NOTES OF THE WEEK.

We shall defer until next week our consideration of the situation as left by Mr. Lloyd George's speech. In the meantime, however, it is necessary to contradict Sir Edward Carson, who, on Friday, affirmed that those of us who are urging the re-statement of the Allied war-aims are acting in order to "embarrass the Government and the Allies." For ourselves, at any rate, nothing can be more untrue or superfluous. On the contrary, it is precisely to disembarrass the Government and the Allies—now, by the way, reduced to three apparently—as left by Mr. Lloyd George's speech. In the months alone. What, therefore, we ask, and what wishing to embarrass the Government, is the nature of Carson assert that the arrangements made and sealed under the Pact of London during the first months of the war have remained unaltered through the changing circumstances of the last three years? Did the entry meantime, however, it is necessary to contradict Sir Edward Carson, who, on Friday, affirmed that those of us who are urging the re-statement of the Allied war-aims are doing so in order to "embarrass the Government and the Allies." For ourselves, at any rate, nothing can be more untrue or superfluous. On the contrary, it is precisely to disembarrass the Government and the Allies—now, by the way, reduced to three apparently—that we urge the desirability of both a revision and a re-statement of the war-aims of the whole of the anti-Prussian League of Nations. It is idle to pretend that nothing has occurred to make this course reasonable if not, indeed, imperative. Would even Sir Edward Carson assert that the arrangements made and sealed under the Pact of London during the first months of the war have remained unaltered through the changing circumstances of the last three years? Did the entry of America into the war affect nothing contained or involved in the Pact? Has the Russian Revolution left the Pact still standing down to its subordinate clauses? To ask us to believe that everything save the detailed war-aims of the original Signatory Powers has changed is to tax our credulity beyond our minds to pay; for it is certain to demonstration that our detailed war-aims have been revolutionised by the events of the last twelve months alone. What, therefore, we ask, and what we have every right to ask without being accused of wishing to embarrass the Government, is the nature of our war-aims to-day. What in particular we desire to know is what are the war-aims common to the whole of the League, including America and the New Russia. If Sir Edward Carson will not tell us these we shall be justified in concluding that it is because he cannot; in other words, because as yet a common formula between the Western European Powers and America and Russia has not yet been found. But it is exactly that common formula that is urgent.

Since the war, in any event, is to continue for the present, the problem of supply is likely to become more and more difficult. We must acquit Mr. Prothero of attempting, like some of his fellow-Ministers, to put a false colour on the situation by pretending that everything is well in hand. He not only warns us that the immediate future threatens us with a real shortage of food-stuffs, but ever and ever again he repeats his warning that peace when it comes will rather aggravate than relieve the food troubles of war. But this is so obvious to people who can think at all that we are amazed at the indifference with which Mr. Prothero is listened to. If the people of this country were really convinced that the present food-difficulties are not only certain to continue, but certain to increase as war and peace approach, surely we should begin to see on every side signs of earnest all-round economy. Nearly three years ago we began to advise our readers to save, and ever since we have from time to time repeated our advice with increasing emphasis. Never, however, was it more urgent that it is at this moment. Let those save now who never saved before, and those who saved before now save the more. The advice, moreover, applies not merely to food-stuffs but to everything comprehended under the phrase of the standard of living. Our former standards must be reduced. It is impossible that there should be enormous drains upon our capital and vital resources and that the whole population should continue to live at the level of comfort prevalent before the war. The nation is actually poorer by some thousands of millions of pounds' worth of commodities; and the relative increase of our nominal spending-power, in the form of currency, ought not to blind us to the fact. We should like to see the nation as a whole cutting down its coat to the shrunken cloth now available. This generation of civilians in emulation of our troops should assume what is, indeed, the fact, that their pre-war incomes have been permanently reduced by a half or two-thirds, and arrange their future circumstances within the new limits. Only by this means shall we escape worse troubles than we have even yet known.

What, of course, is so dispiriting to the serious citizen who is doing his best to spare the community is the spectacle of other citizens and of whole classes rioting in luxury while he is pinching himself in necessities. More than anything else, this is the real cause of whatever "war-weariness" there is: disgust at the
The New Age

December 20, 1917

The economic situation is clear, and we have often expounded it. An inflation of currency is an increase of the supply of money which, by virtue of the purchasing-power of money, is equivalent to an increase in the demand for commodities in general. Thus it happens that at the very moment when commodities in general are in process of diminished production, the money demand for them is being artificially increased by the manufacture of currency. The tendency upon these persons; but in this case, from both sides—from the side of decreasing supply and from the side of an increasing effective demand. To carry this process to its logical conclusion, we might imagine the nation rolling in Treasury-notes and other forms of currency, but with nothing purchasable in existence; a glut of money and a famine of commodities. Though we are, of course, some distance off this logical disaster, we are being brought nearer to it by the action of the Government in continuing to manufacture money in face of a declining production. Sooner or later, therefore, this course must be stopped if we are not to go over Niagara. But how to stop it? The "Times" writer will not allow that the simplest means is the State commandeering of money by means of increased taxation. We are, indeed, merely "predatory Socialists" to advocate it. But his remedy is even more drastic, in our opinion, and much less likely to be adopted by this or any other country. "We are, he says, "living in a city, and can only survive by living as brothers on a basis of absolute social equality." Admirable, we say; but has the author considered whether, if our own proposals for increased taxation are impossible, his proposals for virtual communism are any more possible? The "absolute social equality" of which he writes is a multidimensional creature which, however, has only one neck. Everything depends, in the last resort, upon the quantity and distribution of purchasing power, that is to say, of money. Who controls money has, therefore, the control of ultimate social equality in his hands. And since, by commandeering money, the State might control everything contingent upon money, it appears to us, predatory Socialists though we may be, that money is the neck by which to take hold of the common lambs of the "Times." * * *

It appears, however, that anybody who recommends the socialisation of income (or spending-power) as a means to the very object of equality which such writers have professedly in mind are liable to worse charges than predatory Socialism. Mr. Harold Cox and Mr. Gibson Bowles have now been followed by the "Daily Mail" in laying the special charge of "pro-Germanism" upon every advocate of increased taxation during the remainder of the war. It is a foolish charge, and we shall ignore it; but, no doubt, it will serve its turn to delay for a little longer the adoption of the only means of paying for the cost of the war. What our capitalist police-agents have in mind, we fancy, is to threaten us particularly with pains and penalties for advocating a levy upon capital. But, on the other hand, if we are not to recommend a means of paying for the war, the onus is upon Mr. Cox and his posse to devise means for us. How, in fact, do they propose to raise the money if not by increased taxation? Ruling out as the devices of predatory Socialists and pro-Germans the means of a capital levy and increased taxation of incomes, there are no means left that we can think of by which the State can discharge its liabilities. Even a national debt of six or seven thousand millions has to be paid off sooner or later; and since we are likely during the next two or three years to add to it at the rate of two thousand millions a year, the problem of its repayment is likely to become urgent. We would help Mr. Cox and the "Daily Mail" in their difficulty if we could. If we are not to tax it out of the wealthier classes, then we must take the money out of the poor by levies on the consumption of necessities, or by enforced economy? Are we to ration everything but incomes over a hundred a year? Mr. Cox, a renegade to every principle with which he has ever been associated, is much concerned about "our national good faith," he says, "in order to preserve the fair name of our country." At the same time, neither he nor the "Daily Mail" will tell us the means—though the means are obvious.

The Central Association of Employers, like the Parliamentary Council and other capitalist bodies, is under the mistaken impression that the proposed Industrial Councils are a concession to Labour, for...
which Labour must pay in one or another form of counter-concession. Like its colleagues, the Association demands that, in return for the establishment of Industrial Councils, Labour shall co-operate with Capital in preventing and settling disputes, and in the legal enforcement of agreements between the two parties. If industrial peace were more necessary than privateering for some time to come. We cannot have Capital in preventing and settling disputes, and in the control of Labour without admitting its reciprocal conditions for distribution. At the same meeting, however, Lord Inchcape revealed his thoughts on an allied question of economics: the question of capital values. What does wealth consist of, he asked in a spirit of challenge. Not of money, he said, but of houses, land, factories, and, above all, of “the character and industry of the people.” Quite so. Wealth consists, in the first place, of the tools of industry; and, in the second place, of the labour that uses them. But in estimating the value of Capital it is obvious that the latter element is taken for granted; and not only is it taken for granted, but, as our colleague S. G. H. has recently shown, it is added to the value of the former element of the bare tools. Of every hundred pounds’ worth of capital value it therefore follows that a considerable percentage (say 95) is presumed; that is to say, it represents the capitalisation of the goodwill of Labour. There is no escape from this conclusion; for it is certain that without the “goodwill” of Labour, the present capital-values would have to be written down almost to zero.

It could scarcely be expected of Members of Parliament that they should define the real danger of the Non-ferrous Metal Bill which was discussed in the Commons last week. The contention that it was in violation of the principles of Free Trade was singularly irrelevant to the prevailing and prospective conditions of trade. And it came with an ill grace from Mr. Runciman, who was himself the author of the very clauses of the Paris Economic agreement under whose authority the present Bill was drafted. Again, we cannot pretend to be alarmed by the alarmist economists’ arguments at the action of the State in taking under its control one more industry in addition to the scores now more or less in its hands; and, even if we should prefer with the converted Mr. Runciman out and out nationalisation to the system of licensing adopted under the Bill, the difference economically is not of the first importance. What gives the Bill its sinister character is the addition it makes of still more economic and commercial power to the politicians who call themselves the State. By reserving to itself the privilege of licensing this or that industry, this or that trader, Parliament (in other words, its members and particularly the Government) is gradually accumulating in its hands economic as well as political power. “Graft,” under these circumstances, is bound to be increasingly prevalent in our political life; since Parliament will be the source of more and more economic privileges.

At Bradford School last week Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien and Sir William Robertson were each of them guilty of a serious offence against both taste and fact. The former said that “no families had suffered so heavily in the war with those connected with the great public schools”; and the latter wrote that we owed our proud national position partly to the inherent qualities of the race, but more especially to the quality of leadership developed at schools like Bradford. If the statements had been true, their taste at such a moment would still have been execrable. But, of course, they are not true, and Sir William Robertson’s remark, in particular, may be commended for its unintentional irony. Not to agitate a matter which is one of life and death, we will only say that the war will have been won in the common schools and workshops of Britain. But these gentlemen are not the only public men who cannot keep their mouth without putting a hoof into it. Three others have recently emulated their example. In reply to a question whether he had been compelled to address a meeting, Sir Arthur Yapp remarked that “there was no man breathing who dared compel him to do anything.” And this, if you please, from a food-dictator! Lord Northcliffe, of course, is too easy for satire, since our Tammany boss is never happy when public utterances to his authorised supersitions. When he says that the Prussian form of government is superior to democracy, and clearly shows that his preference is for efficiency at all costs to humanity, we feel that as both a Dean and Englishman he is out of place. He should be a Professor of real politics in Prussia.

[Next week’s issue of THE NEW AGE will be on sale on Saturday of the present week.]
Foreign Affairs,
By S. Verdad.

The fundamental importance of democratising Germany as a necessary factor in preserving the peace of Europe in the future, and Mr. G. K. Chesterton's courteous anxiety to discuss this question fully, shall be my excuses for returning to the subject this week. In the current issue of the "New Witness," Mr. Chesterton objects to the suggestion that parliamentarism is of any value in attaining the end we seek, his argument being that modern parliaments have no power; or, in other words, that they are under the control of a few very rich men. That is to say, although parliaments may be a step on the way to democracy, they do not necessarily result in democracy, as Mr. Chesterton says. Could it be a step towards a thing is not always a way of getting there. On the contrary, Mr. Chesterton holds, parliaments in recent years have actually "dragged men away from democracy"; and they are enabled to do this because of the financial influence exercised in them by the wealthy, whose direct or indirect power makes parliaments, not centrifugal (as I still hold), but "centripetal as a whirlpool, and as alive with death."

