NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The "New Witness" has been doing its best to make clear that the peril of a patched-up peace has passed away; but this is not altogether the case. On the contrary, at this present moment the chances of such a peace appear to be growing. The most remarkable evidence of this fact is to be found in the leading article of the "Daily Express" of Saturday last. The "Daily Express," it will be remembered, was only a few weeks ago fulminating in its usual style against pacifists with whom it was quite indifferent whether people like ourselves might be confused. Anybody who inquired what our war-aims are, anybody who recommended replying to German offers of terms, anybody who distinguished between the German people and the Prussian Government whom it was quite indifferent whether people like ourselves were serious the ravings of the Pan-German and Krupp Press. "The conclusion was inevitable from this volteface which Germany entered the war had now been officially guessed that they would spare its life at the moment it should be in danger. And they are acting after all in a night, become "emphatically of the opinion that the Allied Governments should at once state their irreducible minimum;" but the writer went on to assert that "the Germany of 1918 will not be the Germany of 1914," that "the ambitions for which Germany entered the war had now been officially abandoned," and that "we must no longer take too seriously the ravings of the Pan-German and Krupp Press." The conclusion was inevitable from this volte-face. Supposing Germany to have changed her views as thus alleged, "the Allies might meet her in conference." She has only to accept restitution, reparation and the League of Nations as the broad basis of peace, and instantly "we can talk to her." That this invitation to peace by negotiation should appear at all in such a journal as the "Daily Express," is sufficiently significant to be worth remarking; but its significance is enhanced when it is remembered that the "Daily Express" is the speaking-tube of Lord Beaverbrook and Mr. Bonar Law. It is not therefore the opinions of Mr. Blumenfeld with which we are concerned—they would in any case be negligible—but the opinions of the men who use his journal and who have, besides, considerable political power. What we must conclude from such an article is therefore this: that in certain powerful political circles where hitherto peace has been deemed peace is now being favourably discussed. For this reason, if for no other, we can say that the peril of compromise is anything but over.

Analysing the situation as it appears on reading between the lines of the Press—for almost as strange articles as that in the "Express" have appeared in the "Daily Mirror" and the "Daily Telegraph"—we discover that to the original group of pacifists there have recently been added two other groups—pacificists from fear of the conscription of wealth, and pacifists from fear of a democratic or American peace. The former and the latter have, it is true, contradictory objects in view; but they agree nevertheless in their means which is peace by negotiation. What would follow in the long run from such a peace only the third of these groups has taken the trouble to speculate. This group, for its own part, realises quite clearly that an immediate peace by negotiation would not only leave Prussian militarism standing, but necessitate the militarisation of the existing democracies; and this is the very object the group which is vocal in the "Morning Post" desires. It is not for them to put an end to Prussian militarism in any final sense. Willing enough to curb and trim it, anybody might have guessed that they would spare its life at the moment is its life should be in danger. And they are acting after their nature in consenting to negotiation at this moment. But the other groups, as we say, are not so far-sighted. All they wish to do is to escape the difficulties of the moment. The pacifists wish for an end of the war (as we all do), and the financial classes wish to avoid a levy on capital; and beyond these immediate objects their minds appear unable to think. But is it really so difficult a process to imagine what must happen to both groups from a peace by immediate negotiation? Let us suppose that we have the "talk" with Prussia which the "Daily Express" recommends; and let us suppose that it should end in peace on the "broad basis" defined by the same journal—would either our "pacificists" or our capitalists find themselves relieved of their apprehensions and hardships? On the contrary, the former would discover that the temporary militarism of this country had become permanent; and the latter would find that exactly by reason of the unsatisfactory nature of their peace, the demand for a levy upon capital (or,
Let us say, the nationalisation of industry, which is another form of the levy) would become irresistible. Apart from this third and last manner of pacifism among us we cannot see, in fact, what the rest have to gain by a peace of any description with the existing Government of Germany. Peace of any kind with the Prussian autocracy means conscription of men and women; in a word, when we have either won or lost. But neither of these conditions can be said to exist at this moment. On a certain kind of showing the war to end this week, and the map of the world to remain as it is, it would even be possible to argue that the Allies, as a whole, had had the advantage; it would be no less easy to dispute the proposition that the Allies had gained, and to argue that they had lost. Some such equivocation would be inevitable from a peace at this moment, even upon material grounds. But upon other grounds no doubt at all would be possible. As certainly as peace were made with the existing Government of Germany—that is to say, with the Government that brought about the war and that has conducted war as the German Government has conducted it— all the advantages would be with our enemies. In prestige, in spirit, in the character of her constitution, in the system of her politics, ethics, social organisation and general kultur, Prussia would emphatically have won the war as decisively as Latin and Anglo-Saxon democracy had lost it. This is not an opinion merely, it is a fact of judgment which good judgment everywhere will endorse, even if events should prove that democracy has not the strength to overcome the last and greatest military autocracy. Let us not deceive ourselves even if the sponsors of the “Daily Express” succeed in bringing about a peace by compromise with Prussia. Compromise with Prussia is the defeat of democracy.

We are not disposed, however, to perform a counter-somersault with the “Daily Express,” and to abjure, because the “Daily Express” now supports them, all our former opinions in favour of discussing German offers, re-stating our own war-aims; and, generally, of communicating by every open democratic means with the German people. But there is a difference between our object and that of the “Daily Express” which makes it necessary to dissociate the means as clearly as possible from the ends in view. Whereas the object of our new pacifists in their employment of these means is unmitigatedly a peace by negotiation with the existing German régime, our object in the adoption of the same means is the supersession of that régime. There are two methods by which, we believe, the abolition of Prussian militarism may be brought about: by the internal method of a constitutional revolution in Germany itself, by the external method of an Allied military victory. By whichever of these methods the object is attained, we may be certain that until it is attained both methods must continue to be employed. A constitutional revolution in Germany either under suggestion, or under military pressure—that is our programme; and all the “talk” with Prussia, or with German Socialists, or with the German people which we have recommended has had in view no other end than this; to make the peace so permanent to the Allies as will prevent over militarism before the Allies are put to the labour of throwing it over for them. How contrary this object is from the object of the recent recruits to pacifism in this country is clear from the articles to which we have referred. The object of the “Daily Express” is to employ means for pacification of the war, by making a compromise; our object in them is to achieve the purpose of the war, which is neither peace nor victory, but the abolition of militarism, in the shortest possible time. Whether after this warning of the spirit in which “psychological diplomacy” is likely to be carried on by those who can continue to advocate the method, the next few weeks will show. It is certainly not to be trusted in the hands of people ready to sell the pass.

One of the extraordinary circumstances of the present revival of peace-talk is the indifference to America manifested in it. So far as we have been able to follow the turnings of the worm, in no place have we discovered any appreciation of the situation of America, still less of the situation in which we should leave America if we now began, in accordance with the appeal of the “Daily Express,” to talk peace with the German autocracy. After all, the same “offers” that Germany has addressed, directly, or indirectly, to the European Allies have been addressed to America; and the opinion of America upon them is as fully to be taken into consideration as the opinion of France or Italy. We should say even more so. What does America say of these? The Washington Correspondent of the “Times,” who is more closely in touch with President Wilson’s views than any other journalist, affirms that “no peace offers will be entertained unless made by men truly representative of and responsible to the German people: there can be no compromise with autocracy.” And in support of his opinion there is the “New York World” which claims to reflect, and does, we believe, reflect the overwhelming popular sentiment of America that “no peace-terms submitted by the present German Government are worth the paper on which they are written.” The question for America is not, of course, the substance of the proffered terms, but of the party that proffers them. To save itself from the admission of defeat, and thereby to preserve its own régime, the Prussian autocracy may quite conceivably offer terms much more attractive in substance than any that have yet appeared. All that an autocracy has it may offer to give for its life—all save the principles which are its life. America, it is clear, is much more conscious of this fact than our own old and new pacifists. America is not, therefore, disposed to argue backwards and forwards, this way and that, about the substance of the terms of peace, but America keeps her mind fixed on the original object of the war, which is to destroy the régime that made the war. Now if this country, noted as the “Daily Express,” is prepared to waive the question of the origin and responsibility of the war, and to treat with its authors on the substance of the terms of settlement, our breach with American opinion will be complete. We cannot waive the question of the Prussian autocracy without doing violence to the reiterated sentiments of America; nor can we discuss with a view to an immediate compromise with Prussia any offers Prussia may make. To do so would be no less than to keep bad faith with our new and greatest. Ally. It would be, if it came to anything, to follow the example of the Bolsheviks who, in the words of the “Times,” have been “trying to patch up a peace which is a treason to democracy by negotiating with the only surviving autocracies in Europe.” America has expressed her intention of declining such a negotiation until, at
any rate, she and the Allied democracies are reduced to
the state of Bolshevist Russia. It is scarcely for
this country to leave America in the lurch as we have
been left by Bolshevist Russia.

The pièce de résistance in the present pacifist cam-
paign (apart, of course, from our military, financial
and economic circumstances) is the idea of the League
of Nations. This has now been taken up upon so
many sides and with such conflicting objects that
it has become a prophylactic against all the ills of man-
kind, the most diverse and the most incompatible. The
object of pacifists of all kinds seems now to be by one
words "League of Nations," and then to pretend that
they all agree upon fundamentals, whereas, it is obvious,
they only agree upon a shibboleth and a formula
It stands to reason, for instance, that Mr. Balfour and
the Labour party do not mean the same thing when
they unite in praise of a League of Nations. It stands
to reason that the "Nation" and President Wilson do
not mean by the League a single body of States, for
since the first would accept a League with the Hohenzoll-
erns or the Devil to-morrow, while the latter would
never have peace with them while America could stand
and see. The cause of the misunderstanding that
appears to unite what, in fact, form a Babel at bot-
tom in the League is brought into existence, to twist the League
and subscribe to the League. Lord Robert Cecil and
others are no less clearly of opinion that a League of
Nations must contain a State like Prussia. And this allows him to
interpret the League as an association of
eighteen nations should fail to carry it on militarily.
Upon this understanding, he also can subscribe to the
formula. The "Nation" and the "New Statesman," again, interpret the League as an association of
national bureaucracies with plenary power over ques-
tions of peace and war. With their minds set upon
a supernational authority, they also subscribe to the
League in the belief that their pet idea can be hatched
out of it. Finally, the Labour party, with no ideas of
its own, but with a certain common sense for Liberalism,
sees in a League of Nations a means to a League of
Labour parties, and appends its signature to the common
formula. It is impossible with all these mis-
understandings to take into account to pretend that the
idea of a League of Nations is anything more than a
temporary makeshift. Having nothing common to its
adherents but its name, it will inevitably split into frag-
ments when they try to deal with it practically.
Of all its adherents, however, none is more hope-
lesslycluded than the Labour party. The Labour party, like
ourselves, have nothing to gain and everything to lose
by a League of capitalist democracies, a League of
bureaucracies, or a mixed League of democracies and
autocracies. Their best choice is between a League
of Labour and Socialist parties; and a League of Demo-
cracies, led by an Anglo-American defensive alliance.
Against the proposed League of Nations we, for our
part, oppose the Leagues we have suggested: a
League of peoples and a League of democratic govern-
ments.

