NOTES OF THE WEEK.

After having tacitly denied for months that we had any right to ask for a fresh definition of our war-aims and peace-terms, or, in the alternative, affirmed that they had been clearly enough defined already, Mr. Lloyd George on Saturday admitted the need and proceeded to satisfy it in a speech, excellent in tone, reasonable in substance, but different from the speech originally intended by him for the New Year. The reasons for all these changes are not beyond guessing, though we shall not stop to guess at them. It is reasonable in substance, but different from the speech in tone. Enough to say that the need is serious. The war-aims are as follows: the vindication of the principle of the self-determination of nations; and the creation of some kind of international organisation for the purpose of reducing armaments and preventing war. The conditions of peace, on the other hand, fall into two categories: the imperative and the optative. To the former belong the restoration (with reparation) of Belgium, Serbia, Prussia, and the occupied territories of France, Italy, and Roumania; and the “reconsideration” of the problem of Alsace-Lorraine; while to the latter belong a series beginning with the democratization of Germany, and dying away with vague hopes for an independent Poland.

Before commenting on the speech in detail, we may remark on the omission of any positive hope of the re-integration of Russia. Mr. Lloyd George’s references to Russia were certainly sympathetic; but their tone was that of fear for the life of the patient. Is this tone, however, justified by the potential situation? Was it politic under the very doubtful circumstances we know to prevail? Admitting that only Russia can save Russia, it appears to us that a re-affirmation of our faith in Russian democracy would have been wiser than Mr. Lloyd George’s paean to the Tsar. In any event, moreover, we cannot be indifferent to the fate of Russia; we cannot wash our hands of her crucifixion.

If the worst is allowed to come to the worst, and the inheritance of the Tsar falls piecemeal into the power of Prussia, all the problems that began the present war will be repeated upon a still larger scale. The economic resources of Russia are tremendous. Merely on the scale of Western cultivation, she can easily feed a population of 500 millions. It is estimated that Russia contains coal enough to supply the world’s needs for, at least, a century. Her forest-land is almost half the world’s total. Turkistan might compete with America in the production of cotton. The Russian output of naphtha before the war was equal to that of the rest of the world; and its exploitation was only beginning. To leave to Prussia the unfettered privilege of employing these vast resources would be more than to compensate her for the loss of her intended monopoly of Asia Minor. Instead of Middle Europe, Germany would have the means of creating an Eastern Europe, the menace of which, if a little more remote in point of time from that of Middle Europe, would assuredly be not less in point of size. Nor is it the case that Mr. Lloyd George contemplated this exploitation as the work of a peaceful and democratic Germany. He specifically warned the Russians against the designs of militarist Prussia. In other words, we were to contemplate fatalistically the seizure by the Prussian military autocracy of the inexhaustible military supplies of a conquered Russia. That this is, to say the least of it, unwise, on our part, nobody will deny; and it is still more unwise, because, for the present, at any rate, the case is not past help. There is life, we believe, in Russian democracy, which only needs to be encouraged and fostered to renew in Russia an independence of spirit which even Prussia would find formidable. And it is surely our policy to feed that spirit with faith and hope as well as with charity.

We have not yet been able to see any of the German comments upon Mr. Lloyd George’s speech; but we take the liberty of forecasting some of them. To the German Socialists, and particularly, of course, to the growing numbers of the Minority Socialists, the terms of the speech will, we think, prove to be in the main acceptable. As the “Herald” has pointed out, there is not now and there never has been much difference in...
We never thought to find Mr. Kamsay MacDonald in agreement with us on the perils of democracy for the proposed League of Nations. In the 'Labour Woman' for January, however, he criticises the proposal in terms which would lead us to these conclusions without surprise. Replying first to the question how the League is to be composed and controlled, he says: "If it is to be composed of Government representatives only and the majority of its members are to be of the diplomatic type [as, of course, they are], it will be a danger to democracy and no security for peace. If it is said that its statutes are to provide that there can be no war without arbitration and that whatever nation breaks these statutes will find all the others its enemy, the reply is that that is very fine on paper and nothing else. There will be balances of power, capes and secret agreements within the League. No great Power, however wrong, will ever find itself so isolated. Only small Powers, however right, will be isolated." To the question how the League is to go about its work, Mr. MacDonald replies: "If it is to be a Secret Committee of the Nations, it is nothing more than a rehabilitation of the methods which have made the war inevitable. If it is to act apart from national Parliaments, it is to be a new obscure authority, which will present to the various Parliaments the accom-
plished fact which they will be able neither to modify nor reject. It will speedily result in the removal from Parliament altogether of the control of the international policy, and will strengthen Executives, Foreign Offices and Crowns against the democracies." Finally to the question how the League is to enforce its decisions Mr. MacDonald replies that "if it is to have armed force at its command it is to be employed against nations that have never been consulted; ... it is to become a super-state and limit the self-government of national States accordingly." Mr. MacDonald having thus, to our minds, completely disposed of a League of Nations as an instrument of democracy, then proceeds to deny that his objections are necessarily fatal. They only indicate, he says, the directions in which safeguards must be created if the League should ever be formed. This trimming, so characteristic of the politician, is not a test of our taste.

There is still another reason, however, why Labour should think twice before resigning its prospective control over international policy into the hands of a super-State composed of members of the capitalist and ruling classes. Besides thereby surrendering the right (or, at any rate, the power) of nations to determine their own actions, Labour would, at the same time, be forfeiting its own right to strike. The parallel between international arbitration and industrial arbitration has already been drawn (in the "Herald") by that well-known pacifist and pro-capitalist Liberal, Professor Pigou, who openly supports the League of Nations because it is designed to effect in international relations the kind of peace he desires to see effected in industrial relations by means of compulsory arbitration. The Labour party, however, is opposed to compulsory arbitration in industrial relations between Capitalists and the proletariat. Unlike Professor Pigou and other capitalist spokesmen to whom industrial peace at any price is preferable to economic justice, Labour has so far declined to purchase industrial peace at the cost of a perpetuation of an unjust economic system. Labour has declined to surrender either the right or the power to strike for no matter what prospect of industrial peace. But in supporting a League of Nations designed for no other purpose than to make war (or the strike of a nation) impossible, Labour is endorsing the parallel plea of Professor Pigou and his school for an industrial League designed to make strikes impossible; and the argument for the one will most certainly be directed against the other. We cannot see, indeed, what possible reply Labour can offer to Professor Pigou when after having procured their assent to compulsory arbitration for the purpose of avoiding war, he invites their assent to a scheme of compulsory arbitration for the purpose of avoiding strikes. If Labour is "pacifist" in international affairs, it must in common consistency be pacifist in industrial affairs. If to the love of peace it is prepared to subordinate the love of justice internationally, to the same love it must be prepared to subordinate industrial justice. The truth, however, is that, for the time being, Labour, like all the rest of the world, is ready to clutch at anything that promises to make war impossible. Shirking the responsibility of democracy, which is surely to conduct its foreign affairs with justice, democrats are to-day inclined to surrender their duties to any kind of League that undertakes to put an end to wars of any kind, for justice equally with aggression. But this mood will pass, and with it the servility of democracy and the resignation of its responsibility in international matters. When it is realised that the proposed League of Nations is likely to be nothing more than a glorified League of Capitalist Governments, one of whose first acts will be to employ its own existence as an excuse for suppressing strikes in every country, Labour will discover what comes of plaguing with the Liberal heifer.

Foreign Affairs,
By S. Verdaz.

Now is the time, it may be suggested, for some sort of pronouncement with regard to Poland; and there are one or two Polish propagandist bodies in this country which might let us have their views on the subject. Apart from the Polish point of view, however, there is presumably an Allied one; and I do not see how we can possibly avoid a complete reconsideration of the Polish question after recent events in Russia. What were the hopes of the Allies during the first year or two of war? An Allied victory being naturally assumed, it was confidently expected, especially in view of the Grand Duke's rescript, that Russian Poland, Austrian Poland, and a large slice of German Poland, would be combined into an autonomous, or even an independent State, which should form a mighty buffer between two proportionately powerful countries. The first stage of the new Polish question was settled to the disadvantage of the Allies, after Mackensen began his great offensive at the end of April, 1915, and by June had defeated the Russians on the Dniester, the Bug, and the San, and turned their line at Halicz by June. Further Russian defeats in the summer and autumn of 1915 enabled the Germans and Austrians, not, indeed, to come to a mutually satisfactory arrangement regarding the administration of Poland, but, at any rate, to devise a Council more or less temporarily acceptable to the Poles, and yet able to safeguard the interests of the Central Powers.