In short, I gather that Mr. Chesterton objects to parliamentarism as a final solution of the German difficulty on the ground that the rich men of Germany would be as willing to go to war, if they felt the need, as the Kaiser himself; and their wealth would provide them with means of carrying out their designs by corrupting parliament.

I have heard this theory before, and I am bound on this occasion to say why it has never impressed me. In the first place, I have known no other alternative to be suggested than the somewhat vague proposal that Germany should be "broken up," the supposition apparently being that any division would be incapable of aggression, parliament or no parliament. As I have often endeavoured to show, in other connections, this supposition will not hold good. The civil services in Germany are so well organised, and one part of Germany is bound up with every other to such an extent, politically, financially, and economically, that the disruption suggested is utterly impracticable. Even though Germany were artificially disrupted, what is left? There is left at least the Prussian unit, with two-thirds of the population of the German Empire, the coal and iron deposits, all the chemical deposits, the coast line, and the civic energy necessary for reconstruction. And, even if you disrupt Germany, we should presumably have parliaments in Prussia unless we wished to be as barbarous as the first. It is true that hills have only lately been introduced into the Prussian Parliament with this aim; but as, in any circumstances, the German Empire would become re-united in some form, surely it is necessary that the united body should have a more liberal constitution than the Empire as it exists at present. In the second place, when I come to deal with Mr. Chesterton in particular, I find that he despises not only parliamentarism in Germany but also, apparently, parliamentarism everywhere else. The British Parliament he certainly regards as being rather worse than useless, and his French sympathies appear to be largely with the "Action française" group of intellectuals who also enter at parliaments and believe firmly in the restoration of the monarchy.

In one of the comments of the "New Witness" (Dec. 13th), again, as editorial note, making reference to the Polish question, says: "M. Askenazy plays for a Prussian peace and by handing to the usual drivel in relation to the democracy of the German people... hopes to ensure his end."

To take, then, this more pronounced criticism, what does Mr. Chesterton propose to substitute for parliament? It seems to me that if parliaments are corrupt they should be reformed; and Mr. Chesterton has himself sought to act up to this principle. He exposed the sale of honours, and the very powerful means of corruption that the German Parliament is bound up in. Mr. Chesterton himself has shown that parliament cannot become corrupt without the public's crying shame on it when exposed. The abuse of parliament does not mean that its proper function is not carried out, but that it is corrupted by unscrupulous means; some substitute in the event of the House of Commons being unable to carry out its duties properly becomes a subject of inquiry and criticism; he has written strongly on the Marconi affair, and the influential "Morning Post" group, among others, is still awhirl with suspicion of Earl Reading; he has criticised Mr. Handel Booth, and Mr. Handel Booth has been keeping very quiet. Has Mr. Chesterton now given up in despair? It should seem so; for his recent language appears to indicate that he no longer has faith in the usefulness of keeping up that eternal vigilance which is the price of liberty. If, however, he thrusts parliaments aside as useless, what is his proposed substitute, whether for Germany or for England? From various hints in his articles of the last five or six years, from the chapter in his "Short History of England" dealing with the boy King Richard the Second, and his earlier chapter on the "Problem of the Plantagenets," not to mention articles which he has editorially admitted into his paper, I gather that Mr. Chesterton, like his close intellectual colleague, Mr. Belloc, advocates the revival—the restoration, perhaps I should say—of the powers and privileges of the House of Commons. There is, of course, always been some check on arbitrary monarchial power; some precaution against its misuse; some substitute in the event of the minority or senility of the monarch. Parliaments are corrupt—such is evidently the theory—but monarchs are not corrupt; because parliaments are under the control of rich men and kings are not. Though I write subject to correction and disproof, I am bound to say that I can find no other proposal in any publication, book or paper, for which Mr. G. K. Chesterton is responsible.

If, however, parliaments are not representative, if they "drag men away from democracy," and so forth, is the institution of kingship theoretically at all that Mr. Chesterton, by implication, claims for it? Has the king's power never been curtailed? Need one remind Mr. Chesterton of the Privy Council, which dates back to the time of the Norman Conquest and has more than once in its long history been "usurped" (as the historians call it) the powers and privileges of the House of Commons? There has, of course, always been some check on arbitrary monarchial power; some precaution against its misuse; some substitute in the event of the minority or senility of the monarch. This power in England has been the Privy Council. With its gradual decline, from the time of William the Third, we find coincidentally the gradual rise of the House of Commons; but if the Commons had been allowed (as in the case of the chapter in his "Short History of England") to disappear, the Privy Council would inevitably, automatically, come to the front again, and the last state of Mr. Chesterton would be precisely as bad as the first. And the same check or control would become apparent in Germany or France or any other country accustomed to constitutional administration, if its parliament were suddenly or gradually thrust aside.

There is a logical fallacy in Mr. Chesterton's old argument, and the answer is as old as the argument. The abuse of parliament does not mean that its proper function is not performed; it is sufficient to say that parliaments have been improved or reformed. But an autocracy, especially when supported by a strong junta, is admitted to be less successful in modern times, however natural it might have seemed in the middle ages. Mr. Chesterton himself has himself shown that a parliament cannot become corrupt without the public's crying shame on it; and a journalist points out the corruption. Why, therefore, put forward the fallacious argument of abuse for use, which must have been refuted even before Eliphaz and Bildad and Zophar argued in the Land of Uz?
Towards National Guilds.

SOVEREIGNTY* AND THE GUILDS.—II.

One of the conclusions to which the present writers have been slowly but surely brought is that in a parliamentary State there can be no further political revolution. A nation has one political revolution as a rule, but never two. It is from a cut and dried system —the monarchy or an autocracy—to an elastic system.

Under the latter form of government it is obvious that the constituents of government are within the power and the right of the mass of citizens to determine. As has been so often said, under a democratic or representative system of government a people has the government of its choice. There is no excuse for disguising from ourselves that this is the fact. The intelligent few may deplore the character of the Government, may be well aware of the tricks by which they have got themselves elected, may sympathise with the natural or actual inability of the electorate to break through the illusions which caucus, party, the canvass and the press have woven for them. But when all has been said, it remains the case that the voters actually voted for the members of the Government, and that if they had not voted exactly as they would not have been in Parliament. Under these circumstances and since we have a Government answering to the active consent if not to the active initiative of the electorate, it is useless, we repeat, to talk of the necessity of a political revolution. A political revolution would only change the personnel of the Government; and such a change can be brought about by the simpler means of voting for it.

This consideration must largely discount, if not entirely cancel, the talk that several guildsmen have been lately indulging in—we suspect after frequenting the company of individualist pacifists—of the desirability and even the imminence of a purely political revolution. And often enough as far as to talk of an imminent political revolution they will contend that a political revolution of some kind or other is implied in the present organization of the Parliament. It is possible, though in our opinion improbable, that the basis of occupation will be substituted in our electoral machinery for the present basis of geography. It is possible, again, that the internal organization of Parliament may be considerably affected by the release of its members from many of their existing industrial functions. But these are changes of detail only. They do not affect the present essential character of Parliament as the elected representative, legislative and executive head of the nation. And what is more we cannot discover anything in the whole theory of National Guilds that requires another kind of Parliament than the present Parliament, though we freely admit that almost any fresh composition of Parliament would be better than the one we know.

* * *

A further consideration, and one that has been made particularly plain to us by "A. E. R.," is that the State is not in practice the metaphysical being philosophers have assumed it to be. In theory, no doubt, it is possible to refine upon practice until in the end the practical State becomes to a philosopher like Hegel a magnified non-natural man, distinguishable from the God of Matthew Arnold's description. We need have no truck with a creature of this kind. Our concern is not with the heavenly image of the State, but with the State as incarnated in the persons of the people we elect to exercise certain powers. It is wholly a creature of our creation, answerable to our wills and only unlimited to the extent that we decide to leave it so. There is thus no need for us to quarrel with anybody concerning the precise nature of Leviathan, as if

Leviathan were a monster from the deep we could neither call up nor lay at discretion. Nor is there any need for us to argue about the creature that has no real existence. The State is ourselves; we are the State; and we have only to remember that in discussing the State we are discussing what we want to do to put an end in our practical affairs to the disputes of the philo-ideologues. Let it be granted, then, that we are not in the least disturbed by either the denial or the affirmation of the powers of the State. We shall not be in the least shocked if someone proposes to endow the State with more powers than it has, if someone, on the other hand, proposes to take from it all powers. The State is ourselves; and all that these proposals mean for us is a series of propositions asserting that we should be wise to do more or to do less communally and by means of the State than we have been in the habit of doing. In short, every proposal concerning the powers of the State is a practical problem to be solved by the practical means of experience or by trial and error. Will it work to the common advantage? That is all we require to ask ourselves in the presence of either the anarchist or the royalist. Other sections that have not directly replied to this question we do not ask. Sufficent unto the day is the State thereof. **

Having said so much by way of presenting our credentials to our colleague, Mr. W. N. Ewer, whose recent lecture on "The State" has been the occasion of the present series of notes, we may now go on to deal by traverse with some of his statements. With a number of his opinions, as we shall not fail to point out, we agree like brothers; but with some of the rest we disagree like billyhows. The chief offender in our eyes is his assertion that 'The State is only one of many forms of human association.' Of course there is a sense in which this is true; but in Mr. Ewer's view it is Mr. Ewer intends us to read his definition it is not true: for he instantly goes on to remark that the State differs from all other forms of human association only in practice. We are to believe, in fact, that the only difference between a cricket-club, a Guild and the State is in their practice, and not at all in their constitution or purpose. But we can instantly point out a difference which is not that of practice only. Every other form of human association within the State itself is an association within the State; but the State is association of all. All the difference, therefore, that there is between all and some, few or many, between the whole and the part, lies between other forms of human association and the form we call the State or the Nation. It is true that the distinction is something in the sense that it appears to turn upon numbers only. But it is an accident incidental to human affairs like the accidents of birth and death. It is, moreover, comparable to another 'accident' of numbers from which, nevertheless, very important distinctions are derived. What, let us ask, distinguishes the number six in the series of one, two, three, four, five, and six? The answer is that it is distinguished not only numerically but by the unique fact that it is the last of the series. In the same way we can ask what it is that distinguishes the body of Law Lords commonly called the House of Lords from all the Courts of Law that are preliminary to it? And the answer is that the House of Lords differs from all the rest in being the last or final Court of Appeal. To argue that on this sole account the House of Lords is necessarily wiser, more judicial than, or 'superior' to the preceding Courts is to fall into one error; but to deny that it is more powerful by virtue of its unction is to fall into another. It is a case in which position itself counts as discrimination; and in which the accident of number really gives it authority over all the rest. Applying this to our former question we may say that while in a certain sense the State is similar to any other form of human association
as the House of Lords is similar to any other Court of Law; in another and the important sense the State differs from any other form of association by virtue of its association of all instead of a few within itself. "For all is decisive in the case of the State as the last is decisive in the case of the House of Lords. We shall see in a later article that sovereignty is implied in it.

National Guildsmen.

Economic Power and Peace.

To Herr Eduard Bernstein.

My Dear Bernstein,—Now that you are immersed in world-politics and have become a figure of European importance, I wonder whether you remember an obscure scribbler who has met you on various occasions? Do you remember, years and years ago, how in the Reading Room of the British Museum we fell into discussing Imperialism and became so vociferous that an attendant politely but firmly showed us the way into the hall? A long time ago before you grew your beard! Or do you remember that years later, on my way from Petrograd, I called at your flat in Berlin, when we discussed Russia and Finland, and I told you of my visit to Miliukoff and Ostrogorsky—the one now hiding his head, the other for whom, alas! time is not? Was it you who reminded me of the Reitstuck, when I listened to an amusing speech from the Deputy Frank, one of the first to fall in the great war?

I remember this man for two reasons: his notable resemblance to the portrait of Lassalle, and how after stepping down from the tribune, he stopped at Bebel's desk and said: "Tell me, Anon, you dropped in upon a little group of Fabians—mea culpa!"