In a few days time Sir Auckland Geddes will be
meeting the Trade Unions for the reconsideration of
the existing agreements between them. The negotia-
tions are likely to be difficult in any event; but they may
easily be made impossible. Everything depends on the
first instance, upon the ideas Sir Auckland Geddes takes
to market; and, though to a much less extent, in the
second instance, upon the ideas brought by the Unions.
To take the latter first, there is some talk of requiring
as a condition of the further dilution of labour the con-
current conscription of wealth. But may we point out
some of the objections to this course? In the latter case
in the day to attempt to exchange an economic for a
political advantage of the dimension of the Conscript
ion of Wealth. When the general Act of Conscription
was under discussion, the demand for its extension to money
was perfectly groundless for citizens and for all citizens equally. But having acquiesced in the
one without the other, the nation would properly object
the attempt to force the Conscription of Wealth in
exchange for the mere remnant of men left in the
Unions. Moreover, the Trade Unions would be wiser
to exchange alike for like, economic privileges for eco-

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The Value of the Near East.

By J. M. Kennedy.

In every scheme of "world-power or downfall" drafted by German statesmen, politicians, journalists, and political propagandists generally, the Bagdad Railway became necessarily a paramount factor. Whatever divergencies on points of detail existed among the various Pan-German factions, it is evident that the North Sea-Persian Gulf proposal was common to them all. Some of the junkers were impressed with the mere bigness of the project; the National Liberals were interested in a share of its industrial possibilities; the Centre elements (largely dependent as they are upon the industrial provinces of Western Germany) supported the scheme for very much the same reasons as the National Liberals; and the Social Democrats, having few ideas on the subject, countenanced a scheme which those among them who thought about it at all hoped would make for peace. Only a few far-sighted and long-headed statesmen saw in it the solution of several more reconducible problems—the splitting asunder of the British Empire and the eventual acquirement of Egypt; the assurance (for the exploitation of Asia Minor) of supplies of food and of raw material transportable to Germany by land; and, above all, free access to the open sea unfettered by rival navies. Even the seizure of the Belgian coast would not have obviated the perpetual menace of the Straits; even a loose Albanian alliance, with the Kaiser's brother-in-law at Athens, could not have obviated the risks presented by Gibraltar and Suez. But the Persian Gulf scheme cut in two not only Europe and Asia, but also the sea.

For this reason the possession of Bagdad was essential to the German scheme, not as a valuable industrial centre but as a useful military base. The possibilities of industrial development were not forgotten—far from it—but it was recognised that the territory from which hostile armies could menace India, Egypt, and British sea-power would have to be seized either by conquest or by intrigue, and would certainly have to be defended by armed force as well as by the unapparent use of the more modern and subtle weapons of finance and economics. But Bagdad, though an essential objective, was not the only objective aimed at. The concessions obtained by the German Government through the Deutsche Bank included not only the nucleus of the Anatolian Railway Company (the short line from Halder Pasha to Van, the extension of the railway from Konia to the Gulf (the Bagdad Railway properly so called starts from Konia), but various branches forming a complete network—those, for instance, to Aleppo and Urfa; from the city of Bagdad to the Persian frontier town of Khamikin; the short line to Antab (with possibilities of industrial exploitation in view); from El Badi to Hiz. Other lines—work on some of which was begun at early stages of the war—were to connect Adana with Mersina (this line is now working), and with Sivas through Ulusichlia; and further sections were to join this branch to Angora, and Diarbeker to Ras-el-Ain. But the trump card was to be a railway from some useful strategic base on the coast (probably Haifa, which is already linked to the Hejaz Railways) to a point near the Egyptian frontier.

The object of this latter move would have been clear enough even if thousands of articles in Pan-German newspapers had not been published in order to emphasise its importance. Undoubtedly, many influential Turkish politicians, whether their sympathies lay with Abdul Hamid or with the Reformers, believed that the close relations developed between Constantinople and Berlin would result sooner or later in the recovery of Egypt; and the initial German successes three years ago appeared to them to confirm this belief. In earlier
Western Europe (apart from their conquests in Western sympathy, that Germany's present aloofness from parlance, strained. It is apparently beginning to Turkish and German capitals have been, in diplomatic countries which the Germans looked upon as exploitable Minister's definite statement that these lands are not might seriously endanger Syria and Mesopotamia. The expected reinforcements which were to drive General Marshall from Bagdad (and beyond), and General Allenby from Palestine have not, apparently, come to hand, and there seems to be little prospect of their early arrival. There is, further, the Prime mind, to argue a regrettable lack of sympathy with a worn and hardly-tried ally. It is assuredly to lack of power, and not to lack of sympathy, that Germany's present aloofness from Turkish affairs is due—not, indeed, to moral support enters into the question, but simply because the Asia Minor concessions, however much they might have benefited Turkey indirectly, were obtained first and foremost with the explicit aim of filling the pockets of German financiers and manufacturers, and thereby changing Germany's military position in Europe and Asia. The British victories in Mesopotamia and in Asia Minor are thus, for two reasons, of much greater importance than has yet been attached to them, except by Mr. Lloyd George in his address to the House of Commons just before the recess. In the first place, the Grandiose North Sea to Bagdad scheme, with its ultimate design on Egypt, is shattered; and, in the second place, a large proportion of the territories which the Germans looked upon as exploitable is now lost to them. Nor is it right to argue that the fate of Jerusalem and Bagdad must be decided in Europe; for this does not necessarily follow. However indirect the connection may appear, Germany has been prevented from supporting Turkey by the sea-power of this country; and by the same means Germany has been prevented from retaining her colonies. Too little attention, unfortunately, is now being drawn to the fact that the Germans are now in precisely the same position as the French a century or so ago. They may overrun half the Continent—let it be remembered that the Kaiser has not done so to anything like the same extent as Napoleon—they may occupy capital after capital; they may send German troops on the tongues of half-a-dozen States; they may extort indemnities (as in Belgium), and exploit new mineral deposits (as in Serbia) with admirable efficiency; but so long as British sea-power remains intact they cannot win the war. For they cannot trade; they cannot recover their lost colonies; they cannot, in the long run, help their allies.

In other words, the war map works both ways. It is customary to urge, as only too many of our less-informed organs do, that the German conquests in Western Europe (apart from their conquests in Western Russia) are of infinitely greater value, economically and sentimentally, than the Allied conquests of the German Colonies. This is true only up to a point. The economic and sentimental value attached by the Germans to their Colonies may be witnessed from their obvious anxiety, displayed over the last two years, to get them back. But there is, indeed, a war which is Palestine and Mesopotamia we occupy territories of greater political value than the enemy (while their economic value is considerable); for our possession of them frustrates for ever the execution of the plan for the sake of which the German Government went to war.

Towards National Guilds.

We concluded our recent notes with a remark upon the "accidental" nature of finality. The last of a series, we said, differs from all the rest, if in nothing else, in being the last. Its virtue is that of position. Applying this to the discussion of our present subject, we may say that sovereignty is nothing more than the final authority in practice, and that it differs from other authorities only in being the last to be exercised. This definition at once puts an end to a number of discussions of perhaps theoretical interest; but it serves our purpose as practical statement. It enables us at the same time to reply to various theoretical objections. For instance, among the qualities attributed by Mr. Ewer to the State (which, by the way, we define as the instrument of sovereignty) are compulsion, the unlimited character of its activities and authority, and the character of regarding itself as an end. And he says, moreover, that of these attributes, the two latter alone result from the historic evolution of the State, while the first is essential to it. In this Mr. Ewer clearly recognises that sovereignty and the power of compulsion are inseparable, as indeed they are. But he then goes on to maintain that since they are inseparable, the compulsion of an evil and the source of unfreedom, therefore National Guilds (as an organisation aiming at freedom) involves the destruction of sovereignty.

We hope we have made the case clear. Sovereignty implies compulsion. The State is the organ of sovereignty. Mr. Ewer dislikes compulsion. He is a Guildsman because he believes that National Guilds will be the means of freedom. Freedom he conceives as the absence of compulsion. HENCE, the State as the organ of sovereignty must be abolished; or, rather, the sovereignty of the State must be abolished while leaving to the State only a number of non-sovereign functions.

If, however, there is any truth in what we have before been saying, the conclusions to which we are brought are the very contrary of Mr. Ewer's. Unlike Mr. Ewer, we do not start from the premiss that compulsion is necessarily an evil in itself, and still less that it is the greatest of evils and worth a State's ransom to abolish. We are not of opinion that the Prime motive of National Guilds is the extension of personal freedom, though, incidentally, we certainly expect them to have this effect. Finally, we do not wish to deprive the State of sovereignty while leaving to it a number of non-sovereign functions; but, on the contrary, we desire to take from the State as many non-sovereign functions as possible while leaving to it precisely and only the function of sovereignty. Once more we hope that we have made the case between us clear.

Let us continue. Sovereignty we have defined as nothing more than the final authority in practice. What is implied in this? In the first place, we must point out that nothing ethically "superior" is implied in it. Because the House of Lords is the final authority in the judiciary, it does not necessarily follow that the House of Lords is "superior" to the preceding Courts. All that is implied is that the House of Lords is superior in authority. Similarly of the State and of sovereignty. The finality of the authority of the State gives to its authority a value greater than the preceding authorities, but not of necessity an ethically superior value. In actual fact the State may do wrong; its wrong is, nevertheless, more authoritative than the right of the subordinate associations within it. But why, then, it may be asked, have a State's sovereignty at all, since, by admission, sovereignty is no guarantee...
of right, but only of power and authority? This, in short, is Mr. Ewer's case for the destruction of sovereignty. It is an arbitrary and compulsory one; and that this final authority must be more or less arbitrary, and, at the same time, compulsory; and for these reasons. First, it is not in the nature of the human mind to make an end of anything. We are all familiar with legal cases in which an aggrieved person would appeal from one Court to another, in an endless series, but for the arbitrary imposition of a final Court of Appeal. Such a final Court of Appeal, we again observe, has nothing sacrosanct about it. It is as liable to error as the preceding Courts. But it is final for the practical reason that in practice, the mind being what it is, finality must be fixed somewhere. In the second place, such an arbitrary finality must be armed with compulsion if for no other reason than that it is arbitrary. Suppose, for instance, that the House of Lords had no means of enforcing its decision—its finality in the judiciary would be gone, and if the very object of its finality would be defeated. Compulsion is necessary to it as a condition of discharging its function of finality. We will finality as a means of getting on with the business; we must, therefore, accept compulsion as the means of finality. Transferring ally power to the State once more, we affirm that sovereignty is merely the final social authority in practice, that the State is the organ of it, that its finality is arbitrarily fixed, and that compulsion is essential to it. And to refute our argument it would be necessary to prove not only that compulsion is undesirable, but that sovereignty implies undesirable compulsion, not only that the State is the arbitrary organ of an arbitrary and undesirable compulsion, but that a society can be practically conceived in which there is no final authority in practice. For once given a final authority in practice, and sovereignty is admitted, the State is admitted, and both the arbitraryness and the compulsion are admitted with them.