It is not my purpose to deal here with the difficulties which the Central Powers have since had to face in their dealings with the Poles, or with the acute questions which have arisen between Germany and Austria themselves over their new-formed State. I should like rather to ascertain what the Allies are thinking, or ought to think, about Poland. I will premise nothing in respect of Russia; but, to one fact, attention ought to be drawn, namely, that all parties in Russia, with the exception of the Cadets, appear to be anxious to wash their hands of any dependencies or outlying provinces inherited from the old régime. So far as the Social Revolutionaries and the Bolsheviks are concerned, such provinces or subsidiary kingdoms may, if they wish, form part of the United States of Russia as independent entities; but no pressure is to be brought to bear upon them to induce them to do so. Finland does not appear even to desire this. Northern Russia, the Ukraine, Georgia, the Caucasus, Siberia, etc., may, perhaps, form a federated Republic on the model of the United States of Switzerland; and it appears to be thought inadvisable to make any arrangements for a joint army, on the model of those countries, on the assumption that armies will no longer be necessary. Well and good. How are we affected in these circumstances, assuming that the Cadets never again achieve sufficient power to demand strategic annexations, or even if they do? The assumption must be made at the start that the Central Powers and their Allies are to be defeated; for, despite the Jeremiah's, I believe a defeat to be quite possible if only because of the eventual exhaustion of the enemy. With the American troops over in force, well supplied with guns, shells, and aeroplanes, the defeat of the Central Empires is as certain as anything can be in this world. It must also be taken for granted, however, that there will be little scope for sentiment at the end of the war, even on the part of the victors, and that sentiment will be subordinated to material considerations. I hardly think, for example, that a portion of the German Rhineland will be torn off in order that a buffer State may be created—not because there will be any sentimental consideration for the finer feelings of the Rhinelanders, but simply...
because such a solution of the western border question would ultimately be too troublesome. The Allies, in their own interests, have no wish to create new Ireland and new Alsace-Lorraine on account of the political irritation they would cause. Poland, therefore, in so far as the Allies take it upon themselves to deal with it, they themselves can control from a purely military and political point of view. How far is it independent Poland likely to be of use to us? Of difficulty to Germany? of difficulty to Austria? of assistance to Russia? as a peace factor in Europe? These are the practical questions which will be asked; and there may be other compelling reasons of "independence." It was suggested to me long ago by a prominent and influential Pole—I omit his name lest he should be hanged or shot for his suggestion—that the Polish question would never be really solved until Germany and Austria were defeated by England and Russia in a great war (the conversation took place in 1913) and England subsequently assumed the protectorate of a United Poland, including the districts seized by the Germans and the port of Danzig. The theory of this man—not altogether far-fetched—was that England's protection was a sure guarantee of liberty; for our traditions of freedom, justice, and progress on the Continent have survived from the Napoleonic era; and that, further, England's protection of Poland would be symbolised in a very tangible form by the British Navy, a squadron of which would at all times keep watch in the Baltic. Here is at any rate, an ingenious proposal. But how far is it in our interests to accept it? Are all the Poles likely to be satisfied with it? Or some of them? Is it likely that after the war we shall still find a few of the large Polish landowners—if there are any left—openly sympathising with Russia, and seeking financial and economic support for the retention of their estates? Or are the Polish workers likely to make common cause with the revolutions in Russia, and thus threaten to render the Polish State, no matter how constituted, unstable?

Poland as a whole forms a highly important manufacturing area, it is an industrial prize to Russia or the western provinces of Germany. Whatever the outcome of the war may be, it is obvious that the Germans and the German Austrians will continue to devote greater attention to what they will presumably still call "real politics" than the Russians—they will recognise the economic and military value of Poland, and bend all their energies to the usual processes of peaceful penetration; and who or what shall stop them? There are many Poles even at the present time who would be prepared to see their country's difficulties solved by the appentment of an Austrian Archduke as reigning prince or king in preference to the election of even a prominent Pole as President of a Polish Republic. The Allies will naturally be guided by these considerations in making up their minds. A buffer State is useless unless it is strong; able, in other words, to resist financial and economic influences as well as possible military aggression. Now Poland could not be turned into a strong buffer State unless Danzig and part of Silesia were annexed, and this would mean cutting off the great landed estates of East Prussia from the rest of Prussia. This fact raises another problem. In view of the new attitude of the German people towards the Church, the destiny of Courland and Livonia becomes doubtful. Both provinces have a mixed population; but German is the predominant language of trade, and the important coast towns, such as Riga, were colonised ages ago by Hanse merchants. Ancient German claims to these provinces have revived, and every attempt will be made to induce the people there to vote for autonomy under German suzerainty. As Courland is only across the Baltic from Germany, it is not impossible that we may live to see the provinces of East Prussia, Courland, and Livonia forming a new German or Prussian possession, separated from Ger-

many proper by a revived Poland. These provinces might perhaps be administered, in such a case, as colonies, though I realise as well as anybody the kind of fight the Germans are likely to put up before they lose Danzig and their East Prussian territories. Indeed, Mr. Lloyd George's reference on Saturday last to "an independent Poland, from being an obstacle to the genuine Polish elements who desire to form part of it," might almost be held to exclude Danzig definitely.

Mr. Blook, as I understand from some of his recent remarks, attaches immense value to the unification of Poland and to its erection into an entirely independent State. I am not opposed to this by any means; but again I insist that it is a proposition which will have to be shown to the Allies before they are likely to bestir themselves in the present state of affairs in Central Europe and in Russia. If the majority of the Polish people appear to be content to settle down to peaceful industry under the rule of an Austrian polity for a period of time that would be much longer than the life of a stock, it is not for us to say that they must be prepared to assume heavier responsibilities, even if we give Allied guarantees. To speak frankly, it is not small nation in Europe will be inclined, at any rate immediately after this war, to regard guarantees as worth the paper they are written on; and yet it seems that her general interests incline her to the side of the Central Empires, then we must acquiesce in that decision.

For, even if we were to promise the Poles independence, how should we guarantee and assure it? If Russia were prepared to take her share, there would be little difficulty; but we are to understand that Russia is not prepared to interfere at all. Neither the British Fleet nor the French Army could save Belgium from devastation; neither the Allied Fleets in the Mediterranean nor the Italian Army nor the efforts of the Russians could prevent Serbia from being overrun. I admit that Poland, if the people were sincerely desirous of achieving their complete independence, and if Poland as a whole were again welded into a solid unit, could defend herself on the only side from which aggression is likely to come to better advantage than Serbia or Belgium; for her population would be much larger and her industrial resources greater. But to talk of the war as being lost if Poland is not united and made independent is to make several large assumptions.

There is yet another point in connection with Poland which I have not touched upon, and that is the religious aspect. Apart from the large Jewish elements, the Polish population consists almost exclusively of Polish Catholic and Lutheran elements. The Catholic Church, thus countering the harsh, stubborn, and indeed anti-social traditions of the Prussians. Poland, as a whole were again welded into a solid unit, could defend herself on the only side from which aggression is likely to come to better advantage than Serbia or Belgium; for her population would be much larger and her industrial resources greater. But to talk of the war as being lost if Poland is not united and made independent is to make several large assumptions.

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Gilds and their Critics.

IV.—THE PRODUCER (continued).

V.

Confining ourselves in this chapter to the industrial as distinct from the art craftsman, the question still remains to be answered how would the craftsman protect his particular craft and mystery inside the Guild organisation? This is the essential point of Mr. Amherst's letter, and I think also of a very interesting critique, quoted earlier, in the "Manchester Guardian," by "H.," whom I suspect to be Professor Hobhouse.

The question presupposes two different classes of producers—the skilled and unskilled. The former may be presumed to be the trade craftsman, the latter the labourer. But the distinction is not so easy as it looks. For a generation or more, the skilled workman, so called, has really been the organised workman. Generally stated, skill and organisation have been coincident; but it does not follow that inadequate organisation spells the lack of craftsmanship. The classic instance is the agricultural labourer, whose skill cannot be in serious dispute. The war has brought his skill and national value into bold relief. In like manner, we have suddenly discovered the functional value of the sailor. Where? Only that the steam and electric power has enabled shipowners to dispense to a large extent with the weather-wisdom and sailing qualities of the old-time sailor, whilst captains and mates can now secure their tickets without the previously necessary navigational training in sailing ships, it yet remains true that the best captains are they who have acquired the trade literally "before the mast," and the best seamen are they who have acquired their skill, alertness and keen observation in "wind-jammers."

