if it could be brought about in Germany. Very good for the first doubt. I have myself some doubts about the complete practicability and the complete efficiency of democracy in Germany. So has Mr. Chesterton. But he does not go so far as his "Nate of the Week" in the last issue of this journal. We have not swallowed Scheidemann whole by any means. We have not done with Herr Scheidemann. All we say for the present is that between the only two practicable solutions of this war—the "Morning Post" and The New Age—the New Age solution is the better. And all I ask of Mr. Chesterton (as of Liberals in general) is that they should face the fact that the choice is not between The New Age solution and his (or their) ideal solution, but between the continuation of the present Prussian autocracy which is the only practical alternative to The New Age solution for its badness, Mr. Chesterton ought therefore to attack the "Morning Post" solution for its worseness. And we need his support; for I am pretty sure that, without it, The New Age solution while the "Morning Post" solution will emerge triumphant over the heads of both parties of us Democrats.

Now as to the questions Mr. Chesterton has addressed to me. He asks in the first place, Why should a German Parliament be democratic? and, in the second place, Why should a German democracy or a German parliamentarisation be pacific? These questions, though I repeat they come with an air of strangeness from Mr. Chesterton (for he used formerly to accuse me of not being a democrat) are not by any means answerable. Compare them with the similar questions we might ask of the Prussian system which (may I say for the nth time) is the only practicable alternative to a German democracy. Suppose we were to ask of the Prussian democracy could it be democratic or could it be pacific?—the answer would be a smile. We know, in fact, that the Prussian autocracy is by nature antidemocratic and by nature militaristic. It has not even the choice of being otherwise. It is therefore something to the good that of The New Age alternative to the Prussian autocracy the questions raised by Mr. Chesterton can even be asked. That a German Parliament could be pacific, a state of Germany could be pacific or a dynasty, or at least an unchanging autocracy. The immediate point is that The New Age solution, if Mr. Chesterton will do us the honour of reading the "Nate of the Week" in the last issue of this journal. We have not swallowed Scheidemann whole by any means. We have not done with Herr Scheidemann. All we say for the present is that between the only two practicable solutions of this war—the "Morning Post" and The New Age—the New Age solution is the better. And all I ask of Mr. Chesterton (as of Liberals in general) is that they should face the fact that the choice is not between The New Age solution and his (or their) ideal solution, but between the continuation of the present Prussian autocracy which is the only practical alternative to The New Age solution for its badness, Mr. Chesterton ought therefore to attack the "Morning Post" solution for its worseness. And we need his support; for I am pretty sure that, without it, The New Age solution while the "Morning Post" solution will emerge triumphant over the heads of both parties of us Democrats.

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as the head of the Church. The two policies of Rome are not always consistent with each other. Spiritually the Church must of necessity be anti-Prussian; but potentially the Vatixine has taken many of its eggs out of the Prussian basket to say so, still less to act so. But this is a postscript to the main issue.

**Herr Scheidemann's Presidential Address.**

(Delivered at the German Majority Socialist Conference at Würzburg at its sitting of October 18, 1917. Translated by “R. H. C.” from the French version published in “L'Humanité” of November 7.)

On this occasion of our Congress the tremendous events through which we have passed since our last meeting must weigh heavily on our hearts. Three years and three months of the greatest of all wars have passed away. Millions of men and nobody dares yet to say when it will all end. So years and three months of the greatest of all wars have passed away. Millions of men and economic conditions that will emerge from it.

Socialists, on the contrary, mill to live, and we have the hope that calamity must fall upon mankind as the head of Prussia, Belgium and France, though driven to seek shelter in caves, nevertheless cherish hope. We do not have the right to be indifferent to what is happening, to what political and economic conditions that will emerge from it. All we can say is that conditions are changing at an extraordinary rate, though nobody can tell whether they tend. One thing, however, is clear in all this darkness: that calamity must fall upon mankind if the man who attempts to control events but leaves events to control him.

We, the organised working-class, have an importance greater than ever before. We have not the right to be indifferent to the events of the nations. Great tasks await us. There are profound changes in the course of the war.

We have duties towards our great German community, and also towards that other great community of Humanity which is now engaged in fratricidal strife. We have not the right to be indifferent to the outcome of the war. We must face the reality of the present situation; we must have a clear idea of the socialisation of the working-classes; and it is due to the war that the social-democratic party has now the right to exercise direct power in the State itself.

The parliamentary system will come about by one means or another. After the war Germany will inevitably become both a democratic and a parliamentary State; and a parliamentary majority will be compelled to assume all the responsibilities of government. The first Reichstag elections after the war will, therefore, have an importance greater than ever before. We do not know what will be the outcome of them; but, unless appearances are very deceptive, I think they will result in a tremendous victory for our party. If that should be the case, we shall no longer be able to enjoy the pleasures of opposition while leaving to others the responsibility. Is there a soul in Germany who desires that this great country should continue to be governed after the war by an anti-Social-Democratic block, managed by conservatives, pan-Germans, and reactionaries?

In the coming elections it is real power, decisive power in the State, government itself, that will be at stake. We must be ready at a moment's notice, on the demand of the nation, to put our Socialist principles into practice. We shall find ourselves faced by the same tremendous problem which in times of peace used to give us nightmare. Do I say the same problem? If, before the war, chance had suddenly thrown power in our way, the task then to have been accomplished would have been child's play to the task now awaiting us. There was then in the country all the abundance arising from a long period of capitalist prosperity. Our storehouses were full to overflowing. To-day the land of promise will not be the Promised Land flowing with milk and honey. We are poor. Blood flows from a thousand wounds. We have scarcely enough bread for all. For three years our people have been labouring unproductively. The increasing amount of paper-money is the measure of our growing mountain of debt.

It is amidst a heap of ruins that we may be called upon to realise the socialisation of the means of production, to institute a new distribution of goods, and to ensure to everyone the means to live. That is a task to appall the boldest among us. Socialism is, indeed, we are profoundly convinced, an idea of immense power. But no idea, however great, can at a single bound lead humanity from hell to heaven. Even with the best possible treatment, the wounds will be only slowly healed. And it is probable that under these circumstances the impatient patients may begin to be critical of the conscientious doctor, and fly to the first quack that comes along. We must, therefore, count with the danger of grave reactions if we should come into power after the war. We ought for that reason to show ourselves to be prudent politicians, and to refrain from promising the people heaven upon earth. This said, however, we can with an easy mind express our conviction that reorganisation after the war will only be possible on the principles of both Socialist politics and Socialist economics. We cannot be satisfied after the war with a great many mere delegates of Socialism, we must put our Socialism into practice. Neither must we forget that Socialism is not in itself an end, but only a means to an end, the end of the material and spiritual well-being of the organised workers. For if the organised proletariat were opposed to the State, it would not be confined to providing cannon-fodder for Imperialists, but it would maintain and proclaim everywhere the ideals and objects of its own class. But the proletariat of to-day is not a mercenary of the ruling classes: it is a partner born of distress, who, moreover, will not fail to prevent his accounts at the end of the war. We are still only at the beginning of the transformation of the working-classes; and it is due to the war that the social-democratic party has now the right to exercise direct power in the State itself.
people. On this account we must take care to inquire of any measure not serve the purpose to which it is Socialist, but whether it is consistent, for otherwise it may happen that in applying our principles falsely we shall find Socialism discredited by our deeds. We must above all make the immediate good of the masses of the people our first concern.

We shall have to settle immediately after the war to bring about a purely Socialist system, and to socialise all our institutions to the last barber's shop. At the same time, the Empire, the State, the Reichstag, the trade union, and the co-operative society must each play a different part from their role before the war. Penetration by means of nationalisation will accomplish our aims most rapidly. What are the industries which the State can at once take over; and which of them must be left to private initiative? The question can only be answered on the merits of each case. Our aim is to raise the power of the nation to the highest degree of productivity, and to exploit our far greater resources. We do not propose, after the war, to lead a life of idleness. Everyone must work, each at his own job, with absolute self-abnegation. We must remember, too, that a people does not become richer but poorer; hence, the Socialist conception, on the other hand, desires that each should contribute to making the total production as large as possible. Moreover, it guarantees to every man in return for his minimum expenditure. 'The Socialist conception, on the contrary, desires that the world of labour is not confined to manual work. And here I may say that the world of labour is not a mere workhouse, but a vast field is offered us for this pacific rivalry. That must be changed.

In order that we may be equal to the tasks imposed on us, we need something greater than the strength of our own party. Our aims will extend far beyond the framework of the existing Socialist organisation directed, as this has hitherto been, to the purely political struggle. They are not the business of a party only, but of the people and of the whole nation. But whatever may be the solution of the resolutions of the Labour Conference at Leeds, and of the resolutions of the Paris Labour Congress, whether he belongs or not to the Socialist party. It is to practical Socialism that I invite all those who have felt the new wind stirring. The first decision concerning our future will not be made in the competitive trenches. A small but influential section, who recognise only the struggle of force against force, would let us return after the last shot has been fired with our flags unfurled for business as usual. It is, of course, true that we do not propose an automatic revolution, but a simple return to laissez-faire would lead inevitably to catastrophe. How can we secure the necessary raw materials for our industry without the help of the State? What would prices become if the State were to allow the restoration of free supply and demand immediately after the war? How would wages be maintained? A society without economic control would result in such distress that a violent explosion would be almost certain.

