NOTES OF THE WEEK.

There is a good reason for the prevailing epidemic of political chills. During the present week as grave decisions will have to be made as have ever been offered to men. The division of opinion between the European Allies and America has not yet been completely bridged; but, on the other hand, the American programme has been more clearly than ever reaffirmed. Our choice is between the Continent and America; or, let us say, between the doctrines of political chills. During the present week as grave decisions will have to be made as have ever been offered to men.

The arguments for such a settlement, if it should be offered by Baron von Kuhlmann, are, moreover, considerably strengthened by two further considerations. One of these—our military situation on the Western front—we shall pass over after commending it to our readers. But the other may be found hinted at in the recent remarks of Admiral von Tirpitz. Fully acquainted, no doubt, with what has been discussed in German diplomatic circles, Admiral
von Tirpitz has pointed out to his masters the peril for Germany of even a hegemony of the world of eastern Europe. Europe, he said in effect, is not the world; nor does world-power rest on land-power however considerable. It is therefore quite possible, he warned, that we are, of course, paraphrasing him though accurately, for Germany to obtain Europe and lose the world. We must agree that this is the case, and that the confinement of Germany to Europe might, after all, be of less danger to the world than her possession of a single extra-European possession, even if her delimitation involved her hegemony of the eastern Continent. As suggested above, in fact, the present war may not at bottom be for the preservation of the balance of power in Europe, but for the preservation of the existing balance of power in the world against the pretensions of Germany. But if that should be the case, have we not here an argument of some weight to be employed, as it will most certainly be employed, by the very subtlest of our negotiators? They will say that if Admiral von Tirpitz is right in warning Germany that no amount of European power can make a world-power of Germany, Britain in particular may be right in drawing the deduction that Europe may be lost and the world won. Provided that Germany is content, against the advice of Admiral von Tirpitz, to seek power in the continental East, what has western world-power further to fear from her? By having diverted Germany's attention from sea-power we shall, in fact, have preserved the existing balance of power in the world at large.

Against these reasonings—and we trust our readers to read between the lines as well as in the lines themselves—there are to be set the declarations of President Wilson, in the first instance, and the counter-hypotheses in the second. After all, the whole question now to be decided turns upon problematical contingencies. Our "negotiators" are assuming, to begin with, that the military situation is what they imagine it to be, whereas, in fact, it may be so or it may be not so. The Military Council must be the best judge of what is possible to a Germany that has just been reinforced by a considerable number of men and must have a supply of material. Should it be the Council's conclusion that these must inevitably make all the difference on the Western front and that sufficiently effective measures cannot be taken against them, our negotiators will have been proved correct. But at present it is speculative; and we are strongly disposed to think the negotiators wrong. Next they assume that the confinement of Germany to Europe would turn off Germany from world-power as Admiral von Tirpitz fears it may. But this, again, is no more than a speculation. It might; but then it might not. Take a map of Europe showing the present territories of Russia and assume that these fall under a Prussian Monroe doctrine—there are obviously points of escape for Germany from Europe into the world in, at least, four different directions. Is it probable that none would be taken? Finally, our negotiators assume that America is too far off in time and space and, perhaps, in policy, to be of effective use to us. They have also, no doubt, some fears of the practicability and utility of the American formula of the democratization of Germany, and of being beholden to America for our position in the world. But both, we think, are unworthy.

Nothing like due importance has been as yet attached in this country to the entry of America into the war. Allowing that as one of the three existing world-Powers, America felt herself to be equally aimed at with the rest by the challenge of Germany, it is, nevertheless, true for that very reason that she is as much concerned in the war as they are in other words, as in the other sense the issue of the war is world-power and not merely the balance of power in Europe, America is as vitally involved as ourselves in maintaining the existing distribution. America, like Britain, is thus a principal in the war; from which it follows that our policy is to cooperate with America as fully as principals can. The supposition that America is really any more indifferent to the territorial problems of Europe than we are rests upon the false supposition that in some way or other she is less concerned about the issue of the war. The truth is that she is equally concerned, but that, being outside Europe, she is less liable to be blinded by our proximity to Europe, and by our historic associations and policy. In short, America's view is more clearly a world-view than our own, since our own is distorted by European prepossession. Now, what is America's policy? It is, in the first place, to require the parliamentarisation of Germany as a condition of entrusting Germany with any further power even in Europe. And, in the second place, it is to require of Germany the abandonment of her pretensions to world-power based upon force. Each of these demands rests, as it were, upon the other; for the democratisation of Germany would ipso facto put an end to German Imperialism, and, vice versa, an end to German Imperialism would bring about the democratisation of Germany. In the abstract it may be said that President Wilson is indifferent in which order these results are brought about. On the one hand, if Germany should democratise herself before the conclusion of the war, peace would be thereby made secure. On the other hand, if peace should be declared before Germany is democratised, America is disposed to apply a commercial world-boycott, and thus to clip Germany's world-aspirations. The result aimed at, in either case, is the same: it is the elimination of Germany from among the world-Powers—in short, the preservation of the existing balance of power in the world. That America will fight for this end is a matter that almost goes without saying, though it all needs to be pointed out that the war has become, indeed, as much America's war as Britain's war. What was said bombastically by Mr. Churchill in the early days that if Europe failed us, we could carry on the war alone, is still more true when America is added to Britain. It may never, of course, come to this. But, if it should, we are simply remarking that in that event America can be trusted to spare no exertion to maintain the balance of world-power as it is. The conclusion of the whole matter is that our affiliation for the remainder of the war is with America. Upon America and ourselves and upon our agreement with each other depends the issue of the war. With that issue decided in our favour we can thereafter repair the damage done in Europe itself. We can even, if we like, set up a new balance of power in Europe as a fresh defence of the world-balance of power. But if we confine ourselves to maintaining the balance in Europe and neglect the fullest possible co-operation with America, not only shall we jeopardise even the balance in Europe but, perchance, the existing distribution of power in the world.

It will be seen that among the results of this critical week the re-statement of war-aims is bound to be one. The demand is now irresistible, and whether by the present or a new Government, it must be acceded to.
Not only is it essential in reply to President Wilson's speech, not only is it imperative as a diplomatic act in view of the present circumstances, but it is even more urgent as a domestic political demand. 'The President himself was not in the least exaggerating when he affirmed on Friday that a restatement of war-aims is required to carry the country over the remainder of the war; nor was there anything new in his true remark that, by its reissue on the subject, the Government has already gone very near to forfeiting the confidence of the nation. As great as are the sacrifices still to be made if the war is to be carried on until America can exert her strength, so great is the need for confidence in the Government, and if this confidence is not restored and, when restored, maintained, by the reciprocal confidence of the Government in the people, there is no saying that our proper national policy may not be wrecked at home. We can cease, however, to implore our statesmen to examine and define our war-aims afresh. While this course was still optional and only wisdom counselled it, such appeals as were made proper to be made. But to-day there is no option. It is past the eleventh hour. Either our war-aims will be defined or they will prove to be unattainable. In bringing the demand to a head Mr. Thomas has done good service, but he has only anticipated events by a day or two. * * *

Before commenting on the settlement of the Shop-Stewards dispute at Coventry, the attention of the curious may be called to a singular piece of symbolism contained in the personnel of the Conference that settled it. Four groups of Labour representatives were present, of whom the first two were acting for the State and the second two were acting for the men. The first two persons named were all of them fifteen years ago Trade Union leaders acting on behalf of their Trade Unions. In course of time they allowed themselves, under the plausible excuse of doing something great for Labour, to be absorbed into Government service of which they are now paid officials. The next in order is Mr. Barnes who is still nominally associated with the War-Cabinet, but who, as a member of the War-Cabinet, is well on the way to an official Government position. Then comes the A.S.E. the present Trade Union authority, and lastly the Shop-Stewards themselves, the latest development in Trade Unionism and at this moment its most vital element. What we wish to remark is the double tendency thus shown to be at work: the tendency of the governing classes to draw off from organised Labour one set of leaders after another and gradually to absorb them into the official ring; and the tendency on the part of organised Labour to recover after each 'barking' and to develop fresh power from within itself. The sequence, as we say, is historic and was perfectly symbolised in the Coventry personnel. While lamentable from one point of view, since it demonstrates the endless corruptibility of Labour leaders, it is encouraging from another point of view, since it has demonstrated the capacity of organised Labour to recover and to develop fresh power from within itself. The sequence, as we say, is historic and perfectly symbolised in the Coventry personnel. While lamentable from one point of view, since it demonstrates the endless corruptibility of Labour leaders, it is encouraging from another point of view, since it has demonstrated the capacity of organised Labour to recover after each 'barking' and to develop fresh power from within itself. The sequence, as we say, is historic and perfectly symbolised in the Coventry personnel. While lamentable from one point of view, since it demonstrates the endless corruptibility of Labour leaders, it is encouraging from another point of view, since it has demonstrated the capacity of organised Labour to recover. We have never denied, of course, that political power is desirable and even necessary as a means of registering and making permanent the advances in the economic power of Labour. But what we have affirmed is that economic power should and must precede it if only by a day or a week. The Shop-Stewards movement, as we say, is an attempt to realise this truth in practice; and it followed, moreover, upon a discovery of considerable moment. For it was discovered that the period when political Labour was more powerful than ever before (having no fewer than seven members in the Government), Labour industrially was weaker than ever before. The abandonment of all the safeguards of industrial Labour, in short, occurred at the very moment that seven of Labour's representatives were entering the political Government. Such a demonstration of the dissociation of political and economic power could not fail to be impressive; and it was, therefore, with no surprise that students of Labour saw rising in the workshops an organisation within, and, in a few respects, hostile to the former and largely political organisation. The Shop-Stewards' movement was, in fact, at once a protest and a protective defence against the abandonment of industrial Labour to political Labour. * * *

How far the protest is likely to develop is a matter for speculation. Several things are probable, but one is certain. The probable things are these: that the movement, begun in the engineering industry, is likely to spread first over the whole of that industry and to be adapted to the special circumstances of other industries. Industrial unionism is now definitely set going. Another probability is that the official Trade Unions, after having in vain opposed the rise of the new movement, will shortly come to terms with it; and, as at Coventry, decide to make room for it alongside the general movement. But this will involve the differentiation of function to which we have often referred, which would be exhibited in a Trade Union movement, one of whose aspects is industrial in the particular sense, and in another instance in the general sense. The Shop-Stewards' side of Trade Unionism will attend to the workshops of industry, while the present official side will devote itself to the problems of the industries as wholes. But this, again, will lead on to something still more important—the re-concentration of the Trade Union movement upon purely industrial questions. Trade Union leaders will not hereafter find themselves at leisure to pursue a Parliamentary ambition. Industrial questions, arising from one or other of the sides of their organisation, will keep them sufficiently busy to make impossible a political career. They will need to be Trade Unionists first, last, and all the time.

The opportunity thus presented for the Labour party now that it is about to attempt to become a National party is unique, and through that party we may see the rite to the citizen at large, the organised Labour movement is closing its ranks to political questions to re-absorb itself in the industrial. And from this concurrence of events may arise what we have long wished to see: a Labour embroaching on economic power in the workshops; and a citizen working class seeking political power at Westminster. The two are not incompatible, though hitherto the one has usually suppressed the other. Henceforward, let us hope, Labour may walk forward on two legs.
Foreign Affairs.
By S. Verdun.

It is never possible to exaggerate the importance of President Wilson's addresses, and in his latest declaration to Congress he once more raises the low level of belligerent oratory. I do not propose to speak of the felicitous matter or manner of his statement of December 4, but to draw particular attention to one of the principles he lays down. Let me remind the reader that President Wilson has been consistent in his views on the war generally; for he is a man of principle. He has steadfastly adhered to his distinction between the rulers and the people of Germany, and has emphasised his view that the latter should not be punished for the misdeeds of the former. According to Mr. Wilson, they should be so punished only in a very remote contingency—namely, "if they should still, after the war, continue to be obliged to live under ambitious and intriguing masters." In this case it might not be possible, added the President, to admit them to the partnership of free nations or to free economic intercourse. On the other hand, Mr. Wilson definitely announces that he proposes to carry on the war until the German people are as free as any other; and, as we have gathered from Scheidemann's speech, published in this journal last week, some change in the German constitution, in the direction desired by President Wilson, is almost certain to come about in any case when the war is at an end.