I was one—in a tea-shop in the Strand. You told me of your political campaign in Bremen. But I see you most vividly at Stuttgart, where you addressed the Conference in three languages. I noted your profile, as I sat with the British delegation on your left. I remember the impression you gave me, of a scholar, sincere and industrious in the pursuit of truth.

Now we are divided by a vast abyss. Across this abyss, by the law of the land, I must hold no converse with you, giving you no aid or comfort. Your Government and mine decree that no word shall pass between us; that only the rightfully constituted authorities shall discuss when and how peace shall be established, and the old great world shall live again.

I break no law, my dear Bernstein, because I have no aid or comfort to bring you. On the contrary, I must tell you that the continuation of the war rests with you and the men with whom you co-operate. Not that we on this side are unmindful of the heroic spirit that guides your way. On the contrary, we know; for we, too, have our Junkers, and our pro-imperialists and our profiteers. These are the hordes of International Finance, all with devils' fishing rods probing for prey in the troubled waters of mankind. There are a million capitalists carefully hoarding their resources for the days of peace, ready to spring endless schemes of exploitation upon an exhausted people.

Rest assured, we know! Nevertheless, believe me, there can be no peace, until the combination of your Autocracy, your Junkers and your Industrialists is smashed beyond repair. However criminal the leaders of other nations may have been in leaving about explosive material, there is not the shadow of a doubt that it was the German combination that fired the train; that thought to win endless plunder by so doing; that will fire more trains in the future unless real democracy is established in Germany.

This is no new discovery of mine; it is not a discovery of mine at all; it is a commonplace, a recognised truism for years. In the autumn of 1912, I wrote these words:

"If, however, the profiteers can retain their grip upon the Government machine until the psychological moment when, foreseeing their own destruction before the mass of their own people, they come to the conclusion that they can only perish with theirSELVES, we face in the case of the State as the last is decisive in the case of the House of Lords. We shall see in a later article that sovereignty is implied in it.

National Guildsmen.

Economic Power and Peace.

To Herr Eduard Bernstein.

My Dear Bernstein,—Now that you are immersed in world-politics and have become a figure of European importance, I wonder whether you remember an obscure scribbler who has met you on various occasions? Do you remember, years and years ago, how in the Reading Room of the British Museum we fell into discussing Imperialism and became so vociferous that an attendant politely but firmly showed us the way into the hall? A long time ago before you grew your beard! Or do you remember that years later, on my way from Petrograd, I called at your flat in Berlin, when we discussed Russia and Finland, and I told you of my visit to Miliukoff and Ostrogorsky—the one now hiding his head, the other for whom, alas! time is not? Was it you who reminded me of the Reitstuck, when I listened to an amusing speech from the Deputy Frank, one of the first to fall in the great war?

I remember this man for two reasons: his notable resemblance to the portrait of Lassalle, and how after stepping down from the tribune, he stopped at Bebel's desk and said: "Tell me, Anon, you dropped in upon a little group of Fabians—mea culpa!"

I was one—in a tea-shop in the Strand. You told me of your political campaign in Bremen. But I see you most vividly at Stuttgart, where you addressed the Conference in three languages. I noted your profile, as I sat with the British delegation on your left. I remember the impression you gave me, of a scholar, sincere and industrious in the pursuit of truth.

Now we are divided by a vast abyss. Across this abyss, by the law of the land, I must hold no converse with you, giving you no aid or comfort. Your Government and mine decree that no word shall pass between us; that only the rightfully constituted authorities shall discuss when and how peace shall be established, and the old great world shall live again.

I break no law, my dear Bernstein, because I have no aid or comfort to bring you. On the contrary, I must tell you that the continuation of the war rests with you and the men with whom you co-operate. Not that we on this side are unmindful of the heroic spirit that guides your way. On the contrary, we know; for we, too, have our Junkers, and our pro-imperialists and our profiteers. These are the hordes of International Finance, all with devils' fishing rods probing for prey in the troubled waters of mankind. There are a million capitalists carefully hoarding their resources for the days of peace, ready to spring endless schemes of exploitation upon an exhausted people.

Rest assured, we know! Nevertheless, believe me, there can be no peace, until the combination of your Autocracy, your Junkers and your Industrialists is smashed beyond repair. However criminal the leaders of other nations may have been in leaving about explosive material, there is not the shadow of a doubt that it was the German combination that fired the train; that thought to win endless plunder by so doing; that will fire more trains in the future unless real democracy is established in Germany.

This is no new discovery of mine; it is not a discovery of mine at all; it is a commonplace, a recognised truism for years. In the autumn of 1912, I wrote these words:

"If, however, the profiteers can retain their grip upon the Government machine until the psychological moment when, foreseeing their own destruction before the mass of their own people, they come to the conclusion that they can only perish with theirSELVES, we face in the case of the State as the last is decisive in the case of the House of Lords. We shall see in a later article that sovereignty is implied in it.

National Guildsmen.

Economic Power and Peace.

To Herr Eduard Bernstein.

My Dear Bernstein,—Now that you are immersed in world-politics and have become a figure of European importance, I wonder whether you remember an obscure scribbler who has met you on various occasions? Do you remember, years and years ago, how in the Reading Room of the British Museum we fell into discussing Imperialism and became so vociferous that an attendant politely but firmly showed us the way into the hall? A long time ago before you grew your beard! Or do you remember that years later, on my way from Petrograd, I called at your flat in Berlin, when we discussed Russia and Finland, and I told you of my visit to Miliukoff and Ostrogorsky—the one now hiding his head, the other for whom, alas! time is not? Was it you who reminded me of the Reitstuck, when I listened to an amusing speech from the Deputy Frank, one of the first to fall in the great war?

I remember this man for two reasons: his notable resemblance to the portrait of Lassalle, and how after stepping down from the tribune, he stopped at Bebel's desk and said: "Tell me, Anon, you dropped in upon a little group of Fabians—mea culpa!"

I was one—in a tea-shop in the Strand. You told me of your political campaign in Bremen. But I see you most vividly at Stuttgart, where you addressed the Conference in three languages. I noted your profile, as I sat with the British delegation on your left. I remember the impression you gave me, of a scholar, sincere and industrious in the pursuit of truth.

Now we are divided by a vast abyss. Across this abyss, by the law of the land, I must hold no converse with you, giving you no aid or comfort. Your Government and mine decree that no word shall pass between us; that only the rightfully constituted authorities shall discuss when and how peace shall be established, and the old great world shall live again.

I break no law, my dear Bernstein, because I have no aid or comfort to bring you. On the contrary, I must tell you that the continuation of the war rests with you and the men with whom you co-operate. Not that we on this side are unmindful of the heroic spirit that guides your way. On the contrary, we know; for we, too, have our Junkers, and our pro-imperialists and our profiteers. These are the hordes of International Finance, all with devils' fishing rods probing for prey in the troubled waters of mankind. There are a million capitalists carefully hoarding their resources for the days of peace, ready to spring endless schemes of exploitation upon an exhausted people.

Rest assured, we know! Nevertheless, believe me, there can be no peace, until the combination of your Autocracy, your Junkers and your Industrialists is smashed beyond repair. However criminal the leaders of other nations may have been in leaving about explosive material, there is not the shadow of a doubt that it was the German combination that fired the train; that thought to win endless plunder by so doing; that will fire more trains in the future unless real democracy is established in Germany.

This is no new discovery of mine; it is not a discovery of mine at all; it is a commonplace, a recognised truism for years. In the autumn of 1912, I wrote these words:
tive. For my part, I think a small Irish delegation at the Peace Conference would prove a stroke of British political genius, too good to be hoped for. Never mind! What have all your purely political pre-occupations to do with the economic disease that leaves Europe pokemarked? The proverbial pill for the intermittent earth quake, to set your colleagues propose this text: of what avail will be your political democracy, if you leave your trusts and rings and cartels in control of your industries? Look at your enemies—England, France, America, Italy, all trained in political self-government and with Parliamentary control of the purse. Look at the Latin Republics—Guatemala, Costa Rica, Panama, Brazil, Uruguay, and others I forget. All of them have ideally perfect constitutions, the fruit of their jurists' studies of "Liberal" theories. Yet over them all is the bight of the wage-system, with its preposterous theory that labour is a commodity which, to the crack capitalists, whilst it

Do you think we want it? We hate your Rhenish plutocrats, who bind you to servile tasks, and we might vindictively agree to it. But we don't hate you. We want to co-operate with you, but not with your masters, in the tremendous task of rebuilding a new world. But that co-operation is only possible when you give up your economic boycott, for we shall be comrades in social service and not in private plunder.

It may be that there are more industrial developments on your side of the abyss than we know of. I can only assure you that the impression over here is that the German Social Democracy is hopelessly entangled in State Socialism, with all its futile political concomitants. Beyond some stray criticisms of French Syndicalism, your Socialist literature appears to be significantly silent upon the new issues envisaged in our Guilds movement. Forgive me if I am wrong. I have at least watched anxiously for a German revolt against the wage-system, but all I have seen strengthens my suspicion that the German Socialists still worship in the Temple of State Socialism, another term for State Capitalism. I can only pray that soon we may hear that the German Social Democracy has taken a decisive step in the direction of industrial control, and, by so doing, set a term to the industrial-commercial-financial combination, who are at the back of the Central Powers whose continuance continues the war. You have the organisation; have you the will? By decrees duly promulgated and legally in force, you and I are enemies, even though I have eaten your salt, and have no kind of personal quarrel with you—entertain for you, in fact, the most profound respect. How, then, must I subscribe myself? As befits an enemy, I am,

Yours to the death,

S. G. H.

CITY OF MYSTERY.

Together we
In that City of Romance and Mystery,
Like children, hand in hand, going our ways,
Glad with the happiness of life, and with no thanks for nothing; but a straw showing the wind's direction. From the engineering shops has come a resolute demand that their own stewards, actual workers in the shop, shall have their say in every negotiation and dispute. Yet more explicit is the demand for definite workshop control. A little further to the left, is a group of active men, whose influence distinctly felt, who demand more than workshop control—collective contract, an opening wedge for wage-abolition. Put shortly, we are tackling, in our blundering empirical way, the problem of industrial control. If Germany should win, my dear Bernstein, this incipient revolution would be squashed by your jack-boots. Do you wonder that we are taking no chances?

If, as is indeed the case, capitalist England agrees with us in our hatred of your domineering capitalism, the remedy is in your hands. When you realise that mere Reichstag democracy offers us no security against your economic assaults and gives you no protection against the exploitation of your labour—your only asset—when you proceed to secure industrial control and reject wage-cutting and the devilish contumacy of your masters, then peace will be seen in the offing.

We hear to-day more and more of the economic boycott. It is a powerful weapon in the armoury of Western capitalism. Those who will be most hurt by it, will be you, by unemployment, more than your capitalists, whilst it may benefit our capitalists but add ominously to the burden of Western and American Labour.
Studies in Contemporary Mentality.

By Ezra Pound

XVI.—APHRODITE POPULARIS.

We have, in this series, observed the affairs of the spirit; we have noted the tendency to make other-worlds, paradisiacal retreats from reality: the unattainable, or the with difficulty attainable Ritz glitters as a new Jerusalem before the truly spiritual mind which will have no earthly content in the Regent's Place. For the genie in contemporary faith we find Sherlock Holmes or (in "Forget-Me-Not") the policeman, half genie, half angel-guardian.

The captious praiser of acted time may complain that the religions of antiquity gave us a mythology with emotional values: as in the tale of Pyramus or that of the daughters of Mineus; while the contemporary mythology is lacking in these notable values. Compare the emotional value of Cardinus with the emotional value of Sherlock, who has as much moral force as you please.

In contrast to paradises and mythology, which are the decorations of a religion, we find the prophets (and the interpreters of Sibyline books).

Mr. Zadkiel’s "Almanac and Ephemeris for 1918" (a much more serious work than Moore’s “Vox Stellarum Almanac”) bears on p. 67, these lines of footnote: “See page 77 of Z. A. for 1917. Unfortunately, the last figure of 1918 was printed as 7. As one degree measures to one year of life the arc 53’ 4”, etc.”