At this point some of our readers will, no doubt (if such things are done out of a book), throw up their hands and exclaim: "What! Guildsmen must admit the arbitrary and the compulsory are in perpetual diminution. We do not desire a State without sovereignty; and we should not even credit with Utopianism the idea that the arbitrary and the compulsory are in perpetual diminution. The very idea that there is no final authority in practice, that the State is the organ of it, that its finality is arbitrarily fixed, and that compulsion is essential to it. And to refute our argument it would be necessary to prove not only that compulsion is undesirable, but that sovereignty implies undesirable compulsion, not only that the State is the arbitrary organ of an arbitrary and undesirable compulsion, but that a society can be practically conceived in which there is no final authority in practice. For once given a final authority in practice, and sovereignty is admitted, the State is admitted, and both the arbitraryness and the compulsion are admitted with them."

So soothing them as best we can, we reply that the arbitrary and the compulsory are in the nature of things, but that it is the work of man to reduce them to a minimum. To nothing we shall never be able to reduce them. To talk of "abolishing" the arbitrary or the compulsory is to talk paradox—for what if not arbitrary is the will to abolish, and by what other method than compulsion (or the use of superior force) could it be effected? Something arbitrary and something compulsory there must needs be in all human association; and we should not even credit with Utopianism the idea that the arbitrary and the compulsory are in perpetual diminution. We do not desire a State without sovereignty; we cannot conceive a sovereignty with nothing of the arbitrary and the compulsory in it; but we do desire and we can conceive a sovereignty in which the arbitrary and the compulsory are in perpetual diminution. This, we think, should satisfy Mr. Ewer that we are no more State-fanatics than himself. As much freedom as is practically possible we are as anxious as he to obtain. What we deny is, in the first place, that a freedom theoretically complete is practically possible; and, in the second place, that the only alternative to complete freedom is the despotic State. Our State is sovereign, it is true; on that account it is both arbitrary and compulsory, and must be so; but we desire and intend that while retaining its sovereignty it shall be as little arbitrary and as little compulsory as possible.

NATIONAL GUILDSMEN.

Tolstoy's Revolution.

By Ramiro de Maeztu.

In the year 1907 was published by the Free Age Press (London) a pamphlet by Tolstoy under the title of "The Meaning of the Russian Revolution." In this pamphlet will be found the following paragraph:

"What is happening in Russia is—not, as many people suppose, a revolution of the people against their Government, in order to replace one Government by another, but a much greater and more important event. What now moves the Russian people is a dim recognition of the wrongness and unreasonableness of all violence, and of the possibility and necessity of basing one's life, not on coerced power, as has been the case hitherto among all nations, but on reasonable and free agreement." What characterises the Russian Revolution, as it has so far developed, is that all established powers have crumbled to pieces. The French Revolution abolished the power of the Government, the Church, the nobility, and the provinces, but established the power of the nation, of la patrie, of the Republic "one and indivisible": that is to say, the corporate power of the people, to which all particular powers must give way. The Russian Revolutionaries are in a way more humane than were the French, but they do not establish any power to replace the powers they demolish.

The judgment of Tolstoy on the meaning of the Russian Revolution is sufficiently accurate to awaken our interest in his other opinions. We need not be deterred by the fact that Tolstoy is a dreamer. All dreams move towards the fulfilment of their prevalence. Dreams are lofty, some are base, some are practical, and some are impossible. The dreams of Tolstoy are both lofty and base, but they do not agree with the nature of things. They may be summed up into the Brotherhood of Man, and the Brotherhood of Man is the abolition of all power. The fraternity of men is an excellent dream, provided that we do not forget that it is derived from the paternity of God; and that the paternity of God imposes on us the commandment of love, and that this final authority must be more or less arbitrary, and that this final authority must be more or less arbitrary, and, at the same time, compulsory; and for these reasons.

The reply is that there must be a final authority in practice. Far once given a final authority in practice, and sovereignty is admitted, the State is admitted, and both the arbitraryness and the compulsion are admitted with them. This is a well-known thesis. All political theories may be divided into two groups: those that assert that the Government is the power of some men over others, and those that maintain that it is the necessary regulation of human co-existence. Tolstoy believes with Carey, Kropotkin, and Gumplowitz, etc., that the State is originally only a band of robbers. But Tolstoy adds that power ought to be abolished, because it is necessarily evil, and that for two reasons. First, "because people who possess power, immortal by nature, and preferring idleness and violence to work, having grasped power and using it to satisfy their lusts and
passions, give themselves up more and more to these passions and vices." And, second, because as "all other passions sooner reach the limits of satiety, only ambition has no limits, and, therefore, almost all potentates always strive after fame especially military partake, when you obey the Government That passions, give themselves up more and more to these combination called Russia is dissolved, "foreign relations. " The result of the dissemination of power passions and vices " And, second, because "all the Russian people now that it is faced by the necessity towards the Western democracies as soon as they have through your village communes-and other powers has his friends, helpers, servants, flatterers, and relations." The result of the dissemination of power and parasitism is, therefore, according to Tolstoy, that: "The majority of the nations of Western Europe explains the attitude assumed by the Russian people towards the Western democracies as soon as they have found themselves in the saddle. But this is by the way.

What, then, is the Russian nation to do? asks Tolstoy. And he replies that "As the enormous majority of Russians are still living this most natural, independent, rural agricultural life, this is the most important circumstance, which makes it possible and natural for the Russian people, now that it is faced by the necessity of changing their relations towards power, to change them in no other way than by freeing themselves from the evil of all power, and simply ceasing to submit to any kind of power." Tolstoy fully realises that if the Russians follow his counsels, Russia will find themselves in the condition of not being able to subsist by their own labour on their own land. They are obliged, in one way or another, by force or fraud, to acquire the necessities of life from other nations, who still receive from the West what they want, either by defrauding other nations or by pure violence.

The prevalence of these ideas easily explains the attitude assumed by the Russian people towards the Western democracies as soon as they have found themselves in the saddle. But this is by the way.

New Ireland.

By A. E.

In that cycle of history which closed in 1914, but which seems now to the imagination as far sunken behind time as Babylon or Samarcand, it was customary at the festival of the Incarnation to forego our eminities for a little and allow free play to the spiritual in our being. Since 1914 all things in the world and with us, too, in Ireland have existed in a welter of hate, but the rhythm of ancient habit cannot altogether have passed away, and now, if at any time, it should be possible to blow the bugles of Heaven and recall men to that old allegiance. I do not think it would help now, or another, put forward arguments drawn from Irish history or economics to convince any party that they were wrong and their opponents right. I think absolute truth might be stated in respect of these things, and yet it would effect nothing in our present mood. It would not be recognised any more than Heaven, when It walked on earth in the guise of a Carpenter, was hailed by men whose minds were filled by other imaginations of that coming.

I will not argue about the past, but would ask Irishmen to consider how in future they may live together. Do they contemplate the continuance of these bitter hatreds in our own household? The war must have a finale. Many thousands of Irishmen will return to their country who have faced death for other ideals than those which inspire many more thousands now in Ireland and make them also fearless of death. How are these to co-exist in the same island if there is no change of heart? Each will receive passionate support from relatives, friends, and parties who uphold their action. This will be a most unhappy country if we cannot arrive at any kind of agreement, on necessity as a political agreement. Partition is no settlement, because there is no geographical limitation of these passions. There is scarce a locality in Ireland
where antagonisms do not gather about the thought of Ireland as in the caduceus of Mercury the twin serpents which have the task of carrying his message as in the caduceus of Mercury the twin serpents which have the task of carrying his message. The life of the few and the powerful in what mood do they propose to meet those who return, men of temper as stern as their own? Will those endure being termed traitors to Ireland? Will their friends endure it? Will those who mourn their dead endure to hear scornful speech of those they loved? That was Ulster’s answer in the N. Ireland Act. The life imaginative who see only a majority in their own locality, or, perhaps, in the nation, do not realise what a powerful factor in national life are those who differ from them, and how they are upheld by a neighbouring nation which, for all its present trail, is more tyrannical by far than Ireland even if its people were united in purpose as the fingers of one hand.

Nor can those who hold to, and are upheld by, the Empire hope to coerce a uniformity of feeling with themselves the millions clinging to Irish nationality. Seven centuries of repression have left that spirit unshaken, nor can it be destroyed, save by the destruction of the Irish people, because it springs from biological necessity. As well might a foolish gardener trust that his apple-tree would bring forth grapes as to dream that there could be uniformity of character and civilisation between Irishmen and Englishmen. It would be a dream that could be brought about and diversities of culture and civilisation were impossible. We may live at peace with our neighbours when it is agreed that we must be different, and no peace is possible in the world between nations except on this understanding. But I am not now thinking of that, but of the more urgent problem how we are to live at peace with each other. I am convinced Irish eminencies are perpetuated because we live by memory more than by hope, and that even now on the facts of character there is no justification for these eminencies.

We have been told that there are two nations in Ireland. That may have been so in the past, but it is not true to-day. The union of Norman and Dane and Saxon and Celt which has been going on through the centuries is now completed, and there is but one powerful Irish character—not Celtic or Norman-Saxon, but a new race. We should recognise our moral identity. It was apparent before the war in the methods by which Nationalists and Ulstermen strove to defend or win their political objects. There is scarce an Ulsterman, whether he regards his ancestors as settlers or not, who is not allied through marriage by his forbears to the ancient race. There is a bond between the blood that they have lived before Patrick, which we can look back through to the legends of the Red Branch, the Fianna and the gods as the legends of his people. It would be as difficult to find even on the Western Coast a family which has not lost in the same way its Celtic purity of race. The character of all is led from many streams which have mingled in them and have given them a new distinctiveness. The invasions of Ireland and the Plantations, however morally unjustifiable, however cruel in method, are justified by biology. The invasion of one race by another was Nature’s ancient way of re-invigorating life.