But hitherto both the agricultural labourer and the seaman have been critically undervalued, because inadequately organised. It is not without significance that one of the most powerful craft organisations in existence is the Merchant Service Guild, composed entirely of captains and officers of the mercantile marine. It was this organisation that laid up the P. & O. boats until its terms were accepted. Had there been a strong agricultural union, as powerful on the land as is the Amalgamated Society of Engineers in the engineering shops, the history of the "release" of men to the workshops, the history of the " release " of men to the merchant service would have been vastly different from the blundering jumble it has become. Amongst the thousand and one lessons we have learnt from the war, not the least is the necessity of preserving and refining the crafts both of agriculture and seamen. But our difficulties do not end with these two crafts. The war has expedited the tendency, already constituting a problem in those "far-off end with these two crafts. The war has expedited the tendency, already constituting a problem in those "far-off this is the epoch of organisation, apathy and trepidation. It was this organisation that laid up the P. & O. boats until its terms were accepted. Had there been a strong agricultural union, as powerful on the land as is the Amalgamated Society of Engineers in the engineering shops, the history of the "release" of men to the workshops, the history of the "release" of men to the merchant service would have been vastly different from the blundering jumble it has become. Amongst the thousand and one lessons we have learnt from the war, not the least is the necessity of preserving and refining the crafts both of agriculture and seamen. But our difficulties do not end with these two crafts. The war has expedited the tendency, already constituting a problem in those "far-off this is the epoch of organisation, apathy and trepidation. It was this organisation that laid up the P. & O. boats until its terms were accepted. Had there been a strong agricultural union, as powerful on the land as is the Amalgamated Society of Engineers in the engineering shops, the history of the "release" of men to the workshops, the history of the "release" of men to the merchant service would have been vastly different from the blundering jumble it has become. Amongst the thousand and one lessons we have learnt from the war, not the least is the necessity of preserving and refining the crafts both of agriculture and seamen. But our difficulties do not end with these two crafts. The war has expedited the tendency, already constituting a problem in those "far-off
Whatever justification there may be to preserve existing privileges in a competitive wage-market, such justification disappears like an evil dream in the harmonious economy of Guild organisation. Every acquisition of skill and experience goes into the common fund of productive capacity, in due course bringing a far richer return than was ever dreamed of in the philosophy of wagery. From this point of view, it becomes evident that semi-skilled workmen are economically more desirable than unskilled; that every semi-skilled man who passes the test and becomes a genuine craftsman is an accession to the actual or potential wealth of the Guild. Thus, the craft-unionsists, who under wagery have an incentive to acquire a special qualification, are nullified in a like corporation and to limit the progress of the semi-skilled, under the Guilds have a much stronger incentive to work up to its highest pitch of skill every scrap of available labour. For not only does every acquisition of skill lighten and sweeten the day's work, but it is a simple guarantee that only qualitative work will be entertained. Only through the purifying spirit of a proud and self-reliant craftsmanship can this be attained.

What, therefore, "H" anticipates the formation of trade unions inside the Guilds "to defend their special interests as against the general interests of the industry," he is partially right as regards the fact but egregiously wrong as regards the motive. Undoubtedly the craftsmen will see to it that their crafts do not suffer and are not engulfed in an inexhaustible mass of non-descript labour. It would surely be an evil day if Labour, in securing the monopoly of trade unions inside the Guilds "to defend their special interests as against the general interests of the industry," had been as persistent in its efforts as the semi-skilled, under the Guilds have a much stronger incentive to work up to its highest pitch of skill every scrap of available labour. For not only does every acquisition of skill lighten and sweeten the day's work, but this is one more guarantee that only qualitative work will be entertained. Only through the purifying spirit of a proud and self-reliant craftsmanship can this be attained.

This general principle of craft-protection does not await expression until National Guilds are formed. It is equally applicable in the transition period of industrial unionism: equally applicable under workshop control, upon whose committees must sit the representatives of every craft and occupation concerned. I cannot help thinking that industrial unionism would develop quicker if this fact were rather more emphasised. Fundamentally, the case for industrial unionism is the need for Labour control, but this does not exclude every available protection for the crafts. The real danger to the crafts is the failure of Labour to gain that fundamental monopoly—the foundation of each subsequent development.

VII.

Of the organisation of the crafts under the Guilds little need be written. It is now generally admitted that technical education and training must be put absolutely under the control of the Guilds. In these technical schools young Guildsmen will begin their contact with industrial reality. We can but murmur a fervent prayer that they will find it as fascinating as their fathers found it tedious. Whether such training will eventually supplant apprenticeship I do not know. The Guilds will in their wisdom decide when the time comes. Nor need we seek to know with particularity how craftsmen will organise for greater security, or how enrich their traditions by fresh experiences and new discoveries. I need only point out that treated out of human needs. Whilst situations, libraries and laboratories, the preserves of the middle-class "technicalists," who flourish endless initials after their names, their peacock way of telling us that they are "members" or "associates" of this or that solemn society or association. Do not nail their ears to the pump!

VIII.

All who accept the Guild analysis of wagery are agreed that the capitalists mould production to their own consumptive purposes. But the capitalists disappear when National Guilds emerge from the class struggle, leaving the control of production to the producer, always provided there are consumers to consume. The production of commodities is not a pastime; it is a function created out of human needs. Whilst the producing Guilds have it always in their power to decline any form of production they may deem derogatory, their most obvious duty is to meet the desires of the consumers in every legitimate way. And Guild organisation will be bucking in a vital part unless it makes it easy for producer and consumer to meet and discuss production, in small things as in great. But that does not really carry the argument too far, because it is not a fact (and will remain a fact after the proletarian intermediate consumer has become a final consumer) that in the vast mass of production the consumer throws the responsibility upon the producer to do his best. This best—or worst—is roughly tested to-day by market competition. With that competition removed, the producer's responsibility is increased and not decreased. The burden of a competitive price disappears; the burden of quality remains or is added. It is astonishing the vast number of things we consume without special thought. On rising this morning I ticked the incandescent burner into radiant light, forgetting that in my youth I was quite content with lump or candle. I went into the bath-room where I have always found a stream of hot or cold water by a turn of the wrist. Very different from, say, fifty years ago. The gas-fitters and plumbers may have taken the hint from some crotchety consumer; I am certain the credit belongs to them. On coming down to breakfast I found my letters still in a bundle; of hot water by a turn of the wrist. Very different from, say, fifty years ago. The gas-fitters and plumbers may have taken the hint from some crotchety consumer; I am certain the credit belongs to them. On coming down to breakfast I found my letters still in a bundle; of hot or cold water by a turn of the wrist. Very different from, say, fifty years ago. The gas-fitters and plumbers may have taken the hint from some crotchety consumer; I am certain the credit belongs to them. On coming down to breakfast I found my letters still in a bundle; of hot or cold water by a turn of the wrist. Very different from, say, fifty years ago. The gas-fitters and plumbers may have taken the hint from some crotchety consumer; I am certain the credit belongs to them. 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An Apology for the Liberty of the Person.

VIII

The antagonism to the partisans of liberty would be a good deal more intelligible, I confess, if it emanated from writers who maintained the economic interpretation of history as a dogma. To call anything a dogma is not to be offensive. On the contrary, it is a form of praise. For it is at least something people can try to understand. The resentment which all the older Socialists and some of the newer felt against Liberalism even at its best rested on a just conviction that political and personal liberty were stones offered them instead of bread. And from this it is easy to jump to the conclusion that they can never matter, at least, until after the Social Revolution. Not only did these concessions leave economic conditions untouched, and cause the minds of men to be directed from ends to means that would never lead to anywhere except to disaster; but as the Liberal's interpretation of them-they were very little more—than machinery for voting. Even among the mostly ignorant, they mean nothing or very little interchange of testimony. Wild classes is kept alive and stimulated; if the general strike never matter, the antagonism connected with the term politics, let alone conviction that political and personal liberty were the essence of society. From writers who maintained the economic interpretation of history as a dogma, the same utterance of the conformity of economic power with the political state of things, is not surprising, when we remember that strange product of the nineteenth century mind, the S.D.P. Nobody could have seen more clearly than did that the wage-system was the enemy; and equally nothing could be more pathetic than their political propaganda except the belief that it would prevail. Thanks to the enlightenment of our damned undertakings by Syndicalism, these confusions are now only memories.

Just as Syndicalism cared not at all for the State, so political and personal liberty met with its impatient scorn. And, plainly, if the partial strike be an immediate weapon whereby the revolutionary antagonism of classes is kept alive and stimulated; if the general strike be a social myth, an anticipation of the future giving an aspect of complete reality to the hopes of immediate action; if a catastrophic revolution be the sole means to a better world which only the middle class would think of defining; if the basis of it all be the hope that out of chaos the unforeseeable purposiveness of nature forces may bring forth order—then we need trouble about nothing but the battle of ideas, and the interchange of testimony. Wild men storming in strange tongues do not take heed, either in India or Ireland, of the police. Whenever over religious men they have hung the terror of judgment and the end of the world, for their constitutional right to freedom of worship they have not been very careful.

Guild Socialists (it cannot be denied) have descended from these heights of religious exaltation. If this makes them more easily intelligible to common men, it also lays upon them responsibilities that they cannot neglect. They must have a political theory, and this theory must be capable of rational defence. Politics, we may say, is in principle only an extension of morality. Or if it be thought necessary to avoid the ambiguity connected with the term politics, let us agree that social theory deals ultimately with values realised in social groups or communities. These groups, moreover, however true it may be to define them by reference to the common things which are their objects, consist of individuals. Insist as you like on the utter insignificance of the person in the eyes of God or of that lie beyond himself; it can never be irrelevant for social theory to take poor mortals into account.

A different attempt may, however, be made on somewhat similar grounds to call in question the maintenance of political liberty.