This definite pronouncement by Mr. Wilson that the German people are not to suffer for the criminal actions of their rulers—who, after all, brought them up, trained them, and prescribed the details of their lives down to their very thoughts and mode of thinking—is in sharp conflict with the official pronouncements between the rulers and the people of Germany, and has emphasised his view that the latter should not be punished for the misdeeds of the former. According to Mr. Wilson, they should be so punished only in a very remote contingency—namely, "if they should still, after the war, continue to be obliged to live under ambitious and intriguing masters." In this case it might not be possible, added the President, to admit them to the partnership of free nations or to free economic intercourse. On the other hand, Mr. Wilson definitely announces that he proposes to carry on the war until the German people are as free as any other; and, as we have gathered from Scheidemann's speech, published in this journal last week, some change in the German constitution, in the direction desired by President Wilson, is almost certain to come about in any case when the war is at an end.  

Since large and very influential sections of our Press continue to urge this policy, despite Mr. Wilson's previous indications that it was not acceptable to him, we shall not have far to go to find out what its aims are. The proposals are, in general, of a simple kind. It is asserted that the Allies among them control innumerable essential commodities without which Germany cannot exist, or at any rate cannot take her former place as a trade competitor. Let us, then, say the advocates of the boycott, threaten Germany that we shall use our economic weapon against her if she does not at once sue for peace; and let us in any case penalise her commercially when the war is over in order that we may recover our indemnities and keep the chief enemy in subjection. The futurity of the first of these reasons is thoroughly understood by Mr. Wilson, and it has been pointed out time and again. If you threaten Germany with an economic war now, you are simply playing into the hands of the militarist clique, who could point to Germany's undiminished military prestige and power: a power which the Allies could not vant--as would then be self-evident--by direct means. Mr. Wilson realises that the first essential is to break Germany's military power in the field, and thus shatter the credit and the arrogance of the military caste. The second reason he disregards as being fundamentally unjust; and it would in any case lead only to renewed friction and an eventual resumption of hostilities. We must recognise, as the President reminded us in his address, that "as always, the right will prove to be the expedient."

In the face of Mr. Wilson's very outspoken views, shall we hear anything more of the innumerable schemes for penalising Germany by means of an economic boycott? It is to be hoped that we shall not. Long ago I deprecated such proposals because it was obvious that they would merely stiffen Germany's resistance and urge her to retain for purposes of exploitation the Near Eastern territory now under her domination. After President Wilson's address, however, there is an even more cogent reason why this mischievous nonsense should be driven from the minds of responsible men. It needs no very great examination of import and export tables to show that of the essential German imports from the Allied countries the United States alone controls nearly ninety per cent. England, France, and all the other Allies put together control ten per cent., or perhaps a little more. We can stop jute from India and metals from Australia; but even these commodities German importers could arrange to buy through other countries—the United States, for example. Let our statesmen study these things for themselves a little more and rely less upon carefully prepared abstracts and the alleged force of a public opinion artificially created by newspaper proprietors.

A word of warning. For the sake of our national dignity it would be better to adopt this course while there is time, while we can do it in a seemly manner. We have now the power of making a choice for ourselves, taking President Wilson's arguments into consideration and adopting them as valid. If we do not follow the lines so obviously laid down for us, the time will assuredly come when the United States will be in a position to bring more than moral arguments to bear. The war is not ended yet; and before it is ended we shall find the United States with possibly a couple of million men in France and as many more at home to take their places—not to mention the money we have borrowed. There is no grain of comfort for the German autocracy in all this. The Kaiser may thrust Poland under the rule of some Germanic puppet; he may make himself Duke of Livonia and Grand Duke of Courland, as is said to be his intention; but the ultimate reckoning with the American Republic is none the less certain. Though there is no consolation for the autocracy, there is nevertheless hope for the German people; and here, again, our newspapers and public men are less far-sighted than Mr. Wilson. We have strongly urged that there is a world of distinction between the autocracy and the people of Germany; so has President Wilson. We might expect to find this statement contradicted in polite, sneering language by the "Times" and by coarse sarcasm in the "Daily Mail," as has indeed happened more than once; but there is no reason why the more sober-minded "Westminster Gazette" should have joined this chorus, as it did within twenty-four hours of President Wilson's address. Let me repeat that the German people are to-day simply what the autocracy made them; and I have already shown, by extracts from Fernau's book, how the autocracy had its way. Surely a Liberal paper should recognise that the German people will act differently when they are able to control their own destinies.
Walthamstow, voter. With size will come centralisation of our productive works. From time to time membership with the retail Society, has a direct financial concern that its supporters outline, containing perhaps method of it. . . . If the Guild is to be the enormous always willing and ready "producer," Secretary of the Co-operative Wholesale Society, in letter to the writer. Mr. Hobson is not opposed to the 'big industry' of modern times: he demands no complete break with the substance of industrial production, but only with the method of it. . . . If the Guild is to be the enormous concern that its supporters outline, containing perhaps a million members, its direction and administration will be as remote from John Smith, machine minder, as is the Government of the Empire from John Smith, of Walthamstow, voter. With size will come centralisation; with centralisation, death."--"Nation," August 4, 1917.

What is pretty certain is that if National Guilds could be sent so, after no long interval, arise within them to defend the special interests of the worker (Craftsmen) as against the general interests of the industry. . . . H.," in the "Manchester Guardian," October 6, 1917.

"I have read your articles appearing in The New Age on National Guilds. You have evidently got the conviction that Society is sick, and accordingly you prescribe, and I notice also that you are willing to bring in a little surgical treatment. The medicine appears to be strange to the major portion of Society. I have, however, tasted it, and it isn't really bad. Before taking the full dose recommended, I should like to be satisfied on one point. I take it that you recommend that each industry should come under a National Guild; but what happens in that case to the particular craftsmen in the industry?"

"Personally, I am an engineer, and say with a little pride that I am a fully qualified millwright. I have a pride in my craft, and am afraid of any scheme which would tend to lower the craftsman's pride. Speaking as an Englishman, or Briton if you prefer it, I claim that it is this pride that has brought my country into the foremost place in the world's markets, and I shall be glad of an article from your pen dealing with this subject, not taking sight of the fact that it is the quality of our national products which alone can create the demand, but this is also what happens in that case to the particular craftsmen in the industry?"

"Personally, I am an engineer, and say with a little pride that I am a fully qualified millwright. I have a pride in my craft, and am afraid of any scheme which would tend to lower the craftsman's pride. Speaking as an Englishman, or Briton if you prefer it, I claim that it is this pride that has brought my country into the foremost place in the world's markets, and I shall be glad of an article from your pen dealing with this subject, not taking sight of the fact that it is the quality of our national products which alone can create the demand, but this is also what happens in that case to the particular craftsmen in the industry?"

"Mr. Joseph E. Ambler, in letter to the writer."

I. In its devouring blight, commercialism has tortured from their natural meaning nearly all the old industrial terms. Amongst them the word "producer," the plain meaning of which, is one who produces, who makes, the meaning of which is one who produces, who makes, the plain meaning of which is one who produces, who makes, the meaning of which is one who produces, who makes, the meaning of which is one who produces, who makes, the meaning of which is one who produces, who makes, the meaning of which is one who produces, who makes, the meaning of which is one who produces, who makes, the meaning of which is one who produces, who makes, the meaning of which is one who produces, who makes, the meaning of which is one who produces, who makes. But the men and women who produce are no longer the producers; they sell only their labour; the product of their labour belongs to the entrepreneur, who arrogates to himself the title, "producer." The wage-earner not only forfeits his claim to the product by selling his labour as a commodity, he is helpless when his financial master usurps his title also. Thus, if with £2,000, I buy a bootmaking business, ipso facto I become a bootmaker; I am not known as a maker of toe-cap. I "produce" boots precisely as the conjurer "produces" a rabbit from a silk hat. If one of my employees should object to my usurpation of his title, I merely inquire whether he or I own the business. My retort would be his own business is being imperilled. And I could still further crush him by dismissing him, whereby his presumptuous claim to the title, which I had bought in the open market, like the title attached to a French estate, would be at least temporarily disposed of. It is the capitalist, in the guise of producer, who is really referred to in fiscal discussions respecting producer and consumer. I have even seen the phrase, "producers and their hands." These verbal distinctions may seem trivial; far from it, they betray in a flash how far commercialism has succeeded up to the proscribed and distance which must be promptly abrogated, and soon obliterated, if the Commonwealth is to recover its economic strength.

In the previous chapter we saw that the wage-earner, by reason of his divorce from the product, is necessarily a stranger to the class of ingredients. Mr. Ambler for the same reason, he is not, in fact, the producer, but merely a factor in production. When he resumes control over production, by achieving partnership, he becomes in very deed, not only the producer, but with the consequences attached to that change of status, but the final consumer. He passes from "passive" to "active" citizenship.

II. The submerging of the craftsmen in the processes of manufacture, the threatened danger that the spirit and tradition of craftsmanship might ensue, inevitably led to indignant protests both from the aesthetic and those who realised that Great Britain's true métier in the world's economy was qualitative rather than quantitative production. But the men and women who produce are no longer the producers; they sell only their labour; the product of their labour belongs to the entrepreneur, who arrogates to himself the title, "producer." The wage-earner not only forfeits his claim to the product by selling his labour as a commodity, he is helpless when his financial master usurps his title also. Thus, if with £2,000, I buy a bootmaking business, ipso facto I become a bootmaker; I am not known as a maker of toe-cap. I "produce" boots precisely as the conjurer "produces" a rabbit from a silk hat. If one of my employees should object to my usurpation of his title, I merely inquire whether he or I own the business. My retort would be his own business is being imperilled. And I could still further crush him by dismissing him, whereby his presumptuous claim to the title, which I had bought in the open market, like the title attached to a French estate, would be at least temporarily disposed of. It is the capitalist, in the guise of producer, who is really referred to in fiscal discussions respecting producer and consumer. I have even seen the phrase, "producers and their hands." These verbal distinctions may seem trivial; far from it, they betray in a flash how far commercialism has succeeded up to the proscribed and distance which must be promptly abrogated, and soon obliterated, if the Commonwealth is to recover its economic strength.

In the previous chapter we saw that the wage-earner, by reason of his divorce from the product, is necessarily a stranger to the class of ingredients. Mr. Ambler for the same reason, he is not, in fact, the producer, but merely a factor in production. When he resumes control over production, by achieving partnership, he becomes in very deed, not only the producer, but with the consequences attached to that change of status, but the final consumer. He passes from "passive" to "active" citizenship.
wished them mine. At a pinch, I might possibly have procured one of Mr. Green’s productions. Apart from the fact that it would make the rest of my furniture look cheap and ugly, I have a libelated surplus over my domestic requirements, and I might prefer to spend it on books or pictures, on scientific research, or what not. I would accordingly be thrown back upon the purchase of a table made by machinery constructed by Mr. Ambler. But I would naturally expect that table to be of good quality and endurance. It must meet the requirements for which it was designed and sold. If it did so, it would come within the qualitative standard. And if so, its manufacture may properly obey the economic laws incidental to "large scale" production.

Providing the quality be maintained, I see no reason why the engineers concerned should not be regarded as craftsmen, nor why they should suffer any moral deterioration.*

Large production, being historically modern, it was not surprising that the craftsmen spang should hark back to medieval days in general and the medieval Guilds in particular. They demanded the restoration of the Guilds, finding themselves out of sympathy with modern movements, whether Collectivism or National Guilds.