Mr. Zadkiel in his 1917 number was forecasting that British and Allied forces will achieve a great victory and dictate terms of peace before Midsummer Day (1917).”

The readers will agree that this misprint of a 7 for an 8 as the last digit of the date was most regrettable. He will also sympathise with Mr. Zadkiel whose almanac appears only once a year. Mr. Bottomley with his more felicitous frequency of appearance is able to attend to such little errors with much greater promptitude.

The mathematic detail, the stellar paraphernalia and terminology of Mr. Zadkiel compare as favourably with the mumbo-jumbo symbolism of Moore as does the hard commonsense tone of Mr. Bottomley with the utter silliness of various other weeklies.

Mr. Bottomley’s hard commonsense fairly bulges out of his paper. In the one number I have read minutely, I found only one slight slip, so tiny that it would be mere pedantry to take note of it. He is as self-consistent as the theology of Aquinas, and about as much use.

It is perhaps beyond the scope of this series to assail all the Church Fathers at once; dogmatic theologico-philosophy is so imposing an edifice. Still the printer may amuse himself by copying the following figures:

\[
\begin{align*}
0 \times 996 & = 0 \\
\sqrt{777} & = 8 \\
944 & = 242 \\
63 & = 463 \\
1077 & = 663
\end{align*}
\]

If I pick up that line of figures somewhere in the middle I can get a substantial answer. I can obey all the laws of mathematics. I might even add three to the end or beginning of that little strip of figures. My results, if I take all of my first line of figures, will be either zero or the three I have added.

But supposing I do this in the presence of a yokel? I can both bewilder him by taking up the final terms of my equation, and by the accuracy whereby I divide, let us say, 441 / 1077

\[
\frac{663}{9}
\]

I can assure him that this accuracy is science and dialectic, and that he is foolish to combat it with ignorance, and that he had better leave such transcendentals questions to the scientific mathematician. I can even surprise him by the swiftness with which I get an answer whenever I add or subtract a simple number to or from my first complicated array of fractions; but the value of my first line of fractions remains the zero it started. If I substitute infinity for my first zero, the answer for my whole line of figures will not be a computable number. Neither from an unknowable god can we deduce a precise code of morals; or a precisely known "will of God."

I do not imagine this will greatly disturb the editors of the “Tablet” (a most mathematical organ) or of the so polite and kindly "Stella Maris," or the "Messenger of the Sacred Heart."

These people are a constant and unheeded lesson to the "Church," and Nonconformist papers, both in their tone and their internal coherence. The two latter do not advertise hair-restorers or "bitter-apple." (I dare say the "Tablet" doesn’t either. I haven’t time to procure a copy at the present moment of writing.)

When it comes to manners in contemporary presswork I am included to a title with the least objectionable of all Christians. In fact, all their surface is preferable to that of their opposed and contentious off-shoots. All denials of them in detail is, I believe, purely useless. If one cannot land on the initial zero or infinity, and land with a reasonably heavy shell of knowledge, historic and otherwise, one had better keep off the question. Their dialectic survives from a period of worthy robustness, and the smear of contemporary "Church" theology and modern impressionist thought comes off very badly in any incidental combat.

This gets out of hand. I must return to the flesh, i.e., to "Nash’s." (En passant let us deny that anybody knows anything about "heaven" in the Christian sense of that term; let us deny the authenticity of any despatches from any post-mortem Petrograds, flaming or otherwise.)

I shall not settle the Roman Church in five minutes, though I recall a modern "Church" (of England) writer who actually seemed to think he had added to our knowledge of The Trinity by six pages of writing, the logical deduction from which was (for anyone save himself) that the Trinity was shaped like a plover’s egg. Let Catholicism stand for theoretic theology; for the medieval mind still persisting. The contemporary religion, of the people we have touched on in our observation of its lasting predilection for genu, paradises and prophets. I want to leave these spiritual matters and complete my survey of contemporary mentality. Farewell, spirit, for the page! Let us turn our attention to "Nash’s" (which must stand here for the "Flesh").

This sensual and carnal production greets us with a paradisiacal cover (Venusburg, Tannhauser, etc.). It is the November number, but the scene is from some summer far away, or from some happier clime. Against a verdurous background we see the head and shoulders of the Young Apollo type. Below his roseate features lies, as much of her as is portrayed, in a hammock, upon a cushion covered in cretonne. The youth holds in his right hand a green sprig of forky grass, and with this he tickles, or appears about to tickle, the aforesaid coral lips; and with crow-black hair. Her head and forearms are bare, the bosom covered by white linen (or some such fabric), as is that of the youth. She lies, as much of her as is portrayed, in a hammock, upon a cushion covered in cretonne. The youth holds in his right hand a green sprig of forky grass, and with this he tickles, or appears about to tickle, the aforesaid coral lips of the young lady, whose eyes are closed in sleep either actual or pretended. (The face shows none of the contractions which occasionally occur in sleep; the mouth has not sagged open. If she should open her lips, we know she sleeps delicately. The susceptible beholder will almost feel the light pressure, the diaphanous titillation of the grass tip brushing his (or her) own surrisset lips. Across the foot of the enticing portrayal we read, "New Serial, by MARIE CORELLI."

In this life we find certain perfect adjustments.
Out of School.

We arrive at the suggestion that genius is distinguished from talent by a certain kind of necessity, a sincerity that takes the man by the hair and carries him, often enough, where he does not want to go. It may carry him into inconsistencies, traceable, as we have seen, to a parting of the ways between his conscious and his superconscious self. The conflict of the two selves may find its resultant in remarkable muddles and blunders, in a way of life, for instance, that is appallingly bad spiritual economics; but the prophet Hosea was telling the essential truth when he claimed that it was the Lord who instructed him to take up with a lady of easy virtue. He was not merely inventing an original excuse for unholylike behavior. None the less, we infer that the schools of the prophets were in a bad way during Hosea's youth; that Hosea was an ill-educated prophet who had to find his stimulus, and satisfy the principle of release, as best he could. The impulse was the Lord's, but the prophet's personal interpretation of it might have been improved upon.

If we are to discuss the state which I have called plasticity to inspiration, it will be as well to begin with those impulses towards stimulus and release that have been already, in some measure, defined. They find expression over the widest possible range, from the merest thought to the most extravagant dream. All the way from wretched to lyrical love, from fuddled conviviality to red fellowship, from the casting off of inhibitions that consist in letting the decencies of life slide, to the finding of liberty by expanding mere decencies into social virtues. Note that at the positive end of the range, in each case, the means to inspiration becomes also a good in itself, that is to say, an inspiration in itself. We can infer that although the wrong end of the stick is in the mud, the stick is the same, and our need is for education in getting hold of the right end. But what is the nature of the "plasticity" that enables these primary inspirations to emerge from, or through, the obscure depths of mind, and to emerge in their most vitalizing form? Nothing that is at present included under the heading of education seems to supply an answer, unless we suppose plasticity to be solely the result of doing away with inhibitions. I suspect that it is more: that relaxation and apparent passivity release a positive faculty in the unconscious mind which lends itself to and co-operates with the inspiration. There is little enough direct evidence for such a faculty, but it needs almost to be postulated on philosophical principles. Any gift-whether from the inner self, or from some not-self, or both, is at the moment immaterial; and there is no act of effectual giving without a complementary act of receiving. What I am calling plasticity must have something of eagerness about it; it must be an active receptiveness, though the activity may be beyond the fringe of conscious recognition.

Experiments in psychical research show, perhaps, the nearest approach to direct evidence of such a power. On the hypothesis of communication from a further plane of existence, the activity that must be attributed to the unconscious mind of the recipient or medium is considerable; on any other hypothesis it is more: that relaxation and apparent passivity release a positive faculty in the unconscious mind which lends itself to and co-operates with the inspiration. There is little enough direct evidence for such a faculty, but it needs almost to be postulated on philosophical principles. Any gift-whether from the inner self, or from some not-self, or both, is at the moment immaterial; and there is no act of effectual giving without a complementary act of receiving. What I am calling plasticity must have something of eagerness about it; it must be an active receptiveness, though the activity may be beyond the fringe of conscious recognition.

Experiments in psychical research show, perhaps, the nearest approach to direct evidence of such a power. On the hypothesis of communication from a further plane of existence, the activity that must be attributed to the unconscious mind of the recipient or medium is considerable; on any other hypothesis it is more: that relaxation and apparent passivity release a positive faculty in the unconscious mind which lends itself to and co-operates with the inspiration. There is little enough direct evidence for such a faculty, but it needs almost to be postulated on philosophical principles. Any gift-whether from the inner self, or from some not-self, or both, is at the moment immaterial; and there is no act of effectual giving without a complementary act of receiving. What I am calling plasticity must have something of eagerness about it; it must be an active receptiveness, though the activity may be beyond the fringe of conscious recognition.
Theories—that of complete control, or "possession" interpretive or constructive, of mind in its "plastic" condition. I will only say that if the unconscious mind can not only get hold of facts by supernormal means, but also build them, on its own initiative, into elaborate evidence for a theory (the ostensible purpose of the book episode was to give evidence of survival), then it is all the more necessary that we should investigate its powers as closely as possible. And perhaps I ought not to leave out, at the opposite end, one of the spiritualistic theories—that of complete control, or "possession" of the medium's organism by a discourse mind; since this would again make the "plastic" condition out to be merely passive. But it is very difficult to reconcile the simplicity of this theory with the complex uncertainty of most of the results obtained. The case I have given was of unusual clarity, but in detail it showed much of the usual muddled groping on the medium's part. If the "plastic," in the technical sense, it would seem that it can only take place through an active, interpretative co-operation, taking place in the unconscious strata.

Is some more or less similar way, I take it, that which we called inspiration has to be actively interpreted, as well as the unconscious, by the individual faculty. (It still does not matter whether we are using the word inspiration for another and a deeper function of the unconscious mind or for something beyond it.) The word plasticity, suggesting as it does a merely passive condition. I will only say that if the unconscious mind is all the more necessary that we should investigate its powers as closely as possible. And perhaps I ought not to leave out, at the opposite end, one of the spiritualistic theories—that of complete control, or "possession" of the medium's organism by a discourse mind; since this would again make the "plastic" condition out to be merely passive. But it is very difficult to reconcile the simplicity of this theory with the complex uncertainty of most of the results obtained. The case I have given was of unusual clarity, but in detail it showed much of the usual muddled groping on the medium's part. If the "plastic," in the technical sense, it would seem that it can only take place through an active, interpretative co-operation, taking place in the unconscious strata.

In some more or less similar way, I take it, that which we called inspiration has to be actively interpreted, as well as the unconscious, by the individual faculty. (It still does not matter whether we are using the word inspiration for another and a deeper function of the unconscious mind or for something beyond it.) The word plasticity, suggesting as it does a merely passive condition. I will only say that if the unconscious mind is all the more necessary that we should investigate its powers as closely as possible. And perhaps I ought not to leave out, at the opposite end, one of the spiritualistic theories—that of complete control, or "possession" of the medium's organism by a discourse mind; since this would again make the "plastic" condition out to be merely passive. But it is very difficult to reconcile the simplicity of this theory with the complex uncertainty of most of the results obtained. The case I have given was of unusual clarity, but in detail it showed much of the usual muddled groping on the medium's part. If the "plastic," in the technical sense, it would seem that it can only take place through an active, interpretative co-operation, taking place in the unconscious strata.

I will only say that if the unconscious mind can not only get hold of facts by supernormal means, but also build them, on its own initiative, into elaborate evidence for a theory (the ostensible purpose of the book episode was to give evidence of survival), then it is all the more necessary that we should investigate its powers as closely as possible. And perhaps I ought not to leave out, at the opposite end, one of the spiritualistic theories—that of complete control, or "possession" of the medium's organism by a discourse mind; since this would again make the "plastic" condition out to be merely passive. But it is very difficult to reconcile the simplicity of this theory with the complex uncertainty of most of the results obtained. The case I have given was of unusual clarity, but in detail it showed much of the usual muddled groping on the medium's part. If the "plastic," in the technical sense, it would seem that it can only take place through an active, interpretative co-operation, taking place in the unconscious strata.