Socialism will be necessary if only as a measure for the preservation of the State. It will be no less necessary for national finance. A Budget five times larger than ever before will be required to pay off the debt. The solution of the State's financial problems is inconceivable without the aid of State monopolies and the heavy taxation of wealth. Actual Socialism would therefore be necessary even if there had never been any theories or propaganda on the subject. If Socialism had not existed it would have had to be invented.

But exactly because we are inevitably driven to Socialism we are the less inevitably driven to democracy. The immense powers given to the State in consequence of the present economic necessity would be insupportable if there were to remain in the hands of an uncontrolled bureaucracy. In face of the enormous powers of the central authority it is necessary that every individual should have his life-property in the control of the State. Nobody can be required to obey a law in the making of which he has not taken part as an equal with his fellows. Authorities, Ministers, and Chancellors who prove themselves incompetent must be promptly dismissed. Germany has need of democracy not only for war, but also for peace.

To secure the peace of the world after all these accumulated horrors must be our noblest task. We were not able to secure peace on the fatal first day of August, 1914, but let all the nations give themselves the power to secure peace for the future. The peoples themselves must create the goodwill of the world which has made our principal adversary in the present war so strong? And in what consists our greatest weakness? England has realised that it was necessary to win the friendship of the whole world; but we have lost it. That must be changed. We must be prepared between England and ourselves; it cannot be any longer for the coasts of Flanders, but for the goodwill of the nations, the soul of the world.

It is not submarines or tanks that will win in this new war, but the progress of democratic and social institutions. A vast field is offered us for this pacific rivalry. Among all nations the war has reproduced the same state of wretchedness, and everywhere we find the same measures being adopted for their recovery. An almost exact identity characterises the demands of the working-classes in all countries. From a comparison of the resolutions of the International Labour Conference at Berne and of the resolutions of the Labour Conference at Leeds it is impossible to say in what the specific national differences consist. That, I think, was the real reason why the English refused to attend the Berne Conference and the French were forbidden. Speaking as an old Socialist, however, I am enough of a nationalist to wish that Germany may come out a victor in the new pacific rivalry. That Germany may be found leading the world in social progress ought to be our ardent desire and the object of our best endeavours.

But even this will not suffice in itself to obtain the goodwill of the world without which we cannot even exist, and which, moreover, cannot be taken by violence. I frankly confess that the mentality of a section of our people is not irresponsible for the world's hatred that has been unchained around us. I repeat that we must make an end of it. The policy of Germany after the war must be such that it cannot be possible, at home or abroad, concerning the honesty and sincerity of our democratic character.

The days in which we live are truly tragic. Dangers, difficulties, and momentous decisions lie ahead both for our own party and for the nation. But while faith in our ideal and in the inexhaustible strength of the proletariat keep us standing, mountains of suffering cannot overwhelm us. It is in this faith that I say to you: We have seen great things, we shall see greater. The war which we are now experiencing is,
after all, only one of the wars in the blood-stained history of the world. It is the tradition of the past raised to madness by the development of modern science. What we desire, what we are struggling for, is to lift humanity to a higher level of culture, and to create an international society of Socialist nations. Thus the war may be only the prelude of a greater event than the world has ever witnessed. It has shown us what a nation is capable of in case of necessity. After the war our watchword must be more clearly than ever that struggle is necessary. For peace does not mean that there shall be no struggle, but only that we shall cease to struggle like beasts and begin to struggle like civilised men.

After the war let us say: War is dead! Long live struggle! Long live work and the fight for Right! Forward, march! In that faith let us advance to the assault.

**Liberty and Democracy.**

By Ramiro de Maestrí

The functional principle simply says that the objective powers, which the social rule confers upon rulers and ruled, and the positive laws through which the social rule is expressed, ought to be submitted to function. The functional principle is not a criterion of ultimate values, but purely a criterion of political institutions. And so Mr. G. Latham, the recent critic of this theory, is perfectly right when he says that: "It is impossible to determine any details of what values are by reference to the functional principle alone." The functional principle starts from the assumption that the social rule has already determined what set of values ought to be secured by law. A very elementary society will content itself with demanding of law merely security for the life and property of its members. A more complicated society will try to secure elementary instruction for all its associates. The American Constitution aims at securing the pursuit of happiness. An ideal society, such as I would like to see, would aim by means of law at discovering the greatest possible number of important truths. What the functional principle says is that, once the totality of ends is determined by the social rule, all political institutions—the positive laws, and the individual wills in so far as they enjoy objective powers—ought to be instruments and functions of the common ends. And this is forgotten by actual laws and by thinkers on political theory. When they try to secure thought in the community they proclaim liberty of thought, and they do not seem to realise that liberty of thought equally implies the liberty of not thinking. But if thought is proclaimed as the fundamental good, the functional principle will try to secure it in a positive way. And it is not impossible. If we have arrived during the last half century at making reading and writing universal by means of compulsory education, I do not think it is beyond the region of possibility that in the next two hundred years all men and women could be taught how to think logically.

The functional principle certainly acknowledges, with Mr. Latham, that there must be "in social structure elements other than the abstract idea of function." But this is only the beginning of the functional principle over both the authoritarian and the liberal principles. The function is function for an end, and it is submitted to this end by its very definition. But the authoritarian and the individualistic liberals maintain hierarchical subordination and personal liberty as first attack functions, because it overrides authority, and the second, because it overrides personal liberty. Mr. Latham tries to refute the Functional State by adducing the Selenite State of Mr. Wells: "where the children of the lower classes are from birth so treated and developed as to be able to perform one task and one only, to which the citizen (if so he was) is to devote his whole soul and find in it his good. Mere labouring men might by hypnotic means be cured of desires above their station, and even induced to spend the intervals between their tasks in healthful and refreshing sleep, instead of wearing and useless agitation." And after describing all these horrors, Mr. Latham asks: "Why should one not admire such a State as an ideal, producing what values are possible by the most detailed division of labour, thoroughly efficient and under the all-seeing eye of a most wise man, if one does not believe that liberty is good?"

I must confess that the example is excellent. The Lunatic State assumption would be destructive of my thesis were it not self-contradictory. But it is self-destructive. We are told that the poor live contentedly and with Mr. Latham, that there must be "in social structure aLunatic State assumption would be destructive of my thesis were it not self-contradictory. But it is self-destructive.

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pleasurable argument with means that by the very fact of compulsion you have already money; I am going to spend my both facts that oppose each other and principle. An act profoundest and highest human need, and yet when account the existence of both impulse.;;

thought of every possible good-immortality, purity, highest needs would find perfect satisfaction, they have other wills; repulsion to resist the claim to call

individualistic liberals talk of personal liberty, as if liberty were of earth and not of heaven.

And do it is. That men on earth like to do as they wish is as true as the contrary assertion that they like to impose their will on others. They also like to call their likings by big names. They call the first personal liberty; the second, authority. But what really are they, liberty and authority? Merely the two moods of human will, in its relations to other human wills: repulsion and compulsion. Compulsion wills to override other wills; repulsion to resist the claim of other wills. Authority is compulsion; personal liberty, repulsion. And if you like to think in collectivities, I would say that compulsion is imperialism and repulsion nationalism. The principle of function must take into consideration the existence of both impulses; and it must give fair play to both. But it cannot accept either as a principle. An act of compulsion or repulsion may be functional or not; it may be good or bad. They are both facts that oppose each other and that cancel each other, but they are neither values nor guides nor principles of social life. To speak of the value of liberty or authority is as absurd as to speak of the goodness of centrifugal or centripetal force.

The only advantage of compulsion over repulsion is that by the very fact of compulsion you have already got some sort of social control, although, I confess, it is a poor kind; while by means of pure repulsion you cannot get any kind of society whatever. I read some time ago the story of an Englishman who went into the North Australian bush and lived there among the natives. He took with him a white woman, but she failed to adapt herself to the new conditions. By means of the compulsion of the whip he then enslaved a number of native women, set them to work for him, and to make him a patriarch. It was not the best arrangement, but it was an arrangement. And I know of another man who hoped to contract a marriage on strictly liberal principles. He said to his fiancee: "You are going to live in Wimbledon; I am going to live in Bayswater. You are going to spend your own money; I am going to spend my own money. You are going to see your own friends, and I am going to see mine; and there will be no agent of the State to step between us." The girl replied: "Splendid! but why should we not remain single?"

But it would be a poor return for the splendid intellectual honesty of Mr. Latham if I were to end our plausible argument with a short story. I understand by personal liberty the objective power granted by the law to the individual of controlling the determination and execution of the social ends. Both personal and political liberty are political institutions, because they can only be secured by means of the law. You have personal liberty when you are entitled to the protection of the police against any person who may try to force you to serve social ends against your own will. If your ideal is to make universal political liberty, you are a democrat; but if you got it to make personal liberty, you are an individualist. Democracy is an ancient, classical, and possible ideal. Universal suffrage is a considerable step towards democracy; but as the last century has realised that the political power of the masses cannot be made effective it unaccompanied by economic power, there was the Socialist scheme, in general, and, particularly, the National Guilds scheme in order to fulfil the promise of democracy.