The restoration of the medieval Guilds is as impossible as the revival of Egyptian, Greek, or Roman civilisation. If there were the least chance of such an adventure proving successful, I would oppose it with all my strength, not least in the interests of the craftsman himself. In their integration and final structure National Guilds have nothing in common with their medieval predecessors. What they have in common is a spirit of craftsmanship and more leisurely methods in production. But we must not idealise the conditions obtaining in the medieval Guilds. Were they the patterns of a rich and happy existence they are sometimes pointed, we may rest assured they would not have succumbed so easily to the merchants and financiers. The contrasts so frequently drawn between the medieval and the modern, always to the disadvantage of the modern, seem to me to ignore the historic justification for the advent and growth of capitalism. New economic or social developments do not spring out of the blue, they are the offspring of preceding conditions, the harvest of yesterday’s sowing. Their history, imperfect and biased though it be, is for guidance into the future, and not for reversion into the past. For my part, I can rejoice in the Renaissance, learn from the Reformation, feel some thrill from the Elizabethan expansion, find enrichment in the Commonwealth, and amusement from the Restoration. But should it come to the revival of these periods, or any of their social and economic conditions, I emphatically dissent, choosing the future and rejecting the past. Our ancestors did many remarkable things; so also can we. Now, as then, in the womb of each morning is a miracle; before the sun sets we may witness its birth and share in its glory. Capitalism bore in its train unspeakable horrors, notably the industrial conditions of the transition from the small to the large industry, but it was a dominant factor in a period of great and continuous achievement. Its mission is now exhausted, its work completed; we are moving into a new era of industrial democracy, in which function supplements exploitation and partnership ends servitude.

III.

The aesthetic or sensuous aspect of art and craftsmanship is, as distinct from the admiration we feel for competent craftsmanship in machine production, is linked to the problem of local life and the reaction of locality against centralisation. Obviously the craftsman’s work depends in part upon the organisation of local citizen-ship and in part upon the purchasing capacity of the Guildsman. All this congeries of questions can be more conveniently considered in our present discussion of decentralisation. I look anxiously for the growth of local life as a necessary counterpoise to centralisation; the conditions that induce centralisation by no means exclude local patriotism, a favourite theme of Socialists a quarter of a century ago. But so far as I can see, centralisation is only in its infancy: in the present it does not extend beyond the national frontiers. Democracy must, however, within a measurable period assert itself in industry in other countries. When that time comes we shall superimpose upon the national an international centralisation, whose only limits will be the surface of the globe.

IV.

Our immediate task is to reconcile the present large scale industry with qualitative production. What precisely is meant by large scale production? Mainly this: When the economic unit is found in the largest output, at the lowest cost, under single control. Not invariably, however, large production is sometimes essential to a single product. A small firm may throw a light bridge over a broad river. It requires a large corporation with practically unlimited resources, to build a great modern bridge, capable of bearing a number of railway trains, vehicles, and foot passengers. There is nothing inherently wrong or morally degrading in large production. On the contrary, it may save and not waste unproductive labour; it may, and in fact does, reduce or abolish human "repetition" by the lavish introduction of automatic machinery. In many directions we must admit that its effects are beneficial. The large scale production of agricultural machinery, for example, has been instrumental in increasing the supply of foodstuffs, even though the methods of sale to the farmer are usurious and tyrannical. The cycle carrying that typist to her work is the outcome of large scale production, not only as an industry in itself, but as a dependent of large scale machine tool production. The term, too, is relative. The dentist (direct descendant of the barber who extracted teeth in the days of the medieval Guilds) has tools and materials at his disposal that come from large scale producers, even though their total output be the merest bagatelle compared with a Chicago canning factory. The list might be indefinitely lengthened.

Nevertheless, we know that craftsmanship is in perpetual danger and the craftsman in constant servitude.

The danger and the servitude are not necessarily inherent in large production; we know as a fact that small employment may be equally repugnant to the life of the craftsman. We must look to the conditions of the workshop, the terms of employment, and the training of the apprentice, in addition to the degradation of the wage payment. It would be easy to particularise on each of these points; indeed, volumes have been written upon them, from Upton Sinclair’s "Jungle" to the latest dissertations on scientific management and welfare work.

The solution can only be found in one direction, and that the most natural: in the control of the workshop by the workman himself. With that end attained, he will know from bitter experience how most efficiently to train the apprentice and how much most humanely, and therefore most fruitfully, to order, to change, or to abolish the workshop routine. And when the craftsman reaches that stage he will be in a position to refuse to produce commodities whose wealth is independent of self-respect; he will indignantly reject any and every form of adulteration. Whatever he produces will be carefully calculated and even guaranteed to be the requisite standard and quality.

The ground is now, I hope, cleared to consider the status of the producer in his relations with the State and the consumer.

S. G. H.
An Apology for the Liberty of the Person.

VI.

Those who, in the interest of exactness and truth, have advocated very objective theories on the nature of knowledge, and therefore also on ethics, have always been hard put to it to defend themselves against a charge of being unable to give an intelligible account of history and the historical. Aristotle solemnly explained that his predecessors could be judged by their anticipation of his own philosophy. Hegel talked so much about history that even his followers have never been able to agree what he meant by it, but only that whatever it was it was also nonsense. Croce, who, perhaps, is the chief object of philosophical reverence in Oxford, belongs admittedly to the Hegelian tradition; but he is most anxious to develop with peculiar care an entirely new view of history. In all these cases, however, it may be said that the criticism was only justified because of their attempt to include history in philosophy. If, on the other hand, it may be thought, history be simply left out of view, their attack might be more easily defended. But when any attempt is made to unite their two sides, or to apply them, disaster is apt to follow. So long as the general principles, it might seem, remain abstract enough to be true they have no relation to existence, and remain beyond the world. In the absence of history, in the absence of existence, in the absence of society, and yet the philosopher of history, of society, of existence, is generally admired. I should also explain that Mr. de Maeztu's doctrine of the self, not to say his denial of its reality, some of the peculiarities of his terminology explain themselves. Liberty in any really intelligible sense involves responsibility, and the right to conduct oneself in the light of circumstances; and depends therefore on certain psychological conditions. Extend this to the case of the group, and similar conditions form the basis of its history. Corresponding to the liberty of the person there is the freedom of the group, religious, or political, or social. And a presumption at least will be admitted that the study of one set of conditions will throw some light by analogy on the others, even if we do not adopt the theory by which was defined the Socratic search for justice and the larger letter in the smaller. On the nature of that ambiguous thing, so- sovereignty, for example, no better material exists than in Scottish church history after 1688, because the endeavour to state the relation of the "government in the hands of church officers" to the "civil magistrate" led to every imaginable subtlety of distinction among the types of relation possible. Again, the nation is a group hard enough to define, but generally admitted to be real, and frequently claimed as requiring freedom as an elementary condition of its existence, particularly if it be small. Now the probability is that the psychological (or historical) conditions of these things, if they are irrelevant or unreal in certain cases, will be so in all; and the assumption that they are so is quite seductive. In the case of nationality it is easily worked out, for the paradoxes to which it leads are not particularly offensive. We are all familiar, for example, with the impatience a decent man can hardly avoid in the face of the patriot. We know that modern industry has developed in every country in Europe, and in some out of it, a seething population consisting mainly of cads, who either never possessed or have forgotten all common traditions of honour and loyalty and courage. They differ only in colour and speech—what are these things that we should regard them? Mr. de Maeztu is a Spaniard, but a gentleman after one's own heart; while one would not willingly be seen in the company of the editor of the "Spectator." The Countess Markiewicz, carried away by passionate emotion, begs the Irish trade unions to separate themselves from their fellows in England, because the Federation of Trade Unions is the working-men's Parliament. The Sinn Fein Convention manifesto bore a surprising resemblance to the programme of the British Empire Union. It is intolerable, we feel, that reasonable men, moderately free from obsessions, should be expected to stand this sort of thing. The only thing that brings us to our senses is the application of the theory in the interests of dominance—the homogenous community, which was the purpose of Bismarck and is the aim of Lord Milner. Similarly, our exasperation with the crank who must always differ from other people for reasons which we think silly when we can understand them at all endures till we find that all this (as in the case of the conscientious objector) is easily put an end to by a sharp method. The existence of short ways with dissenters is an unanswerable argument for liberty.

The fact that Mr. de Maeztu has discussed the principle and value of nationality makes it easier to discuss that, though why he has never considered that nationality is only the liberty of a certain social group, respect for which is defensible only by arguments which are easily transferred with equal relevance to other groups, is the
decided confusion of his theory, can only be conjectured. With the criticism he advanced of the German
theory of nationality I completely agree; but it should
not escape us that this theory has a striking resem-
bance to the orthodox view of nationality, and on
other respects it has suspicious affinities with Mr. de
Maeztu better than the borrowing of parts of his
defence of nationality against the Germans. Nationality,
he points out, arises in the events of history through
community of experiences. That vital character which
we call the liberty of a State, these affinities of soul which
may enable them freely to do great
things, come into being only by the actions and passions
in which men learn of themselves what devotion is
to the service of the group or to those cultures which
are good in themselves. No more than in the case of
nationality can you rightly measure the value of
other respects it has suspicious affinities with Mr. de
Maeztu partly to clear up a confusion which is
always lying in wait for him, and generally overcomes
him. Unfortunately, this investigation has proceeded
only a very little way, and has never touched the liberty
of anything but the nation. The confusion is old
enough; its presence can be detected, recognised or
recognised, in every known discussion of justice, and
it is another aspect of the difficulties I pointed out in
the abstract statement of the functional principle. If
we admit that justice depends on correlating function
with value and duty with both, we have still to decide
whether justice in the ordering of the State will consist
in distributing advantages precisely in proportion to
social service, i.e., to values brought into being; or in
providing for each citizen the opportunity and equipment
without which he is at the mercy of his rulers, but
possessing which he may discharge some function and
render some determinate service. Mr. de Maeztu usually
associates his functional term with a former
meaning of the term; but having obviously a
strong sense of Spanish nationality and by sympathy
an appreciation of that strange thing which Western Europe produced in 1914, and called "The Soul of Belgium," he realises what are the obvious corollaries of its use in respect
of this sense of the term. To distribute advantage
in proportion to services rendered is, in fact, the
natural refuge of the mind of the English ruler; and by
the attempt to understand it those of us who are not
English or not rulers may appreciate that fine flower of
civilisation. The stable mind which is found chiefly
among the middle-class is at home amongst this set of
ideas; what could be more just than to distribute the
good things of life to those who keep the nation going;
or more proper than to recognise the solidity and real
eworth of Ealing and Streatham? We may
answer cheerfully, nothing could be more proper, since
propriety is generally a defence to conceal a scandal.
Mr. de Maeztu has (willingly or no) furnished us with
a sign and a clue. All that need be done is to develop
the distinction of potential value, instead of
applying it to the case of social groups or communities
other than nations. The new term is a great advance
on the old. It does definitely appreciate historical
conditions, and lay stress on the realisation of values in
person; the limitations of human knowledge may be
once more remedied, at least in this case. Mr. de
Maeztu and the Congregation of the Holy Office over original sin.

O. LATHAM.
Studies in Contemporary Mentality.

By Ezra Pound

XV.—A NICE PAPER.

These dreary and smearable penny weeklies seem innumerable; they stretch about the inquirer as the dismal gray-yellow brick of the dingy houses one sees in S.E. London coming in on the Dover train. The statistician will explain to you that the multitude of these papers is not infinite; but for the purposes of psychology they are infinite, and the mentality they feed is unknowable. It is translatable in colour effects, like the quasi-volcanic appearance of Islington, morne, desolate; the gray soot-covered mud appears to have pushed itself up into rectangularish hummocks of houses; the gray soot-covered hummocks seem to have spawned into gray sootish animalculae, and for this gray sootish compost, gray sootish periodicals are provided, and hope is deferred till post-mortem, and natural that new and more tangibly formed, sensuous morne, feed conception for the perpetual boredom in S.E. London coming in on the Dover train. The intelligent person would probably prefer to move or infinite even, can seem so commodious as to make some substitute of their day.

For "Forget-Me-Not" I have little but praise. Any intelligent person would probably prefer to move among well-natured, well-mannered people, in surroundings of comfort, than to envisage eternity set down opposite Dr. Talmage or Moises. Even the perpetuity of the antediluvian heaven has ceased to be an attraction; and no area spatial, temporal, conditional, or infinite even, can seem so commodious as to make one wish to be boxed up in it for ever with nothing but Christians. The harp, the crown, and the other properties of the Hen. Irving period are wholly inadequate. We can do better at the Ritz.