This, again, is in the direction of sincerity; a conscious sincerity that may fill the gap between the consistencies of common life, and the involuntary paradoxical consistency of genius. But it is a very large undertaking to evolve an interpretative faculty that shall be fully conscious without becoming flat and commonplace; this, like all the great educational questions, runs to earth in the main principle of tracing the line of natural advance and following it. But with an artistic education for the interpretative faculty, a philosophic education for the synthetic faculty, and an education in fellowship for the right stimulus to inspiration (which we have to discuss further) there is a plan to build upon. We shall have to make sure, by the way, that it is one plan, and not three; some Athanasian reflections must follow this.

An excellent contribution to the technique of education in fellowship is to be found in Mr. J. H. Simpson's "An Adventure in Education" (Sidgwick and Jackson. 2s. 6d. net)—an account of organised self-government in one of the forms of a public school. As in Mr. Caldwell Cook's work, you see the immediate emergence of social liberty, of a delightfully boyish and natural type. Mr. Simpson can see a function for the public school still better than the training up of "athletic" barbarians who are called in to save the Empire"; and his description of a year's experimenting—a very readable description, by the way—shows how promptly rewarded are even the first attempts to democratise school life. The method is adaptable (a forteriori) to any type of school.

Kenneth Richmond

Drama.

By John Francis Hope.

We ought not to let "Trelawney of The 'Wells'" make way for what Mr. Holbrook Jackson called the annual festival of Peter-Pantheism without saying a word about it. It will always have an interest as a play in which Miss Irene Vanbrugh first revealed her powers as an actress; and the fact is, in its own way, representative of the theme of the play. For "Trelawney" records a passage of theatrical history at least as momentous as that described by the players in "Hamlet"; it records the rise of T. W. Robertson, the eclipse of the "unnatural" acting of the classical school of the "Wells," and the beginnings of Victorian "naturalism." Before Robertson, there were no ladies and gentlemen, there were only kings and queens, squares and base varlets on the stage; since Robertson, there have been nothing else but ladies and gentlemen. He made the stage respectable, and elevated acting not, unfortunately, to the rank of a fine art but to the status of a learned profession. Gone are the "Thespians," whose pretensions to noble birth or royal patronage were the only compensation for poverty; and in their place we have the middle and lower-middle classes electing to adopt the stage as a profession, and preparing for it by a course of higher education.

If the old Thespian could be nothing but an actor, his successor usually can be anything but an actor; and modern acting, speaking generally, is more remarkable for subtlety than significance.

Why this should be so, the play itself reveals. Rose Trelawney had a mother who was a Victorian by instinct; like so many of the actresses we have had since, her heart was in the home, and she was always longing for the opportunity to allow the rest of her body to follow it. We are asked to believe that she was a good actress, had played with Edmund Kean; but if we may judge from her daughter's opinion, and the advice given to her daughter, we must believe that her domestic was at least equal to her dramatic talent. The only difficulty was to find "the good man" (he had to be good) who loved you, and whom you could love; once he was discovered, the exodus from the stage to the home could begin, and the actress learn, for the first time in her life, what it meant to have a home. Experience teaches; and since that time we have had innumerable plays showing women escaping from the home to the stage. Ibsen's Nora and Sudermann's Madga came a generation later than Rose Trelawney is supposed to have lived, and meanwhile the stage had been purged of all "Thespian" associations and was becoming an annexe to the Court and an advertisement station of the costumes—but that is another story.

Rose Trelawney found her good man, or her good man found her, and the way was clear for the domes-
Readers and Writers.

The late Mr. Henry James's "Middle Years," just published by Messrs. Collins (a for-the-moment enterprising firm) at the price of 5s. net, is a fragment of the continued autobiography begun and published some years before the author's death. We are told that this fragment was "dictated" by Henry James and that it was never revised by himself, both of which facts explain a little of the peculiarity of his style. If the style of the earlier books was mazy, the style of "Middle Years" is mazer. If the earlier style consisted of impressions impressively conveyed, the present is more elusive and not a better. Henry James was always difficult to pin down: in "Middle Years" his fluttering among words never rests a sentence. Nobody, I am convinced, who is not either a genuine devotee of Henry James or one of the snobbish clique his friends cultivated for him, will succeed in reading through this work. An infinitely leisurely mind or an infinite interest in just Henry James's way of looking at things is necessary to the endurance of it. But given, however, one of these, and in particular the latter, and the reading of "Middle Years" becomes an exhilarating exercise in what I may call sensing ghosts.

Yes, that is the phrase to describe what Henry James was always after. He was always after sensing ghosts. I have said before that his habitat was the inter-space between the real and the dead; but I can be a little more accurate to-day, and define it as the inter-space between the dead and the living. You see his vision—almost his clairvoyance—actively engaged in this recovery of his experiences years before as a young man in London. See how he revelled in them, rolling them off his tongue in long circling phrases. Is it not obvious that he is most at home in recollection, in the world of memory, in the inter-world, once more, of the dead and the living. Observe, too, how only a little more exaggeratedly incongruous and swirling his style becomes—but not, in any real sense, different—under the influence of memory than when professing to be describing the present. It is plain that memory differs for him from present vision only in being a little more vivid, a little more real. In order to see a thing clearly, he had, in fact, to make it on the present tense of memory. What I am trying to say is that Henry James mentalised phenomena; hence that he saw most clearly in the world of memory where this process had been performed for him by time; and that he saw less clearly in our actual world because the phenomena herein resisted mentalisation. The difference for him was between the pre-digested and the to-be-digested; the former being the persons and events of memory, and the latter being the events and persons of his own experience.

If I have made my meaning at all clear, my readers will not be surprised at my next remark: that I think Henry James will find himself very much at home with the discerning minds who, it is presumed, are now his companions. Incarnation, embodiment, was always for him a screen to be looked through, got over somehow, divined into, penetrated. He regarded it as a sort of magic curtain which concealed at the same time that under careful observation it revealed by its shadows and movements the ground behind it. And I fancy I see him sitting before the actual sensible world and those events and persons of infinite patience waiting for a significant gesture or a revealing shadow. And such motions and shadows he recorded as impressions which became the staff of his analysis and synthesis of the souls that originated them. But if that was his attitude towards the material world—and I have remarked before that it is further proved by his occasional
tication of the drama. Home was represented by a drawing-room in Cavendish Square, real life, by an entirely couple now, in their chamber, with a window over their heads. It was here that Rose Trelawney discovered that to be a lady meant doing nothing of one's own volition and rather less than nothing at the invitation of anyone else. Life, it seemed, was the perpetual and partial enslavement of others, with the prospect of being able to impose those restraints on others when the succession to the property was secured. It is true that she rebelled, and cast off her lover and his kindred when her "Thespian" friends were ordered out of the house, and that she went with them into the storm; but her first glimpse of "home" was when she returned to the "Wells." She had made the mistake, she thought, of being an actress in the drawing-room; she tried to repair that mistake by being a lady on the stage, by "drooping about in such a tedious row," as the schoolboy said of our modern poets. She was promptly told that she could not act, and discharged from the company; and the new era of cup-and-saucer comedy was ready to begin.

For Tom Robertson in "Tom Wrench" (in the play) was also a member of the company at the "Wells," and the climax of that effort by which company to come to being with the production of his comedy. Like Shakespeare, he was a "naturalist" in theory; he "held the mirror up to Nature," but, unfortunately, it was Victorian and not Elizabethan Nature, and the distance from Ryden Crescent (why did Pinero call it Brydon Crescent?) to Cavendish Square is sufficiently great to make a true or clear reflection difficult to perceive. But of one thing he was sure; if Rose Trelawney could not act, in the sense in which the "Thespians" used the word, then she was the woman for his comedy. Heath and Her and he wanted to have the lady, not the actress, on the hearth. The woman who had played seventeen queens under the old dispensation was set to scrub the floors under the new; and she retained enough of the old tradition to do that, as she declared, "with dignity."

That amazing season at the old Prince of Wales's (now the Scala) Theatre began; the Bancrofts and the Kesdals thrived, and a new generation of actors arose who knew not the "gipsies," Robertson introduced "Society" to the stage, or the stage to "Society," and what is "Caste" but a plea in favour of actresses marrying into the peerage? Robertson in Heaven Heath and Her and he wanted to have the lady, not the actress, on the hearth. The woman who had played seventeen queens under the old dispensation was set to scrub the floors under the new; and she retained enough of the old tradition to do that, as she declared, "with dignity."
excursions into the completely ghostly—may we not safely conclude that the world is now inhabited by a sense of impressions is more at home still. For there, as I take it, the curtain is drawn, and minds and souls are by one degree the more exposed to direct vision. With his marvellous insight into the actual, what would Henry James not make of the mental and psychic 

...
covering a Surbiton sofa, or draped upon a Capham piano.

Monticelli always contrives to be interesting with his mastery of his own particular, rather unintelligent little business. The pictures here shown are not his finest, but they are worth a moment's attention.

The lenders of the few fine pictures have been most generous in risking them at this time, while the lenders of others may have their motives suspected. Still, the Gothas have avoided the Tate Gallery so far, and one can leave something to them.

SERBO-CROATIANS.

The Serbo-Croatian artists at the Grafton Gallery are divided into three parts: Rosandic, Racki, and Mestrovic. On entering the first room, which is devoted to Rosandic, the spectator thinks he is looking at the new work of Mestrovic; that Mestrovic has been wise in confining himself to the most part to wood-cutting; that he has been more careful than usual about his compositions, and their formality, but that he has lost in some degree the excellent wood-carver's "trade" work or technique, which showed in his earlier carving; that he has been more careful than usual in his rectangular composition is used to better advantage at S. Kensington. "A Girl" has merit. "Ecce Homo" is merely skinny. "Salome" is silly post-Beardsley.

Rosandic's work is of uneven merit. "Mother's Treasure" is excellently formal. "Woman's Sorrow" is technically excellent. "The Grandmother" betrays his paucity of formal invention, for the same rectangular composition is used to better advantage in "Mother's Treasure." "The Vestal Virgins" is rubblish, with few and laborious attempts at mood. This is the old Mestrovic story; we saw it some time ago at S. Kensington. "A Girl" has merit. "Ecce Homo" is merely skinny. "Salome" is silly post-Beardsley. "The Little Shepherd" is extremely interesting. On the whole, Rosandic's work is hopeful, and I should be more inclined to trust him than his better-known confrere.

The painter Racki is uninteresting, a mixture of Dulac and Slavished Miller with some undigested Puvis and Goya thrown into the olif, from which emerge also various Mestrovician visages.

It is Mestrovic whom the visitors come for. When his illumination first burst upon the chiroscuro of faddish London, while thankful, for any relief from Sims, Frampton and Co., of Piccadilly, we noted certain defects in Mr. Mestrovic's talent. He had practically no feeling for stone. This is a very sad thing for a sculptor. He had very little feeling, for form; his emphasis was got by purely literary means, and those of the crudest. The shape of his "Serbian Hero" mattered very little, the "terribility," or whatever it was intended for, was supposedly given by presenting the hero in the act of biting through an imaginary plate of sheet-iron. Other works were embellished with weakly barbaric symbolism. The energy of Mr. Epstein's flireti figures was not to be found at the South Kensington exhibition. On the other hand, Mestrovic had an irreproachable wood-carver's technique, the fruit, we were told, of more than one generation. The wooden figures and the plasters taken from, or intended for wood, were executed with no mean talent.

The charming archaic-restoration of his imitation Greek was of some key to the matter. We had in them the real Mestrovic, the Mestrovic as he would have been if left to himself; but no, he had been inoculated with an idea of being Victor Hugo, or someone of that sort. He had contracted the milkman's itch to be the eighty-third Michaelangelo, instead of simply the gentle Mr. Mestrovic, delighted with the refinements of Vienna. Turning his back upon the tea-cup of modernity he set out to be the Croatian Colossus. He constructed an idea of Serbian nationality, with the result that is known to us . . . and he would have made such exquisite snuff-boxes had he lived in the time of Louis XIV!