The individualist ideal is neither ancient, nor classical, nor possible. Personal liberty has only been enjoyed by a few thousand absentee landowners in Versailles and absentee shareholders in Park Lane. You may believe that it is possible to create a State in which every member might be entitled to enjoy his share of social goods without feeling his corresponding burden of social obligations. I do not think it is possible, unless the Distributive State of Peasant Proprietors were transformed into a Cellular State, in which neighbouring farms would be separated by blind walls ten feet higher than the highest trees, in order to prevent all intercourse and dealings among men; for as soon as men begin to deal among themselves some wills prevail over others; and hence some are overridden. Exit personal liberty from the stage!

Mr. Latham may confess, with Rousseau, that in the making of a State some part of personal liberty must be sacrificed, but he may add that this sacrifice ought to be as small as possible. We sacrifice to the State a portion of our personal liberty to make sure of the rest. Personal liberty, although impossible on earth in its fulness, remains always the unattainable ideal. Mr. Latham has clearly perceived that in order to establish its value, he is bound to show either its intrinsic or its additive value as an element in a valuable whole. But he has not shown that personal liberty is an intrinsic value. Intrinsic values—such as truth, righteousness, power, and love—are intrinsic, precisely because they are independent of our likes and dislikes, but the value of personal liberty cannot be disentangled from our liking of it.

Mr. Latham has not even attempted to show the intrinsic value of personal liberty. Its additive value could only be established in two ways; it is either an additive value to the action or to the agent. But it cannot be maintained that the Chinese Army is superior to the German Army, merely because the former is voluntarily recruited, while the latter is recruited by compulsion. A hospital is not worse if upheld by taxation than if it is kept going by voluntary contributions. On the contrary, a State which should place all social obligations upon the shoulders of the best-willed people would automatically banish good will.

No doubt some hospitals are proud of being upheld by voluntary contributions, but it is not because this fact enhances the value of the hospitals, but because it is supposed to enhance the value of the donors. And so it does, but it is this object and not the freedom of the action that enhances the value of the agents, for if the donors would equally freely contribute towards the poisoning of the waters of London their value would not be enhanced, but diminished.

Mr. Latham can only maintain the additive value of personal liberty by accepting the theory of Leibnitz's philosophy: that there is a pre-established harmony between the fate of every individual and the fate of the Universe; that every man progressively inevitably towards its own perfection; and that eternal Reason is eternally alight in the soul of every individual. Mr. Latham may find a dilution of these
The Guilds, the State, the Consumer, Mr. S. G. Hobson, and Others.

1. Mr. S. G. Hobson's article in The New Age of November 22, taken together with his previous articles in the same series, raises so many issues to which I want to reply that I am almost at a loss where to begin. I shall, therefore, at the present stage, only select one or two points, and perhaps, in replying to these, lead on to a discussion on a wider issue.

Mr. Hobson is mainly concerned to destroy the idea that the State is to be regarded as, in any sense, the representative of the "consumers." In repudiating this contention, he very rightly begins with a definition of "consumption." He rules altogether out of the class of "consumption" the "use" of such public amenities as parks, art galleries, libraries, and the like, which, he maintains, "are in a quite different category from the ordinary production and consumption of commodities." He then divides consumption, again quite rightly, into two classes—"final consumption" of a finished product, and "intermediate consumption" of a raw material. Further, and still quite rightly, he points out that Labour, in so far as it has been dealt with as a commodity, belongs to the category of "intermediate consumers," since it is merely something which goes to the making of a commodity.

From this point, Mr. Hobson goes on to a further important distinction. Since Labour is not, and cannot be, under the wage-system, a "final consumer," he only "final consumer" is the capitalist. To this point I assent, and, not reply to the argument based upon it, since it is directed to Mr. Shaw rather than to myself.

Having replied to Mr. Shaw, Mr. Hobson returns to himself. He agrees that, after the abolition of the wage-system, every man would be a final consumer, but he rejects the idea that the State is the representative of the consumers. He argues that it is "economically impossible to differentiate" production and consumption, and that "the implied antagonism between producer and consumer, which is more apparent than real, is not economic but commercial" (i.e., concerns not function, but profit).

This brief summary of Mr. Hobson's argument was essential to my purpose, because it restates his arguments, I hope fairly, in the order in which I intend to deal with them.

2. Intermediate and Final Consumption. I agree that Mr. Hobson's distinction between the intermediate and the final consumer is valid and important, and also that the wage-earner belongs necessarily to the class of intermediate consumers. I agree further that it follows from this that the final consumers constitute to-day only an insignificant fraction of the population.

I cannot, however, understand clearly from Mr. Hobson's article how he conceives the relation between the intermediate and the final consumer. He puts forward the point that, under a Guild system, one Guild would immediately consume the products of another, and he suggests that I should not put forward the State as the representative of the manufacturing Guild as against the Guild producing material for it. I reply that I should not, and, again, that I should. Suppose the State, as the representative of the final consumer, to be dissatisfied with the price charged for pots and pans. The State, through its department, would, I presume, complain to the Guild representing the sheet-metal workers. If the sheet-metal workers replied—and made out their case—that the high prices of pots and pans was due to the high price charged for tin-plates by the Iron and Steel Guild, surely the State would have the right to raise the matter with that Guild and with the Guild Congress, and to have it thrashed out as a joint question. I say this, of course, without prejudice to the right of the sheet-metal workers themselves, through their Guild, to raise the question with the Iron and Steel Guild, either directly, or through the Guild Congress. My point is this. The "interest" of the intermediate consumer merges itself in that of the final consumer, because the price of materials enters into that of finished products. Therefore, if the
State is the direct representative of the final consumer, it is also necessarily the indirect representative of the intermediate consumer.

3. The State and the Consumer.—This brings me to Mr. Hobson's final point, in which he denies that the State is in any sense the representative of the consumer, whether final or inter-related, that there is no separate representation at all, since, in his view, the processes of production and consumption cannot be economically differentiated. Mr. Hobson asserts that there is a "commercial" differentiation, but maintains that the "interests" of producer and consumer do not differentiate at any point unless the element of profit enters. Since there will be no profit under a Guild system, he concludes that there will be no differentiation of interest. Indeed, he goes further than this, and maintains, in a passage which I cannot entirely follow, that "the producer is par excellence the consumer." Mr. Hobson's argument on this point is that "supply creates demand," and that "the consumer never does, and never will, until he becomes the producer.

Now this, as a generalisation, is simply not true. It is, of course, true that the producer largely directs the flow of demand this way or that; but the extent to which he does this is strictly limited, and his power of direction, apart from the mere huckstering and advertisement incidental to the present system, is greatest in respect of articles in the nature of specialties into which the element of individual taste largely enters. He does not to the same extent govern or direct the demand for staples! The producer and not the consumer is certainly the originator of new forms of supply; but the consumer determines whether he prefers to consume these new varieties, or to persist in his demand for the product to which he has been accustomed. This is obscured to-day by the enormous power of capitalist advertising; but if the consumer were set free from this burden, he would determine supply not less but more than he does to-day.

This, however, is not the main point. Mr. Hobson's fundamental argument is that production and consumption are so closely inter-related, that there can be no economic separation of interest between them. In this connection, let me say at once that "interests" is an unfortunate word. I have never suggested that, in a democratic Society, the interests of producers and consumers would be opposed: in fact, the whole system of National Guilds seems to me to rest on the truth that their "interests" are not opposed, but complementary. If "interests" were opposed, I should certainly abandon the attempt to strike a balance between them. The real point at issue becomes clearer if, for the ambiguous word "interests," with its inevitable suggestion of profit-seeking, we substitute the word "standpoints" or "attitudes." The standpoints of producer and consumer are differentiated, not as opposed, but as complementary.

"Profit" obscures the true nature of the relation of producer and consumer, which is not, fundamentally, a relation of exchange, but a meeting of supply and demand. These two points of view will subsist and enter into a true relation, only when profit and commercial exchange disappear. Supply does not create demand, but neither does demand create supply. The two interact, and the best form of social organisation is that which recognises and organises their interaction. We must, therefore, not conclude, because they are intimately inter-related, that they are not differentiated. It is precisely their diversity in unity that is the final justification of National Guilds.

A few last words, and I have done. The fact that the State is regarded in the economic sphere as the representative of consumer, user and enjoyer does not prevent it from having other functions as well. I was dealing in the book which Mr. Hobson criticises only with the State in its economic aspect. For what I have to say of it in other relations, I must refer him to various papers in the "Proceedings" of the Aristotelian Society, with which he is, I believe, familiar.

As for Mr. Hobson's dragging of the Fabian Research Department into the controversy, let me say that the publications to which he refers are drafts by Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Webb, to which the Department is in no way committed, any more than it is committed to other works by other writers which the Department has published. I do not myself agree with these Reports, and I do not see why Mr. Hobson should desire to associate them with me, or with my views.