Mr. Findlers Petrie, in his “Revolutions of Civilisation,” has demonstrated that civilisation comes in waves, that races rise to a pinnacle of power and culture, and decline from that, and fall into decadence, from which they do not emerge until there has been a crossing of races, a mixture and interchange. This showed in ancient Egypt eight such periods, and after every decline into decadence there was an invasion, the necessary precedent to a fresh ascent with reinvigorated energies. I prefer to dwell upon the final human results of this commingling of races than upon the tyrannies and conflicts which made it possible. The mixture of races has added to the elemental force of the Celtic character a more complex mentality, and has saved us from becoming, as in our island isolation we might easily have become, the teutonic, like France, where there has been but little intermixture. The modern Irish is a race built up from many races who have to prove themselves for the future. Their animosities, based on past history, have little justification in racial diversity to-day, for they are a new people with only superficial cultural and political differences, but with the same fundamental characteristics. It is hopeless, the dream held by some that the ancient Celtic character could absorb the new elements, become dominant once more, and be itself unchanged. It is equally hopeless to dream the Celtic element could be eliminated. This letter is an appeal to Irishmen to seek out and understand their political opponents. If
they come to know each other, they will come to trust each other, and will realise their kinship, and will set
their faces to the future together, to build up a civilisation which will justify their nationality.

I myself am Anglo-Irish, with the blood of both races in me and when the rising of Easter Week took
place all that was Irish in me was profoundly stirred,

by, or were shut up in the penal cell.

And then later there rose in memory the faces of others

I knew who loved their country, but had died in other

battles. They fought in those because they believed

they would serve Ireland, and I felt these were no less

than Ireland's star,' said you, laurel wreath nor song.

You, too, had Ireland in your care,

I listened to high talk from you,

Thomas McDonagh, and it seemed

You paid the price. You paid the price.

life cannot utter words more great

Life cannot utter words more great

who freely, who thought of something for Ireland done

But yet my spirit rose in pride,

You, proved by death as true as they,

You who died on Easter fields;

The hope lives on age after age,

Or were shut up in the penal cell.

High words were equalled by high fate,

The words were idle, but they grew

You lived to be a heritage,

I listened to high talk from you,

You were in all the dreams you had,

To nobleness by death redeemed.

I do not consider that the deeds of all may in the future be a matter of

pride to the new nation I append here these verses I

have written:

TO THE MEMORY OF SOME I KNEW WHO ARE

DEAD AND WHO LOVED IRELAND.

Your memory would ever stray

You, too, in all the dreams you had,

You 'too, in all the dreams you had,

Do so, I think it is possible for others; and in the hope

that the deeds of all may in the future be a matter of

pride to the new nation I append here these verses I

have written:

 Поэтому, I myself am Anglo-Irish, with the blood of both races in me and when the rising of Easter Week took

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why, and again why will only one musician in
nevertheless not narrow, there came proofs of her
articulation. In fact, all the things which by being
artist can do almost anything. So great is the variety
effects are musical, whereas Yvette's effects were those
without any of Yvette's sweep rind surge and elan
platform. Mr. Evans' discourse on folk song was brief
singing. The voice, as someone said, was about the
Collignon is notable.

crinoline takes. one's breath away. That a young
to the words: fineness, scope within an apparently
most dangerous of all qualities.

They are both diseuses, and there the similarity ends.

That anyone, after Yvette, should dare appear in a
criollone takes one's breath away. That a young
woman should appear in a criollone, with a simper,
without any of Yvette's sweep and surge and elan,
shows, to say the least, rare audacity. The finished
artist can do almost anything. So great is the variety
of emotional effect produced by the apparently slender
means! So perfect the articulation of Miss Collignon's
singing: the voice, as someone said, was about the
size of a postage stamp. With that slender sound
Miss Collignon gives us the effect of great spacing.
From within that apparently narrow scope, which was
nevertheless not narrow, there came proofs of her
capacity for tragedy, for gaminerie, for simplicite,
most dangerous of all qualities.

One is instinctively drawn to compare her with
Yvette, but the comparison is foolish and superficial.
They are both diseuses, and there the similarity ends.
Miss Collignon has infinitely more music in her. Her
effects are musical, whereas Yvette's effects were those
of passion and drama. She was a much larger and
more energetic instrument.

With Miss Collignon one turns back and again back
to the words: fineness, scope within an apparently
limited volume of sound; perhaps the greatest variety
one has heard in so slender a sound, precision, perfect
articulation that it is, in fact, difficult to believe that
hacking make ordinary concerts a bore, were here in
her performance. I am criticising music and not the
art of acting, in which she is perfect also; or, perhaps,
we should call her art the art of the suggestion of act-
ing. I want to put this aside, and concern not atten-
tion on the detailed fineness of her actual notes, the
variety of their colour, the diversity of their quality.
Why, why, and again why will only one musician in
three hundred recognise the fact that it is by relativity
of sound and not by loudness that music is constructed?
Is there no moral to be drawn from a surpassingly
delicate performance, in which the singer makes no
false accent, commits no excess, a concert where the
critic stays to the end, and joins the audience in ap-
plauding and wanting more music?

Miss Collignon's "secret" is not much of a secret;
it is perfectly easy to analyse. She has a true sense of
rhythm, an exact ear for pitch, she strikes each note
with precision, and is herself interusted in each note
(and, indeed, in each gesture, though this aside from
my musical analysis). She therefore makes each note
interesting to her audience, and the audience being
interested note by note does not undergo long stretches
of desiccating boredom, during the concert. Miss
Collignon knows her voice, knows exactly what it will
do, plans, or would seem to plan, her whole perform-
ance from beginning to end (either consciously or by
instinct) and therefore repeats nothing, not even in the
simplest folk song.

Her art is as delicate as the art of the cutter of intaglios,
and as firm.

In the rendering of old music this delicacy is authen-
tic, or should be. Arnold Dolmetsch has delighted
us with his instruments and his renderings, and done
much for musical scholarship. Miss Collignon must
be one of the very few contemporary singers who
could by any chance please an ear so fastidious.

Memento: Miss Jessie Bristol is a quite good pianist.
She at least recognises in some degree the nature of
that not very satisfactory instrument, and takes some
account of its after-sounds.

Drama.

By John Francis Hope.

The Stage Society began its season with a programme
that ought to have satisfied, and probably did satisfy,
the most eclectic taste. A dialect comedy, a ballet, and
a play by Mr. Granville Barker, were the items of a
bill that certainly did not lack variety; and if we must
have short rations of drama in these economical times,
it is perhaps as well that they should be served with the
spice of variety. But it must be confessed that they
did not satisfy the interest they had attracted, and I
came away feeling that I had wasted an afternoon.

Harold Chapin's "Philosopher Of Butterbiggins,"
although no novelty, was good enough to begin with;
but not good enough to make amends for the rest of
the programme. Madame Donnet's ballet, "Fetes
Galantes," was interesting only for its music; and the
incongruity between the spirit of Rameau, Birch, and
Mozart, and the grotesque physical exercises of the
dancers (to say nothing of the distressing scenery, pro-
per enough to a temple or a paradise for which it was
used in the previous ballet, but quite unsuitable for
an eighteenth century French interior) became more
marked as the ballet proceeded to its bouncing conclu-
sion. It is impossible to imagine La Coquette Marquise
or L' Amourax Marquise imitating the resilience of a
rubber ball; and the "amiable satire" therefore failed
to do anything but destroy the effect of the music.

But if Madame Donnet was disappointing (for I ex-
pected something better from the inventor of La Pomme
D'Or), Mr. Granville Barker's "Vote by Ballot" was
positively irritating. Its pretentious shallowness was
equalled only by its characteristic indecision: Mr.
Barker apparently wanted to hit a nail on the head,
but was not sure which nail to hit, and therefore did not
drive it home. Apparently he was trying to satirise a
Liberal politician at the same time that he revealed
the psychology of his Tory election agent; what he did
was to present us with the psychology of a wire-worm.
It is a fact worth noting that both the author of
"Loyalty" and Mr. Barker represent their Tories as
concealing their opinions and sympathies for years
until a crisis occurs; in "Loyalty," the Tory was satisfied to denounce his Liberal employers as "a dirty lot of tykes," but Mr. Barker's hero does not traffic in strong language. He is subtle, and very sly; he makes the point against his employer, to mention one example, that although he advertises his boots as the best, he does not wear them himself, while the Tory, so superior in wisdom and political insight to his employer, has for years made a martyr of himself by wearing the boots that he gently suggests are not the most perfect in make or quality. Who is the other man to return the manufacturer as a dishonest tradesman, or his Tory man of business as a simple idiot, Mr. Barker does not make clear; but in practical wisdom, the Liberal boot manufacturer is worth fifty of the ridiculous Tory who martyred himself for the sake of some day telling the truth to his bootmaker.

But the whole conception of Lewis Torpenhouse is absurd. By his own claim, he had not passively acquiesced in, he had actively assisted, nay, originated, the commercial success of Lord Silverwell. He boasted that without his services (which, if I remember rightly, included the drafting of the very advertisement that he derided), Lord Silverwell would not have developed into the practical owner of the town. Step by step, he had suggested, he had helped to work out each successive development of Lord Silverwell's business, and civic activities; when Silverwell was, or Silverwell's boots were, Lewis Torpenhouse had made him or them. His dream had been to express his Tory ideas through Silverwell; Silverwell was the puppet Pope, while he, Torpenhouse, was the crafty Cardinal who pulled the strings. He even told Silverwell that, unknown to himself (for only Tories have introspective knowledge), he had become a Tory at heart about six years before he had received his peerage; and, if his boast were true, he ought to have looked upon the success of his efforts with pride. But just as he denounced, so he denounced the Toryism that Silverwell had developed; it seemed that the only Toryism that was admirable was that which Lewis Torpenhouse had in his heart, a Toryism that made him work for the interest of the Liberal Party, and cast his own vote for the Tory candidate.

It might be imagined that Mr. Barker is being superior to politicians of both parties, that he is showing us how well he understands the psychology of politics; but I refuse to read anything into his work. What reputation he has is based not upon his work, but upon the intensity of the denunciations; just as he is an artist should be judged, by what he does, and he is very small fry indeed. In this case, he presents Lewis Torpenhouse as an admirable character who receives the approval, willing or unwilling, of the other characters in the play; he is credited with all the virtues, even the domestic virtue of loving a charming wife (and when Miss Mary Jerrold has nothing else to do, she is charming), he is presented as a man of integrity, as a political idealist with a spiritual vision and a fervour that is ecstatic. His only fault, that he has never told his Toryism, is supposed to be atoned by the confession that makes the play; and although there is no need to identify Mr. Barker with his political opinions (so far as I remember, he did not state any), Mr. Barker cannot be dissociated from the presentation of Lewis Torpenhouse as a type of politician worthy of public regard.