The gleam of sense in the populace has shown itself in the semi-conscious perception that it could do itself better at the Ritz; that nice-natured people with relatively considerate manners are a far more paradisaical periphery than harsh-voiced, wheezing fanatics, brandishing remnants of disguised fire-worship, reminiscent of people who sat over smoking oil-wells and thought the earth was on fire for their special post-mortem envelopment. Olympus and the sylvan imagination beft a more temperate climate; it is natural that a Northern people should imagine a heaven, if not indoors, at least with houses one can get into during the inclement weather. The novel of luxury is the natural celestial creation or fairy tale, or perhaps we should say "terrestrial paradise" of the English, as was Olympus a natural and terrestrial paradise of the Greeks, just a wee bit out of reach in both cases. A people must have been to their heaven, or seen it, or know someone who knows someone who . . . The saints once supplied this gratiation and the well-dressed intellectual wittol is still rumbling on in the Sunday papers, debating this after-death business. The populace, or its sincerer and more practical sections, desire gods that appear, at least now and then, and with an exciting inferno— even if only in "The Sketch."

Old Moore is going to get rid of the intervening stratum, and have only people and gods. The young men from Oxford are sceptical concerning the reality of the divinities. Current Church of England theology, ever trimming, has, as I wrote before, gone in for the dematerialisation of heaven.

Note that in the theoretic heaven and in the theoretic earth there is apparently no choice between some sort of Kaiser, and some sort or glorified House of Commons. And despite this, people go on making luxurious heavens, from Olympus to the Carlton as imagined, and peopling them with gods, and with saints and protectors who have a kindness for all sorts of peccadilloes, as, for example, a god or a saint to help thieves. It is pleasant among smearable grease-printed papers to take up "Forget-Me-Not," the pleasure is sensuous, not intellectual, it reaches one through one's finger-tips. The paper is printed for people who prefer keeping their hands clean. It is religious and moral, i.e., it is religious in providing a paradise, sic: a country house, a picture gallery, etc.; it is moral in that virtue is rewarded. It has even some literary merit, I mean solely that part of the complete novellé which forms the number before me must be well told, even though it is not well written.

I feel that I am cruel and captious to point out in this tale certain wens. I feel about these dainty little romances very much as the landed class feel about religion: "Why destroy it, why attack it, what are you going to put in its place? It keeps so many people contented." This feeling is, of course, in the present case, sheer sentimentality. The reader would be neither more nor less happy if the flaws were removed.

Chap. I throws in gratis a rebole ex post facto detective story. Cf. the construction of the "Iliad."

"The girl was tall and most divinely fair."

"Broken in health, but with his name and honour stainless, Mr. Orpengray had been released."

His son, however, refuses to go under his own name, lest the widow of the ruler of his father, should feel under an obligation to him. He is also wholly indifferent to £20,000.

Chap. II. "Fall and most divinely fair," thought Mr. N. O. "The girl was dressed in black, and carried a bunch of scarlet roses. She moved quickly but gracefully, pausing to pin one of the roses in her blouse. She glanced over her shoulder, and laughed again . . ."

"Her hand was on the electric-bell. The summons brought the butler." (cf. Aladdin and his lamp. Butler very withered and wrinkled.)

"Miss Garton spoke to him with an air of quiet authority in the most musical of quiet voices."

(Note this when addressing the butler.)

"She glanced at Mr. Neil Grant. She had eyes, pure and clear."

(Note this when glancing at Don Fulano.)

"Neil bowed and followed the butler. He knew, having consulted the will at Somerset House, that Mrs. Ecksdale was a woman of wealth."

(Note this when bowing and following.)

He has just reached his room, noted the pleasant quarters, wondered how he stood, when: "A subdued knock called him to the door. It was Miss Garton."

Next, villainess is brought on, looking less than her quarters, wondered how he stood, when: "A subdued knock called him to the door. It was Miss Garton."
slick son. Heroine tells him (heroine being naturally person of delicate feelings, employed as old lady's companion) that he need not dress for dinner.

"Evidently they did dress, etc. . . . Luckily Neil had brought a suit of dress clothes, though he had come to despise such garments."

Note that it is not "his" evening clothes. It is "a" suit. I don't know that this matters. One must consider very carefully the ratio between his real position, his despoil of evening clothes, and the number of evening suits at his disposal; also the number usually "brought" by curators of private collections.

Possession of supposedly several of these adornments has not, however, trained him to get into one with great ease. The butler assists him with his tie.

Hero "seldom drank intoxicants."

Note that villainess has violet eyes, and heroine (old lady's companion) enters "still in black, with a string of small pearls clasped round her throat and a solitary rose pinned to her breast." ("Great elegance," as Li Po has remarked.

The exact size of the pearls is left to the reader's imagination. Value at moderate estimate £800? They were possibly a treasured heirloom from some noble ancestor. Passons!)

"(villainess's) hand stayed with the victim. Let us pass over the:

"Riding up the "carriage-drive in the teeth of the rain."

Eventually, the villainess sews her diamond bracelet into the kimono of the heroine (or has it sewn in by her (villainess') maid; kimono is locked in drawer of heroine's wardrobe—key hidden under carpet, where police find it. Note: This is a bit daring, as it is part of notorious swag villainess has lifted elsewhere. This point does not seem to have presented itself to the author.

Religious feeling shown in depiction of police (cf. guardians of the law, divine messengers, angels with flaming swords in earlier and more-cumbersome religions)

Police never for a moment suspect innocent heroine. Hero thinks that villainess shook hands with him graciously just before bracelet disappeared in order to make him a witness to the fact that she had the bracelet up to the last possible moment before its disappearance, but he omits to mention this detail to the police. Author does not note this omission by a word of his pen, even though police bring recovered bracelet into hero's room to be photographed. The real celestially of the police is, however, displayed to our inner gaze when the chief cop, some days after the death of the victim and the departure of the villainess, is seen riding up the "carriage-drive in the teeth of the rain." He had sent the photos to London, and says, "Very likely you remember the big jewel robbery at the Drex-ington Hotel just before the war, perhaps?"

The chief cop was certain he had read a description of that there particular bracelet. And the London cops were now looking for Mrs. Fullbridge-Hart.

The other character's then remember that there had been a robbery in the hotel where Mrs. F.-H. had stayed with the victim. Let us pass over the superluminous intellect of the local cop. The reader may have met local cops before, both in the flesh and in fiction. "Mr. Briggs" is a man of big possibilities. I dare say the subscribers to "F.M.N." will hear of him in the future.

"And you'll come and tell me? I shall be in the rose-garden." (Beside the Shalimar, shaded lights, and low music.)

"He was desperately anxious."

"Dear boy of mine, I'll try hard never to disillusion you."

"Amber depths," "first kiss," "nestled"; the tenderwords fly and flutter about in a one in a very aurora, beating upon the heart of the persuer.

("Beside the Shalimar, shaded lights, and low music.")

Out of School.

There must be a reason for the instinctive feeling that genius stands in a category by itself, and we must see whether it is a good reason. That genius is the zenith of an arc that rises through talent from mere competence will have its dangers if we do not recognise that genius, in transcending ability, has sloughed off the disabilities of ability and permitted something else—something new, at any rate something latent. The thesis that education for genius depends upon its power to demonstrate that this something is latent rather than new: we must therefore give every weight to the instinct that regards genius as unique, as containing some factor that is not a part of that we can isolate this factor, and then show its continuous presence, although in a latent form, throughout the common operations of mind, we shall have done something towards capturing genius without imprisoning and sterilising it. If we argue from ability alone, we shall be in danger of missing the fact that genius be free.

The eccentricities of genius have suggested certain principles—stimulus, self-abandonment, release—and these imply a faculty to be stimulated and released, not for which self is abandoned. We had better leave out of account the present question, and assume this apparent not-self is inside or outside the mind; the terms are so uncertain at this stage as to make the question meaningless, and we shall be likely to find as we go on that inside and outside are only imperfect space-metaphors for the same thing. I will ask leave, therefore, to use the phrase "plasticity to inspiration" without being considered to beg any question by the word inspiration. The means to the plastic condition as I was trying to infer them, last week, from a few jottings on the eccentricities of genius, may be summed up under release and self-abandonment; the means to inspiration, under stimulus and the play of the synthetic faculty of mind. So far on the road, do we find anything to differentiate genius from consummate ability? (The word consummate, be it noted, suggests a high synthesis of faculties.) Only, I think, a difference in degree: genius demands stimulus and release more insistently, finds it more difficult to adjust them to convention, and cannot either achieve or explain its desires so as to satisfy the conscious reason."

But this is in itself suggests a curious differentiation.

Why should genius, the supreme artificer, be distinguished from ability by a lack of power to explain itself? There is the ready answer that it has a larger self (or not-self) to explain; but why should it not have, with this, a greater power of self-interpretation? The potentiality curve goes upwards from competence through talent to genius, on the hypothesis that they are continuous; the self-expression curve, except for the expression of self as part or symbol of a universal, drops rather suddenly when we reach the category of genius. Does this fact differentiate genius from ability, or does it point to a faculty that we fail to educate so that it can accompany the potentiality curve throughout its rise?

Following up our principle of self-abandonment, we might say that the man of talent gets out of himself, but only so far out as to be able to return and settle down again in comfort, while the man of genius is never really comfortable in his everyday garment of selfhood. Often he is oddly hostile to himself—"his own worst enemy" is his friends' cliché. We find psychological conceptions here as with asceticism and self-immolation as well as with dissolution. Any extreme will serve a malaise of the spirit, so long as it is an extreme. Genius, transcending talent, has discarded certain disabilities only to put on others of its own; and because of these we wish, against our hopes, that no child of ours may turn out a genius.
Education for genius, if there can be such a thing, may fulfil our hopes while dissipating the cause of our fears. This is the only sharp line that I can trace, as far as I have been able to think the matter out, between genius and talent. Upon the hypothesis of continuity between the two, there is a stage, concurrent with the emergence of genius, at which a more or less pronounced lesion in personality is apt to occur. Apt, only; for there have been many geniuses, and those, often, among the greatest, who have remained as comfortably at home with themselves as anyone. But for a range of genius so great that it tends to strain personality to the snapping point. The figure suggests a remedy. A highly elastic personality tends to get pulled out too thin; education can reinforce the personality as it stretches. Or still to keep to the metaphor of the stretched, elastic thread (a metaphor common among mystics and prophets, who seem often to feel themselves extended, as it were, along one dimension), education can multiply the threads, the modes of perception, and so the truths and beauties to be perceived. The genius whose threads of inspiration draw him all ways at once is the genius who is more likely, as a matter of observation, to keep his equilibrium. Here we return to the synthetic principle and to the need for a synthetic education, a training from childhood in the art of putting two together. This means, in a broad and natural sense of the term, a philosophic education, upon the theory and practice of which a good many books could be written. (One of them has been written during the last year, and I shall have no hesitation in recommending it cordially to readers of The New Age, when it comes out.) A philosophic education is desirable for everyone, as the Greeks knew, who understood genius although they killed Socrates. It holds mind and spirit together without keeping spirit and mind apart. Is the lesion between mind and spirit, then, prevalent among us all, and not only among geniuses? I rather suspect that it is, but that it appears in the case of the genius in a more obvious and dramatic way. The genius shows a large gap between his conscious and his superconscious self; the rest of us show a multitude of small gaps. He is one large inconsistency (the disappointment we, for instance, when we first meet him); we are bundles of small inconsistencies. His superior synthetic power makes him roll all the little inconsistencies into a finely impressed whole. The first struggle of genius to be free is its frank recognition of the fact which we painstakingly suppress, that man is an inconsistent creature. In the negative quality of inconsistency, which seems alone to furnish a sharp line between genius and ability, the two are continuous; the only differentiating factor is that the genius cannot help being honest about it, while the "able" man can, and does. You can see him helping it, in every walk of public and private life. The genius, on the other hand, is swayed by an inexpressible sincerity, against the conventions, against his own obvious interests, against his conscious will. This is the positive side of his distinctive quality, and it must be dealt with under the head of inspiration. For the moment I will only point out that a philosophic education not only promotes honesty by promoting clear-headedness; it tackles inconsistency at the source. Add to this an education in fellowship, the ideal stimulus, and an education free from inhibitions of fear, and so favourable to the principle of release (for the theory and practice of these Mr. Caldwell Cook), and you have within measurable distance of education for genius.

If I have been able enough to slur over successfully the inconsistencies in the foregoing notes, I can profess to have dealt in some measure with the principles of stimulation and synthesis, which is the hold of a study of genius. The next problem is the condition which I have called plasticity to inspiration. Plasticity we can probably discuss without heat, but inspiration raises the whole trouble about the nature, if not the origin, of the soul. I will defer a few comments on Mr. Edmond Holmes's "tract for teachers," The Problem of the Soul, till they arise in this connexion.