When a man's mind is so fundamentally uninteresting and un inventive as the mind displayed by Mr. Mestrovic in his sculpture, he would do well, as in the case of Monticelli, to stick to the matter of his craft, for we can get excellent art from men who have but one idea every ten years, on condition, be it stipulated, that they do not try to act as a megaphone for current notions. This megaphoning is the function of politicians who do it, perhaps, better than artists.

However, Mestrovic still inclines to "telling a story" instead of asserting a purity. (Note how utterly absent the narrative element is from Epstein's flireti, or from Egyptian sculpture, however memorial it may be, however many inscriptions there are to tell you all about Rameses or Amen Hotep.) Mestrovic's present exposition contains no surprises. What one thought at South Kensington, one is constrained to think again at the Grafton.

The influence of the archaic or Gnossian wave-pattern (as in the pre-classic bas-relief of "Venus Rising from the Waves"), is still active in Mestrovic's work (and in that of Rosandic). There is no objection to this pattern in itself. Mestrovic has seen John, he has encountered, possibly in Mayfair, or a shawl round her person, so as not too greatly to obscure certain salients. And he has, alas, taken less care in the actual cutting of his wood.

His piece-de-resistance is a crucifix, not carved better than many of the nine-and-ninety million objects of this sort that spring from the ages of faith. The crucifix at best is a displeasing and eminently (and, I dare say, intentionally) unaesthetic object. As a fetich it lacks notably the energy, the horrific energy, of African and Mexican fetiches; it had the Greek aesthetic to contend with; the ideas concerning Adonis were constantly getting mixed up with the idea of sacrifice. The two ideas neutralised; they were very nearly incompatible.

Mestrovic's crucifix met me first in a reproduction in "Colour." This reproduction made me slightly ill. I had a definite qualm in the stomach. Any sheep in a butcher's-shop might have so yawed at the mouth. I mention this as a protest against bad reproduction, or rather reproduction obviously taken from some point of view from which the old statue will not be seen.

This unpleasantness is absent from the head as one sees it from the floor of a gallery, looking up at the figure. (Must we still go on quoting Aristotle?)

Mr. Nevinson, who resembles the pre-Raphaelites in that his work gains by being seen in reproduction, is represented also in "Colour" by a picture of wind. In this picture he has, as the editors of that periodical quite tightly claim, added something to his subject. I doubt if Mestrovic has added anything to his crucifix, unless it be a few extra inches of fingers and pedal phalanges. The question remains, Is this a new religious emotion from being asked to believe that He had a prehensile toe-nails? And is this symbol, of psychological record? The chromos of Mr. Mestrovic, the Mestrovic of Vienna. Turning his back upon the tea-cup of modernity he set out to be the Croatian Colossus. He constructed an idea of Serbian nationality, with the result that is known to us . . . and he would have made such exquisite snuff-boxes had he lived in the time of Louis XIV!
Memories of Old Jerusalem.

By Ph. J. Baldensperger.

Mr. Baldensperger is the son of a French Alsatian gentleman and of the early European settlers in Palestine, who restored the famous gardens of Urtass (the Hortus conclusus of the Crusaders). There was no European life in Palestine in those days, and the young Baldenspergers grew up in an Oriental environment and in closer association with the Arabs than any Europeans of the present day. They became renowned as pioneers of scientific bee-keeping in the Holy Land, transporting their numerous hives up and down hills, and carrying them to the mountains. Their chief satisfaction was that they were the only armament that the establishment could boast.

When I was a schoolboy, Nabi Daud—a small settlement of Muslims round the alleged tomb of the Prophet David, stood almost alone upon the top of Zion outside the walls. It had two great gates; one leading to the city, the other to the high wall, which frightened us at nightfall more than all the others put together. Excited as our imaginations were by many ghost-stories told by Mülé, our Christian maid, or brought by schoolboys from their villages, we could picture Dr. Roth, the murdered tourist, rising from his grave and looking for some of his missing bones which had been carried off by jackals in the Jordan valley before the body was found. A stupid usher had told us the bones lay in a cellar waiting for instructions from his family in Berlin, that the spectre hovering round the cellar would catch any boy found alone on the stairs, or in the passage, after dark, and take some rib or bone in order to complete his skeleton. We would herd together in the kitchen or in a corner of the play-ground, and never stir for fear of old Roth.

Mülé had been in Egypt, where mischievous Máríds* abound, because they are at greater liberty beyond the bounds of the Holy Land, and where prophets and wells are everywhere studied. Mülé said that Cairo and Alexandria Mülé said that Máríds had been met with. It is well known, she said, 'that human blood penetrates deep into the earth, and the spirit of the ill-lated person is attached to the blood-stains for about a century. Nobody ought to pass the spot alone between sunset and dawn. Late one evening, as she carried up the pitcher of water, a tall shape, higher than a palm-tree, stood on the steps of the house. She saw a dim human face lamenting; sighs dilated and contracted the whole figure like an accordion. Distinctly she could hear the wail: "Ya hasreti," which pierced her very soul. Down went the pitcher, and she lay insensible till she was found and carried up into the house. Nobody else had seen the Máríd; but the evidence was there: she had broken the pitcher, had beheld the long, grey form, and heard the wail. Closer we huddled together and bravely fought for not coming indoors at the proper moment for fear of the dark passages. Once a call from a window reminded me of my lessons. I rushed for those passages. The inner door was usually open. I had flown up the steps to escape Roth's stretching arms out of the cellar-window, when bang! I was

*Spectres.
† Ever-living holy men who were in Paradise before they came to earth.
‡ "O my torments!"
stopped dead. Red and green sparks flew out of my nose as I tried in vain to go forward. I thought that Roth had got me, but it was only that the inner door for once was shut.

Fears of imagined fehleh burglars, fears of the Mārids and Kurūd,* fears of the punishment here and thereafter for our past and future sins filled the dark hours of our boyhood nights. At night-time we were conscious of an absolute union between the members of the three religions represented in our orphanage—Muslims, Jews, and Christians. By day we felt secure, and never thought of these caurities. Then we were bold enough to listen to all kinds of eerie stories. Suleyman-es-Salti, who knew plenty of ghoul-stories, told us: A ghūlēh generally takes the form of a fehleh (peasant-woman), wearing the blue gown and white head-veil; but she cannot conceal her hairy legs and hoofs like those of a horse. Every ghūlēh is insatiable, and can eat and, what is still more wonderful, digest vast quantities of food.

Sitt Ughweyleh,† a young ghūlēh, lived in a cave, and came out late in the evening, or early in the morning, before daylight. She visited three castles, Kasr Urmedūn (the ash castle), Kasr Unkhelyün (the bran castle), and Kasr Uhdēydūn (the iron castle). When she came to Urmedūn, she said to the daughter of the house: "Come with me, my niece, and gather wood." The girl came out, and Ughweyleh entered the castle and swallowed every living creature to be found in it. At Unkhelyün it was the same. But when she came to Uhdēydūn, she pinched the girl to go with her to the woods. When at last she did succeed in getting her, the girl stuck iron needles in the ghūlēh's bundle. Returning to the castle, Sitt Ughweyleh complained that the wood had hurt her neck.

"No," said the lady of Uhdēydūn, "it is the needles." Ughweyleh went away. When let us see the ghūlēh was stripped naked, they pounced on her, and threw her into an iron caldron. The mother ghūlēh came to seek her daughter. She bent over to look at her child, and was thrust into the caldron, where they both were boiled to death. "Surely," said Suleyman, "Uhdēydūn is strongest. Even a ghūlēh cannot resist iron."

There were from seventy to eighty boarders in our school, most of them Arabic-speaking boys from various parts of Palestine and Syria. They were orphans as a rule; many being victims of the massacres in the Lebanon and at Damascus in 1860. The majority were members of the Greek Orthodox Church, and one or two Mohammedans. Now and then we got a stray Jewish boy who had not found his way into the London Jews Society's Missionary School inside the city. In addition we had about a dozen day-boys—the sons of German and Albanian settlers in Jerusalem, who, with the headmaster's children and ourselves, composed a group less disciplined than were the boarders. One Albanian boy, at whose home there was an old Takruri (negro) door-keeper, told us on his authority that the blood of the Harḍānūh—the grey spiny lizard of Syria—tans the skin and renders it insensible to punishment. In our recreation hours we wandered up Mount Zion, catching Harḍānūh among the tombstones and rubbing our skin with their blood.

*Goblins.
†Little ghoul.

7 All three names are diminutives, as usual in Arabic fairy tales.

The interest of this story and others dealing with the fear which ghouls and jinnis have of iron lies in its support of the theory that all these apparitions are a memory of the Bronze Age cave-dwellers, who doubtless in wild places long survived their conquest by the men of iron...Ed.

Views and Reviews.

THE CURRENCY QUESTION.

It is often said by those who do not want to discuss the currency question that only two men have ever understood it; one was a bullion-broker and the other a bankrupt, the causal connection being obvious. But Mr. Arthur Kitson in his attempt to enlighten the general public concerning this question, and in this, his latest, book he has, I think, made it intelligible to the simplest mind. The difficulty is, of course, to make ordinary people understand how the question affects them, and to convince them that the tendency to treat symptoms instead of causes is manifest in the claim of the right to work, in the demand for relief works, and so forth. Financial revolutions may come and go, but the general public is blind to them; the banks may be unable to meet their obligations, and close their doors (as happened at the beginning of the war); the Government may convert its credit into currency, but the real significance of the change is ignored. The Government may, at the end of the war, "deflate" the currency by destroying its issue of Treasury notes, or no longer accepting them as legal tender; and the general public be satisfied with the explanation that they have restored our good old sterling currency. Prices will fall, certainly, but employment will also decrease; just at the time when production should be increased it will be checked and throttled—but we shall have a sterling currency. It is mainly to the elucidation of this problem that Mr. Kitson devotes this book. The only way to attract public attention to the problem is to take a striking example, and the War Loan is ready to hand. Whatever its amount may finally be, we shall, because of the interest, have to pay back in twenty years double the amount of the loan. But we shall have to pay back considerably more than double if the currency reverses to a gold basis; to make the matter quite clear we shall have to consider the nature of a "pound." Every workman is now familiar with the distinction between nominal and real wages; his wife has been educating him on this point ever since 1900; and no one will therefore be mystified by the statement that a pound is not always a pound. It is a commonplace of the Board of Trade statistics to adopt the "Ideal Unit" advocated by Mr. Kitson by taking the values of certain things at a certain time as 100, and showing whether they have increased or decreased in value since that time. Reverse the process, instead of considering the things purchased consider the "pounds" that purchase them, and it is clear that "pounds" are sometimes cheap and sometimes dear, that a pound is not always a pound, that nominal wages do not always coincide with real wages.

The point about the War Loan is that it has been subscribed in "cheap pounds," pounds that have something less than half of the purchasing power of the "pound of 1914." But if the currency reverts to its old basis, the War Loan will not be repaid in "old pounds"; the nominal value will be the same, but the real value will be enormously enhanced. At the same time that money appreciates in value, or becomes "dear," it becomes more scarce; one has to pay more

*a "A Fraudulent Standard." By Arthur Kitson, (P. S. King. 7s. 6d. net.)
for its loan, and is unable even then to obtain the accommodation to the extent required. The reason of this is quite simple, and has often been explained, but most clearly by Sir Edward Holden, the managing director of the Midland Banking Co. How Business, we know, is carried on by credit; in normal times, more than go per cent. of the transactions of the country entail no actual passage of money, but only transfers of credit; but the credit with which business works is, curiously enough, not directly based on business, but on the gold reserves of the bankers. How the fluctuations of the gold reserves do affect business Sir Edward Holden makes clear in a paragraph which I may quote here:—

Let us consider, then, that the base of the triangle consists of gold, and it is the ratio of the base of the triangle to the total credits (both created and cash credits) which restricts bankers from unduly increasing their loans. If business increases unduly, and if bankers continue to increase the loan side of the triangle, of course concurrently increasing the ratio and not being able to increase the gold base of the triangle, then evidently they are getting into danger, and the only judicious course they can pursue is to curtail their loans, curtailing an undue increase of business which curtail these credits, and thus re-establish the ratio. You see here the direct connection between trade on the one hand and gold on the other, and that it is not mere the production of gold as the amount of gold which can be obtained for the purpose of increasing the bankers' reserves. I venture to think that the above explanation will enable you to come to the conclusion that, if the gold base of the triangle cannot be increased, then the danger spot is the loan.