Drama.

By John Francis Hope.

The fact that "Loyalty," so recently produced at the St. James' Theatre, will probably be dead by the time that this article appears, is a curious commentary on the English character. Here is a play written in praise of the English, and they stop away from it; a play which has for its theme the salvation of England from its traducers, and they behave as though they, like Hamlet, preferred to wait until they find something that "has no relish of salvation in't." They flock to revue or the cinema, I am sure, because they think that, like the Order of the Garter, "there is no damned merit" in either form of entertainment. If "Loyalty" were the first play of the kind to receive such treatment, I might be generalising too widely from one example; but "The Pacificists," by Henry Arthur Jones, ran only for ten days, I think, at the same theatre, and that does not receive public approval confirms me in my opinion that the English public will allow the stage to do anything it likes with the war except make political capital of it. You may tell them what you like at a public meeting, and they will cheer you and say "Rule Britannia!" with more enthusiasm than choral training; but in the theatre, they are as shy of their virtue as Juliet was, and if they do not protest:

"Thou know'st, the mask of night is on my face; Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek:
they stay away. It is all very well for Britannia to rule the waves, but Melpomene or Thalia, preferably the latter, should rule the theatre. Britannia is not without honour, save in an English theatre when she is suspected of being a party politician, and a Primrose Dame at that.

"Loyalty" begins with a falsification of history. It shows us the offices of a Socialist paper before the war, and tells us that a Socialist government was in power. At that time, I remember, the Liberals used to reproach the Socialists by declaring that they were all Tories; and if the unknown author of "Loyalty" does not go so far as that, he shows us that the sub-editor of the "New Standard" was a Tory, and the editor's secretary was, in his spare time, a lecturer for the Anti-Socialist League. The analogy with German spies apparently did not occur to the author, although he introduced a German to show how heartily the German propaganda was espoused by a Socialist editor. The poor patriot of an Anti-Socialist lecturer, compelled by poverty to work for a Socialist paper at unprofessional rates, is apparently intended to be a sympathetic figure; and Mr. Randle Ayrton's skill as an actor nearly makes him so. But personally, I should have been more impressed by his whole-souled devotion to the principles of Sir William Bull if the Anti-Socialist League had retained his whole service at a remuneration more commensurate with his value.
The Socialist Government, we are asked to believe, had thought for only two things, Party and Peace. What the Opposition was doing or advocating, we are not told; snap-divisions and Ulster rebellions apparently have no dramatic value, and the new policy of the Tory Party seems to have been the creation of the sub-editor of the Socialist journal. "Country" and "War" were the main planks of his platform; and he determined, as soon as he understood that the only woman in the play, elegantly dressed by Lacie, agreed with him and disagreed with her father. But the ostensible cause was that Herr Pfahl and his interests of all the Anti-Leagues of the Tory Party, "Kamerad," of course, who treacherously shoots the subeditor of the Socialist journal. "Country" and although profoundly moved by the recital, still claims Ayrton, the "English manner" of Mr. Aubrey Smith, National Government), but the Welshman only intention. The hysterical passion of Mr. Randle bouncing inconsequence of the editor is delightfully (a pocket edition of Bernhardi and Treitschke (what did Tretschele write that could be put into a pocket edition?) was not allowed to "put us wise," as he phrased it, to the intentions of Germany. A timely legacy of $7,000 a year enabled the sub-editor to stand for Parliament as an English Nationalist (apparently without any support from the Tory Party) and to win a Socialist seat against the opposition of all the Labour, Democratic, Pacifist and Nonconformist organisations (of which the constituency seemed to be full), with any other recommendation than a charming manner, an appeal to patriotism, and the sentimental support of the only lady in the play. But the behaviour of the crowd suggested that he had spent his first year's income in beer which was more potent than now, under a National Government.

The rest of the play is devoted to the discomfiture of everybody except the English Nationalist M.P. The Socialists are represented as continuing their nefarious party propaganda and organisation, ignoring atrocities, decrying our own militarists, and supporting their sons' pleas of conscientious objection. Meanwhile, the hero is meeting Herr Pfahl on the battlefield (a "Kamerad," of course, who treacherously shoots the hero), winning the V.C., I, think, and being invalided out of the Army. I expected a rhapsody on Conscription, but was disappointed; but the Anti-Socialist lecturer lauds the officers, most of whom subscribe to the League, and apparently has nothing but contempt for the rank-and-file. The Labour Delegate is converted from pacifism by a Zeppelin raid, the Scotsman, by the legacy of Germany were welcomed by the editor; while Gerald Wellesley, the "grand manner" of Mr. Fisher White (particularly in the last act)—there is everything in the acting that would have made the fortune of any other play. But while "Loyalty" is rating against the Party in the interests of the Anti-League of the Tory Party, the English public more wisely fills "The Better 'Ole" at the Oxford, and leaves "Loyalty" to die of its parti pris.

December 6, 1917

THE NEW AGE

Out of School.

If we attempt to educate for genius, we may get an average of talent; when we educate for talent, we get an average of competence, and in so far as we sink to the level of educating for competence we get an average of stupidity. There are two obstacles to our educating for genius. The first is the habit of regarding genius as in our minds, to an isolated pinnacle, garret or padded cell, instead of tracing its continuity with talent and competence. And the second follows from the first: we have no technique of genius-training; we have not even studied the rudiments. There is an imposing structure of technique for the training of talents, though all the educational geniuses agree in telling us that it is jerry-built; we have to start at the elementary beginnings of an immense subject if we are to train the qualities by which genius transcends talent, and our first efforts will look like toy buildings. The beginnings of experimental psychology, the science that we have to call in aid for the verifying of our speculations, look childish, and very often are. That is only to say that the behaviour of an infant science is infantile.

Also we have the very natural excuse of human inertia, that we don't know where to begin. The only way is to begin by pulling at the first loose thread that comes to one's hand. Some of the threads simply pull out, and we look foolish; but it is highly important, in the art of speculation as in all arts, not to mind the risk of looking foolish. Other threads, when pulled, will show a startling pattern of the way the pattern is woven.

The eccentricities of genius—these are threads that may stand pulling for a moment—are curiously interwoven with its working. Let us classify them roughly in terms of the health-instinct. There are the morbid: staggering, drunkenness, sex-obsession; the squalid: grubbiness, lying in bed all the morning; and the harmless, such as a general faddiness about the surroundings for work, with parallels such as Haydn's court-suit and the special signet-ring that he put on before making a special creative effort. (We can leave aside the phenomena of absent-mindedness, for which it is easy enough to see the cause.) Take first, in our "morbid" class, everything that is in the nature of an anodyne for overstrung nerves, or an expression of the desire for release at any price; the cause, here, is simply strain, and the remedy, an education that harmonises the faculties of an artist with those of an inquirer. Or we may twist ourselves into knots—an education for which I will try to work out some suggestions in another article. Take, next, the immediate, short-lived stimulus of excess; the use of a faulty key that will break the lock sooner or later, for lack of the right key. Our education will have to provide the right key, or, rather, teach its manufacture and use. Do the two ideas of release and of stimulus cover the ground? There is something else, which we must leave fairly vague for the moment. Call it the induction of plasticity to inspiration, whatever "plasticity" and "inspiration" may prove to be. Either stimulus or release, in these cases, is the crooked path to something beyond.

We are on simple enough ground in these morbid cases, which is my reason for taking them first in spite of their remote education. Call it education to talk to children about alcohol, as though alcohol had anything to do with the motive of drunkenness. It is noteworthy that analytical psychology has made its first great practical strides in the morbid region. Our "squalid" class of eccentricities is more difficult. Why the dirt and slughishness, when they do not go with the ebb of vitality after excess, as is not always the case? We might say that here the principle is release without stimulus. There is some-
thing absolute in a total abandonment of the decencies. But, again, we are only one step forward. Release is a negative term till you say what is released; and the word absolute is a blank cheque on a dubious account. We still leave the positive problem to wait, as vague as before. The "harmless" category of crazes, however, introduces a constructive principle. Groups of little-precise fads have association for a motive, which is the synthetic principle in rudimentary form. They are probably associative in a double sense: by direct suggestion, as of order, purpose, self-esteem, and by a more or less obscure and unconscious symbolism. It does not follow that the emergence of a positive principle, in so rudimentary a form, is the sign of a better genius; the faddy genius is often of the microscopic order. But he gives us our formula, while the often greater erratic genius keeps his quest for synthesis beyond the conscious borderline.

Stimulation, self-abandonment, release—these are elementary principles, all demanding a further object; and so far, our clue to that object is synthesis. The fires are lit, the latent energy is realized, for this purpose. But the principle of synthesis is only a clue. What is put together? And into what typical shapes is it built? There are facile answers: stored perceptions are built into forms of beauty and truth. These only raise the real questions. What is the essence of a vital perception? How do we know anything about beauty and truth? Why do we in general, and geniuses in particular, find ourselves possessed of the synthetic impulse? Here, at the really interesting moment, is a movement in the right direction. ***

The movement towards a synthesis of school subjects that is now beginning to gain ground, three centuries after Comenius, is a movement in the right direction.