Actually, the man is a cad, and quite unnecessarily so; for he could have made his own, instead of making Lord Silverwell's, fortune; he could have put on the market boots that did deserve to be advertised as the best; he could have secured his own election to Parliament and given his leaders the spiritual impulse he had wasted on Lord Silverwell; he could have been a credit instead of a disgrace to his creed, whatever it was. For thirty years he had believed in the open ballot, and taken advantage of the secrecy of the ballot to be true to himself and treacherous to his professions. Mr. Barker obviously delights in his character's cleverness, particularly in debate with a dummy; and the final triumph of this cleverness is that Torpenhouse represents himself as being superior not only in kind but in degree to the politicians of the Tory Party. He and his Toryism are the best, this world, which is supposed to explain why he had chosen to live in the obscurity of a provincial town. What it actually does explain is the incurable provincialism of Mr. Barker's conceptions; and "Vote by Ballot" should be quite at home on tour.

Out of School.

It is a well-established commonplace of educational reform that we must teach children to think. The admonition calls up the picture of a teacher standing expectant, having just said "Think! Think!" with an inflection of greater or less impatience; while a child sits with a puzzled face, a wrinkled forehead and in all probability a mind, if you could look into it, that has at that moment become a hopeless blank. This is the last of a series of processes that have made it impossible for him to think. The whole sequence is like one of those parlour games in which the practical joker makes his victim perform evolutions that tie him into an elaborate muscular knot, and then tells him to do something absurdly simple, such as lifting a foot or unclasping a hand. The thing cannot be done because a muscular complex has been set up that inhibits it. The child cannot think because a mental complex has been set up that inhibits thought.

I must interpolate a note this week on the beginnings of education for thought, which is philosophic education, or there will be an unfinished link in the slender chain of argument that I am putting together in these articles. (Let me remind the reader who has followed thus far that, in my former metaphor, we are pulling at one little group of threads only, like the weaver who wants to see how a complex piece of tapestry is woven. It is for other weavers of the guild—since the tapestry is so large, and we all have to put our heads together over it—to pull at other threads and see where they lead.) The unfinished link is the neglected thread, which is philosophic thinking or the exercise of the mind's natural power of synthesis, must be studied to the best of our ability before we come to our main subject of inspiration as the primum mobile of creative mind. Truth is one of the three main elements to be abstracted from the experience of inspiration; and without the exercise of pure philosophic thought, which all children pursue by nature and most adults avoid by custom, truth can sometimes be momentarily captured, but never held. The philosophic sense, naturally developed, comprehends whatever truth inspiration may bring, as the developed artistic sense comprehends beauty and the developed sense of fellowship, virtue. But I will short-circuit these three at once, to show that they are only separated for convenience in thinking, by remarking that without fellowship in truth and virtue, beauty is not there. It is not there, that is, in a differentiated form—development means differentiation without loss of unity, or rather with a concomitant gain of unity because there is more to unite. If a direct imperative were of any use at all, the teacher would do better to say "Feel! Feel!" For the child has to reach back and get hold of some-
thing that is quite dimly and vaguely stirring at the back of his mind before he can bring it forward and unravel the thought that is involved in it. But the imperative is of no use whatever. The process by which a feeling, an inking, emerges as a thought has to be induced; it cannot be commanded, even of oneself, by a primed adult thinker. Sometimes the process is carried through in a flash (and this is always when the conscious attention is withdrawn from it, as a process); sometimes it is gradual; but in either case it is not consciously done— it happens. A clergyman might as well get into the pulpit to say (as he often does, in effect), “Love! Love!” The two essential commands of Christianity are general statements to be taken in and digested, having been cast in the form of imperatives for the sake of verbal simplicity.

It is an annoying characteristic of educational precept-making that when a teacher says to you, “Well, what ought I to have done?” it is generally impossible to tell her. You can only try to explain what she and all other teachers ought to have been doing for at least three years beforehand. What we want to do is to call the child’s unconscious thought to the conscious surface. This cannot be done with a word of command; we have to suggest the means of thought—that is to say, a connection of idea. But to suggest here means to induce an act of thought, not to supply a ready-cut pathway. You know the good teacher by her saying, not “Think!” but, “Think of camels”—some suggestion that has no obvious and immediate bearing upon the question in hand. This procedure is a matter of instinct with most good teachers; its effect is partial, but only partially, explained by the fact that it withdraws the child’s attention for a moment, lets the inhibitory knot in his mind untwist itself, and gives the latent thought a chance to get through. But if this were all, any casual remark would serve the purpose, like the sudden and apparently purposeless change of subject that is part of the stock-in-trade of a children’s doctor. The good suggestion does something positive; it gives release from the momentary complex, but it also leads to a connection of idea which is an act of synthesis. The inspector or visitor to the class may be quite in the dark as to whether “camels” are meant to suggest sand, trade, paint-brushes, or bad tempers; and the child, in producing the thought that is the outcome here, may not know what the secret is between the teacher and the child; or, in any given case, it may be the teacher’s alone.

This is the very first and much the most important element in synthetic teaching, which blossoms out into a full and comprehensive unity of all the “subjects” that are taught in a school, so that the learner is all the time thinking of everything in terms of everything else. I may seem to be making too much of a mystery of the first stage—that of practice in simple association of idea; but it is a stage that can very easily be made facile and silly, just as the later stage known as correlation of subjects can easily be made facile and silly. The whole question is whether you correlate essentials or non-essentials. The one is philosophic training, the other anti-philosophic. And in the teaching of small children, which is the founding of the right or the wrong habit of mind, the essential process is still so much in the unconscious region that it is hard to lay down rules. We have to study, and learn from, the people who have a genius for teaching small children, that is, a matter of superficial appearance, the connections of idea that they set up seem as futile as anyone else’s, except that, for some reason, the children respond, their minds stir, and light up, and open out. It is of no earthly use to try to teach small children the childish ways, so we have to watch, and find out which are the right childish ways. My own observation (I have next to no talent for teaching small children), and the opinions I have gathered from good elementary teachers, lead me to a preliminary conclusion only: that the right connections of idea are those which lead, by however simple means, out of one range of classification that has been made ready to the child (the three years’ work beforehand), into another.

A preliminary conclusion only; but from this small germ can be inferred the growth of a whole system of synthetic teaching.

KENNETH RICHMOND.

Studies in Contemporary Mentality.

By Ezra Pound.

XVII.—NUBIANS.

I PERCEIVE that there will be omissions from this series. I have not read “Butterfly,” nor “The Paper that Cheers up the Boys” (“Visage en profile avec une oeil qui lui regardait en face,” as Anatole has it). I have not read the “Contemporary,” nor “The Nineteenth Century and After,” nor “Harrison’s Girls’ Paper,” nor “The New Witness,” nor “Land and Water,” nor “The Bystander,” nor the “Union Jack,” nor “Everywoman,” nor “Everyman,” though I suspect it of needing a more severe drubbing than has been required by most of the glossy rags. I have gone through, Charles Sarolea in especial. Nor have I read the “Marvel” (cover displays boys of disordinate sizes, one of them throwing an ink-pot or some vessel once full of liquid); nor the “Penny Popular”; nor “Ideas,” in which I observe a column headed “GILT AND GLOSS, The Feminine Passion for Rich Clothes and Gay Living,” and another col. headed “BITS OF FLUFF, The Girls Who Really Care Are The Girls That Matter,” and also a page headed “THE HIDDEN HAND IN ENGLAND.” This last page with the “idea” that: “We must always be gentlemen, but don’t let us always be fools.” It contains also “The Girl from “Frisco, The Great Kalem Film Series, Episodle X.” It advertises “Tatooing,” “Free-Pocket rubber stamp of your name and address,” “Psoriasis,” and “Handsome Men are, etc.” It also wonders “Who is the Scottish peer who paid, etc.” Some of these features, may features are to be discovered in older and better known papers: Both the hidden hand and the peer. The “People’s Friend” produces crocheting and Annie S. Swan. The editor personally addresses his supporters in the following vigorous:

A WORD OF CHEER.

I HOPE you are all keeping duly cheerful in these somewhat uncheerful times. We are walking through the dark at present, but our faces are towards the dawn, to which every fearful step brings us nearer; the perils and discomforts of the way will soon be over. So let us keep our faces bright to meet the brightness that will shortly shine upon the earth. That is the message the “Friend” would bring you, and all who help to write and turn out your welcome weekly visitor seek to do our best to brighten your homes every time we come. I trust that the “Friend” enters every home it visite3 as a ray of sunshine. That is what we all want it to do.

YOUR EDITOR AND FRIEND.

And I dare say it does, you know—along with the “Astrological pronouncements. . . . Advice on Health, Business, Marriage.” This paper, at a superficial
glance, does not appear to be one of the most benighted. One must not forget the distinction between papers for "harmless" amusement of the poor: cheap sweets, barley sugar; and papers definitely malignant, definitely run to maintain certain superstitions, oppressions, monopolies.

Against one must set the positive achievement of publishers like Mr. John Dent (yes, despite his publication of "Everyman" (the periodical), for his production of classic books in cheap format. I remember that twenty years ago there was little standard fiction at a penny, I do not know how far it got beyond Scott and Dumas (j'avais alors douze ans) but its disappearance is regrettable.

"Home Chat" shows on its cover a young lady in red, seated upon an ebony piano-stool in what appears to be a bath-room; at least, I have never seen just this peculiar blue and white tiling used in any other architectural feature.

"The Times" . . . but why go on with this camouflage? Christ Himself! His brilliant remarks, His attractive personality, His profound intuitions, His use of words, His skill in animating His ideas and themselves "His Church." These corporations are useful to various people and participants; so effective is the camouflage that only now has someone in America let out the egregious cat that Lincoln once consorted with free blacks.

For the rest of the camouflage—the part that is not religious—I think there lies this much under it. Labour and Capital are in a race towards internationalism. In this race Capital will almost indubitably arrive first. It would be, after all, so infinitely easier for Capital to arrive; she has crossed so many boundary lines, as I write this.

If after the war we see sporadic outbreaks of "nationalism," they will be all so much time gauged for Capital, so much time lost to the internationalisation of Labour; they will allow Capital just so many more months or years in which to perfect its organisation.

From my personal point of view, as an artist, it is infinitely preferable that there should be Internationalism of any sort than that there should be nationalism. Civilisation has everything to gain by internationalism, by turning its stylish self and itself, every movement, every faction, every race, every people, every country, every state, every town, every class into a part of a great whole.

I think I write this with as much detachment as any man can write anything. It seems to me that every poor man who joins a national movement of any sort acts against his own interest.

The sooner we are international, the sooner shall we escape the tyranny of uniform laws, for great areas do not mean this as a paradox. The thing will be too big for this form of stupidity, au fond a bigotry of climates.

Au fond, I think this war has come either because Germany is not governed by capitalists, or because those capitalists were shut out of some larger ring.

As a sub-heading under that last sentence I can but quote and re-quote the answer I got from a maker of war materials, in, I think, 1912. "Never having met a man of his profession before, I asked his views on universal peace. He said, "You will never get universal peace as long as you have 2,000,000,000 dollars invested in the making of war machinery."