National Guilds, it may be urged, is a form of Socialism, and, as such, it has rightly despised the political economy for this, it sees, is a mere consequence of the economic. Economic power precedes political power. Therefore, to develop a theory of political and personal liberty is, at the best, a superfluous luxury, and, at the worst, a wilful hindrance and return to the middle-class political Liberalism which Socialism abandoned, but which has remained its real enemy. If we provide for economic freedom, all the others will follow in its train, while Liberalism may pursue only one of many roads, and on either it will meet with disaster. It may, like the old Radical, devote itself to the extension of the franchise and the provision of education, and the other impediments and shibboleths of bourgeois democracy. Or like the new Mr. J. A. Hobson (e.g., that democracy v. privilege may serve it as a battle-cry. Within the capacious net which these gentlemen cast a place may be found for all sorts of curious fish, from the abolition of the censorship and the restoration of the freedom of the shipowner to a scheme of industrial reconstruction remarkably like National Guilds. This, it will be said, is your most obvious affinity. There is nothing in your argument (which may be true enough, for all we know or care) which is not perfectly compatible with it; and this is not surprising, for it should be best thought of as an attempt to plough with the National Guild heifer and sow a crop of Liberal reaction.

Such an objection as this would be treated lightly by Mr. de Meezu, because he is antagonistic to the economic interpretation of history, which he thinks is tainted with the German heresy. I disagree with his argument, though it would scarcely be relevant to discuss it here; and I go further, and assert that the maintenance of a doctrine in principle that of the materialist conception of history is essential to any defensible form of Socialism. For that the political and religious exaltation with which we are told has been brought about by the maintenance of political and economic freedom for economic freedom, all the others will follow in its train, while Liberalism may pursue only one of many roads, and on either it will meet with disaster. It may, like the old Radical, devote itself to the extension of the franchise and the provision of education, and the other impediments and shibboleths of bourgeois democracy. Or like the new Mr. J. A. Hobson (e.g., that democracy v. privilege may serve it as a battle-cry. Within the capacious net which these gentlemen cast a place may be found for all sorts of curious fish, from the abolition of the censorship and the restoration of the freedom of the shipowner to a scheme of industrial reconstruction remarkably like National Guilds. This, it will be said, is your most obvious affinity. There is nothing in your argument (which may be true enough, for all we know or care) which is not perfectly compatible with it; and this is not surprising, for it should be best thought of as an attempt to plough with the National Guild heifer and sow a crop of Liberal reaction.

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That it should be possible at all is enough to call for an investigation into the dogmas of Liberalism, no matter how old and distinguished. But that the complacency of Lord Morley should survive it unscathed is sufficient evidence of intellectual error, since we know it does not indicate a mere senile decay.

The mere progress of discussion among Guildsmen has already taken the problem far beyond the regions of pure or applied economics; and the economic conditions by reference to which the problem is defined and the solution distinguished, have not become less important. We cannot avoid problems of political theory, and to keep philosophy out after that admission is altogether impossible. In truth, it would perhaps be equally undesirable. The philosopher, after all, is like the serpent in the Garden of Eden, also one of the servants of Jahwe distinguished from the others only by his peculiar subtility.

That an argument of this sort should be capable of almost indefinite extension is not surprising when we recognise that liberty is still the centre of political controversy. I have discussed only some of the abstract principles which ought to govern our attitude to it, and I have neither completed nor illustrated the discussion. Even to provide some part of a philosophy of the Guilds, it ought to be expanded and its application to particular cases—say to that of the conscientious objector—pointed out. More important still, the question of freedom in the Guild has never received the attention which it requires, although one may welcome several brief notes on it by Mr. W. M. Ewer without agreeing with them. This particular fragment on social theory, however, may be brought to an end here with a summary of the argument.

1. Liberty involves the free and responsible direction of one's own life. On the negative side it implies security that no one should be molested in doing what he fakes to be his duty by the intimidation of authority, however exercised. Like everything else it must be estimated by reference to objective values. It is not doing what one likes, but what one believes to be right.

2. Liberty belongs, therefore, to men's souls; and if a failure to appreciate its value may therefore arise either from a contempt for the soul or a mistaken idea that the soul is somehow unreal or cannot have value. This can be guarded against by showing that the soul (or self) has a reality of its own which is not merely that of its objects.

3. There are three senses in which a thing may have value: (a) it may have an intrinsic value; (b) it may have value as a means; (c) it may have an additive value. These are different but not mutually exclusive in one thing. In the case of each appeal must be made to reflective consideration.

4. Liberty has value for its own sake: it may be worth striving after, although it has no result beyond itself; and as an element it enormously increases the values of wholes into which it enters. The problem of its value as a means is more complicated because of the various degrees of unity possible between it and its end. The connection in the case of liberty is very intimate; so that most great ends arise (if at all) directly out of liberty.

5. It is as a means that liberty chiefly requires to be defended and discussed. The asserted antithesis of personal and political liberty is false. It is not really supported by the analogy of the Greek state: and in the modern state the two are in principle the same and a means to values.

6. The fact is that although the functional principle and the primacy of values (rather than of things) may be accepted as the basis of societies, other elements enter into the problem which are indefensible. If these are isolated the states built up on them may be very bad and need not exclude slavery. The functional principle (which is supposed to assert political but not personal liberty) is no more than a statement of certain abstract conditions which a decent society implies. But to complete the elements of its structure liberty at least must be added.

7. The personal side of liberty must be emphasised even more than the political in the modern State because the danger that threatens us is not the tyranny of a despot but the impersonal dominance of the State.

8. A further argument can be drawn from the analogies among various social groups. The basis of the generally admitted recognition of nationality is easy to see; it is that it is a potential value, and therefore at once sacred and intangible. This is true also in general about other social groups and about the guilds.

9. The objection based on the dogma of Original Sin—that such a view as this implies a romantic and impossibly idealistic view of human nature, is baseless, and itself rests on a confusion between religion and morality.

10. Such a position differs from Syndicalism by recognising the political community and its importance and from any form of Liberalism by maintaining that economic power precedes political power and welcoming all the consequences of this principle.

O. Latham.

Studies in Contemporary Mentality.

By Ezra Pound.

XIX.—? VERSUS CAMOUFLAGE.

"Je n'aurais jamais fait."—BRANTÔME.

The market value of man per head depends somewhat upon the supply. It is to the advantage of the purchasers to keep this value fairly low. The populace, as the only producer of more population, has a monopoly of the production. This monopoly has never, so far as we know, been gripped and used by the populace to its own special advantage.

Mr. W. H. Hudson in "The Purple Land that England Lost" describes a country where men were too scarce. Too high a value per head per labouring human may endanger the civilisation of any given area, i.e., we may arrive at a condition of primitiveness, a state of affairs when no one will do anything for, or even in co-operation with, anyone else; as, for example, the flat, dull and necessarily condition of much of rural New England to-day. The danger of this sort of set-back, this relapse into pastoral inanity, is, however, only operative when the relatively high value of labour is accompanied by an inability or an unwillingness to co-operate; by a lack of interest in diversity, by a lack of impetus in dividing and diversifying the modes of expending energy.

The repopulationists, in urging for more and more population, forget or conceal the fact that a few brains are of more use in defending a country than a large lot of human bodies. A few more skilful professors of chemistry would be worth a number of regiments, and, in the end, cheaper to produce and maintain.

It is not only conceivable but highly probable that early civilisations disappeared when either by invasions of barbarians or by uprisings of the lower inhabitants, the skilled men, the scholars, the intellects of the country, were exterminated. (The act of trepanning was known in South America ages ago and for as many ages forgotten. We now know this by the discovery of skulls plugged with silver plates around which the bone has re-grown.)

The danger to civilisation lies not so much in destroying a score or so million human beings, as in destroying perhaps half a million of the intelligent. The restrengthening of any nation or party depends far more upon gathering to it the intelligent, and in enlightening such populations as it has, than in a senseless multiplication.
Notwithstanding these facts, which it is decidedly unpleasant to have and decidedly bad for me, to mention, we find the publications to which I have drawn the reader's attention biased almost if not all of them in the construction of camouflage, in a diverse-appearing but fundamentally unified endeavour to prevent thought, or at least to deaden it, to damp it down, to prevent, if not thought, at least any vigour, any explorativeness, but, above all, any accuracy, in popular thinking.

Whether it be the timorous treading of the "Spectator," and that sort of press, deploiting the unusual in all its forms; whether it be the jabbering Earth tone of "Chambers," or the suet-puddling roll of Mr. Bart Kennedy's phrases, or the silliness of the illustrated weeklies and fashion papers, or the common sense exterior of Mr. Bottomley, or the sweet reasonableness, the platitudes, or the unspoken stupidity of the "Church," or the epilepsy of the chapel, or the plot full of lacune from the pen of the cheap firestone, it all goes into camouflage.

Is all this necessary? Is the stuff under the camouflage worth all this painting?

Roughly, this canvas and cording seem to be spread over a few very simple matters: one, that Christianity is no longer believed in by enlightened people. Some humane principle, for example, the "fraternal deference" of Confucius, would, if introduced, finish off Christianity. The German, seeing that Christianity was ready for extinction, took, in his usual blunt-headedness, the wrong end of the stick. He tried to substitute a sort of droit du seigneur, to interfere in other men's private lives. This defines the camouflage of the religious and semi-religious publications, put up mostly, but not entirely, by people with a definite material interest in Christianity.