KENNETH RICHMOND.

The Hyphenation of John Eglinton.

When splashing about innocently in my "Irish lakes," whose waters are familiar, and where I can touch bottom at will, I did not expect to be seized in the firm, if friendly, grasp of "R. H." and thrown into the ocean to swim beside him and his intellectual companions. That is my sensation when called upon to discuss in The New Age an article on John Eglinton's "Anglo-Irish Essays," written for "The Freeman's Journal." In Ireland we are not yet accustomed to washing our intellectual, as distinct from our political, linen in public, i.e., in the presence of foreigners. As soon as the eye of English England ushers in "R. H." all is as if we slam the cupboard door, locking away from sight the innumerable skeletons, whose bones we rattle at another another when assured that only the family is present. "R. H." has quite honourably stumbled upon us in the act of purging together, and has been not a little disturbed by the spectacle of disorder consequent upon such occasions. I should not be disposed to make more than a private apology for being caught in a state of intellectual déshabillé, were it not that some of "R. H.'s" strictures give me an opportunity of explaining a misunderstanding to which my essay on John Eglinton in "Appreciations and Depreciations" also gave rise.

Commenting upon that essay, "R. H." complained of my failure to elucidate the subject, whereas John Eglinton himself has been so kind as to say that I have thoroughly understood his point of view. The apparent contradiction is due, I think, to the fact that "R. H." could not be expected to know the peculiar circumstances in which the essay was written. For a great many years not one essay of any importance by John Eglinton could be read by the general public, as his first volumes were out of print, and he would not be persuaded to issue a collected edition. A few people here and there who possessed, or had read, "Two Essays on the Remnant," from the beautifully printed "A Brook" preserved an admiration for these books which gradually stimulated a demand for them. It was then that I undertook to write a short study of John Eglinton, more or less at the suggestion of the late Professor Dowden. Naturally I felt it was necessary to make the essay as expository as possible, as it was unsafe to assume that more than a handful of readers could enjoy the discussion and criticism of works which were unprocurable, and had been so for many years. As these works have not yet been reprinted, I hoped that an analytical summary of them might be useful to those who would read "Anglo-Irish Essays." With slight alterations, therefore, I re-published an essay written nearly five years ago, when John Eglinton's recent book was not even contemplated.

With all these circumstances in mind, readers of the article in "The Freeman's Journal" in Ireland could not be misled by my attitude in reviewing "Anglo-Irish Essays" as a controversial work. I pointed out the difference between Eglinton and the author's earlier writings, and showed how he had suppressed almost every essay except those which emphasised his political bias—a bias quite unapparent in "Two Essays on the Remnant." Relatively, therefore, to his three previous essays, much of John Eglinton's new book might be described as "nothing if not controversial." In the eyes of the vast majority
of Irish readers—for whom the review was written—"Anglo-Irish Essays" is essentially and provocatively a controversial work, in which the writer blandly assumes the very points it is aimed to undermine, England and Ireland. The identification of Ireland with Anglo-Ireland, in particular, is calculated to harden the hearts of our Nationalist Pharaohs, who recognise that assumption as the greatest obstacle to any intelligent understanding of the Irish case against England. "R. H. C." gives me credit for virtues which I am flattered to possess—"thoroughly reasonable, willingly self-explanatory and obligingly tolerant"—but, alas, such virtues have long since been sacrificed amongst the war economies of the struggle of Ireland for what we call "freedom." Much as it would please me to think so, I must deny that I am "the incarnation of the Irish problem in its most convenient form." As a cosmopolitan Irishman, but without a hyphen, I assure my colleague that, if he knew us better than his friend Professor Eglinton, we would marvel at the moderation of the expression he has deprecated. After publishing an encomium of some four thousand words, I left at liberty to suggest in a paragraph that more sensitive nationalism—and most of ours is exact—should be regarded as the most conscious in John Eglinton of the weaknesses of the "Mere Irish" bawl, even though the spirit be willing.

"R. H. C." should in reality take alarm at my own approval of the Hyphenated Irishman, for it indicates at least the presence of elements which must conflict with those constituting the unacceptable Irishman whom he has repudiated. Clearly, the Irishman of "R. H. C.'s" affections cannot be exactly the sort of person who can count upon the certain support of the vast majority of "Mere Irishmen," so carefully elbowed out of the way of reconciliation by John Eglinton. Even I, hyphenless as I am, have warned "R. H. C." to beware of reckoning me without my hosts. In the shallower depths of this "Irish lake," I rise sufficiently above the surface of mere nationalism to be visibly suspect of heresies. It is only when I plunge into this ocean of The New Age that I must consent to being submerged until only my head is seen on the top of the waters, affirming my nationality. In short, by regarding me as a convenient incarnation of the Irish problem, "R. H. C." is misrepresenting both of us, for he is deceiving himself into a too easy acceptance of John Eglinton's hyphenation, and he is forcing me to materialise as his own conception of Sinn Fein.

In one particular I have to protest against an important degree of misrepresentation of my attitude towards the intellectuals. "R. H. C." accuses me of being contemptuous of the Englishman's "engagements with various social and political propaganda. He misrepresents me absolutely when he affixes "English" to the intellectual whose attitude is discussed, and he conceals the fact that the allusion arises out of a summary of John Eglinton's philosophy. The last essay in his book is a restatement of the doctrine of non-intervention so passionately set forth in "Two Essays on the Remnant." Then, as now, John Eglinton's view is that the "remnant," "the Chosen People," the intellectuals of to-day, have no place in a society which cannot properly employ them, and he complains of the harnessing of the minds well be left to others, whose function is not intellectual. That being his view, I ventured to refer to the interesting consequence of this submission on the part of the intellectuals, namely, their acquiescence in the propagation of bureaucratic opinion during the last three years. At a time when the world ought to have placed their brains at the service of humanity, they have become, for the most part, mere mouthpieces of official doctrines, outdoing in loud vulgarity the mob which they used to despise. I assure "R. H. C." that his determination to see me as a Sinn Feiner has suggested to him a particular reference to England which was not intended. I had in mind all the literati, not excepting my own countrymen, who have enlisted in the vast army of the Thought Controller. Without subscribing entirely to John Eglinton's passivism, I submit that the tendency he criticises has been revealed in all its absurdity by the present war. The New Age is precisely in the happy position of being able to admit this truth, for it has consistently pointed out the futility in store for the purchasable intelligentsia.

ERNEST A. BOYD.

"Old Worlds for New."* By Ramiro de Maestu.

I believe that the best way to give a proper setting to the social philosophy of Mr. Arthur J. Penty is to start from the fact that Mr. Penty is an architect, primarily interested in making good buildings. We can imagine him, as a young man, an ardent devotee of the propaganda of Ruskin and Morris, a follower of the Arts and Crafts Movement, a lover of the arts of the Middle Ages and Early Renaissance, the Gothic Churches, the Medieval Cities, of the dresses of their citizens, of the aspect of the houses, in which he discovered a beauty and a solidity absent in the productions of modern industry. Mr. Penty wanted to build houses, churches and palaces in the old traditions. He could find neither patrons of taste to give commissions for such work, craftsmen skilled for executing it, nor a public capable of a just appreciation. The Morris movement had failed in its ambitious ideal of "stemming the tide of that industrialism which produces shoddy wares," and it had been reduced to a dilettante industry for making articles of luxury for the rich. And then Mr. Penty, a spirit given to reflect upon the why of things, jumped to the conclusion that in order to recover the beauty of the Middle Ages it would first be necessary to revive the mediaeval institutions.

Why were the products of the Middle Ages beautiful? The workmen of the Middle Ages belonged to a Guild as apprentices, journeymen or masters. The Universities themselves were guilds of scholars. Each guild, in agreement with the authority of the City, fixed the conditions of labour, the quality of the work, its market price, and the relationships between masters, journeymen and apprentices. The apprentice was a graduate of his craft college and wore its robes; later he became a companion or bachelor of his craft, or by producing a masterwork, the thesis of his craft, he was admitted a master. Only then was he permitted to become an employer of labour, or was admitted as one of the governing body of his college. As a citizen, city dignities were open to him. He might become the master in building some abbey or cathedral, or, as King's mason, become a member of the royal household, the acknowledged great master of his time in mason-craft. With such a system, was it so very wonderful that the buildings of the Middle Ages, which were indeed wonderful, should have been produced? But the system satisfied another, and not less essential, want: the contentment of the worker in his work. This point is crucial. Nearly all students of the social problem agree in the conclusion that the greatest evil of modern industrialism lies in the exploitation of labour but in its "despiritualisation." The workman cannot have any interest in what he is doing when the excessive division of labour condemns him to repeat indefinitely a mechanical process. Werner Sombart has said it in his study of "The German

* "Old Worlds for New." By Arthur J. Penty. (Geo. Allen and Unwin, 3s. 6d.)
Economy of the Nineteenth Century.) (Die Deutsche Volkswirtschaft im Neunzehnten Jahrhundert): “of all the effects of capitalist evolution upon the proletariat I consider the most powerful and the richest in consequences that of having deprived them of their work as the supreme good in life. The other effect of depriving them of their economic independence and freedom I consider as a matter of lesser importance.” There are worse things than being a member of the proletariat, for I have been one the whole of my life—"one is not able to devote oneself to such a kind of work as one would like, as is the case with the lawyers, the doctors, the priests, the artists, the vast numbers of small peasant proprietors all over the world and still, thank God, of immense numbers of chemists, draughtsmen, engineers and craftsmen of all arts.

But the great industries make us face the problem of the despiritualisation of labour. There are millions of men who cannot be interested in their labour. The enormous capital required for overhead expenses in big industries cannot be repaid unless the machinery works at full pressure. This big output must find a market. Hence, the rivalry among the great industrial nations, one of the general causes of the war. Hence, again, the employment of millions of men in advertising, distributing and trafficking in wares. The pressure of these men reacts to increase the pressure of production. This pressure makes impossible the leisureed work which is the only one which allows a man to give the best of himself...

How to solve the problem? The Collectivist supposes that the problem would be solved if the workers took possession of the instruments of production. But Mr. Penty has lost this illusion; "the man who spends his whole life in repeating some simple mechanical process is the slave of machinery, though he should become a millionaire." The Collectivist likes to repeat that if the problem would be solved if the workers took possession of the instruments of production. But Mr. Penty proposes a reversion to the institutions of the Middle Ages, to their religiosity, to their discipline, to their guilds, to their system of small property, and, above all, to the substitution of the big industries by the small ones, although it may mean the competition of new markets. Hence, the rivalry among the great industrial nations, one of the general causes of the war. Hence, again, the employment of millions of men in advertising, distributing and trafficking in wares. The pressure of these men reacts to increase the pressure of production. This pressure makes impossible the leisureed work which is the only one which allows a man to give the best of himself..

The New Age
architecture, but in attics one is not surprised by surprises. One of my walls, for instance, suddenly drops back a foot halfway across, and no man liveth who can say why. I suppose I ought really to be very thankful that my ceiling does not arch and anti-arc in the style so common in the nineteen parallel excrescences run across it. I have often intended to have them stained brown, to make believe they are old oak beams. In actual fact, I believe, they carry water to the rest of the house.

In the middle of one of the longer walls, opposite the one where the fireplace faces the windows, there is another door. It opens into the little chamber in which my bed stands—and where I propose to leave it. Xavier de Maistre, in his Voyage round his Room, after promising to spare his hesitating readers' blushes, commences abruptly an apostrophe to Beds: "Is not a Bed, says he, the first thing to receive us when we are born and the last to hold us ere we die? Do we not spend the half of our lives stretched upon a Bed, night by night? A Bed refreshes us when we are in health, and it sustains us in illness. It is the scene—and he enters upon some observations concerning Beds to which I shall not refer here. de Maistre's book is yet another proof that what is called "French innocence" is a really amazing phenomenon. For example, everyone who has read, \textit{Manon lescaut}, will remember how that charming heroine more than once sacrificed her virtue to furnish the means of keeping house for her first love, the hero. Yet it is obvious that the reverend author looked on these surrenders as thoroughly innocent and maidenly stratagems. To French eyes, Manon dies born and after promising to spare his hesitating readers' blushes, thereby finish this chapter, when I shall go to bed.