THIRDLY: International Capital is under the present system of things, very nearly irresponsible. It can by no means sure that during the period when Capital shall be internationalised and before Labour has been so internationalised, international capital might not very well focus the force of the world's arms upon any section of the planet which too daringly attempted to interfere with, tax, or restrict the action of Capital.

FOURTHLY, these are the thoughts of an amateur in these matters, of one who has turned (to the, to him, far more serious matter, that of making poetry, of considering the nature of individual man retired within the recesses of his own subjectivity, within what Swedenborg would have called his interior, some sort or other.

On the other side of the question: I believe that no people will be troublesome to their rulers if allowed a sufficiency of orgies and fiestas. The pagan world has much to teach our present parvenu rulers.

Let us leave these matters and note the tone of the "Church Times." The existing marriage and divorce laws are so iniquitous that one's moral contempt for them is inexpressible. It is proposed to amend them.

Then follow a few citations of liberties permitted by early bishops (rel. Origin) to prevent worse evils; also opinion of Theodore of Canterbury, but "Nothing of the kind, however, has been allowed by the Western Church for many centuries."

By all means take the Middle Ages for a model. "Church Times" continues that second marriages while husband or wife is alive may be legal, as being granted by the State, not really dissolving the first marriage, but permitting a mild form of polygamy. "But no member of the Church can rightly aim himself of this liberty without the express permission of the spiritual authority. Such permission is not granted in the English Church."

"The 'Church Times' says it is right to oppose extension of such permission given by the civil power, and ends up with: 'The State of South Carolina' (well known as the apex of contemporary intelligence) 'did in the year 1872 wisely abolish the practice.'"

There are, the astronomers tell us, several millions of suns, with an equal number of solar systems attached, but these Christian matroids still go on believing that they have had a private wireless from the bosom of the conglomeration, and that to them alone has been revealed the particular set of taboos that most suits His gloriously back up. There is also the State of S. Carolina. I grant them, at least, originality in dragging up this black and tan community as a model for enlightened nations.

(A Bill was also introduced into one of the "black and tan" by-elections for the annulment of all marriages between whites. This was in one or other of the Carolinas.)

The "Church Times" correspondence col. tells one party that "the concept of the vocation must be obtained" another that "We know of one case in which a woman acts as 'scout-master,' but we do not know if the arrangement is officially recognised."

(The woman probably goes covered "because of the angels," otherwise her so-called education.)

"The Roman Church forbids any person to demand censure for his own body or for that of another. J. I. M. is told 'No, the unbaptised are incapable of receiving the grace.' Zeta is told re some question apparently about souls of some sort or other. 1. 'They are taken to be in enjoyment of the beatific vision. 2. Mr. Chesterton's 'Short History'
Memories of Old Jerusalem.

By Ph. J. Baldensperger.

III.

On Sunday afternoons we sometimes went to Birka Mamila (Upper Pool of Gihon), another ancient cistern, whose waters flow into the pool of Hezekiah inside the city walls. Birka Mamila was in the midst of the great Muslim graveyard, and was a place of concourse upon Sunday afternoons. Groups of women shrouded in their white fadors sat on the tomb-stones, slipping bonbons through their veils, or cracking nuts. The Jerusalem elote of all religions assembled at Mamila to stare at one another. Just below a big terebinth-tree, which was the centre of the thorough, there was a field, where horsemen met to show their prowess, fighting duels in another. Just below a big terebinth-tree, which was gardening. Steady, cheerful, etc."

"Required two gentlewomen, sisters or friends, as COOK and HOUSE-PARLOURMAID."

"(Possibly would suit a knight's widow or indigent baronet.)"

"Artificial teeth bought, jigsaw puzzles, Diabetes, Safety first, eyes, etc., was taken P.G.'s, 1/3, Magazine for localisation, 'Girls' Friendly,' 'The Gospel Stamps,' 'Church Literature,' ad infinitum."

"To be concluded."

On Good Friday we found the gate closed on our return from church, as the gates are closed on Friday at the hour of Muslim service. An old Mohammedan tradition had it that the Christians would attack the town at prayer-time on a Friday—a danger which, to doubt, existed in the days when the Crusaders ruined the plains of Sharon and Philistia. It takes Muslims a long time to be convinced of anything, but a still longer time to give up anything of which they have become at last convinced—a defect which they share with other nations! We rather enjoyed finding the gate closed, as it gave us an opportunity to climb over the city walls and overlook the town and country from between the battlements. The present walls, which have architectural beauty, were built either by Sultan Selim I in 1517, when the Turks conquered Syria and Egypt, or by his successor, Suleyma II, surnamed the Magnificent, in 1542. The gates were opened about half-past twelve, and we rushed out in confusion, as the usual Friday market was then held by the Zion gate. The open space before the Lepers' Home against the walls was occupied from 9 to 12 by cattle, mules, donkeys, and vociferating fellahin. Instead of following the road outside the walls, we ran past Habbs el-Mash, across the Greek cemetery home to dinner.

On Saturdays, the Arab boarders were sometimes taken to Siloam for a bath in the vaulted underground spring of Sitti Miriam (the Virgin Mary). We European boys occasionally notexact the bestowal for the brutal bath inflicted by the German usher, but for the sake of the long walk down the valley of Hinnom and among the vegetable gardens of Siloam. The olive-trees, the cicadas chirping, the ravens flying about the high rocks show the spots of cyclamen, the donkeys bearing water in skin-bottles up from Bir Ayub into the city, the peasant-women watching their fig-trees, or busy over parsley-patches in the gardens of the ancient kings—all this attracted us. But when we entered the dark vaults, and were struck by the sudden change of temperature, it was with a certain awe that we descended the interminable flight of steps to the copious Spring of the Virgin.* Voices were lowered as we reluctantly ascended, apprehending the harsh hands of the usher. Once or twice I was dipped, but managed to escape unseen; while the unhappy little ones stood shivering in terror of the plunge. The baths were as impressive as the stories of the spring. I have forgotten neither, although more than fifty years have passed since then.

The whole Valley of Jehosaphat and of Siloam, from St. Stephen's Gate or Oph Sitti Miriam, to Bir Ayub (The Well of Job) at the junction of Hinnom and Keletom, is full of Old and New Testament memories. Near Gethsemane, almost at the head of the valley, is an underground church where the Virgin, it is said, was buried. Though tradition-mongers knew that when Jesus was born at Bethlehem, there was no room for the family in the inn, yet they ascribe to the Virgin a villa in Jerus and a tomb in Keletom, from which the upper portion of the valley has received her name. Ain Sitti Miriam has beautiful water here, though it becomes brackish in the tunnel before reaching the Pool of Siloam lower down. In the tunnel an inscription in old Hebrew was discovered, telling how the workmen in the days of the earlier kings of Judah managed to cut the tunnel joining the two springs. Ain Sitti Miriam was supposed by the Jews to be Nebi miah's fountain, where the water, i.e., which had been concealed down here after the destruction of the Temple. Others suppose the fire to have been concealed in Bir Ayub for the space of seventy-two years.

* Ain Sitti Miriam; also Ain Umm ed-de'erija (mother of steps).
† Our Lady Mary's Gate. ‡ Guardian geul.
about the water, and jealously defend it against solitary intruders. These Rassads take the form of a camel wallowing in the mud and soiling the water after heavy rainfalls; when the water beats against the rocky passage with a butting noise, they take the shape of butting rams.

(To be continued.)

Views and Reviews.

SURSUM CORDA!

The result of the Australian referendum, following so swiftly and reversing so completely the verdict of the Canadian election, has surprised most people. It is difficult for anyone not acquainted with the domestic politics of Australia to understand why the campaign in favour of compulsory recruiting for service abroad should have failed; the methods used seem to have been very similar to those which reconciled England to the Military Service Acts, and carried the Borden Government back to power in Canada. There was the usual stoppage of the flow of recruits, not unconnected with the relaxation of effort of the recruiting officers; there was the usual assertion that conscription was necessary to "win the war," the usual abuse of the believers in the voluntary system that they were pacifists and probably pro-Germans who wanted to leave the boys at the front without reinforcements. Why these methods should have succeeded not only with the Canadian electorate but the Canadian forces, and failed with the Australian electorate and forces in the field, is a problem that may some day be solved; at present, I can only record my amazement at the metamorphosis that supports of the voluntary system undergo. Before a referendum, or an election, they are described "quitters" in Australia, and "rebels" in Canada; after the Canadian election, we are informed that there is no fear of the rebellion of the "rebels." After the referendum in Australia, we are informed that "the mass of the Australian people are firmly for the war," although they agree neither with the United Kingdom, Canada, nor their own Government concerning what is always described as a "necessary" war measure. That the Canadian forces in the field should have voted for conscription, and the Australian forces against it, makes us wonder whether there is really a difference in political ideas between the two Colonial forces, or whether the apparent difference is due to the different methods employed in the collection of votes. It is impossible, according to the most hallowed imperialist, to suppose that the Australian soldiers at the front are pro-German, or in the pay of Bolo; and it is almost as difficult to believe that the Canadian troops really understood what they were voting for.

There is one obvious difference between the Australians and the Canadian people; the English Canadians had a scapegoat, Quebec, but whatever abuse was directed to the Australian people had to be borne or resented by themselves. The Premier of New South Wales has asserted that "Mr. Hughes has been responsible for the taking of four referenda, and on each occasion the same temperamental failing has led to their defeat"; it was impossible to suppose that his remarks applied to anybody but those to whom they were addressed, and a people like the Australians which, of a population of five millions, has contributed five hundred thousand men, naturally resented the suggestion that its preference for voluntary recruiting was a proof of pernicious intentions. Conscription is not such a blessing, even in disguise, that its opponents can reasonably be supposed to be either vicious or stupid; yet the first charge was alleged before the referendum was taken by those whom an Australian correspondent of the "Observer" described as "some misguided assistants who appear to have been more of an hindrance than a help." The second charge of stupidity has been made by the Victorian Premier, Mr. Bowser; "we now know," he says, "that in war adult suffrage is incapable of a wise decision." Apparently, the wise decision is that "our leaders must be reinforced; our leaders must choose the means." In other words, the words of the "Sydney Sunday Times": "The question should never have been submitted to a referendum at all."