The other papers are camouflage over the "economic situation." Is this necessary? Do we not all know that there is a tension between capital and labour? Will this great cat and its infinite progeny stay forever and practitioners of sacerdotal monopolies; from bigots who will pretend to a right, sort of droit du seigneur, to interfere in other men's private lives. This defines the camouflage of the religious and semi-religious publications, put up mostly, but not entirely, by people with a definite material interest in Christianity.

Furthermore, this tension between capital and labour is the less real. I mean that enlightened people are practically through with it. It is a moribund issue. It has been bubbling along for two thousand years. It is really much more easy to settle, or dispose of.

The economic reality is not only "under discussion," but the discussion is new; it is full of new and constantly renewed complications. The ground would be cut away from those good Tories who argue that the Church should be kept up because "at least it keeps a gentleman" (or something more or less like one) in every parish.

Of the two chief branches of camouflage, the religious is the less real. I mean that enlightened people are practically through with it. It is a moribund issue. It has been bubbling along for two thousand years. It is really much more easy to settle, or dispose of.

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Here is the future struggle. In the affairs of culture the peace terms are much more easy to settle: we should by all means keep Shakespeare. Let the Kaiser take Jahweh (preferably to the island of Elba). The monotheistic temperament has been the curse of our time.

Out of School.

The ultimate problem of education is that which Mr. Edmond Holmes has called "The Problem of the Soul" and the first question about it is whether that is its right name. Mr. Holmes's little book, published under this title by Constable at 3d. net, does a great service to both the "nature" and the "nurture" schools of educational thought—the greatest service of all, for which it will be cordially disliked by them both; it abolishes them, by showing that they depend,
as schools, upon a false opposition. Each of them, considered separately, misses something, which is its union with the other. Mr. Holmes goes to the root of the matter when he says that the point of focus for the attention of a good teacher is the child's consciousness. Fix your eyes upon consciousness and the ideas of nature and nurture coalesce, like two visual images of the same object that have been held apart by the muscular effort of squinting. Consciousness is the region of contact between personality and environment, and it is only in that region that the word education has meaning.

To go back to the method of elementary association, the beginning of philosophic teaching (the end is, I think, further from realisation than "A. E. R.'s" optimism would suggest), we find that the teacher with an instinct for her work encourages the precocious faculties of a child's mind to reach out and make good their hold upon as many different perceptions as possible. Both the value and the permanence of each perception depend upon its being held, not for itself, but for its relation with others. A spider's web does not make for but ill its own discords, and I make an attempt to make the web with one or two points of attachment. The cross-threads joining up, the radial lines are the relations between relations that spring up in the mind; and it is the patterning of these threads that can never be possessed by people who have never been trained to think along more than one or two lines at once.

Cobwebs of learning, admirable for the fineness of thread and work, but of no substance or profit? It depends upon whether the web is made of mind-stuff alone, or of that something more than mind which we have to discuss.

Consciousness is the threshold of that which we call the soul, as interest is the threshold of that which we call inspiration. In considering the elements of genius, and the first principles of education for genius that can be deduced from them, we have found that philosophic teaching, however much it is freed from pedantry and however closely it corresponds to the natural play of philosophic instinct in children, only covers part of the ground; or rather, it covers the whole ground, but in only one aspect. Its correlatives are education in fellowship, and education in art. But each of these three can be expressed in terms of the others; hence the tendency of the philosopher, the saint and the artist to look askance at one another, each believing that he alone has the perfect doctrine. Truth, goodness and beauty are the only forms of currency that are mutually convertible down to the smallest genuine residue. The trouble is that the conversion takes place, like the meeting of parallel straight lines, in infinity. It is something that happens in what we call the soul. So far, in attempting to locate the soul, we are taking three loci instead of one; and it cannot be said that we are much further on. A better figure than three parallel lines would be the three dimensions of space which also, we are told, meet in infinity. For the three dimensions meet under our very noses as well, at any and every point; only the point, put under the microscope of consciousness, proves to be infinitesimal.

Infinity of space consists in all the points that there are. The infinite consciousness, if there is such a thing, might be supposed to consist in all the consciousnesses that there are. At all events, we have enough data to say that the immense latent store of the individual unconscious mind consists in the moments of consciousness that have been experienced during the individual life related—to what extent we cannot be certain—with the experience of other individuals and, more hypothetically, with a universal experience. Our instinct for self-development (including the child's instinct for self-education) prompts us to train our consciousness in the widest possible grasp of relations, factual, personal and aesthetic. Education in philosophy, fellowship and art is the social expression of that instinct along its three main lines. The units of experience, individual, social, racial or universal, are there, in the unconscious mind, entirely sterile in so far as they remain unitary. (I am using the word unit merely as representing a convenient atomic theory; my "units," like atoms, would be resolved in a final analysis into some such aether of consciousness as we may imagine to constitute the life of a protozoon.) All that matters, all that constitutes individuality and development, is the nexus of relations between the units. In practice these relations will include many things apprehended by the personal and aesthetic perceptions, but not converted into the intellectual currency.

These percepts we are apt to class as unconscious, confusing consciousness with intellectual consciousness. As a matter of observation, intellectual percepts are often more unreal, further from the full-blooded apprehension which is true consciousness, than the unformulated personal or aesthetic realisations that subject it "at the back of the mind." But the whole distinction between conscious and unconscious is unsatisfactory. I must revert to terms that I have used before in The New Age; and to the use of units of experience, as the ending down to mere protoplasmic groping, as subconscious, while I class the percepts that are fuller than consciousness can seize, shading up towards intuition and inspiration, as super-conscious. In the super-conscious region we have the continuum between consciousness and soul. With this I can return to Mr. Holmes, whom I have left in the most unmanly way upon the doorstep while I developed a further point in the thesis of these articles. The point, however, has its connexion with Mr. Holmes's much more comprehensive discussion of consciousness.

"The Problem of the Soul" shows very satisfactorily how wide is the gap between biological determinism and philosophical commonsense, whatever Professor Bateson may yet have to say on the question. I must confess that I hear anything that Professor Bateson says to the accompaniment of a curious creaking sound, which I think must be the sound of poor old Mendel turning in his grave. It is painful to listen to an invaluable biologist trying to make metaphysical doors of metaphysics. Mr. Holmes also puts environmental determinism into its proper place as an important piece of machinery, and no more. The real problem of the super-conscious mind, shaken free from explanation in terms of mechanical mechanisms that explain the mind itself, he sees chiefly as the riddle of its origin. Wisely concluding that the riddle is unanswered by the factual data in our possession, he adopts the reincarnation theory as the most plausible conjecture and as throwing the problem of the soul's origin back into the remote past. But this solution is hardly worthy of Mr. Holmes's faculty for escape from thinking in terms of time. The origin of super-conscious mind can no more be located in the past than in the future; it is a perpetual becoming. And it is the business of educational research to catch the elements of soul in the nascent condition. We have to study inspiration, with its analogues of involuntary thought, intuitive perception, and dream fantasy. It is here that the continuum between mind and soul is just beginning to be mapped out. We can only begin to understand the education of the psyche as we begin to understand the things that we and children dream, awake or asleep.

KENNETH RICHMOND.
Memories of Old Jerusalem.
By Ph. J. Balderasperger.

IV.

Bir Ayub was another great attraction, not only for us boys, but for all Jerusalem, when the Siloam fellah brought the glad tidings of its overflow after persistent rain. When the peasants see the water rising, they fill a pitcher and run with it to Jerusalem, where they receive bakhshish from their ordinary water-customers. "Farr Bir Ayub" (Job's Well) has overflowed; cries the fellah. The news spreads like wildfire, and, in gladness it is clear, there is a general exodus towards Bir Ayub. Temporary coffee-houses are set up beside the stream, and all Jerusalem goes down there for a picnic. The rushing water was a rare and lovely sight to us, who were accustomed to see it only still, in cisterns.

Bir Ayub is a deep shaft, measuring no less than 39 metres, situated at the junction of three valleys. All the water from the slopes of the Mount of Olives, Zion, and the Hill of Evil Counsel gushes out here. It is probably the En Rogel of Scripture, the boundary between Judah and Benjamin (Josh. v. 7). Some Jews think that it is Nehemiah's fountain, which others place at Ain Sitti Miriam. The Muslims, knowing little of Job, and having a great veneration for Job, identify it with the latter.

Sâlíh el Kâk, a Siloam fellah, who used to come with goat's milk to our school, had a special admiration for Job, who was a wealthy prophet. In order to test Job's piety, Allah let Iblis destroy his property, but he bore all with patience. Every fellah, when suffering, asks for Sabr Ayub (the patience of Job).