That is to say, the increase or decrease of business is dependent on something that is not only unnecessary to business, but is a positive encumbrance to it, and has been evaded by the creation of the cheque-book. Gold has this power for business only because it is legal tender, and a cheque, I need hardly say, is not legal tender. The only effect, therefore, of restoring our currency to its "good, honest, gold basis" after the war will be to make it more difficult for everyone to obtain the "clear sounds" that will be demanded as payment of a loan of "cheap pounds"; and business, just at the time when it needs the easiest money conditions to enable it not merely to increase productive power, but actual production, will find itself subject to stimulation and restraint by something that is useless to business, but has the same value that we choose to give it by Act of Parliament.

I have deliberately confined myself to a simple statement of the simple principle because it is more necessary now than ever that Labour should understand this subject. We are fighting in this war for political and industrial freedom; but if the gold basis is restored, industry will be the slave of finance, and as politics is always the slave of industry, finance will be the master of the world. And finance means cosmopolitan finance, for wherever there is a gold basis there are the industrial phenomena described by Sir Edward Holden. The bullion-brokers are brothers in usury, and the only way to destroy their power is to withdraw their privileges. These privileges have been established by Acts of Parliament: "the remedy therefore is to repeal them. The Bank Charter and the Legal Tender: Gold Acts must be annulled. We cannot commercialise the whole of our banks, and substitute Treasury and bank notes for our former gold currency by issuing them against the national wealth. Finally, provision should be made for the free mobilisation of our exchangeable and productive wealth by the extension of economy credit against such assets as may be required to meet the demands of trade and industry." I refer my readers to the book for a full discussion of a subject of fundamental importance, and the clearest statement made, even by Mr. Kitson, of the causes and consequences of the real enemy to civilisation, Usury.

A. E. R.
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

THE GUILD AND THE CONSUMER.

Sir,—Mrs. Townshend makes a distinction between the services rendered by the Civil Guilds and those rendered by the Industrial Guilds which seems to me to be false. "I do not," she writes, "consume the skill of the surgeon or the wisdom and experience of the teacher. On the contrary, I actually enhance the value of these 'goods' by availing myself of them while I destroy the value of the boots by wearing them."

But by wearing the boots and destroying their value Mrs. Townshend does not consume the skill of the bootmaker. On the contrary, she may increase it by requiring a closer fit or a more complicated shape than he is accustomed to fashion. And while Mrs. Townshend does not consume the skill of the surgeon, she does consume, consciously or unconsciously, or both, the anaesthetic which he administers before the operation, and the dressings and the tonic which he considers necessary after it. We do not, indeed, go to one doctor rather than another because his medicines are nice (though some choose a doctor and acknowledge his skill because his medicine is nasty). We judge his skill by what means we can, and assume that the physic he prescribes will do us good. But if we discover that he uses bad drugs, we give him up, whatever his skill may be. Similarly, when we can prove that the publification of material used to the force or skill applied does not constitute the "fundamental" distinction which Mrs. Townshend postulates, we apply the same test to others. I suggest that the Civil Guilds be applied for the present (as I believe it was applied in the original New Age articles) to those services which, being free to the public, receive their revenue directly from the State, and not from the proceeds of sales to the consumers—reserving the question as to which services, if any, ought to be so maintained, and how they should be governed.

AUG. E. BAXER.
assert Sovereignty in an Authority is really to do no
more than to afford an indication to judiciaries as to
which of several conflicting ordinances there are to
be obeyed. The mystical notions of State which some Socialists,
along with the corporate recognition of society can have no attraction for the guild
militant.

The representative system might be defective
even as in any case; all representation is apt to prove
a fetter on individual will; to elevate it from expediency
into a cult is a prime heresy.

Let us assume Sovereignty, therefore, to reside
not in that authority which obedience is accorded, for
that is a question of fact only, but in that authority
whose mandates the Judiciary will construe as law, and
it will at once become inherent to some other cause why Sovereignty should not be distributed among
a whole people.

Theoretically, there is no reason why a judiciary
should not refuse to acknowledge an edict unless it
has the unanimous consent of all the citizens. In such a
case, it will at once be observed that the Sovereign
and Society have become coterminous. On the other hand,
the will of a monarch, without council or parliament,
may command judicial acknowledgment; and here the
Sovereign would become the Antithesis of Society.

In every case, it will be noticed, the Judiciary
remains outside any Sovereign body for the Judiciary in the last resort interprets the law
given by any Authority, and thus the law of Sovereignty is recognized. This is most obvious in the case of a single Sovereign Parliament. Is it less true of a
guild Society?

In the guild Society, it will be remembered, we have
assumed two authorities at the least, the congress of
guilds and the congress of citizens, each possessing
legislative functions. In certain cases of disagreement
they meet to form the whole State, and, presumably,
only under certain circumstances; but, in every case, the edicts can only be given a value by the Judiciary
to which they must appeal.

Thus, it may be argued, that a particular guild
of citizens is a 'minor' authority, or that a citizen's law is
beyond the civic authorities' powers. Assume a law
affecting the employment of young children in factories
is a matter not competent to it; the essential preliminary
disagreement may not have occurred, or some other
reason may invalidate the proceedings. What other method for settling the matter besides a recourse to the
Courts is possible?

Thus, while it is perhaps true to say that a Judiciary
is not a Sovereign body, it is necessary that every Sovereign
Authority shall entrust a Judiciary to reconcile its acts;
and, from this conclusion follows further, that the
more the Sovereign Authority is divided the greater
becomes the power of the Judiciary as arbiter of its
disagreements.

That a Judiciary in a federal State is more potent
than in a single Parliamentary one is obvious. It is
my contention that the guild Society, by dividing its
sovereignty, must inevitably exalt its judicial organ.
Judges, therefore, in a guild State must tend to become
powerful; and, for this reason, a correlative to judicial
arrogance will have to be discovered.

Perhaps this last can be achieved by rendering the
judiciary elective, not perhaps directly by the citizens,
but by that joint body of guild and civil congresses, of
which I have spoken. The judges must be persons
impeached not only by case of federal State; but it is all
true in the case with

THE FUTURE OF GERMANY.

Sir,—The issue between Mr. S. Verdad and Mr. Chesterton is one of the few which bears
a tinier attribute to certain factors whose existence both admit. In estimating Germany's powers of resistance,
Mr. Chesterton believes that she can be finally crushed and broken. Mr. Verdad does not. In estimating the chances of Germany's repenting—chances on which you base your hopes, complete defeat being a solution which
Mr. S. Verdad thinks the world has not the strength to employ—Mr. Verdad thinks that Germany may
be converted, I do not say to democracy, but to decent common honesty of behaviour. Mr. Chesterton does not. In estimating the effect of any imposition of
democratic machinery, Mr. Chesterton thinks that this
will cripple German offensive powers and inclinations. Mr. Chesterton does not.

No positive proof can be adduced on either side. One
must accept Mr. S. Verdad's statement that some more
judges according to one's estimate, not only of
German history but of the psychology of one's fellow-
mechanical matters. He continues, for example, to
once to protest that we must defeat Prussia militarily,
and that we have not the strength to break her up. I
would point out as a soldier that any defeat worthy of
the name—likely, that is, to be admitted by the
Germans as defeat—would mean the smashing of the
German armies and the overrunning of German soil.
But once as far as that, for economic reasons, for the
reason that her munition works, her mines, her
mines, her coal, are all in the regions first to be overrun, we should be
able to deal with her as we liked. Anything else would not be
deaf. If not a positive German victory upon
points it would be a draw which the German Government
would represent as victory—and begin again.

However, all this is beside the point. The point is in
this question of judgment—is Mr. Verdad or Mr. Chesterton the one right?

Before this war began, Mr. Chesterton and his
associates were busy calling our attention to the evil of
Prussia, and her munition works, her munition, and her coal, are all in the regions first to be overrun, we should be
able to deal with her as we liked. Anything else would not be
deaf. If not a positive German victory upon
points it would be a draw which the German Government
would represent as victory—and begin again.

However, all this is beside the point. The point is in
this question of judgment—is Mr. Verdad or Mr. Chesterton the one right?

Before this war began, Mr. Chesterton and his
associates were busy calling our attention to the evil of
Prussia, and her munition works, her munition, and her coal, are all in the regions first to be overrun, we should be
able to deal with her as we liked. Anything else would not be
deaf. If not a positive German victory upon
points it would be a draw which the German Government
would represent as victory—and begin again.

However, all this is beside the point. The point is in
this question of judgment—is Mr. Verdad or Mr. Chesterton the one right?

Before this war began, Mr. Chesterton and his
associates were busy calling our attention to the evil of
Prussia, and her munition works, her munition, and her coal, are all in the regions first to be overrun, we should be
able to deal with her as we liked. Anything else would not be
deaf. If not a positive German victory upon
points it would be a draw which the German Government
would represent as victory—and begin again.

Before this war began, Mr. Chesterton and his
associates were busy calling our attention to the evil of
Prussia, and her munition works, her munition, and her coal, are all in the regions first to be overrun, we should be
able to deal with her as we liked. Anything else would not be
deaf. If not a positive German victory upon
points it would be a draw which the German Government
would represent as victory—and begin again.
of Hugh O'Neill, or later under the Penal Laws. That point of view is no longer at the centre of true national sentiment in Ireland, and the literature which seeks to maintain it at that centre is diseasedly and incurably artificial.

Mr. Boyd would probably agree with all this, but he himself has a point of view which remains obscure. He repudiates Sinn Fein, or if the Irish of the Anglo-Irish fusion, and has gradually absorbed into himself all the constituent elements of Irish life, contributing nearly all of our distinguished names in literature and politics. I imagine that the view he really likes about Ireland is its negative characteristics, its freedom from those vulgaries which inevitably arise in a ‘sovereign state’ obliged to enforce the collective will on each of its citizens. This combination of what is really perhaps provincialism in politics with an impossible purity of national ideals, or else with cosmopolitan ideals, is, by no means a rare in Ireland, but it is not good enough for the Modern Irishman—John Gilmour.

**THE CHURCHES**

SIR,—I am afraid some of your Anglican and Roman correspondents must regret the good old days of Henry VIII, and Bloody Mary, when the clergy were able to put down criticism by means more effectual than burning words. They were in a position to controvert their theological errors, but to draw the attention of that four-fifths of the nation which they no longer minister to in spiritual things to the meaning of the cry for religious freedom in such unfortable mouths. The nation has to decide whether it will part with its property to a small sect of irreconcilables or whether it will treat the Church of England as a national institution, and deal with it with the courage shown by Henry VIII. and the two Cromwells.

During the thirty years from 1533 to 1562 the Church of England changed its religion nine times set the bidding of the State, and my suggestion is that a further and better measure of reform is greatly overdue. One method would be to grant local option to each parish, another would be to form a Committee of Revision representative of the nation, and not merely of the Anglican sect. I do not conceive it possible to frame any creed or ceremonial that would enable the National Church to include the subjects of the Papacy, or truly apostolical Christians like the Plymouth Brethren. That problem is to ascertain what most spiritually minded men hold in common, and what many of the clergy themselves hold in private, and to arrive at a form of worship which sincere men and women could take part in without having their ears shocked by savage mythology and coarse or childish language.

If we cannot emancipate the clergy from their Byzantine chrysalis, let us at least emancipate ourselves. 