A useful collection of the principal data and opinions on the subject of genius is to be found, by those who can afford fifteen shillings for it, or who subscribe to a large library, in Mr. Thomas Sharrol's "Originality." (Waver Laurie). The book is not a full tool; or, if argument, being rather designed, I should say, to arouse interest in the subject of genius-culture than to put forward constructive ideas; but it should be of interest to people who have not time to read and collate their own materials. The principle of the book is the continuity of genius with ability; nor is it for me to praise the idea that we should proceed from psychopathology to a study of psychohygiene. A chapter on the use and abuse of reading is well worth thinking over. Mr. Sharrol joins in the attempt of certain psychologists to suppress the irreproachable word "faculty" (in one sentence he has to fall back upon "faculty"!) instead of using it so as to make psychological sense. This is a curious phobia. KENNETH RICHMOND.

Readers and Writers.

It is not my fault that my colleagues stimulate me; the provocation is theirs. "E. A. B.," however, has this effect upon me beyond all the rest for the present moment and chiefly on account, I think, of the symbolic character of his attitude towards things Irish. I do not conceal from myself that in discussing the present situation of Irish literature I have other considerations than literature in my mind. Irish literature cannot be separated from Irish politics and consequently from English politics as well. Even therefore when the subject appears to be one of purely literary value, it has a political significance when it relates to Ireland; and I repeat that I do not conceal from myself the double entendre of my remarks. "E. A. B."

is in many ways the incarnation of the Irish problem in its most convenient form. He is thoroughly reasonable, willingly self-explanatory and obligingly tolerant. He does not delimit his opinion so as to fold a cloak about his silence when challenged to defend himself. On the contrary, he goes about seeking a mind to grapple with. If I find him a little like the ghost with whom Ossian fought it is not his fault, but the fault of his case, in which, with the least will in the world, I find a poverty of substance. To tell the truth, the case for a purely Irish literature written in the English language is altogether too paradoxical to be argued against with satisfaction. I feel that we are contending with a shadow.

The present paragraphs owe their existence to "E. A. B.'s" review of the "Anglo-Irish Essays," by John Eglington, to which I recently referred in the most glowing colours at my command. The "Essays" deserve it. Having looked at them again and discussed them with friends whose judgment I respect, I reaffirm my opinion that "Anglo-Irish Essays" is a volume of essays of the highest literary importance. Exquisitely written, profoundly thought and soaked in meditation as well as in reading, they are worthy to rank with the essays of Thoreau, or, indeed, with any essays in the English language. Not to praise them to excess, I will simply remark that they are essays after my own heart. Very well, but now "E. A. B." has written about them in the "Freeman's Journal" for all the world as if they were only a little more than essays in political polemics. Because they convey a certain opinion (which I wholly share) on the subject of Irish politics—an opinion not in the least hostile to Ireland; because they mildly and good-humouredly deprecate the "separation" of the English-speaking Irish from the English-speaking English; in a word, because they (and it is only here and there that they do) attempt to reduce to reality the dreams of the Gaelists—my old colleague "E. A. B." says of them that "they are nothing if not controversial," and if that was the case, we were granted, "Irish nationality would cease to have any significance."
Security of Democracy is the greater value is almost alien in its provinciality; and for "E. A. B." to smile at us for attempting to swim in the ocean while he himself is drowning in an Irish lake is the comic sequel to the tragedy involved in it. Accordingly, it is that “Anglo-Irish Essays” are nothing if not controversial. As John Eglinton’s postulate of the superior world-value of the Anglo-Irish over the mere Irish granted, he says, Irish nationality would cease to have any significance! Well, the postulate must be granted by every impartial student of pure literature. John Eglinton’s “Essays” are here in evidence, and they are in the succession of the illustrious Anglo-Irish writers of the last three hundred years. No “merely Irish” writer could have written them as equally no merely English writer could have written them. That is a fact and it cannot be denied. If, therefore, the granting of the postulate be fatal to the claim of Irish nationality, the case for Irish nationality must fall. “E. A. B.” must choose between his judgment of literature (let me say his judgment) and his personal regard for Ireland. But, as I have said, his fears are imaginary. Real Irish nationality is not so invalid a sentiment that it must be fed upon lies. It is quite justly enough to digest a truth now and then; and one of the truths it must digest is that the “Anglo-Irish—the modern Irish” as John Eglinton calls them—are indispensable to Irish nationality. And the sooner the more Irish include the more Anglo-Irish among them, the sooner will their claim to nationality be recognised.

This error of judgment while smaller than another to be later mentioned is the more surprising from “E. A. B.”’s attitude towards the English intellectuals. For very recent in our engagement is controversy and particularly of our engagements with various social and political propagandas. I gather that he would have had us all confine ourselves during the war as well as before to the subjects of our professional calling—art, literature, criticism, and so on. If we have not been able to do so, however, it is not because a slight matter has called away our attention. Rightly or wrongly as succeeding centuries will show, we have regarded the two greatest movements of the moment—the war against Militarism and the war against Capitalism—as worth the devotion of whatever talents we may possess. Both of them are movements for affecting not one class or nation but the whole world, the whole of humanity. Both are planetary. It is with no sense of having deserted literature for something of less importance, therefore, that I for one confess a preoccupation with the issue of these wars. On the other hand, I affirm a sense of enlargement, of liberation, of occupation with things greater for the moment even than literature. But even if this were not the case, “E. A. B.” must admit that the basis of the charge upon which he based his judgment is proper. For what have we just discovered him doing but reading in the most partisan spirit a volume of Essays in which controversy is a small and very quiet element? He has, in fact, fallen into the error he imputes to us—only deeper and with much less excuse; for no critic whose aims at a universal judgment can pretend that the issue of Irish nationalism is of more importance than the issues of the two wars I have mentioned, each of which contains the Irish problem as one of scores within it. Let us have a proportionate degree of judgment even if we cannot command a proportion in our personal feelings. Let the judgment be objective, be the emotions as subjective as they please. Admitting that to the Irish Nationalist Irish nationality is the dearest thing in the world, we are still entitled to consider the possibility that Irish nationality, if that it is therefore the greatest thing in the world. The dear and the great are separate categories; the one is personal, the other is universal; the one is human, the other is humane; the one is subjective, the other is objective. That the former may be associated with more exquisite emotions of pleasure and pain I do not, of course, deny. It is the condition of man to find his happiness or misery most nearly in what most closely concerns himself. But that the latter is the grander, the greater, the more noble and sublime (in Mr. Edward Moore’s sense “more tragic”) must be admitted. To dispute whether at this moment (and since there is a conflict between them) Irish nationality or the Future

Music.

By William Atheling,

LE MARIAGE DE FIGARO.

No feeling is more typical of the conscientious Englishman, and few feelings are more annoying than the feeling that if one does not take a hand in things actively, the constituted authorities will make a mess of them. This feeling and its inevitability have peremptorily ruined our artists and musicians, and drawn them away from their work, for they, too, are English, and subject to personal human infirmity.

I write this note in annoyance, on returning to London and finding the opera officially over, that is to say, I write on November 22—so with the announcement of the famous, that the stars whom I have seen (though I am inclined to simple pomposity, but in construction it is not possible) the stars which roll silent and luminous through the vast nocturnal spheres?” The style, you see, is inclined to simple pomposity, but in construction it is not at all foreign. There are English writers who write worse.

R. H. C.
It is not intelligent to blame the war for the lack of public support. The aristocracy turn out to patronize basket-work and peasant-industry, dilettante pottery, and that sort of thing, during the war, and music is no less important, and the number of people employed in the opera have as much claim to be supported, to be allowed to support themselves, as have the weavers of embroidery. The less commendable the work of Shaftesbury Avenue the more we should remember that English has been drawn to it a section of the public not specifically interested in music. But to a musician, to one who has given concerts save their own will remember the Beecham conductors; they will remember the new note of exactitude and the immobile mass of humanity, beaten by blow after blow, unable to shield himself. This also again in "Othello," again the victim, but this time an hysterical victim, adding, not only at the Aldwych, but even more on the large stage of Drury Lane, magnificent motion to his other theatrical attributes, as, for example, the voice, this time not at the stage, rising full across it in an access of frenzy.

Mullings' acting was memorable, but it by no means made the opera wholly satisfactory. Verdi had indeed dramatic sense, and the drama held one's attention, and even distracted one from the music. The English libretto lost the magnificent line of the Italian, the complete tragedy of the fall of voice in —

E come sei pallida
E tatta
E mor-ta.

Even Mullings was unable to cover the defect of the English at this particular spot. And in the "Tristan," whatever one had felt in the first acts was a little worn away in the last act; the Jaeger of Tristan's dressing-gown distressed the eye; and then the opera is not built right. However, I cannot at present go into the whole problem of the virtues and defects of Wagner as a musician.