When Ayub dies, he smelt so bad that no one would approach him but his wife. As they were very poor she carried him about in her abba (cloak) upon her back, begging for their living, during seven years. Iblis, appearing to her as a lovely youth, said: "Leave that old beggar and come live with me." Exceedingly indignant, she went and told the Prophet of this impudent proposal. Ayub was so infuriated that he swore: "If ever I recover from my calamity I will give you a hundred stripes for having the effrontery to talk to Iblis." She, nevertheless, continued to carry him about, until one day she set him down upon the spot where the well now stands, while she went off upon some errand. While she was gone Ayub prayed fervently to be delivered from his pains. Jabrail (Gabriel), the Faithful Spirit, appeared suddenly, and, striking the ground, caused water to gush out. "Wash yourself," said the Angel, "and drink of this water which now is red, but which will soon turn green when it flows gently, and then turn white and sink below the level of the ground. Ayub did as he was told, and instantly grew young and healthy. He took possession of the land around, and became the owner of the spring for ever. He planted vegetables and obtained rich crops. The very rain which fell on his plantations turned the leaves to gold. He became wealthier than he had ever been before. Worried about the oath which he had sworn against his wife, he consulted Gabriel, who told him: "Take a palm branch with a hundred leaves and strike her gently with it." Ayub thanked him and obeyed, and everyone was much relieved. A lamp burns day and night in honour of Ayub in a niche of the well-shaft, furnished by the piety of the Siloam villagers. An Ismam of the Haram on the Nisr (Gate of the Sun) observed that the water has many healing qualities. It effectively removes boils in remembrance of the prophet; it restores sight to the blind, cures rhematism, and enables barren women to have children, and pregnant women to give easy birth. A derwish said: "I have seen 70,000 angels pray continually on the Sakhrah," and that the suspended rock is carried by as many jinnis who sigh grievously beneath the weight. Every time a purified believer enters the Haram, the burden of the rock is multiplied by 70. When many true believers enter simultaneously, the wicked spirits shed tears in such quantities that the water gushes out at Bir Ayub. The true worshippers in the Haram the more water flows, thus, piety has a direct relation to the coming harvest.

Fully a quarter of the town is taken up by the Haram esh-Sherîf,* and another quarter is inhabited by Muslims only, where we never ventured. But we were fascinated by the distant vision of the most distinguished Mosque in Islam, which has replaced the Jewish temple.

We were too well accustomed to the sight of carcasses and rubbish generally to be astonished that such sacred hills as those of Moriah and Zion up to the very gates of the Sanctuary of David should be strewed with refuse. The hills, the fields, the roads, the very air, were foul with offal of the city thrown at random when the donkeys carrying it out considered that they had had enough of their load. Most of the rubbish is taken out through the Bab el-Mughirîbî (Gate of the West), which, in English, is appropriately known as the Dung Gate. Outside the walls, the hills, the fields, contribute most to the pollution of their sacred hills. The first begins at the very homes of the Jews, where the remains of figs and other rotten fruits defile the streets, and are scattered all along the way till the refuse manures the fields. The fellahin of Siloam, Muslims and Christians, passing, held their noses as for a carcase, whilst the tribe of Judah enjoyed the spirits which they had distilled from the said fruit in their gheto. The owners of the fields from the valley to the hill-top do not object, as this intense manuring helps their land, on which the original soil is unproductive, being composed of lime and gravel from the ruins of the former city. The fame of Siloam cauliflowers grown on this refuse has spread through Palestine and Syria, and along the walls fine fields of barley cover the rubbish for a good part of the year. The filth attracts a number of stray dogs who find abundant food among the dung-heaps, while their bitches shelter in the cactus-hedge which covers a big area inside the Dung Gate. The Turkish sentries, generally kind to animals, hardly interfere with the comings and goings of "unlucky dogs," as they have understood them for the gate. In the evenings, we used to watch the innumerable turtle-doves and pigeons, home from the fields, wheeling around the two great cupolas of the Dune of the Rock (miscalled the Mosque of Omar) and the Mosque El Akse. The doves nest in the stately cypress-trees of the Haram enclosure, in company with tribes of sparrows, and arrest never to be disturbed within the sacred precincts. Thousands of rooks, like a black river, passed high above our heads towards the city walls, which were otherwise deserted for the night; and there subsisted noise.

These flocks of birds, which are a feature of Jerusalem, have given rise to many legends of King Solomon as having power over the birds above his throne. Sâlíh el Kâk was always willing to relate them. The birds, he said, were the devoted subjects of the king. They flew about his throne perpetually in such force as to protect rays from the sun. Every morning they would gather round him for their prayers. He noticed that the Nisr (the white-headed vulture) always came in last of all. The Nisr excused himself, saying: "My father is so old, and has so lost all his feathers that when the birds pass by they tease him. So I wait till every bird has passed before I start."

"Ma sh'Allâh!" said the king. "Thou art a sturdy son!"; and, stretching out his hand, he laid it on the

* The rock within the so-called Mosque of Omar.

* The temple area.
Nisr's head, and blessed him with these words. "Neither thou nor thy descendants shall ever lose the feathers of the head," and, for a token of that blessing, the head-feathers of the vulture are white unto this day.

In the splendid barley fields in spring, one used to see a thoroughbred horse, the property of some Fasha or Efendi, tethered here and there; proudely neighing, and then listening to the echo of its voice as it resounded full in the great fields of Beals. The Altii (sing. Asli), or thoroughbred Arab horses, are never used for hard or menial work. This is reserved for their bastard cousin the Kadish. Sometimes a Kadish belonging to a man of Nabi Darb would enjoy the pastures and some of the reputation of an Asli. But, generally, the Kadish is used in mills or as a beast of burden, and fed upon a little dry barley and a lot of chaff or chopped straw, which swells his stomach uselessly. The Asli receives a good ration of barley, no chaffed straw at all, and succulent food only in the spring.

Every gate of Jerusalem was closed at sunset in my boyish days, except the Jaffa Gate, which was kept open a few hours later. The poor citizen who arrived too late had to go round half the town to enter. Related Jews from the cemetery would follow us, if the Dung Gate happened to be closed. A sort of anti-semitism was at that time pretty general, Muslims, as well as Christians, having a dislike for Jews. The best thing such a belated Jew could do was to follow us and enter the Montefiore Jewish Settlement in the valley of Hinnom. He would never have dared to cross the hill of Zion for fear of the Muslims of Nabi Darb, and the passage by the Jaffa Gate, and through the Christian quarter was as dangerous. "Yahdii," "Siknaji," "Khalsham," called out in an insulting tone, though no real insult, were resented for the implied disdain, and they were sometimes accompanied by a blow or shower of missiles. We took, however, kindly to the Jews, in spite of their distrust, simply because they were so scared of everybody. More than once my brothers and myself, in later life, protected them from hostile fellahin. Outside the walls of Jerusalem no Jew was bold enough to live in these days, except only in the Montefiore Settlement, where they were perfectly safe, being surrounded by a solid wall, and guarded by Darfari negroes (Muslims) at the gates at night.

One evening certain of the older boys climbed up the hill towards the Greek cemetery and Nabi Darb. When we neared the top, a strong wind almost blew us over. Suddenly we came face to face with a white-turbaned Muslim with a close black beard—who apparently was walking up and down—and we were frightened, for we had expected to be quite alone, since Nabi Darb closed its gates at an early hour. "What is your name?" asked one of the bigger boys. "Wafa," answered the man, astonished at the question. The boy ran back, and, like a flock of scared birds, we followed him down hill. "A narrow escape," he said, when we were safe inside. "We have met a Marid, not a doubt of that, if I had not had the presence of mind to flee at once, we should have been either frightened to death or captured in his grip. Doubtless, a man has been killed on that spot, and the Marid hovers there until his time is up." Wafa was one of the kindest inhaitsants of Nabi Darb, as we learnt later. He was a well-established greengrocer in the Sikk inside the Jaffa Gate, and for many years we bought our vegetables at his shop. My mother was on visiting terms with his family afterwards; and as children we could enter the harim without a fear, and learnt to know the ways of the secluded beings.

... Spanish Jew. † Polish Jew. ‡ Spanish rabbi. § Death, or fulfilment of a promise, given sometimes as a proper name to Muslims.

The women, as a rule, had eyes and eyebrows black with kohl, and often a few marks upon the cheeks and hands. The older women dyed their grey or white hair red. After asking my mother when she would look for brides for us, and repeating the name of Allah at every question about the family, the women would talk fasatin. Then they would inquire what food we generally had; and, finally, would ask for flowers to plant about the terraces of the enclosed houses. Mantur and Rihan (Levkaja and Basil) are the favourites with the Muslims, who love roses also, but cannot cultivate them in their tiny flower-pots. As we grew up, and were five boys before the birth of my only sister, these harim visits stopped for decency. The return visits were rather disagreeable, as the women entered the gardens and completely devastated it, despoiling it of every flower and bud, as if it was an open field.

Journey Round My Room.

VI.

Against one wall of my room is a small bookcase, neatly constructed, but more in the fashion of a lectern than of an ordinary bookcase. It contains three shelves, on each of which rest three heavy books bound with carved wooden covers. On the cover of the first book is a representation of Ganesh, the Hindu elephant-headed god, surrounded by lotus-leaves. On the second is Garuda, the winged angel; the third shows a temple, with a curved flight of steps leading up to it. The other six have various designs.

These nine books are my "Mahabharata." The actual text—it is the famous Calcutta translation—I purchased at the Theosophical Bookstall at Adyar, under somewhat amusing circumstances, which may be told another time. The covers were carved for me by Mohammedi servants in Kashmir, from the designs of their local Brahmin.