Indeed, you would hardly notice the door for the curtain which hangs over it. It is, you observe, a cotton print from Masalipatam. The design is that of the conventional Indian print, with two yellow tigers at the base symmetrically stalking two blue hind, with two unnaturally perfect cyphers enclosing the sides and enclosing a pair or two of parti-coloured peacocks, some little red and yellow blobs neatly outlined with black, and all round and in the open spaces, a rich tracery of black, red, yellow, and white. The same design may be obtained almost anywhere, but a little coarser, in colours rather coarser, or linen much coarser; it is difficult, I believe, to find any longer quite such delicacy of design, hue and material, as this real old Masalipatam hand-print and its two brothers on the neighbouring wall. Just as nutmeg was the bait that first drew the fleets of Europe to Malaya, so, I understand, Masalipatam prints were the call of the East to the West. Put a gaudy binding or picture near the prints, and they become sullen and dull. But give them a wide space and no clashing, and you may sit as often as you will and marvel at some hitherto unnoticed and charming detail of design or colour. These prints are always beautiful, always harmonious, and almost new—what more can we ask of any hanging?

"Or of any representation at all?" an artist once asked. Why, he said, should we apply to a piece of painted cloth that we put in a frame an entirely different set of values from the piece of painted cloth we hang unfurled on our walls? Why should we have a different outlook upon a picture and a curtain, a picture and an embroidery, a picture and a rug? Why not interchangeable designs for all these alike, since they are all really forms of the same thing? I replied that the very fact that we differentiate one class of painted cloth, which we frame and call a picture, from another which we call a curtain and hang up to cover a wall or a door, or to keep out a draught, sufficiently accounts for our different outlook upon them. I said I should not feel it at all improbable that a two-foot-square Rubens was hung where it is in order to conceal a door, just as I feel uneasy when I see a piece of an old curtain neatly enclosed in a white mount and oak frame, and hung up outside the premises of a carpet-repairer. The artist at once asked why I should not feel comfortable in these circumstances, and if it really mattered whether I felt comfortable or not. I replied that, though I could not say why, I did feel like this, and my feeling in this respect is the same as that of nearly all the rest of the world, cultured and uncultured alike. We think that carpets are carpets and not curtains, with exactly the same conviction as we think that pictures are pictures and not rugs. The world thinks this and goes about its business, and develops in the process different conventions for different crafts. The artist said this was quite a misapprehension on my part. I was too profoundly influenced by half-caste Europe, he said, might imagine or perpetuate these differences, but it could not prove their necessity to other civilisations. The art of the Sandwich Islands, he said, proves conclusively that great art may be based on quite different ideals. Europeans may say I quite expected that if I were a Sandwich Islander I should see eye to eye with him; but, till it should be my fate to be born an Antipodesan, I would not attempt to stand upside down in my mind. And so my curtains still hang loose on the doors and walls, and frames enclose what nine hundred and ninety-nine thousandths of the world call pictures.

There is one exception to this rule on my walls, and I invite the reader's attention to it. In a neat black frame, tall and narrow, are a pair of mandarin's sleeves. They are two little panels of silk, minutely and beautifully embroidered with figures. They match each other to a certain extent, but they fit together just badly enough to show that they are two separate works of art. The one on the left shows a slender, beautiful Chinese lady about to cross a bridge. The folds of her dress make a delightful harmony of green, salmon-pink and white; the bridge is coloured vermilion and brown. The lady is about four inches high, and so is the arch of the bridge, which must have been very steep to cross. There are several other figures embroidered on these panels; but these two, I never see any of them for gazing at the Chinese lady.

Now, the Chinese lady being part of an embroidery meant and made for a mandarin's sleeve, this question arises: Have I any right to frame and hang her upon my walls? But at answers this question conclusively. There she stands, and no one was ever more at home in a frame. Is not this, then, a proof that my friend the artist was right? If we frame embroidered sleeves, why not curtains or carpets? I cannot retort, as I did before, that the world has decided that sleeves should be framed; but not carpets; on the contrary, the world insists that sleeves are to be worn, not framed.

If you remember, I said I believed in technical traditions and arbitrarily separated crafts; but the Chinese lady amazes me by feeling at home in a frame, which, after all, is only a painter's technical device to concentrate attention on the picture. I am sadly puzzled, I feel it is very baffling on the part of the Lady in the Frame.

I discern a gleam of explanation. Let me see, and, following it up, I shall find a way out of my darkness. Here it is:—Mandarin sleeves are not sleeves, except for mandarins? Admitted? They are, then, not just sleeves like any other sleeves. I should look ridiculous if I had mandarin sleeves sewn into my coat, for I am not a Chinese mandarin in court robes. Therefore, outside the society of mandarins (which is select in England) mandarin sleeves are not to be considered as
simply sleeves, or to be worn like other sleeves. "Then, what are they?" you ask; "carpets?" No, they are not carpets—but neither are they sleeves. Levity apart, I say that they are undoubtedly embroideries.

"But how will that help you?" says the reader, anxious to take the opposite side of a quartet in which anyone he is reading is engaged. "Since when do we frame embroideries in Europe?"

I must answer that I do not think mandarin sleeves are like any other sort of embroidery, any more than they are like other sleeves; they have, therefore, no conventional form with other more usual not broderies. Most embroideries are patterns, but my mandarin sleeves are more than patterns, they contain form and standards. And, though they are embroidered, their portraits and standards are much more nearly those of portrait-painting than embroidery. Thus, we are justified in framing mandarin sleeves as we frame painted portraits, and I am left with my mandarin sleeve Lady triumphant and my philosophy intact.

The reader may not think so. But this is unreasonable in him. Does he really think I should argue publicly in his favour only to end by declaring myself in the wrong? For shame! My Chinese lady in the robe of salmon-pink and green, standing by the steeply archèd vermilion bridge, would blush to think it.

**Views and Reviews.**

**THE PROBLEM FOR AUSTRALIA.**

It is so rare that correspondents ask me to state my opinion on any subject that I am always tempted to comply when it does happen. Unfortunately, I am not always able to form an opinion on the particular subject; with the best will in the world, I cannot read everything, and of Colonial politics I remain comparatively ignorant (except for "The Round Table") until correspondents bombard me with information, as happened recently in the case of Canada. So when a correspondent asks me for my opinion concerning Conscription for foreign service in Australia, I can only reply that I have no special information on which to form an opinion. Conscription, as Mr. Asquith said when he introduced the Military Service Bill to the House of Commons, is not a matter of principle but of expediency; for the purposes of this war, it is only a method of recruiting which may or may not be superior in efficiency to voluntary recruiting. The advantage or disadvantage of it to any particular place can only be determined by those who knew the special conditions of that place; and, so far as I can discover, the only theoretical advantage that conscription has as a method of recruiting over the voluntary system is that it may make recruiting more regular and effect less harm to certain necessary industries. For example, in Canada the North-West Territory recruited under the voluntary system over ten per cent. of its population (mostly English immigrants), while the average for the whole of Canada was about six per cent. That the North-West Territory should now be at its wits' end for men to maintain agricultural production is not surprising, and conscription might have prevented this excessive recruiting from an essential industry. I say "might" advisedly, because our experience of conscription in England has not had this ideal result. Even as I write, Sir Donald Maclean is protesting against the use of a skilled engineer as a plate-washer in the Army. Conscription offers no guarantee, it only offers a possibility, that the manpower of the country to which it applies will be employed to the national advantage.

But Conscription is not only a method of recruiting for the purposes of this war; it is also an item of the policy of the Imperialist party, or group, as they have not yet organised their political representation. It is unfortunate, in this respect, that Liberal Imperialism did not really survive its creation; and therefore, that there is no constitutional Opposition to British Imperialism. Most of us, who, like myself, have the Imperial sentiment and an equally strong detestation of the personalities, policy, and methods of the British Imperialist group, labour under the disadvantage of having no recognised leader, no formal political body, and therefore nothing, short that offers an alternative to the British Imperialists. We can only protest against such gross abuses of Imperial Government as the suppression of the Ceylon riots (of which I wrote nearly twelve months ago), of the deliberate denial of their constitutional rights to the French Canadians (of which I have written more recently), and of the deliberate design to rob native landholders in Crown Colonies of their possession and the fruits of their labours for the benefit of a party of Imperial capitalists (a subject on which, I regret to say, I have never been able to write a word). The unhappy division between Liberal sentiment, with its formula of "self-government," and Imperial policy, with its denial of self-government, has reduced political thought to chaos and political action to tyranny; for the idea of a self-governing Colony cannot be articulated and developed into a workable scheme, and until it is, the present tendency towards unification in Imperial government must continue. The "free-will offering" of the Colonies of men and munitions is about to be converted into imperial levy; what the Imperial Parliament gratefully accepted at the beginning of the war, the Imperialist party now demands as the duty of the Colonies, and if either the Canadian election or the Australian referendum results in a victory for conscription, it will be a triumph for the Imperialists groups that only the plan of "wearing the war" is attempting to govern the British Empire through its control of the Press.

It is significant, in this connection, that no political crisis on the subject of conscription has arisen in South Africa. Its relation to the Empire is the same as that of the other self-governing Dominions; but there are internal reasons why conscription should not be applied to South Africa, as there are also in Ireland, which is still outside the operation of our Military Service Acts. There is a racial problem in South Africa, as there is in Ireland and in Canada; and that problem is so acute that only a few months ago Sir Thomas Smyth, the Cape Assembly, that "the English minority relied on the good faith of the Dutch majority." This was the only defence possible against an aggressive Nationalist and Republican propaganda, and how long it may be relied upon is a matter of doubt. But it is obvious that where the English Imperialists are in a minority, none of the accepted means of introducing conscription can be effective. In Canada, the position is reversed; the English majority, having first obstructed the recruiting of the French minority, has conducted a campaign of vilification against them, and has based its case for conscription on the necessity of compelling the very men it did nothing to encourage but everything to obstruct. The same methods cannot be used in South Africa; the most ardent Imperialists have no more grievances against the Dutch minority than they have against the English minority against the English minority; and until it is, the present tendency towards unification in Imperial government must continue. The "free-will offering" of the Colonies of men and munitions is about to be converted into imperial levy; what the Imperial Parliament gratefully accepted at the beginning of the war, the Imperialist party now demands as the duty of the Colonies, and if either the Canadian election or the Australian referendum results in a victory for conscription, it will be a triumph for the Imperialists groups that only the plan of "wearing the war" is attempting to govern the British Empire through its control of the Press.

How this applies to Australia, I do not pretend to know; but I will try to state alternatives. The "free-will offering" of the Colonies entails upon them an obligation of honour. I do not know how many divisions they have provided, but whatever number it may be, the Australian people is in honour bound to keep them up to strength. If that can be done by voluntary
recruiting, so much the better; the free-will offering will remain a free-will offering, and as acceptable now as at the beginning of the war. But if Australia can no longer afford to be generous, she can still be honourable, and maintain its pledge to the Allied cause by the sacrifice of one of her liberties. If she does, she does it with no surer guarantee of its restoration after the war than the Trade Unions have for the restoration of their pre-war rights and privileges. It will be a sacrifice, but it should be done with deliberation and care; the danger of making that sacrifice is that its advantage may be reaped by people who care nothing for Australia. The suggestion that the British Army should be controlled either by a French General or a Council of Allied Generals and Premiers was not made while it was voluntarily recruited. The danger of all sacrifice is that control passes to another, and in such a case as this, that other may not be known nor his intended use of his power declared. On the other hand, the price of liberty is not eternal vigilance; that proverb must have been invented by a detective; the price of liberty is constant exercise. If the Australians have the right to volunteer for foreign service, as they have, they can only retain that right by exercising it, and keeping their forces in the field up to strength. A. E. R.