I am thoroughly convinced that the better musician a man is, the more fully convinced he is that the opera belongs to the Mozarno period. As for the French and the "Figaro" we have the stage and the music sharing the art in the right proportions. I would have all opera done in the costume of this period and in the form of this period. In "The Magic Flute," which are not, to my mind, anywhere nearly so fine as "Don Giovanni" and "Figaro," the musical form is right. Whatever one has felt about the individual passages, the gradual sweep up to the whole of each act gives a major form to the opera, and this can but be effective in a way not shared by opera in which the major form is the form of drama, not that of music. The proof of this is that one can sit through these Mozart, or musically formed, operas time after time, whereas in a dramatically formed opera, as in the Wagnerian, which has an emotional rather than musical structure, the effect of the piece diminishes the more often one hears it.

The historical thing is that Sir Thomas Beecham has in a remarkably short space of time accomplished the impossible. He, in English (though that is in some ways a minor matter), has put on an opera that is aesthetically satisfactory. He has, with little or no exceptional assistance, that at his disposal, without either star or fancy, or grandiose or grandiose, so imposéd his own sense of the fitness of things on all the component parts of his huge machine, that the "Mariage de Figaro" has been a work of art, not merely an evening's entertainment; and these who have seen it will remember it as they remember other works of art. The scenery was not remarkable, but it was adequate; it did not thrust itself between the audience and the piece, either as an annoyance or a distraction. It was reasonably plain, as scenery should be, for costumes should be elaborate and interesting; this to concentrate the eye on the action, the moving figure of the action. Mr. Nigel Playfair is to be congratulated on the whole arrangement of the stage, and the singers on their acting, in which nothing grated on the audience. (Of what opera for years can one say this?) If I criticise the one performance of last week in lieu of a series, I only refrain from calling it a perfect performance because no one will believe such absolute words. The flaws were too slight to mention; Licette grew tired toward the third act; the programme calls attention to the aristocratic manner of the count, and this was not on the stage sufficiently contrasted with the manners of Figaro; but neither of these flaws was perceptible until one had said to oneself, "this is a perfect performance," and then tried to find a possible flaw. Has anyone considered the difficulty, well-nigh the impossibility, of controlling such a complicated machine as a stage and
Recent Verse

"At a Venture." Poems by Eight Writers. (Blackwell. 2s. net.)

"Commercium." By Frederick T. Macartney. (Sydney J. Endacott, Melbourne. 1s. 6d. net.)

"Rhymes of Golden Days." By Percy Haselden. (Blackwell. 6d. net.)

"The Compleat Schoolmarm." By Helen Hamilton. (Blackwell. 2s. net.)

"Freedom Songs." By Reddie Mallett. (Watts and Co. 1s. net.)

There is more than one argument in favour of the method of clubbing together to fill a volume. For the safety that is in numbers is all the more desirable if the numbers themselves are not as safe as they might be. In the case of "At a Venture" there is a certain amount of what is called "promise," although it is not always quite clear what is being promised. The chief defect in these verses is a lack of the balance and finesse which accompany mature art. The result of this defect is seen when a flaw in the modulation of a rhythm disturbs the symmetry of something well conceived and well begun. Thus, "Un Mauvais Quart D'Heure," by Lucy Hawkins, opens in this manner:

Devils on the window ledge
And Devils in the fire,
And up the windy spire.

and it maintains this Allingham note until these lines are reached:

Beastliness in lover's eyes
More vile than any hate.

Here, the word "beastliness," a signal example of the mot injuste, breaks whatever spell the writer has succeeded in suggesting in the previous stanzas. Something of the same kind has happened to "Fair Rosamund," a spirited little piece by C. E. Sharpley, where, after this:

Bowl or dagger? Take thy choice,
Harlot of the siren voice—

Wanton of the golden hair,
Curse—thrice cursed in being fair,

and four similar verses, comes this, to begin the final stanza:

Seem of a long honoured race,
With its clumsy wording and limping rhythm.

On the whole, the following by Leo French succeeds best in steering between triviality and rant:

FORCE TO THE FORGER.

Thou art the forger of force,
I am the strength in thine arm,
I am the flow and the flaming course
And the power to heal or harm.

Thou art the builder of roads,
I am the nerves that ensoul,
I am the sting of the serpent that galls,
I am the lust of the goal.

Thou art the engine I drive,
I am the spirit that dares.
Thou of thy strength at my will I deprive,
I am the sap that repairs.

I am the fire of strength,
See that thou use me well,
Look that my chariot wheels at length
Bear thee to heaven from hell.

In Mr. Macartney's booklet there is a paper slip bearing this legend, which, as a slight variant of the hackneyed plea in the review copy, shall not be passed over:

"It would be esteemed a kindness if a copy of any publication containing any notice of this book were forwarded to the publisher. Don't be bashful if the notice is unfavourable; his gratitude will be no less lasting." Mr. Macartney is also the author of "Dewed Peals" and "Earthern Vessels," which I regret not having read for, here is a specimen of "Commercium":

Tax Office.

Decks in rank suggest a galley
Cared by ever dipping pens
In routine that gradually
Dulls each captive's finer sense.

Flagellators, here officious
Flick the crew with comment brief,
Though deferentially judicious
In the cabinet of the chief.

For a marketable freight of
Things to eat or things to wear
Needs a systematic state of
Servile energy and care.

Charted by enquiry agents,
This good vessel safely steers,
Vaulting advertising pages
Like false flags of buccaneers.

Although this wavers now and then in its resources, it scores a direct hit in the last two lines. Two other misses, "The Principal" and "The Accountant" are like unto it. The rest, while retaining their respectability, are scarcely more than shabby genteel, and as there are only nine short pieces in all, I find my appetite for Mr. Macartney's satirical gifts gone rather than satisfied.

Mr. Haselden's collection is almost as meagre as Mr. Macartney's, and it is equally unpretentious. Indeed, its ugly yellow wrapper and the whole amateurish look of it do their best to counteract the merits of the contents, which form a kind of echo of "A Child's Garden of Verse." Here is a typical extract:

THE SHADOW.

There's a shadow in the corner when the lobby lamp is lit,
And the others all go past it, and they never mind a bit;
But I'm afraid that some day, when I've not been good at tea,
That nasty, ugly Shadow will just spring right out at me!

Apart from its poster-like cover and its unattractive title, Mr. Keigwin's light-hearted and dexterous versifying is worth keeping a day or two. Its merits can be estimated without dragging in any poetics, for they frisk on the surface and turn somersaults of undergraduate wit before your eyes. This is the kind of thing:

His passage through the Previous
Was desperately devious—
He couldn't tell a problem from a theorem:
He knew no more of what an' tot
Than if he'd been a flottent:

The genitive of res was often re or rem.
And it shows how far a grain of British grit'll go
That Jimmy ever struggled through his "Little-go."

This, as Dr. Johnson remarked on a more important occasion, is not bad; that is to say it just might be worse. Mr. Keigwin is a little too slapdash in his methods. Even in the most rollicking of their stanzas, the masters of this particular art knew how to exercise restraint. Facility has also led Mr. Keigwin into choosing subjects which even for a clown in verse are trivial. But what he loses on that score he gains by
his parody of Whitman, and by a handful of ingenious rhymes (tea-cakes, cheek-aches; waitess, stray trea; tuny verse, universe). "The Compleat Schoolmarm" raises the question of free rhymes—but not for long, I am afraid. You may remember the gentleman who avoided free love because said he, it imposed too many restrictions. The same is true of free rhythm. The poet who selects it has undertaken the task of convincing the reader that this, and this alone, was the fitting medium for his thought. But there is nothing very convincing about this:

"Soon after all adornment to tea, To tea and ice, fruit, and cakes, A glorious and regal spread! Your special pets among the girls, Devote themselves to plying you With all the choicest dainties"

Need I re-write this as plain prose before you can see that it is plain—very plain—prose? Let us beware of any form of writing which tries to produce its effects by an alliance with the art of the printer. (Sterne had recourse to it, and there you have Sterne at his best.) Their minds improved at every turn. "Apollo in Soho," originally prompted the verses can be traced:—

"...Gazed at her image in the strung-out lakes That dreamed between the river and the sea.

"...They unglazed panels garlanding your walls—...you wrapped its vapours round you like a flimsy stole."

"...The ultimate twin-visioned Joy in Awe."

"...Like a giant goddess, on the littered shore."

These are disjecta membra, indeed, but following the method of Cuvier, I can reconstruct some species of a poet from them. Together with such a piece of harmony as:

"...Speak softly in the shimmerings of the dawn, And in the twilight speak and I shall hear; When mellow Autumn tints the cedared lawn Walk by my side and I shall feel you near they suggest that Mr. Hamilton does possess veins of poetry in his composition.

"...Love of England—what is it? It is an intense emotion, an exaltation, which lifts one up beyond the pale of words."

"...The Compleat Schoolmarm" to justify these excursus from established form. I do not wish to belittle the subject-matter. On the contrary, I have the greatest regard for it, and if you turn to THE New Age of over four years ago, you will see that I, too, have unlocked my word-board on a similar theme.