The "Mahabharata" is the largest, and, many say, the best single collection the world has of tales and precepts. One may open it at any page in any volume and be tolerably certain of finding a story or a parable at once interesting and instructive. The tales are didactic in the best sense. They make life seem worth living for the whole of men, and the first fit of depression vanishes before a page or two of the "Mahabharata"; the reader returns to the world with new courage for himself and others. There is one trifling difficulty, however, or the "Mahabharata" would be the Book of Books nonpareil. The trouble is that when the "Mahabharata" would be of most value to you—in danger, depression, or despair—then is just the time you feel that no good could come of reading it. The tradition says that the only books which can be opened in such moments are the sacred books of one's religion. Unfortunately, we are not all of us Hindus, and for this reason the "Mahabharata" can never appeal to most of us when we most need it.

One of the early tales in the "Mahabharata" has always seemed to me a typical one. It certainly has neither the poetry of so many of the other stories—the principal tale, for instance, of the five brothers, or that of Nala and Damayanti, or of Sakuntala—nor has it the importance of such portions of the collection as the Bhangavat-Gita, or the Discourses of Bhishma. But it is a fair example of the contents of the "Mahabharata." Whoever can read it with interest, need not throw it off his shoulder. The first six have various designs.

THE TALE OF THE THREE DISCIPLES.

There was a holy man, a Rishi, who had three sons. One of them, named Asil, was of a fair complexion, another named Kishin, was of a dark complexion, and the third, called Rishin, was of a middle complexion. Their mother. "The older women dyed their grey or white hair red. After asking my mother when she would look for brides for us, and repeating the name of Allah at every question about the family, the women would talk fasatin. Then they would inquire what food we generally had; and, finally, would ask for flowers to plant about the terraces of the enclosed houses. Mantur and Rihan (Levkaja and Basil) are the favourites with the Muslims, who love roses also, but cannot cultivate them in their tiny flower-pots. As we grew up, and were five boys before the birth of my only sister, these harim visits stopped for decency. The return visits were rather disagreeable, as the women entered the gardens and completely devastated it, despoiling it of every flower and bud, as if it was an open field.

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favourite pupils, by name, Upamanyu, Aruni and Veda. One day he told Aruni of Panchala to go and stop up a breach in the watercourse of a certain field. This was a channel, banked with earth and stones, and constructed to carry water from a spring to meadows which needed irrigation. Whenever water was required, the channel was dammed, and the bank breached; and the water flowed out over the field. Afterwards, when the field had drunk enough, the dam broke; and the water flowed out on the field.

This water flowed down in the breach, and thus stopped the water with the breach of the watercourse.

They answered, "Sir, thou sentest him to repair the breach; but he ate the leaves of the poisonous tree. The Rishi asked him, "Where is the breach of the watercourse?"

"Upamanyu, my child, thou no longer livest by begging, nor drank the milk of the cows. For several days thou hast fasted, but at last, overcome by hunger, thou art the poisonous leaves of a certain tree. From eating these thou became blind and fell into a pit.

Upamanyu, obeying his master, continued to herd the cattle, but he neither ate food obtained by begging, nor drank the milk of the cows. For several days he fasted, but at last, overcome by hunger, he ate the poisonous leaves of a certain tree. From eating these he became blind and fell into a pit.

When at sunset Upamanyu did not come to salute his master, the Rishi asked the other youths where Upamanyu was; they said that he was herding the cattle and had not brought them back. The Rishi then said, "Upamanyu is angry because I forbade him many kinds of food, and he does not wish to eat until it is late. Let us go and find him."

They went into that part of the jungle where Upamanyu usually drove the cattle, and called him. Upamanyu in the pit heard his name called by the Rishi, and cried out, "I am here, at the bottom of a pit."

The Rishi, accompanied by his disciples, followed the sound, and came to Upamanyu, and asked him how he had fallen in. Upamanyu told him that he had become blind from eating the leaves of the poisonous tree. The Rishi then said, "Glory the twin Aswins, the divine physicians of the gods, and they will restore thy sight."

Upamanyu then sang a hymn to the Aswins, and the twin gods appeared to him, saying, "We are content. Here is a cake for thee; take and eat it."

Upamanyu then said, "O Aswins, your words have never proved untrue. But I do not eat this cake without first offering it to my master."

Then the Aswins said, "Once thy teacher invoked us. We gave him a cake like this, and he ate it without first offering it to his teacher. What thy teacher did, thou too mayest do."

But Upamanyu answered, "O Aswins, I implore your forgiveness. I dare not eat this cake without first offering it to my master." The Aswins then said, "O youth, we are pleased with thy devotion to thy teacher. His teeth are of black iron, but thine shall be of gold! Thy sight is restored thee, and thou shalt have good fortune."

When the twin gods had said this, Upamanyu regained his sight and climbed out of the pit. The Rishi received him with affection and said, "Thou wilt obtain prosperity, as the Aswins have foretold. All religion shall shine forth in thee, and all wisdom." Then Upamanyu knew that his time was over, and he went away to his own country.

The name of the Rishi’s third pupil was Veda. His teacher said to him, "My child, stay here in my house and serve thy teacher. It shall be to thine advantage."

And Veda served the Rishi for many years, burdened like an ox, and suffering heat and cold, hunger and thirst; but he never complained.

At last his teacher was satisfied with him, and granted him good fortune and all wisdom. When the Rishi gave him permission to depart, Veda went away and began to teach in his own home. He took three pupils, but he never laid difficult commands on them, or ordered them to obey him unquestioningly; for, having himself suffered much hardship whilst he was in the house of the Rishi, and remembering the trials of Aruni and of Upamanyu, he did not wish to treat his pupils with severity.
It has probably occurred to many people besides myself to ask whether the eternal discord that rages around the various alleged true meanings of Christianity is not, perhaps, the inevitable outcome of the Gentile’s vain endeavours to grasp the infinite subtleties of the Jewish faith. In any case, with two millenniums of Christian wranglings behind us, it would seem a little late in the day for anyone more than usually profound Jew, to tell us dogmatically that Christianity means this or that and nothing more. Hence, possibly, a Gentile’s best grounds for abandoning Christianity might be that Heine and Dr. Oscar Levy both repudiated it. Any such assumption of authoritative dogmatism on the part of a Gentile, however, is surely a little surprising, and when Dr. Figgis undertakes to draw two pictures—one of his own view of Christianity and the other of Nietzsche’s—and invites us to gaze with admiration and horror on the contrast, the modern tendency to flinch from such differences of standpoint, as between Gentiles, does not partake of the nature of a disagreement on the question of the colour of Adam’s beard.

In adopting this method of discrediting a critic of Christianity, moreover, Dr. Figgis skilfully evades the real difficulty of the controversy. For Nietzsche’s serious concern was not so much to reinterpret the gospels for us, as to show that, whatever the gospels might mean, and whatever Paul might have professed to believe, our present condition, our present outlook or lack of outlook, our present morality or immorality, must be regarded chiefly as the fruit of two thousand years of Christian tradition. Whether Nietzsche were right or wrong in regarding Paul as an impudent preacher of anarchy, whether he were justified or not in seeing something unutterably base and despotic in the values of Christianity, are, after all, secondary considerations, if Dr. Figgis can give us a pedigree, an etymology, of modern thought, modern disorder, modern sickness, and modern impudence, which does not lead back to Christian sources, or which does not savour of Christian influence. I hope this is clear, because it is a fundamental and, I believe, just objection to the kind of book I have before me.

Nowhere, however, in his book does Dr. Figgis attempt this line of refutation. As far as I am aware after a careful study of Dr. Figgis’s work, the learned author would be as ready at Nietzsche was to assume that we are the outcome of an attempt to approximate to the Christian ideal. Dr. Figgis sees that Nietzsche’s “attack on mere peaceful domesticity is a reaction against a sophisticated culture,” he agrees that “a certain process of hardening is needful to manhood”; he further admits that Nietzsche’s “attack on pity is intended mainly as a rebuke to that sentimentality in regard to pain which has tended to ruin discipline in home, school, and State.” and he concedes the point that “the ancestry of the purely individualistic ideal of the last century is becoming apparent in moral, intellectual, and artistic matters, and in social and political spheres it affords no pleasing prospect.” But if we search the Will to Freedom for the hope of discovering whether these evils had another source than Christianity, if we endeavour to find the suggestion anywhere stated in Dr. Figgis’s book that nineteenth century individualism was not the outcome of Paul’s exhortations to megalomania, we shall be rudely disappointed. What Dr. Figgis will agree with Nietzsche is that he knew, one page when the great German philosopher exposes the absurdity of the general modern belief “that everyone’s opinion is equally valuable”; but when Nietzsche declares that he can find the root principle of this maniacal and inflammatory doctrine in Pauline insolence, Dr. Figgis turns solemnly back to his own beautiful picture of Christianity, and invites us to search it in vain for any traces of such.