Reviews.
The Parliamentary History of Conscription in Great Britain. With a Preface by Richard C. Lambert. (Allen & Unwin. 5s. net.)
The conception of history that informs this volume is not the most exalted. We expect an historian to reveal the latent forces that produce the events which constitute history, so to arrange his material that the personalities, and their motives, become apparent; in short, written history should be a clear and logical interpretation of events. But this volume is simply a summary of the Parliamentary Debates, and it is left to the reader to determine what historical change has been effected, how and why it was effected, and what are likely to be the historical results of the change. Even summaries may show bias, and the bias of this summary is plainly against conscription. The advocates of conscription usually suffer the indignity of paraphrase, are sub-edited; but the opponents of conscription are usually quoted verbatim, although, of course, their speeches are sometimes reduced in volume. The total effect is curious; the majority of the arguments seem to be against conscription, the majority of votes seems to be for it. This fact suggests that the House of Commons is not susceptible to argument, or that the opponents of conscription took a disproportionate part in the debates; which, the reader is left to determine. As a chapter of Parliamentary history, it is one of the most disquieting to those who believe in the possibility of effective Parliamentary control. Here was one of the most radical changes ever effected in the constitution of the country, and there is hardly a constitutional argument which is not included in this volume. Here we find legislators, who knew perfectly well that the Courts of Law never consider Parliamentary Debates when they determine what Parliament intended to do, deliberately setting up new Courts, and yet forgetting to put their intentions into the Acts. Pledge after pledge was given to the House of Commons, only to be ignored by the Tribunals because the pledges were not embodied in the Acts. There is nothing more disturbing in this volume than the revelation that legislators so easily accept personal assurances instead of legislation, rely so easily on the good faith of people who have no power in practice to interpret their own meaning. What is equally disturbing is the revelation that characteristic English psychology which refuses to be systematic, which will deal only with a problem immediately under its nose. If ever there were a case of principle, to be argued on grounds of principle, that case arose when the first Conscription Act was introduced and it was introduced not on grounds of principle, but of expediency, it was urged as the redemption of a pledge, it was advocated as probably the concluding sacrifice of liberty made necessary by the war. There can be no more remarkable phenomenon than the case with which Members of Parliament accepted a mere cut-and-paste phrase, “necessary to win the war,” as argument. The first Act was followed by the second, which extended the principle of conscription to boys of 16 and all married men; it has been followed by the third, which extends the principle to all men previously exempted, or declared unfit for military service. The only satisfaction we can derive from this constitutional change is that it has compelled the Government to make more generous provision for the men recruited than was previously the case; it was always possible to argue that the man who enlisted voluntarily had no right to anything outside the terms of the Army Act, that he had made a contract, and must abide by its terms. But the introduction of compulsory service also introduced the principle of compulsory generosity, and what improvement has occurred in the scale of pensions, what improvement may occur in the scale of pay, will be due to the fact that there is no voluntary system of recruiting.

Is War Civilisation? By Christopher Nyrop. Translated by H. C. Wright, M.A. (Heinemann.)
M. Nyrop is Professor of Romance Philosophy at the University of Copenhagen; we mention the fact lest anyone should suppose that the book is worth reading. Its title alone should convince anybody that M. Nyrop is not the person to extract butter from a dog’s throat; nobody but a pacifist professor would ever bother to ask such a stupid question, or to labour a case of deliberately mistaken identity with such familiar examples of destruction and ravage as are here recorded. Belgium (Louvain has a chapter to itself), Reims Cathedral, the manifesto of the Ninety-Three, all these are so well-known examples of the barbarity of war that most reasonable people have suspended judgment until all the truth is known about them. But that the war touches M. Nyrop nearly is shown by a chapter on "Arrested Scholars"; if this sort of thing happens, why, professors even may be put in prison. That alone would suffice to prove that war is not civilisation; and M. Nyrop’s answer to his question is emphatically in the negative. War is not civilisation, and the professor therefore asks Europe to stop it.

The Year-Book of Wireless Telegraphy and Telephony. (The Wireless Press. 3s. 6d. net.)
For the fifth time, this monumental work makes its appearance, swelling visibly. It is not yet as large as the London Directory, but it soon will be; the present number contains more than a thousand pages. Even the map has been enlarged into a duplicated Mercator. The mass of necessary information increases, we should imagine, in geometrical ratio; and for relief from its pressure, we can turn to the comparatively light literature toward the end of the Volume. There is an interesting legal judgment on a question of infringement of patents, a cross-suit between the American Marconi Co. and the de Forest Company. Dr. Fleming writes on "The Electric Arc as a Generator of Persistent Electric Oscillations," and there is another light trifle on "Ionic Valves," by Mr. W. H. Eccles, beautifully decorated with equations and characteristic curves and diagrams of straight and wiggly lines. As for Professor Howe’s article on "The Inductance, Capacity, and Natural Frequency of Aerials," and Professor Marchant’s article on "The Heaviside Layer," we accept them as Gospel. These micro-microfarads seem to be equal to anything.

DECEMBER 13, 1917
THE PRIESTHOOD OF ART.

The influence of art upon life is like that of the minute organisms which almost elude the microscope, and yet by their presence make the difference between health and disease in the bodily frame. It should be part of our work to insist on the importance of beauty to the health of the soul, and we must not lose heart if we find it hard to impress this truth on our fellows, the producers by hand, absorbed as they are in their stern battle for life against more visible enemies, the Tanks and Dreadnoughts of the profiteer.

PRODUCERS BY BRAIN.

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

The Cardiff Corporation had adopted a set of "model" by-laws, supplied to them by the Local Government Board, under which public meetings were forbidden in the parks. I found no difficulty in arousing the Trades Council to the danger of this encroachment on liberty, and as the result of our agitation the by-laws were rescinded, and an open space in one part of our work to insist on the importance of beauty in the parks was dedicated to the right of free speech for ever.

The same Corporation at the same time entrusted the task of laying out a new park of great extent to the Borough Engineer, a most competent builder of reservoirs, with a talent for as much skill in landscape gardening as in sculpture or the drama. He proceeded to design a lake in exact imitation of a reservoir, as the result of our agitation the by-laws were rescinded, and an open space in one part of our work to insist on the importance of beauty in the parks was dedicated to the right of free speech for ever.

I may illustrate the case by two struggles in which I took part when living in South Wales.

The Cardiff Corporation had adopted a set of "model" by-laws, supplied to them by the Local Government Board, under which public meetings were forbidden in the parks. I found no difficulty in arousing the Trades Council to the danger of this encroachment on liberty, and as the result of our agitation the by-laws were rescinded, and an open space in one part of our work to insist on the importance of beauty in the parks was dedicated to the right of free speech for ever.

The Cardiff Corporation at the same time entrusted the task of laying out a new park of great extent to the Borough Engineer, a most competent builder of reservoirs, with a talent for as much skill in landscape gardening as in sculpture or the drama. He proceeded to design a lake in exact imitation of a reservoir, as the result of our agitation the by-laws were rescinded, and an open space in one part of our work to insist on the importance of beauty in the parks was dedicated to the right of free speech for ever.

The Cardiff Corporation had adopted a set of "model" by-laws, supplied to them by the Local Government Board, under which public meetings were forbidden in the parks. I found no difficulty in arousing the Trades Council to the danger of this encroachment on liberty, and as the result of our agitation the by-laws were rescinded, and an open space in one part of our work to insist on the importance of beauty in the parks was dedicated to the right of free speech for ever.

The Cardiff Corporation at the same time entrusted the task of laying out a new park of great extent to the Borough Engineer, a most competent builder of reservoirs, with a talent for as much skill in landscape gardening as in sculpture or the drama. He proceeded to design a lake in exact imitation of a reservoir, as the result of our agitation the by-laws were rescinded, and an open space in one part of our work to insist on the importance of beauty in the parks was dedicated to the right of free speech for ever.

As I went up over Walton Hill, I met a boy with laughing eyes, Such rapture shone about his face As he in all delight were wise, No hat he wore upon his head, But all his hair was blowing free As down the green hillside he skipped And threw a laughing glance at me.

As I went up over Walton Hill, I met a boy with laughing eyes, Such rapture shone about his face As he in all delight were wise, No hat he wore upon his head, But all his hair was blowing free As down the green hillside he skipped And threw a laughing glance at me.

As I went up over Walton Hill, I met a boy with laughing eyes, Such rapture shone about his face As he in all delight were wise, No hat he wore upon his head, But all his hair was blowing free As down the green hillside he skipped And threw a laughing glance at me.

As I went up over Walton Hill, I met a boy with laughing eyes, Such rapture shone about his face As he in all delight were wise, No hat he wore upon his head, But all his hair was blowing free As down the green hillside he skipped And threw a laughing glance at me.

As I went up over Walton Hill, I met a boy with laughing eyes, Such rapture shone about his face As he in all delight were wise, No hat he wore upon his head, But all his hair was blowing free As down the green hillside he skipped And threw a laughing glance at me.

As I went up over Walton Hill, I met a boy with laughing eyes, Such rapture shone about his face As he in all delight were wise, No hat he wore upon his head, But all his hair was blowing free As down the green hillside he skipped And threw a laughing glance at me.

As I went up over Walton Hill, I met a boy with laughing eyes, Such rapture shone about his face As he in all delight were wise, No hat he wore upon his head, But all his hair was blowing free As down the green hillside he skipped And threw a laughing glance at me.

As I went up over Walton Hill, I met a boy with laughing eyes, Such rapture shone about his face As he in all delight were wise, No hat he wore upon his head, But all his hair was blowing free As down the green hillside he skipped And threw a laughing glance at me.

As I went up over Walton Hill, I met a boy with laughing eyes, Such rapture shone about his face As he in all delight were wise, No hat he wore upon his head, But all his hair was blowing free As down the green hillside he skipped And threw a laughing glance at me.

As I went up over Walton Hill, I met a boy with laughing eyes, Such rapture shone about his face As he in all delight were wise, No hat he wore upon his head, But all his hair was blowing free As down the green hillside he skipped And threw a laughing glance at me.

As I went up over Walton Hill, I met a boy with laughing eyes, Such rapture shone about his face As he in all delight were wise, No hat he wore upon his head, But all his hair was blowing free As down the green hillside he skipped And threw a laughing glance at me.

As I went up over Walton Hill, I met a boy with laughing eyes, Such rapture shone about his face As he in all delight were wise, No hat he wore upon his head, But all his hair was blowing free As down the green hillside he skipped And threw a laughing glance at me.

As I went up over Walton Hill, I met a boy with laughing eyes, Such rapture shone about his face As he in all delight were wise, No hat he wore upon his head, But all his hair was blowing free As down the green hillside he skipped And threw a laughing glance at me.

As I went up over Walton Hill, I met a boy with laughing eyes, Such rapture shone about his face As he in all delight were wise, No hat he wore upon his head, But all his hair was blowing free As down the green hillside he skipped And threw a laughing glance at me.
MISS ELIZABETH SMITH.

There is no doubt but that Miss Elizabeth Smith was exceedingly remarkable. De Quincey informs us that she made herself mistress of the French, the Italian, the Spanish, the Latin, the German, the Greek, and the Hebrew languages. She had also a considerable knowledge of the Syriac, the Arabic, and the Persian, was a good geometerian and algebraist, and an expert musician, had an accurate knowledge of perspective, drew from nature, and manifested an early talent for poetry.

But to my mind her crowning wonder was the currant tart. We are informed that, after her family's fortunes had fallen, she and her mother were accompanying her father's regiment, they arrived, late one pouring wet night, at an Irish cabin. It was dirty, narrow, and unfurnished, except for a miserable fragment of iron rod which had been left by way of a poker. .. What did Elizabeth see? The lady, she assumed an apron, and "so varied were her accomplishments that in no long time she had gathered together a very comfortable dinner for her parents, and amongst other things a currant tart, which she had herself made in a tenement absolutely unpunished of every kitchen utensil."

This indeed is staggering! It is almost awe-inspiring! When I consider all the commodities and preparations which are essential to the making of the simplest tart—left alone a currant one—I am forced to the conclusion that Miss Smith's act partook of the miraculous.

Did she strike some portion of the kitchen with the iron rod and cause the currant tart to issue forth? No. I am persuaded that it sprang, fully backed, out of the head of this young Minerva! K. M.

TRANSLATION.
(Horace, Odes II, XV.)
Soon will kingly piles consign
Scarce an acre to the plough,
And the spacious fish-pools grow Broader than the wide Lucrine;
The elm her wilderness will resign
To the plane's unwedded bough.

Through the violet to the myrtle and a thousand flowers,
Scattering their perfumed showers;
Of fragrance, in the gardens where
Of olive-branches we have here
The guardian for their former lord;
And the bay-tree's leafy boughs
Will the rays of Phoebus hide.