It is clear, of course, that if a measure is never to be rejected, it should never be submitted to a vote, and the referendum is a mere veto. But if Mr. Bowser's "wise decision" means anything more than a natural chagrin, it is an expression of the doctrine of compulsory recruiting for service abroad should have failed; the methods used seem to have been very similar to those which reconciled England to the Military Service Acts, and carried the Borden Government back to power in Canada. There was the usual stoppage of the flow of recruits, not unconnected with the relaxation of effort of the recruiting officers; there was the usual assertion that conscription was necessary to "win the war," the usual abuse of the believers in the voluntary system that they were pacifists and probably pro-Germans who wanted to leave the boys at the front without reinforcements. Why these methods should have succeeded not only with the Canadian electorate but the Canadian forces, and failed with the Australian electorate and forces in the field, is a problem that may some day be solved; at present, I can only record my amazement at the metamorphosis that supports of the voluntary system undergo. Before a referendum, or an election, they are described "quitters" in Australia, and "rebels" in Canada; after the Canadian election, we are informed that there is no fear of the rebellion of the "rebels." After the referendum in Australia, we are informed that "the mass of the Australian people are firmly for the war," although they agree neither with the United Kingdom, Canada, nor their own Government concerning what is always described as a "necessary" war measure. That the Canadian forces in the field should have voted for conscription, and the Australian forces against it, makes us wonder whether there is really a difference in political ideas between the two Colonial forces, or whether the apparent difference is due to the different methods employed in the collection of votes. It is impossible, according to the most hallowed imperialist, to suppose that the Australian soldiers at the front are pro-German, or in the pay of Bolo; and it is almost as difficult to believe that the Canadian troops really understood what they were voting for.

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Reviews.

Lord Jim. Youth. By Joseph Conrad. (Dent. 5s. net each.)

That Conrad should have reached the dignity of a uniform edition is a recognition of his popularity, and certainly he better deserves it than most novelists of this country and this generation. That he has the gift of narrative, the length of his stories proves; he could, like his "Marlow," earn all night, and still have something to tell in the morning. He aimed at producing a natural effect, and the skill with which he allows Marlow's or his narrator's voice to introduce a biography with a person, certainly produces that effect; although the "pass the bottle" touch is really unnecessary. But we are by no means sure that Conrad had an artistic right to use the narrative style, instead of that of direct presence of the sea with the so strongly the psychology of his characters and situations that Marlow hinders, rather than helps, the real effect. We have to see Lord Jim in the throes of his spiritual struggle not directly as he was, but through the haze of Marlow's misunderstanding; where Dostoevsky would have given us the conflict in depth. Conrad only shows it to us as it appeared to an observer, who is of no intrinsic interest. Conrad is really a far better story-teller than Marlow; and the creation of Marlow to create Lord Jim and the others was really a superfluity. His main purpose seems to be to introduce the element of mystery, but what he actually introduces is the element of stupidity. He is the Dr. Watson of the sea, when what we want is the Sherlock Holmes; and his creation betrays the fact that Conrad is not quite a master. He neither associates himself with his characters, nor completely disassociates himself from them; they stand neither on their own legs nor his, live neither for themselves nor him, but for Marlow, and who cares for Marlow? Creation at two removes lacks the quality of great art, which is revelation; Conrad has not fairly solved his difficulty of combining the simple morality of the sea with the complex psychology of the individual by allowing Marlow to be mystified instead of allowing his readers to be illumined. That Marlow represents a phase of Conrad's development as a writer is his only excuse for existence; he has robbed us of some fine romances of the soul, only to give us some very good stories of sailors. He may have made it possible for Conrad to write, but he has robbed of him of the style most suitable to his material.

Canada the Spell-Binder. By Lilian Whiting. (Dent. 6s. net.)

Miss Lilian Whiting writes in a very ecstasy of appreciation of what she seems to regard as an earthly Paradise. Not since Dr. Pangloss looked upon the world, and saw that it was good, has such a benefaction been pronounced upon such a spaciousness of earth as Canada is. In Canada, according to Miss Whiting, they have the best of everything; the best soil, the best climate, the best scenery, the best railways, the best hotels, waterfalls, parks, libraries, and tinned salmon. They have the best men, the best women, the best poets, the best brains, and the best intentions. She says nothing about the economic system, so we conclude that it also is the best. We do not know whether the Grand Trunk Railway hospitably entertained her when she tried, but she says her best trip was concerning it, and quotes the poetry of Charles Melville Hays. She certainly quotes poetry of everything else. But the photographs, of which there are many, are very interesting; and the only objection to the book is that it will inspire only schoolboys to emigrate. We recommend more explicit information than the vague raptures of Miss Lilian Whiting convey; and unless Canada is touting for tourists, we do not believe that this book will do her any service, or attract the right sort of people.

The German Chancellor and the Outbreak of War. By J. W. Headlam. (Fisher Unwin. 3s. 6d. net.)

This volume is supplementary to the author's previous work, "Missing," and discusses controversially matter that has appeared in Germany during the last eighteen months. Mr. Headlam's object is to fix the responsibility for the outbreak of war upon Germany, and thus to deprive her of the claim that she is waging a war of defence. To this end, he analyses certain arguments and documents which had not been stated or produced when his book was written; and analyses them upon the assumption that the Germans at that time were observing events with the critical minds of historical students, knew that they had nothing to fear from the Triple Entente, and were really forcing upon Russia the necessity of giving cause for a German declaration of a war of defence. It is very ingenious criticism, and narrows the issue to a few hours of which there is not, at present, any documentary evidence available; but Mr. Headlam adjudicates in the void, and gives Russia the benefit of the doubt and Germany the responsibility. The articles are reprinted (with alterations and additions) from the "Westminster Gazette."

Democracy After the War. By J. A. Hobson. (Allen & Unwin. 4s. 6d. net.)

The purpose of this rather thinly drawn and suspicious study of the political developments that have culminated during the war is best described in Dr. Hobson's own words: "I am compelled to accept as substantially correct the general socialist analysis, presenting, as the main cause of what is wrong in politics and industry, the direction of human industry by capitalists in the pursuit of private profit. But equally I am convinced that the socialist analysis is damaged for national persuasion by an excessive simplification of the problem and in particular by ignoring or disparaging the importance of non-economic factors. I have, therefore, endeavoured by investigation of various phases of the reactionary movement to discover and exhibit the nature of the unconscious interplay between the different sorts of reactionary agents in the fields of politics, industry, education, and social life. The general result is to show that, if democracy is to recover its losses after the war, it must confront, not only with enthusiasm but with considered policy, the formidable array of reactionary realising that the causes of peace, democracy, and internationalism are one and indivisible. But that with the triumph of this confederacy the cause of personal liberty, political and industrial as well as spiritual, is indissolubly bound."

That ought to mean something, and we suppose it does; but what it means is more than we can tell. Apparently all the reactionaries will be marshalled in one body, and democracy will be marshalled in another body confronting it. Democracy will not then advance at the charge; that would imply militarism and the "will to power"; it will remain confronting the reactionaries with enthusiasm and considered policy. Whether the democracy will express its enthusiasm by cheering, or passing a good resounding resolution, we are not sure; we suggest a brass band, or, at the very least, a bugler, should be employed to sound the enthusiasm of democracy.

"Missing." By Mrs. Humphry Ward. (Collins. 6s. net.)

Mrs. Humphry Ward is nothing if not topical, and she would have been missed if she had not devoted one of her hardy annals to the subject of the war. She overcomes the difference of her twelve years in Canada to send more explicit information than the vague raptures of Miss Lilian Whiting convey; and unless Canada is touting for tourists, we do not believe
He looked like a Viking, but limped like the Kaiser's Victory; and in the intervals of managing his own hospital for the wounded, he offered hospitality to all the other characters, made unostentatious love to the heroine by helping her to improve her water-colour painting, and at the end of the book, when she was a widow, wooed her with details of new antisepsics. The conflict, and the psychology, is provided by the selfish sister, who would do nothing to help the war, and preferred the knight to the soldier as the husband of her sister. But her selfish social pretensions were foiled; she acted treacherously towards her sister when the husband was "missing," and her treachery was discovered. If ever, this heroine becomes Lady Farrell, the wicked sister will not be received into the paradise for which she schemed; and that proves the wickedness of those women who are not helping to win the war. She ought not to be allowed to buy sugar.

The Ways of War. By Professor T. M. Kettle.

(Constable. 7s. 6d. net.)

The contrast between the picture of her husband drawn by Mrs. Kettle in the memoir contributed to this volume, and the contents of the volume itself, is so striking that we believe that the true memorial of a good man is a pile of his bad works. Those of us who did not know Professor Kettle, and are therefore obliged to accept Mrs. Kettle's estimate of him, must be surprised to discover that this solid scholar, the best of all the editors, this aficionado of such literature as "John Bull," and who has never written a single article in a newspaper, has produced nothing better than a series of newspaper articles. The war, for him, began with Austria's bullying of Serbia, with Germany's bullying of Belgium; in other words, his apprehension of it was not that of a professor, but of a schoolboy. That hearty acceptance of the simple issue was certainly necessary to action, but it is quite inadequate to comprehension; it sufficed to begin the war, but it does nothing to help us to an understanding of the problem of ending the war. It does not differentiate Professor Kettle from any more popular journalist, such as the Editor of "John Bull"; and it is surprising that so gifted a man, a man who, if his wife's estimate can be trusted, could do everything better than anybody else could do it, should find his level among the more literate of popular journalists. Being a Catholic, he wastes a whole article on "The Soldier Priests of France," extolling their heroism, their piety, and their popularity. We have no apprehension of defaming the heroism of all the priests, but heroism is not so remarkable in the ranks of any of the Armies that it is worth our while to distinguish unless there is some extraordinary example.

Valour on the field of battle is compulsory, as we all know; it is also instinctive to a man defending his country; and Professor Kettle's special eulogy of the priest-soldiers really only expresses his relief that they have behaved like Frenchmen. When we remember what men, mere ordinary men, have done in this war, eulogy such as this becomes ridiculous. "Or we read such stories as this: After the battle, amongst the wounded and agonising, a soldier not so badly wounded as the rest dragged himself to an erect position and cried out to the dying: 'I am a priest. Receive absolution!' And he blessed them with his inviolated hand.' But that was always Professor Kettle's way; he aimed at the simple, and hit the banal, the obvious thing that no one could miss. Of his wit, this is an example quoted in the memoir, "I remember him telling me of an Australian minor poet who was too proud to fight. The poet was arguing that men of letters should stay at home and cultivate the vocation, to the effect that there was not a single publication on the bookstalls which he could pick up with any confidence that it would contain a single item worth reading. This is why.

"Producers by Brain."

(The New Age has placed this column at the service of Mr. Allen Upward for the purpose of carrying on his Parliamentary candidature as a representative of literature and art.)

A SECRET OF THE PRISON-HOUSE.

Mr. E. E. Hadley's fascinating snapshot of current periodicals remind me of the time when I was chief contributor to a magazine which then had a great circle. Indeed, all the magazines of that period had circulations double and treble of what they still retain. It was a time when men of real literary ability were contributing to them, when a brilliant short story had a chance of being printed, and new reputations were being made every day.

Unhappily this state of things did not please the business men in control. The business man was getting on too well. He was ceasing to be a slave, and becoming a free man. I am indebted to the brutal candour of the late Peter Keary for the information that the big magazine proprietors entered into a deliberate conspiracy to put down literature. He told me that certain personages whom he named "had put their heads together" and decided that the day of the author should be over.