Mr. Hamilton has far more sense of form, but, on the whole, he either has little to say, or through a deficiency in the more subtle resources of verse, he fails to be as effective as he would like to be. In consequence he leaves his reader waiting for something to turn up. His first poem begins in this manner:

"...You sat alone—with whom all men adore! Tilting your empty wineglass pensively: Sighing a little, deep in thought. I bore Looking in silence till, defiantly, You stared me out of countenance. Then I spoke, Fingering my brimming wineglass tremblingly. Staking my fortunes on a little joke. That made you, starting, frown dissemblingly..."

and so on it goes for thirty-six lines, proceeding without really progressing. It is a kind of Czerny exercise in prosody, in which the monotony of the tune and the effort with which it drags itself out, cannot hold the reader’s attention for long.

"Apollo in Soho," perhaps the best piece in the volume, suffers from this same sense of effort. It makes you feel that you are rending the rough draft of a poem rather than the finished product. Such lines as these:—

"I know not how you’ll play up to a passion Such as young fools call grand, but you’ve escaped The cultured soullessness which is the fashion That lovely Stella leads, and you are shaped Strongly for motherhood, the honoured crown Of womankind as God intended it..."

appear to have been laboriously tacked together, with that last bit of an...irical pomposity added as a bad afterthought. Contrast them with the closing lines, where, I think, a real part of the mental image which originally prompted the verses can be traced:—

"...Why, man, in twenty minutes she’ll be crying, And, in an hour, be more than dead with shame! I wonder which of them suggested it; I’ll warn her ere they pass into the street; No—they have gone already; it is writ That she shall weep and blush for Margarite!"

With a breath or two of fire, and the faint sound of satire in these lines might have been fanned into a flame which would have purged the preceding lines. Lack of crispness makes Mr. Hamilton’s blank verse difficult reading. He writes:—

"And this, most perfect, you have set at naught, Because the voice of Prudence was raised Within the temple that was built to love!"

and so on for dozens of lines. But he also writes such things as these:—

"...The Compleat Schoolmarm" vhat I tink..."

It was, of course, inevitable that the "Fall Mall Gazette" should express the opinion that "There has been nothing better of its kind since Leland wrote his Breitman Ballads..." And in order that the reader may thoroughly steep himself in the lucious beauty of this blossom, Mr. Mallett has adorned it with a number of foot-notes, in which he proceeds to be no less a linguist than a poet. "It is," we are informed, on this best of authority, is the German for Italy; "der Schweitz" is Switzerland; "gross-artiz" (sic) means "Highly artistic." But enough of this.
"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.]

ORGANISATION.

There is at present no organisation which can speak with authority on behalf of all the producers by brain. The Royal Academy is, to some extent, representative of the Fine Arts, if we limit that name to painting, sculpture and architecture; but neither its constitution nor its traditions qualify it to play the part of a Trades Union. The Authors' Society does not include all writers, and does include, even upon its council and managing committee, a great many persons whose main business in life is not literature. It may be neither possible nor desirable to form an organisation that shall represent all artists for all purposes, as fully as the Seamen's and Firemen's Union, let us say, represents its clients. An alternative is to form an association for the distinct end of Parliamentary and public action.

The nearest illustration that occurs to me is furnished by the National Protestant Electoral Federation, a body which once honoured me with a proposal that I should contest a constituency as its candidate. This Federation has no official status; that is to say, it is not made up of delegates from the various Protestant Churches. It is a voluntary association of persons having a common object, namely, the security of the Protestant religion from its enemies. In the field of legislation. In the same way, it should be perfectly feasible to form a society for the protection of art and literature, embracing every one in sympathy with this object.

Such an organisation would draw no invidious distinctions, and put forward no pretentious claims. Its great function would be the education of the public on the whole question of the artist, his right to more generous treatment, and the benefit to the nation, as a whole, to be derived from a different attitude towards this oppressed class.

How utterly wrong-headed and wicked the present state of public opinion is in the matter was shown to me some time ago, when I was going over a provincial museum and art gallery. The curators, who were showing me round, first displayed with pride a piece of old tapestry, which he boasted it had cost the municipality £500 to restore. The next minute he showed me a fine painting by a young and struggling townsman, which he boasted, with equal pride, he had induced him to part with for £30. The painter, it appeared, had presumptuously asked £50 for the work, but the curator had succeeded in beating him down.

Consider what that means. Five hundred pounds wasted on the repair of a piece of wooldwork—for tapestry at its best is rather a craft than an art—and the living artist robbed of a living wage! And the author of these outrageous crimes against genius boasting of them to me, in the full expectation of my sympathy and admiration!

That is the evil spirit we have to drive out. We have to teach our curators and our municipalities that, even as a matter of business, it will pay them better in the long run to fill their galleries with the art of to-day than with the relics of the dead.

Allen Upward.

Pastiche.

THE COMPANION OF YOUTH.

Never is seen thy countenance
In the summer-barren glades
Where no leaf hath power to dance;
In the bosom of the shades
The melancholy best fires still,
And the one flower that burgeon will
Is a blossom born of bane,
The enchanter's nightshade pale,
Darkly leav'd, and wan of face,
With a grief-begotten grace;
Faint with thirst of the night dews
That heavy branches let not through;
Her aspect says thou art afar,
Where cold and fair retreated are.

When the earth with leaves is strown,
Thou shalt think on the high lane,
And upon these fields, thine own,
And swiftly shalt return again;
Where the loom is dark with moles,
Where the leaden beechen boughs
Shine on the steep bank dight with red,
Down upon a hanging bough
Then shalt thou lean thy radiant head,
Resting on thy folded hands,
While a gentle sun and low
Shows thee all thy misty lands.
I come upon thee suddenly,
Clothed upon with mellow light,
And silence that is melody,
And coldness that is warm delight;
And upon thy kingdom look
Where the quiet woods are hung,
As it were a magic book
Writhe in a vanished tongue.

When Spring hath first the power to smile,
And roset twigs are bright with gold,
Half veiling, for a dazzling mile
The airly distance blue and cold,
Out of the byways dost thou run,
And in the royal path dost thou rove,
Saying unto a wandering one,
"Go, make me songs to praise my love;
Chant and chime, pipe and blow,
Make what sounds shall seem thee good,
As the sea-wave smitten to snow
Or a fountain in a wood:
But silent thou shalt have no blame;
She requir'd not thy singing,
And thou knowest not her name,
Though with her name the ways are ringing;
Yet softly shalst thou find it graven
On the stolens of thy last haven."

But thou art kindliest and quietest
When it is winter, and the white frost lies
Like heaven's hand upon the meadow's breast.
Immense and virginal the taper'd skies;
The naked trees, as spirits unchained of flesh,
Are thy denial of mortality.
With locks adorn'd with gems in every mesh,
Thou risest from the dark as I pass by,
And through the chaste airs measurest with mine
Thine uncard steps, and nothing sing'st nor sayest.
The Galaxy full lofty dith shine;
Would these were all my days! still must thou stayest.
Depart not hence—go with me, while thou mayest.

Ruth Pitter.

THE GREENFINCH.

Shiver the leaves on lilac bough,
Liffeless and brown, down there their day;
Flashes the greenfinch here, and now
See him above serenely sway.

A flash of green. A dead leaf falls,
But, quicker than the leaf, the bird
Threads the brown twigs and, settling, calls
Such sweet-breathed notes as scarce are heard.
But internex with scent and sun,
Stca eor our senses unawake.
And then the showers shall cease and the sun
Still tremble in the quivering air.

And he, so lavish of his wealth,
Knows of it naught, but modestly
Slips from his little perch by stealth
And sings again in yonder tree.

D. R. GUTTERY.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

THE GUILD AND THE CONSUMER.

Sir,—I make no apology for adding my humble contribution to the discussion of "consumer" theory of the State. I, for my part, have found the arguments of "S. G. H." convincing, though I am not sure that I needed to be convinced. There is one line of attack, however, which he has not followed, and which, in its implications, he would not, I fancy, approve of.

Those who maintain that a main function of the State is to represent "the consumer" as distinct from "the producer," and that the consumer as such is to be in more close and permanent contact, both morally and physically, with public bodies representing the State, and no purpose could be served by the entry of the Civil Guilds into the Congress of Industrial Guilds, have not been convincing, though I am not sure that I

General Will. The problem presented differs in the different services. In the case of Education, we should have at the head a State, or Council bearing the kind of relationship to Parliament that the present Education Committees bear to the County Councils. This Senate would present its annual budget to that joint body, which will be sovereign in finance, while in every educational district the relationship between State and Guild would be embodied in a system of Education Committees where representatives of Manifacitives and Consumers would meet representatives of the local branch of the Guild of Education.

Sir,—Your correspondent "A. J. H." is more literal than precise. It is certainly true that I wrote: The conscientious objectors are those people who think that he is right; but the connection in which I used the phrase was clearly stated, and no one should be misled by it. I had just shown that four of the special pleaders for the conscientious objectors had declared their opinion that their clients were wrong; and the form or degree of objection to which they all apply the word "wrong" is the complete denial of the authority of the State. The Military Service Act, by permitting men to claim exemption "on the ground of a conscientious objection to the undertaking of combatant service," did not "give to an ethical objection the sanction of the law," as your correspondent vainly declares; it simply gave power to the tribunals to exempt such men at their discretion, if the objection were proved to the satisfaction of the tribunal. The Act, I must repeat, only gave discretionary power to the tribunals to exempt: it confered no "right" to exemption on anyone, not even the unfit man; it simply gave him a right to plead for exemption on that ground. The purpose of the Act was not exemption, but conscription; in its own words, it was "an Act to make provision with respect to Military Service in connection with the present war." I agree that the argument of some of our leaders who legislated "to make provision with respect to Military Service" were conscientious objectors is not my, but your correspondent's, absurdity.