Not so ordered Romulus;
Not so bearded Cato's vows;
Seems of old when they would guide
Did not frame their precepts thus:
Storms, fire, and tempests shone
And with a common ardour burned.
No portals measured of the rod
Captured Arctos' shady breeze;
Men roamed the plain and the seas
Nor shunned to till the humble sod.
Cities they reared for mortal eyes
And fresh-hewn temples for their god.

ANDRÉ B.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

THE OWNERSHIP OF LAND.

Sir,—At the National Guilds League lecture at the Kingsway Hall, on December 4, Mr. Hilaire Belloc asked National Guardians to state categorically whether they stand for private or State ownership of land. Mr. Reckitt, the lecturer, replied, that he stood for ownership by the tenant. In that capacity, explained Mr. Belloc, "all Europe is against you!"

I should like to point out that Russia is not against State ownership. The common ownership of land is the mark by which Russia has remained the leading trait of our relation to the land up to the present time. It dates from the prehistoric time when the wooded plains of Russia were over-run by hordes of Slavs. These cleared the land in companies; when they had prepared it for cultivation, they considered that it rightfully belonged to the community which had cleared it. The origin of the private landlord in Russia is very different. Often the communities invited a Scandinavian or Russian chieftain to defend them from his warriors, and thus to ensure peaceful conditions for cultivation. As a reward for this service, the prince would receive a portion of the fruits of the land, but he did not become the owner of the land; often, indeed, he was dismissed. In the course of time the descendants of these princes appeared in the guise of "landlords" and the descendants of the first settlers as "peasantry." These landlords continued as before to receive part of the produce, without owning the land, but they now discharged in the general machinery of the State other duties than that of defence of the cultivators against outside enemies, as this had become a function of the Central Government. The landlords gradually became governors of districts, with some of the duties of sheriffs and judges, the Central Government recognising them in this capacity. Another of their functions was to provide soldiers, equipped, deployed, ready for the service of the Government. While the landlord performed these duties, the Government recognised him during his lifetime as the master of the land, but not as its owner. Whoever succeeded him in his administrative duties acquired the same rights over the land. The administrative succession was, of course, usually determined by blood-relationship, but not always.

Juridically, this approximation of life-tenancy with State ownership, and for many centuries the Central Government looked upon the land as common property.

Until the nineteenth century, then, the one predominant form of ownership in Russia was communal. It was usual to hear the serfs, talking to their lords, use the phrase: "We are yours, but the land is ours." In 1803 the liberation of the serfs took place. In view of the strength of the landlords and the notion which was developed among them that the land, as well as the serfs, was really theirs, the Government—which was composed mainly of landlords—did not leave all the land to the peasant communities, but a certain portion remained in the landlord's possession as his private property.

From this moment, therefore, there were two main types of ownership in Russia: private ownership by the landlords; and the old common ownership, which was State ownership.

Many of our economists supported the communal system of ownership as a safeguard against the development of an urban proletariat, because the artisan could always return from Rome to his commune, which was forced to give him land. This was the last of things up to 1906, when Stolypin passed a law to allow peasants to leave the commune and to retain a portion of the land as their private property. Stolypin's intention was to create a class of farmer-owners as the foundation of a stable nation and a means of developing sound bourgeois ideas. This law only partly altered the situation. Only a small proportion of the peasants have left the communes and become private proprietors.

Both before and after the revolution in March, 1917, all the active political parties, from the Cadets leftwards, whatever their doctrinal differences on other points, agreed upon one thing: the land must not be privately owned. And the Russian people support this as a moral necessity. B. W. AWRER.

POPISH PLOT!

Sir,—There is a Popish Plot; but the cell where that conspiracy against the liberty and well-being of humanity is a-hatching is still the same Vatican. Titus Oates is still its dull unconscious agent; and in his latest avatar as "Saint George," he is conspicuously (except to himself) damned by the faint praise of "The Tablet."

"Saint George!" is playing the Vatican game for the possession of England's soul by denying Catholicity to any but the Roman Communion. He implicitly places the sign "No Roman Catholic" on the Vatican Tablet. He is in default, for he cannot abolish the Catholic ideal; for on its spiritual tide it is synonymous with humanity in love with its better self. The Catho-
aspiration of mankind is unquenchable—ask the Primitive Methodist or the coal-heaver on the bus, explaining that you do not find in the Roman Church the sense of the term, and you will be surprised at his basic fidelity to this ideal. By stopping up all wells except the Roman you compel him to go there. It would be in a few generations if Rome were sufficiently represented by "Saint Georges." She is cunning enough to know and use her friends, both unconscious and avowed.

It is entirely irrelevant and futile to blame the Church for being what she was never meant to be, and, perhaps, could not be, without denying the very principles of her foundation and purpose. This applies to the Roman, the Greek, and the Anglican branches. The claim is made by the English Catholics that the "Church of this land" is a true branch of the "One Catholic and Apostolic Church" of Christ. The Pope, whilst he was a spiritual leader, and had not yet usurped the Holy Power of his office, was recognised by the other bishops as primas inter pares. When he aspired to reincarnate in himself the authority of Imperial Rome, he became a mere politician. The Catholic Church did not originate in Rome; it was not even in Rome that the Catholic principle was first definitely formulated, but by Vincent, of Lwi. She inherited the love of order from Rome, mysticism from Ephesus, scholarly research from Alexandria, universalism from Antioch, theistic and ethical zeal from Jerusalem, idealism from the Apostles, and falling on Bethlehem, asceticism from Africa—how many more channels could be enumerated through which God endowed her with the gifts and graces, by whose virtue she turned the world upside down? If the Church is to be judged, it must be by criteria implicit in her original foundation. To the Apostles on whom Christ founded her, He gave certain Commandments; has she obeyed them? How has she used her magnificent cultural endowments for the realisation of an ideal of social and personal sanctity and purity, grace and love? Has she preached the Gospel to the broken-hearted to the world under the title of Sion? Has she claimed deliverance to the captives bound in the chains of lust and sin? May her faithful ministers still do so, and will the power of the Holy Spirit be given to them to do so? Then here are positive tests that may be applied to the Church of this land, and I, a minister, say to any layman: apply them without fear! Don't blame her for not developing aviation, or that she does not encourage irresponsible and inept excursions, the occult, where the immature truant lacking the gift of discernment of Spirits may injure the soul beyond even the power of the psychic healer to repair. So valid are criteria; but "Saint George's" own psychological and aesthetic defalcations preclude his applying—"it would seem too much to tether his scurrilous Pegasus to the common ground."

But, Sir, I cry, Privilege! Not on ecclesiastical grounds; but he comes in disguise to the parliament of good faith and reason. "Saint George" is too many people. He is, in turn, the Dragon-slayer, Weltschmied and who-not. Lastly he has given us a photograph, taken by gaslight, of himself pulling faces and mimicking Canon Green. Who can he be—for in his fervid endeavours to deliver himself from Common Britantries, he has lost his identity? One so proposing a revolution either within or without Christendom will end as nothing more than a pose. "Saint George's" seems not so much as unwilling to risk one; he establishes nothing, refutes nothing. He is for all the world like a futurist picture: the hat is Garibaldi's, the nose is Cromwell's, but the pants are Charlie Chaplin's. He can only blame himself for appearing ridiculous. There are men in the English Church who earnestly look forward to Catholic Spirit in the Church, when the damage done by generations of political opportunism shall have been repaired. They are prepared for sacrifices, and are ready to help restore solitude and beauty to the Body of Christ by unloading from its pockets the alien and impossible commissions, with the lure thereof, wherewith its uncatholic guardians have loaded it. They are fallible, maybe narrow and impatient; they are in Need; they are in Earnest! I, personally, dread to see the spirit of Chartist-craund creep in; but I fear, if we get no more

informative and earnest criticism than that of "Saint George," he will be atop of us. If "Saint George" really loves his fellow men, and is desirous to deliver his message—not "lectures"—from our pulpits, let him submit to the minimum requirements. We are a guild, under a common discipline, bishop no less than deacon. As it now is, he dishonours himself by the most fantastic egotism that ever congregation should have to endure. Why not join the Unitarians? They are everything to everybody, lest they should proslavate some, they require no subscription to any articles or creeds. And they have a really curiosity, for the most part.

**Diocesan.**

**Memoranda.**

(From last week's *New Age.*

The transformation of the Labour Party into a National Party is a task for the most generous and creative minds.

The personal defects of the authors of the new Labour Party will infallibly show in the forthcoming history of the Party itself.

The horror of a bishop at discovering that the dictates of religion have been practically and almost legally obligatory is natural—"Notes of the Week."

Parliamentarisation is not democracy, but it is a preliminary stage of democracy.

Parliamentarisation is a decentralising, a centrifugal force; it subtracts from the State to give to the individual.—S. Verdun.

The functional principle is not a criterion of ultimate values, but purely a criterion of political institutions. An ideal society would aim by means of law at discovering the greatest possible number of important truths.

It is not beyond the region of possibility that in the next two hundred years all men and women could be taught how to think logically.

An excessive division of labour destroys the soul of man and ultimately his life. A State which should place all social obligations upon the shoulders of the best-willed people would automatically banish good will.

Responsibility is responsibility before someone else.—Ramiro de Mazié.

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 accustomed.—G. D. H. Cole.

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.—John Francis Hope.

The behaviour of an infant science is infantine. It is highly important, in the art of speculation as in all arts, not to mind the risk of looking foolish. Fellowship, when the genius can find it, is his best stimulus.—Kenneth Richmond.

Let us have a proportion of judgment even if we cannot command a proportion in our personal feelings. Admitting that to the Irish Nationalist Irish nationality is the dearest thing in the world, we are still entitled to appeal to his judgment against the conclusion that it is therefore the greatest thing in the world.

Real Irish nationality is not so invalid a sentiment that it must be fed upon lies.—R. H. C.

No feeling is more typical of the conscientious Englishman than the feeling that, if one does not take a hand in things actively, the constituted authorities will make a mess of them.

The better musician a man is the more fully convinced he is that the opera belongs to the Mozart period.—William Atheling.
PRESS CUTTINGS.

To the Editor of the “Times.”

We see in the case of Germany what a terrible instrument oppression can be, formed by an educated and intelligent class working under the direction of irresponsible and hereditary rulers. Those nations who wish their citizens to live the fullest and happiest life must inevitably look to Germany, whose parent is the happiness of the many, and this is probably what the demands of the Trade Union Conference really mean, demands which, if they are gradually brought into being, will formalise the constitutional machinery of any country. A free Parliament, will be far less dangerous to the welfare of our country than any attempt to stem demands of the workers by endeavouring to limit the powers of a democracy in any direction. There is no reason to suppose that, as Mr. Case is inclined to fear, the majority has always had this power, and is riot afraid to exercise it when it is necessary to the good of the State. Organised labour is in the majority in this country; no doubt it is inarticulate, and often crude, but its power is there, and cannot be gained. As some of us consider that the rule of this majority, when it is given full expression and guided by wise and temperate counsels, will give a happier and more prosperous Great Britain than has been the case for the last hundred years.—F. W. BURSTALL, University, Edgbaston, Birmingham.

In discussing the topic, Co-operation, Mr. MacInwain gave especial prominence to the need for new co-operative relations between employers and employees. The labour situation he held to be the most serious business menace at the present moment. The present troubles are closely related to the Russian revolution, and are symptoms of a ferment that is world-wide and that threatens to involve the United States in social revolution. To prevent this it may be necessary to give employees share in ownership and direction of business, or to revise radically the wage system, or to find a new plan for the organisation of all industrial corporations. The Babson Company expects soon to present a plan for such re-organisation. None of these plans may succeed. If they do not, then nothing can prevent the upheaval of the masses here in America to take possession of property and business.

Subscriptions to THE NEW AGE are at the following rates:—

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Rate</th>
<th>United Kingdom</th>
<th>Abroad</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>One Year</td>
<td>28s. 0d.</td>
<td>30s. 0d.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Six Months</td>
<td>14s. 0d.</td>
<td>15s. 0d.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Three Months</td>
<td>7s. 6d.</td>
<td>8s. 6d.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

All communications relating to THE NEW AGE should be addressed to THE NEW AGE, 38, Cursitor Street, E.C.4.