"In future," he announced, "we shall insist on authors writing exactly what we want. We shall pay them well, but we shan't let them choose. If we don't like what they turn out, they will have to set to and do it over again till we are satisfied.

I have reason to know that a great deal of the fiction in the boys' halfpenny weeklies is produced under those conditions. The unhappy scribbles work like schoolboys doing exercises under the correction of a master. But of course the application of such a system to men of originality and imagination was merely fatal. One after another all the leading writers were driven out of the magazines, with the consequence that circulations of three quarters of a million have sunk to one quarter and circulations of one quarter to less than one tenth.

Mr. Keary, I am afraid, was actuated by a spirit of jealousy and malice towards men of genius, which he did not always conceal. But the ordinary profligate knows neither love nor hate in business, and this wretched policy was no doubt due to sheer stupidity. They were simply incapable of understanding that art is dependent on temperament, and that good work can only be produced under certain conditions.

The business editor aims at letting his readers edit his paper for him. In the pursuit of this aim he altogether loses sight of the ordinary, casual reader, and delivers himself into the hands of the crank, or, as I once put it, of the Pale Person who buys the Pink Pills. It is the fussy busy-body who writes gushing letters when he is pleased and spiteful letters when he is offended who dominates over the business editor, and drags him down. I once sent a pair of stories to a certain editor. He accepted one and returned the other. Then, when the first appeared and proved attractive, he asked me for the second. That is not editing; it is merely travelling in fiction.

Now there is room, there always will be room, for a good magazine, and what is more there will be money in it. But it will require brains to edit it. Mere business push will not do. This was the consideration overlooked by Lord Astor. He meant well, indeed his own work proved him to have genuine literary gifts, but there was an entire lack of the right spirit in the editorial department of his magazine, and its title and cover were equally disastrous.

Only the other day a financial friend complained to me that there was not a single publication on the bookstalls which he could pick up with any confidence that it would contain a single item worth reading.

This is why.

ALLEN UPWARD.
Number of gems of white and yellow light:

The dusk of the Summer day darkened to night, but we
Yet there is no Ministry
For the care of Pound and me,
Count the jokes the world has made,
You will find the metric trade
Pass by Parliament a law
Thus, my brethren, speaks a ranter
Try to make it very hard
And then your caressing arms crept about my neck, and
Those tenderest
Ah, love: ah, love: how unimaginably
Happy we were on the balcony.

And I heard the sound of voices and laughter afar,
And near by, music of a guitar.
And then your caressing arms crept about my neck, and
Pebride tips to mine were pressed.

North, South, East, and West
It will be enough if I mention that the Sinn Fein party,
Which, by universal admission, represents
The vast majority of the Irish people,
Refused to send delegates to the Convention,
Whose task it is to find a scheme whereby Ireland
May be retained as a willing and
Contented portion of the "geographical and political
Unity" in question. The author of "Anglo-Irish Essays"
Has ingeniously endeavoured to interest this
Interesting fact, by simply dismissing the "Mere Irishman"
As negligible, and substituting a hyphenated product,
Politely described by Mr. John Eglinton as
"Modern Irishman." Hence my contention, to which
"R. H. C." has taken exception, that these essays are
"nothing if not controversial." In fact, I claimed
Credit for my tolerance so mildly depressing this
denial of the historically and culturally established
Nationality of Ireland.

As I now understand him, Mr. Eglinton does not wish
to identify Anglo-Ireland with Ireland, and, in representing
him as so wishing, I have "involuntarily had
Recurse to misrepresentation." Apparently what I
Should have said was that his contempt for the "Mere Irishman,"
i.e., the nationalist fully conscious of his
Separate identity, is such that he would have this
Inferior race make way for the Super-Irishman, who, "If
There had been enough poets to go round," would have
Acquiesced in his "disappearance from history." Mr.
Eglinton's frankness as to the political and social raison
de son of his "Modern Irishman" saves me the trouble of
Recapitulating the current vituperation of the species
in nationalist circles. The breed is still with us, and
Is the worst possible argument for union with England,
As the more discerning Englishmen realise, when they
Observe the corrosive influence of these people in the
Countries. More than once The NEW AGE has insisted
On the cost to England of the services of certain incurable
Champions of that union which rests upon a denial of Irish nationality.
Anglo-Ireland breeds Carsonism as a dog breeds fleas, and it is these troublesome
Insects whose gymnastics are exaggerated to the proportion
Of Imperial activities, to the confusion of reason, and
to the embellishment of sentiment between the two
Nations.

If the Ireland of Sinn Fein is ever to merge into a
Mixture of friendly neutrals, so far as England is concerned,
It will not be the result of such treatment as is implicit,
And sometimes explicit, in John Eglinton's theory of the "Modern Irishman." Be it ever so certain that
The survival of the fittest demands the elimination of the
"Mere Irishman"—and the evidence is quite the
Contrary in Ireland to-day—the fact remains that Irish-
Ireland, as it in self-defence must call itself, is very
Much with us, and was never more confident and
Assessive than now, after a period of intellectual,
Economic, and linguistic renaissance, culminating in
Life-sacrifice. This is the Ireland which has refused to discuss
Within the City, and which must be reckoned with in all
Attempts to "settle" the Irish problem. It will certainly
Not be far to cultivate the virtues of modesty and
Reasonableness by being confronted with the most ab-
**SUMMARY**

The text discusses the decline of literary skill among present-day writers, particularly those who are not sufficiently aware of the strength of their early works. It mentions the example of Mr. Eglinton and Mr. Mestrovic, who came from apprenticeship with a stone-mason and thus truly found delight in the "refinements" of Vienna. The text also touches on the need for a well-informed body of criticism and acknowledges the importance of a more detailed and informed critique of art and culture.

**NEW AGE PENGUIN**

The text includes a letter from a reader, expressing concern over Mr. James Douglas's character and suggesting that the sculptor found his delight in the "refinements" of Vienna. It notes that Mr. James Douglas has a rather petulant comment and that he has got a little deeper, reaching the "slightly impudent" stage. The reader also comments on the need for greater research and unbounded enthusiasm in the field of criticism.

**CONTEMPORARY MENTALITY**

The text criticizes the lack of critical understanding and the role of pseudo-Englishmen in literature. It mentions the case of Dr. Coomaraswamy's "Modern Art Criticism" and notes that his opinion will increase during the next few years if we are to have in this country constructive art-criticism. The text also highlights the importance of considering the artist's life and the necessity of understanding the conditions of the time.

**POLITICS**

The text addresses the issue of patriotism and the organisation of public opinion. It mentions the role of Mr. Chesterton in the political landscape and the necessity of educating the public on the responsibilities of government. The text concludes with a call for greater involvement in political functions and the necessity of giving protection to the community.

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PRESS CUTTINGS.

The Shop Stewards' Conference discussed the Whitley Report, and expressed the desire for joint consultation with the Trade Union Executives with a view to the formulation of a common policy. The Chairman's view of the Report, he said, met with general agreement. "The Report, I must point out, reveals an outlook which is in fundamental opposition to our own. Its outlook I can best describe as static, accepting the present economic relationships as amenities to be continued as permanent. Our outlook of necessity must be dynamic, regarding the present situation as temporary, desiring all innovations of value in so far as they help towards a fundamental change in the economic relationships of the classes in society." In accordance with this view, the Conference disapproved of Joint Standing Industrial Councils and advocated instead the formation of "Independent Workers' Committees", as outlined in the pamphlet issued by the Sheffield Workers' Committee...to involve the mutual recognition of organisations and the right of all organisations involved in any proposal alterations to the existing Trade Union conditions to be considered.

The above recommendations are clearly in line with the movement for national recognition of the Shop Stewards. It is to this, such recognition has become so obsolete, so far as the engineering industry is concerned, the proposal for joint Workshop Committees. The Shop Stewards will, no doubt, negotiate freely with the managers during the war. The various Trade Unions will continue to negotiate both locally and nationally with the Employers' Associations; but the proposal for Standing Joint Councils, based on a fusion of interests which, as a presence, will still be on the agenda, will go definitely by the board. "The Herald."

Amsterdam, December 23.—Commenting on the recent speeches of Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Asquith, "Vorwärts" says:—"If Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Asquith would think more soberly, and use less stale phrases and ideas, they would realise that the German people cannot cast off its military equipment nor even effectively combat militarism so long as war lasts. Before the war there was a mighty current in Germany which forced militarism on its defence. After the war this current will become overwhelming. No one is delaying its final victory but Mr. Lloyd George himself, who wants to continue the war until the triumph of the British arm."—"Reuter.

To the Editor of the "Times."

Sir,—It would be almost comic, were not such high interests at stake, to watch our Food Minister, with all the German experience behind him, engaged in repeating the ill-starred experiments of the German Government in attempts to fix maximum prices, and then apparently surprised and indignant at meeting with exactly similar results—namely, checks to production and disappearance of the prized commodities from the markets.

"His own "nepenany" loaf has made plain to every one the difference between conventional and real prices—an example which shows that only wealthy owners of commodities can sell them at whatever prices they may choose. But no Government can for any length of time compel owners of commodities, on the sale of which they depend for their living, to part with them at such prices. The Government have yet to find the Irishmen who will map out a scheme for Irish industrial organisation upon similar lines. Irish conditions are not the same as English, but those who desire to preserve the spirit of Irish Gaelic Culture and at such time forward the material interests of Irish workers must face this problem and solve it quickly. More generalisations will not suffice; a detailed programme is essential before we are subjected to the invasion of foreign capital, or before we are carried off our feet by schemes which are not carefully adapted to Irish needs. "—"New Ireland."

Ignoring the limitations of Shaw's experience of Ireland, one may be permitted to inquire, where is the "irresistible European movement for the Redistribution of Income?" In vain, since the beginning of the war, have the best Englishmen urged conscription of wealth; lives are still cheaper than money, profits are still more sacred than human beings. That Germany, with its highly organised Collectivism, and its disciplined democracy, may extend the principle by which levies upon capital have already been made possible, but surely our "Irishman of the Protestant landlord variety," as he styles himself, is not urging us to form an alliance with the unspeakable Hun? Long as Shaw can remember he has been bandying these impressive phrases about nationalising Rent, taxing unearned Income, socialising the means of production, distribution, and exchange: they are the stock-in-trade of Pohandianism, and for some years they served. But not all the statistics of Sidney Webb, nor all the witticisms of Bernard Shaw, could conceal the ugly truth, that wages cannot be increased by State doles; they are the subsistence cost of the commodity labour, and only for a short time, in exceptional circumstances, can wages rise above the laws of supply and demand, which are eternity in favour of Capitalist, but for supply is surely limited. All these promises of grants, these hints of super-taxation, are so much eyewash to conceal from the workers the interesting fact that, short of the abolition of the wage system, there is no escape. State Socialism is now known to be State Capitalism, and even we in Ireland are aware of it, Mr. Shaw. "—"New Ireland."

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