But the "conscientious objections to the undertaking of combatant service" is not the conscientious objection of which I was writing, or which the conscientious objectors, or their friends, were maintaining. "The Appeal to Caesar" on behalf of "the conscientious objectors," is not an entirely different footing. I do not consume the skill of the surgeon or the wisdom and experience of the teacher. On the contrary, I actually enhance the value of those "goods" by availing myself of them, while I destroy the value of the boots by wearing them.

This is, I claim, a fundamental distinction, and it is not understood which is even more important. The Guild of Education and the Guild of Health serve not so much the individual as the community. It is not for me to decide how long a person should be treated when I am afflicted with small-pox or tuberculosis. This is a question for my neighbours. It is not a question for me to decide whether my children are to spend their time running errands, nor even how they are to be taught. The decision affects my fellow-men, present and future, in a democracy; it closely affects the political future of the country.

To determine the limits of individual and social responsibility in such matters is, of course, extremely difficult, but it must be determined in the long run by "the General Will," to use Rousseau's phrase. Other words, it is a political question, and therefore to be dealt with by the organs of the State, Parliament, Municipal Councils, or whatever they happen to be.

State responsibility in such matters is, of course, extremely difficult, but it must be determined in the long run by "the General Will," to use Rousseau's phrase. In other words, it is a political question, and therefore to be dealt with by the organs of the State, Parliament, Municipal Councils, or whatever they happen to be.

When we talk of "conscientious objectors," we are not referring to what Prof. Murray called "the vast majority who were willing and anxious to accept alternative service," and whose cases have been settled to the satisfaction of all parties; these men do not claim a right to resist the law, or to refuse obedience to the legitimate demands of a legally appointed tribunal. Conscientious objection means now the extreme doctrine of allegiance to the moral law, and exemption from allegiance to the communal law; and it is of these men, whose interpretation of that "higher law" even Lord Hugh Cecil says is wrong, that I declared that they were not claimants to the sympathy of persons who thought that they were right. If "A. J. H." devoted as much intellectual effort to understanding as he has done to misunderstanding, the nature of conscientious objections would be much less obscure to him.

As for the social contract theory, it was revived by some of my correspondents in the attempt to justify their resistance to law. I showed that when their chosen authority did not support them, that the social contract itself demanded from them that allegiance that they refused, that even the social contract did not permit a man to be judge in his own cause. Of course, there must be,
Memoranda.  
(From last week's New Age.)

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.

What we ask of a democratic Germany is no great zeal for distinguishing herself, but a zeal for justice in which there is no first or last, but all are equal.

A conviction differs from an opinion in being charged with action; it is an opinion primed and loaded and ready to go off.

Conscientious objectors are singled out for disfranchisement, while profiteers, wasters, corrupt politicians, and journalists escape under cover of hypocrisy.

Under Proportional Representation log-rolling would be the chief parliamentary industry.

Whatever the State does is wrong; but the Church refuses to say what is right.

The public that is not ripe for the extension of education is the public school public.

At the worst, the Northcliffe Press can easily counteract the efforts of any e.g.—Notes of the Week.

The Reichstag has stretched out an unexpectedly long arm and hooked it round the Kaiser and the Imperial Chancellor.—S. Verdad.

Try to set going a debate upon a problem prematurely, and you will find that either you fail, or the conclusion you gather from it is unripe and green.

Ready-made conclusions are like fruit hung upon a Christmas-tree. But a conclusion properly arrived at by the mind is fruit grown upon one's own tree—National Guildsmen.

The word "pedant" is the latest word of fear, and it means that many people are increasingly afraid that we are shortly going to be required to think, as we most probably are.

Follow fields grow weeds; give them time, and they grow fungi as well.

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.

We are not trained in the habit of looking at things in the abstract; otherwise we should be all satirists—intellectual reformers.—Kenneth Richmond.

Even the best tastes differ among themselves.

Praise falls into two great classes: praise that corrupts, and praise that amazes.

It is a provincial judgment that despises the art because of the artist's oddities.

Spontaneity may account for one miraculous outburst in a lifetime, but it cannot account for Shakespeare.—R. H. C.

What a man can describe, he possesses. Ownership by description is the only real estate.

One must keep up with the procession. Anthony Fasley.

The King's writ does not run in the City of God.

No foreigner has the franchise; and conscientious objectors, by appealing to the higher law, have really made aliens of themselves.—A. E. R.

History should tell us what was, but romance should tell us what should have been.

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.

We have lived by sight for so long that we do not quite see how we are to live by faith. It would need another Christ to show us.—"Reviews."

To love poetry is to be a poet.

The besetting sin of genius is jealousy.—Allen Upward.

Day will never dawn for those who fight in freedom's cause.—Bernard Gilbert.
PRESS CUTTINGS.

It is incredible that this belief will survive this war. There are some indications that it has already perished or is perishing, and, if so, we shall sooner or later get concrete evidence of the fact. The German people will then think and feel about war and militarism as we think and feel about it; and, if they make themselves masters in their own house, they conspire composedly by Professor Murray, which are also those demanded by President Wilson, will be forthcoming, and peace will be possible. Let us hope, when that time comes, that peace to be made secure, a fresh and fair start for everybody, and that any settlement which entails continuous economic boycott means not peace but continuance of war in one form or another, and will in itself be evidence that the end of the fighting has been inconclusive. In other words, the overthrow of militarism is the great object: if that is really accomplished, peace can never be secure.—Viscount GREY: Preface to "The Way Forward" (Allen & Unwin, 13th net).

But the nature of any possible peace depends to an enormous extent upon one consideration, Germany under her present rulers has developed an unpleasant habit of trying to murder her neighbours in their sleep; and the nature of the peace that is coming depends on whether Germany is to be permitted to retain that habit or be prevented from it. The sign of its abandonment will be fairly simple. It will be the rejection of Germany's present rulers, whether by the direct override of the dynasty or by some complete change of Government and Constitution. It is not that we claim to dictate to Germany the sort of Constitution we wish her to have. The rule of freedom demands that, as much as Poles, Armenians, should choose their own Government. But it makes a profound difference in our attitude towards them in the future what sort of Government they choose.

"Take first the city. Suppose we gut our ends; the Kaiser is deposed by his own people; a Parliamentary Government is established in Germany, with, in all likelihood, a Liberal-Socialist majority. Then the way of peace is plain. Germany joins the League of Nations. She accepts arbitration and the reduction of armaments. She sets all her grievances before the tribunal of the League. Her main concern will be to pay her debts and reconstruct her shattered society. In that case, the terms once settled, there must be no cultivation of hatred, no penalisation of Germany, no boycott or "war after the peace." The Kaiser must be interned in a neutral country before, not greater ones. —GILBERT MOORE in "The Way Forward" (Allen & Unwin, 13th net).

At the Fight for Right meeting at the Bolan Hall next Sunday afternoon, Mr. Victor Fisher will speak on "Capital and Labour." Lord Sydenham will preside.

Busy scenes were witnessed at the Malton Martinmas Hirings on Saturday, when there was a good attendance of farmers, mainly consisting of lads in their first or second year of service. Farmers were eager to hire, and in some cases sensational wages were paid. Foremen made 20s. to 25s. per week, with perks: waggoners, £25 to £25 per annum; second waggoners, £25 to £50; plough lads, £20 to £25; shepherd, to £40 per annum. Girls were very scarce indeed, and they commanded good prices.

Certain portions of the Press profess alarm at the extraordinary lack of realisation of the fundamental issues shown by Lord Lansdowne's letter, and the total absence of sympathy with the cherished aspirations of the Allied democracies. It is pointed out that President Wilson has repeatedly made abundantly clear that the annihilation of Germany as a great Power is not desired, what is desired is the crushing of the Hohenzollers, the wiping out of Prussian domination, and the annihilation of the existing Imperial German Government. America does not seek to impose upon the German people a form of government against their choice, but America is determined to free the German people from a form of government which is a menace to the entire civilised world. . . . It cannot be too strongly stated that President Wilson will not abate one iota from the war aims which he has so often and clearly expressed. The United States is in the war for the restoration of Germany as a great Power in the world which is assured by victory, and, no matter how long the war lasts, America will not lay down her arms till the smallest of the suffering and bleeding nations is freed from the criminal tyranny of one set of men whose system has been so long in the face of the earth. America has no quarrel with the German people, and is willing that they should have power and prosperity, but she is determined to crush the autocratic system of government which for a thousand years has been slowly crumbling beneath the pressure of human rights and human liberty.—"Times" Washington Correspondent.

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