*S. GEORGE*

**RATIONALISM.**

SIR,—In your issue of September 6, Mr. R. H. Congreve, replying to my defence of Rationalists, says that ‘Rationalism as a theory implies the sole validity of reasoning as a means to truth.’ Most people do not use the word in that sense, but as an equivalent of Agnosticism, Secularism, or whatever you like to call it. These writers are not convinced that there is no such reality as God. They are only asserting that we have no positive proof of any kind to establish the existence of any particular reality, however important.

According to the popular understanding of the word, Shelley, Pfitzgerald, Swinburne, James Thomson, and John Davidson were all Rationalists. Certainly they were complete unbelievers. I hope Mr. Congreve does not consider any of these writers "empty of charm, of insight, of imagination, of depth.

Even if Rationalists were empty of some of these qualities, their conclusions need not therefore be inaccurate. Mathematicians, economists, and medical physicians are usually empty of charm and imagination, but they have not been considered altogether useless for that reason. I think even Mr. Joseph McCabe and Mr. J. M. Robertson compare quite favourably with Aristotle and Kant in respect of charm and imagination, and in their own way they have as much insight and depth.

After listening to Mr. Congreve, one might expect to find the delay of "nineteenth century Rationalism" followed by a glorious outburst of poetry. The facts are disappointing, however. No country ever produced more major poets in one century than England did in the nineteenth, but she has not yet produced one in the twentieth. Even members of the Rationalist Press Association like George Meredith and Mr. William Watson are a cut above anything now produced.

*R. B. KERR.*

**Memoranda.**

(From last week’s *New Age.*)

Upon America and ourselves and upon our agreement with each other depends the issue of the war.

Either our war aims will be defined or they will prove unattainable.

The Shop-Stewards’ movement was at once a protest and a protective defence against the abandonment of industrial power.

What we have long wished to see is a Labour movement seeking economic power in the workshops; and a citizen working class seeking political power at Westminster.—*Notes of the Week.*

Our immediate task is to reconcile the present large scale industry with the Church of England changed its religion nine times set the bidding of the State, and my suggestion is that a further and better measure of reform is greatly overdue. One method would be to grant local option to each parish, another would be to form a Committee of Revision representative of the nation, and not merely of the Anglican sect. I do not conceive it possible to frame any creed or ceremonial that would enable the National Church to include the subjects of the Papacy, or truly apostolical Christians like the Plymouth Brethren. That problem is to ascertain what most spiritually minded men hold in common, and what many of the clergy themselves hold in private, and to arrive at a form of worship which sincere men and women could take part in without having their ears shocked by savage mythology and coarse or childish language.

If we cannot emancipate the clergy from their Byzantine chrysalis, let us at least emancipate ourselves.

*S. GEORGE*

**RATIONALISM.**

SIR,—In your issue of September 6, Mr. R. H. Congreve, replying to my defence of Rationalists, says that 'Rationalism as a theory implies the sole validity of reasoning as a means to truth.' Most people do not use the word in that sense, but as an equivalent of Agnosticism, Secularism, or whatever you like to call it. These writers are not convinced that there is no such reality as God. They are only asserting that we have no positive proof of any kind to establish the existence of any particular reality, however important.

According to the popular understanding of the word, Shelley, Pfitzgerald, Swinburne, James Thomson, and John Davidson were all Rationalists. Certainly they were complete unbelievers. I hope Mr. Congreve does not consider any of these writers "empty of charm, of insight, of imagination, of depth.

Even if Rationalists were empty of some of these qualities, their conclusions need not therefore be inaccurate. Mathematicians, economists, and medical physicians are usually empty of charm and imagination, but they have not been considered altogether useless for that reason. I think even Mr. Joseph McCabe and Mr. J. M. Robertson compare quite favourably with Aristotle and Kant in respect of charm and imagination, and in their own way they have as much insight and depth.

After listening to Mr. Congreve, one might expect to find the delay of "nineteenth century Rationalism" followed by a glorious outburst of poetry. The facts are disappointing, however. No country ever produced more major poets in one century than England did in the nineteenth, but she has not yet produced one in the twentieth. Even members of the Rationalist Press Association like George Meredith and Mr. William Watson are a cut above anything now produced.

*R. B. KERR.*

**Memoranda.**

(From last week’s *New Age.*)

Upon America and ourselves and upon our agreement with each other depends the issue of the war.

Either our war aims will be defined or they will prove unattainable.

The Shop-Stewards’ movement was at once a protest and a protective defence against the abandonment of industrial power.

What we have long wished to see is a Labour movement seeking economic power in the workshops; and a citizen working class seeking political power at Westminster.—*Notes of the Week.*

Our immediate task is to reconcile the present large scale industry with the Church of England changed its religion nine times set the bidding of the State, and my suggestion is that a further and better measure of reform is greatly overdue. One method would be to grant local option to each parish, another would be to form a Committee of Revision representative of the nation, and not merely of the Anglican sect. I do not conceive it possible to frame any creed or ceremonial that would enable the National Church to include the subjects of the Papacy, or truly apostolical Christians like the Plymouth Brethren. That problem is to ascertain what most spiritually minded men hold in common, and what many of the clergy themselves hold in private, and to arrive at a form of worship which sincere men and women could take part in without having their ears shocked by savage mythology and coarse or childish language.

If we cannot emancipate the clergy from their Byzantine chrysalis, let us at least emancipate ourselves.

*S. GEORGE*

**RATIONALISM.**

SIR,—In your issue of September 6, Mr. R. H. Congreve, replying to my defence of Rationalists, says that ‘Rationalism as a theory implies the sole validity of reasoning as a means to truth.’ Most people do not use the word in that sense, but as an equivalent of Agnosticism, Secularism, or whatever you like to call it. These writers are not convinced that there is no such reality as God. They are only asserting that we have no positive proof of any kind to establish the existence of any particular reality, however important.

According to the popular understanding of the word, Shelley, Pfitzgerald, Swinburne, James Thomson, and John Davidson were all Rationalists. Certainly they were complete unbelievers. I hope Mr. Congreve does not consider any of these writers "empty of charm, of insight, of imagination, of depth.

Even if Rationalists were empty of some of these qualities, their conclusions need not therefore be inaccurate. Mathematicians, economists, and medical physicians are usually empty of charm and imagination, but they have not been considered altogether useless for that reason. I think even Mr. Joseph McCabe and Mr. J. M. Robertson compare quite favourably with Aristotle and Kant in respect of charm and imagination, and in their own way they have as much insight and depth.

After listening to Mr. Congreve, one might expect to find the delay of "nineteenth century Rationalism" followed by a glorious outburst of poetry. The facts are disappointing, however. No country ever produced more major poets in one century than England did in the nineteenth, but she has not yet produced one in the twentieth. Even members of the Rationalist Press Association like George Meredith and Mr. William Watson are a cut above anything now produced.

*R. B. KERR.*

**Memoranda.**

(From last week’s *New Age.*)

Upon America and ourselves and upon our agreement with each other depends the issue of the war.

Either our war aims will be defined or they will prove unattainable.

The Shop-Stewards’ movement was at once a protest and a protective defence against the abandonment of industrial power.

What we have long wished to see is a Labour movement seeking economic power in the workshops; and a citizen working class seeking political power at Westminster.—*Notes of the Week.*

Our immediate task is to reconcile the present large scale industry with the Church of England changed its religion nine times set the bidding of the State, and my suggestion is that a further and better measure of reform is greatly overdue. One method would be to grant local option to each parish, another would be to form a Committee of Revision representative of the nation, and not merely of the Anglican sect. I do not conceive it possible to frame any creed or ceremonial that would enable the National Church to include the subjects of the Papacy, or truly apostolical Christians like the Plymouth Brethren. That problem is to ascertain what most spiritually minded men hold in common, and what many of the clergy themselves hold in private, and to arrive at a form of worship which sincere men and women could take part in without having their ears shocked by savage mythology and coarse or childish language.

If we cannot emancipate the clergy from their Byzantine chrysalis, let us at least emancipate ourselves.

*S. GEORGE*
PRESS CUTTINGS.

Referring to a recent cutting from a letter to the “Daily News” from Mr. T. B. Johnson, of Bristol, advocating compulsory trade unionism, the honorary secretary of the Bristol Trades Council and L.R.W. Problems Committee informs us that his committee (representing 44 societies and attended by 80 delegates) declined to pass the following resolution until deletion had been made of all the words after “organisation.”

“This Conference repudiates the attempts being made in various quarters to vest in Parliament the power of compulsory trade unionism upon the workers, and claims that the unions should have the sole right of declaring who shall or shall not become members of their organisations; but we are not opposed to a permissive Act of Parliament giving power to the unions to make membership compulsory whenever 75 per cent. of the industry is organised.”

While we cannot lessen the burden of pensions to our soldiers, we could, if we wished, lessen the burden of the pensions that are to be paid to those who furnish the material upon which the war is fought. The more and longer the soldiers stay here, the more and longer the workers stay, and the whole cost of the war to New Zealand is coming out of borrowings, not a penny of revenue going to pay the interest on war loans and to provide a small sinking fund for their redemption. We are practically just undertaking to give a pension to every man who will give us a pound’s worth of his material resources for assisting in the war.

We are carrying the business too far, and, if we taxed more and borrowed less, then we should considerably ease the burden to be borne after the war is over. Another thing we can do is to start a campaign against a high rate of interest. If the labouring classes are no longer paying over a high rate of interest, then we should considerably ease the burden to be borne after the war is over.

We shall insist on making it for a generation or two after. It is most regrettable that the whole cost of the war to New Zealand is coming out of borrowings, not a penny of revenue going to pay the interest on war loans and to provide a small sinking fund for their redemption. We are practically just undertaking to give a pension to every man who will give us a pound’s worth of his material resources for assisting in the war.

Obviously, the general staff would make it its duty to advise on the methods of organisation and would be expected to report honestly; whether it were necessary to widen the scope of the union to embrace women or the alleged inferior grades of skill, or to extend the line by its little division into an industrial army corps to secure unity of action against the common enemy. Naturally, the general staff would call for practical men. The university gent might be called in to assist, especially to translate the documents of the Fabian Guilds League; but the keen men from the bench will be wanted on the staff.”

Washington, December 9.—Mr. Wilson, Secretary of Labour, reports to Congress that the Department’s success in settling labour disputes has been most encouraging. Since the outbreak of the war disputes affecting about a million workers have thus been avoided.

Discussing the proposed conscription of labour during the war, Mr. Wilson maintains that such a step would be unfair and impracticable, and that public sentiment could not be expected to tolerate conscription of labour for private profit. He suggests that should it become necessary, owing to the exigencies of the war, for the Government to conscript workers it should also conscript the industries on which labour is engaged, so that the workers shall not be coerced servants of employers, but employees of the Government itself.—Reuter.

The peace must secure the objects for which we entered the war, and it must contain within itself its own safeguards. What are safeguards? Some say that without them we cannot give that full measure of democracy which the German people and what their influence upon their Government. A Government constituted as their Government is, which knows no law but force, which exalts might above right, and recognises no rights in others, is a Government which is a danger to the world, and requires to be restricted in power and functions in a way, which a free and self-governing democracy need not be restricted.—Mr. Ashten Chamberlain.

What the time calls for is that in every union, apart from the executive committee, and subordinate to it, there should be a full-time general staff sufficiently paid to take the look-out post, to survey the terrain and produce its plans. The general staff would make it its duty to advise on the methods of organisation and would be expected to report honestly; whether it were necessary to widen the scope of the union to embrace women or the alleged inferior grades of skill, or to extend the line by its little division into an industrial army corps to secure unity of action against the common enemy.

If our aim is a great Civil Service, intelligent, alert, sympathetic, and responsible, not a system of dummy ever prepared for the new enterprises which society may demand of it, then we shall be encouraged to push forward, not disheartened by any temporary rebuff. Our demands for proper salaries, short hours, good conditions, a share in control will be seen in their right perspective. We shall insist on them all, because we know that without them we cannot give that full measure of service which society needs.—The Citizen.”

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

United Kingdom. Abroad.

One Year......... 28s. 0d. ... 30s. 0d.
Six Months........ 14s. 0d. ... 15s. 0d.
Three Months..... 7s. 0d. ... 7s. 6d.

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