Obviously the only sound reply to Nietzsche would be as follows:—“You may be right or wrong, sir, about your estimate of Christianity—this is really beside the point, because, after all, you were not an accredited authority on the subject, nor did you ever seem to have had a true meaning of Christianity supernaturally revealed to you, at all events, I prepared to trace every one of the evils to which you point so scornfully, to values that have not and never had any relation whatsoever to Christian doctrine or the Scriptures. I can name those values, I can show the land of their birth, and the anti-Christian credo of which they are but a part!”

This would be unanswerable. It would leave Nietzsche standing high and dry, beating the air with his indictment of Christianity, and would cleanse Christian tradition once and for all of many a stain which at present it is difficult altogether to overlook.

Nowhere, however, does Dr. Figgis attempt to do this. Nowhere does he even seem to have an inkling that this is the method of attack. He prefers to adhere to his mere appealing and apparently more concrete tactics of the two pictures already described, and smiles sympathetically when he sees the horror in your face as you glance at the picture from Nietzsche’s hand.

The very mildness, kindness, and splendid display of fairness with which he does this is one of the most seductive, most Christian features of the book. It is all so urbane, so generous, so lofty and condescending. “His opinions may be what you will, but Friedrich Nietzsche, the man we love, and shall go on loving, even when he hits us hardest” (p. 9). Who could be wrong who can be so magnanimous towards a foe? That is the suggested implication, that is the hint underlying the whole book. I do not for a minute suggest that it is deliberate, or that it is consciously made in order unduly to influence the unwary reader; I am convinced that Dr. Figgis had no such intention; but I can foresee that quite a large number of readers will be far too much impressed by the profligate luxuriance of the revered critic’s condescension ever to doubt a word he may utter in a more severe and rigorous manner. It is a natural and ready injustice. We are all much too prone to assume that where restraint and magnanimity are displayed in an attack the attack itself and all its most mortal blows are, on account of the generous appearance of the assailant, entirely justified and beyond suspicion.

I mention this as a caution for the guileless. Pathos is always seductive, and there is genuine pathos in the attitude of the animal that licks the human hand that is tormenting it. If Dr. Figgis really believes that “nothing can relieve Nietzsche of the stain of having stimulated tendencies already sufficiently strong towards that essential evil of Paganism which we see at its worst in Nero and at its best in Diocletian” (p. 286); if he is really convinced that “on Nietzsche’s principles we might look forward a millennium or two and see in a vision a race of masters, seated in a grander Colosseum, once more urging on torturers to whip their slave-gladiators into courage by white-hot electric rods, in order that their aesthetic sensibilities may be stimulated” (p. 99), then it is difficult to believe that as a hearty Christian he entertain one’s opinion is equally valuable”; but when Nietzsche declares that he can find the root principle of this
Pan-Germanism. He denies the contention reiterated unjust.

author is also commendably sound in much of the says about Stirner. He rightly absolves Nietzsche of the charge of egoism in the individual. He elevates Nietzsche above the smart epigrammatists who are out to épater le bourgeois; lays stress upon the German's earnestness and passion, and liberally adorns his book with long and well-selected quotations from Nietzsche's own works, which provide good illustrations both of Nietzsche's style and his thought.

It is all the more surprising, therefore, save on the assumption that Dr. Figgis must be radically opposed to Nietzsche, and bitterly so, to find such passages as I have already quoted, and the following, interspersed among these pages:

P. 150: "The Putomayo atrocities, and others more recent, which we need not cite, are in accord with his (Nietzsche's) teaching.

P. 79: "In theory Nietzsche rejects all moral valuations.

P. 99: "Briefly, the morals of Nietzsche consist in an exaltation of courage and a rejection of all other moral values, and a sense of the value of distinction and individuality."

P. 148: "The superman, as Nietzsche preaches him, is inexpessibly vulgar," etc., etc., in much the same vein.

As I must take it for granted that I am addressing readers of Nietzsche in this review—for space does not allow me to expound Nietzsche afresh, I merely quote the above passages without comment, leaving it to those who are familiar with Nietzsche's works to form what opinion they may choose of Dr. Figgis's reliability from the extracts.

After three years of war, and three years in the Army, I am proud to have this opportunity of confessing publicly that I am still a convinced Nietzschean, that I still hold Nietzsche's attitude towards Christianity, and that recent events have not moved me one inch from the position I held in the spring of 1914. In the ferocity, brutality, and impudence of the Germans, in the megalomania that induced them to imagine for one moment that they were entitled to world dominion, I see the inflating bellows of Pauline arrogance. In their assumption of Right I see those sedulous doctrines of equality and of immortality granted to every Tom, Dick, and Harry, which ultimately leave poor, hitherto modest, Tom, Dick, and Harry with vertiginous notions as to their own altitude! In the commercial rivalry which occurs as a sort of rumbling bass throughout the cacophonous uproar of the world conflict I see the fatal side: Catholicism, Protestantism, Puritanism (Mother, daughter, and aborto!); and since such a government may be judged from the nature of the revolutions it provokes, the ugliness and versatile stupidity of Protestantism, together with the appalling sordidness and commercial cupidity of Puritanism, stand for all time as the most convincing condemnation of the strength of traditional Christianity.

I see all this because long ago Nietzsche demonstrated satisfactorily to me the relation of these distressing phenomena to the Christian cosmogony, and when I behold the ugliness, the sickness, the rampant individualism, the vulgarities, the sins of Protestants of every petty creature, fit or foul, which characterises our age; when I see decadence so far advanced, so thoroughly in possession of European humanity, that despite the rude scourge of this war, not one of the great lessons that might have been learnt from it have as yet been taken to heart, I should like Dr. Figgis to show broadly that in ascribing these revolting features of the modern world to Christ's gospel and Paul's interpretation of Christianity, Nietzsche was wrong, mistaken, prejudiced, blind.

Dr. Figgis has attempted to refute a good deal of Nietzsche's minor doctrine piecemeal. Let him take this broad and principal charge—which, after all, is the basis of Nietzsche's teaching—that only by a transvaluation of the ignoble and debasing values of Christianity can we possibly hope for an elevation of the type man; and let him explode it! For presumably Dr. Figgis is not satisfied with this age. Does he want to alter it? If so, does he wish to achieve this end by adding more and more Christianity, or by making more and more Paulinism? Should that be his nostrum let him say so, and then we shall know the extent to which he is suffering from his contemporaries. One of the chief objections I have to "The Will to Freedom" is that it practically scorns the whole of this vast problem. And in dealing with Nietzsche this problem is fundamental. It is, moreover, huge, because the future of mankind turns upon it.

In the mass of detail discussed in Dr. Figgis's book this is apt to be overlooked. One cannot see the wood for the trees.

Now a last word or so on two subjects of the greatest importance nowadays—Freedom and the Working Man, and I have finished.

Dr. Figgis has something to say about Nietzsche's notions of freedom, but it is not enough (see pp. 237 and 288). Nietzsche pronounced what are probably the most profound words ever uttered about freedom—words that project the whole of the modern question of freedom on to a higher plane. He said:—

"Free dost thou call thyself? Thy ruling thought would I hear of, and not that thou hast escaped from a yoke."

"Art thou one entitled to escape from a yoke? Many a one hath cast away his final worth when he hath cast away his servitude."

"Free from what? What doth that matter to Zarathustra! Clearly, however, shall thine eye show unto me: free for what?" (Zarathustra. Part I. Chap. XVII.)

The meaning here is obvious enough. You cannot have the freedom of the guide and of the guided at one and the same time. You cannot profit as a chela unless you are prepared to surrender your freedom for the time being to a sage. If you are an excellent subordinate and nothing more, you forfeit your excellence by wresting freedom, at the cost of your subordinate position, from your master. This is a view of freedom deliberately overlooked by the modern world, and it is a pity Dr. Figgis does not refer to it. He complains that Nietzsche's doctrine, as a gospel of Power, is opposed to freedom. But I reply with equal justification that with his (Dr. Figgis's) doctrine of freedom for all, he is just as busy propounding a doctrine of Power; but with this difference: Whereas Nietzsche's doctrine of Power is limited and directed towards order, Dr. Figgis's is unlimited, and therefore must in the end promote anarchy; for freedom to all is power to all. In fact there are no greater advocates of the Will to Power, little as they appear to be of it, than such representatives of the Christian school of thought as Dr. Figgis. But, as I say, they promote disorder, by
assuming with their subversive doctrine of equality, the right of freedom and therefore of power, for all without distinction. Obviously this is not only an unpractical, but also a dangerous ideal, Christian though it may be. Altogether there is not a sufficient attempt made in Dr. Figgs’s book to do justice to Nietzsche in this respect. Either Dr. Figgs admits or he is a critic who sees that so far are born to lead, others to follow. If he denies it then his doctrine of freedom for all is at least plausible. If he admits it, then he should at least have pointed out that a good many of Nietzsche’s precepts that he condemns are basically as applicable to his followers not to leaders. Nietzsche strove to liberate the rare man, the gold from the mass of quartz. Nietzsche thought that it is the rare, desirable man, who is in danger of bearing too heavy a yoke nowadays. Much that Nietzsche says, therefore, only applies to bigger men, and it is easy to make ducks and drakes of his gospel by not observing this distinction. I doubt whether Dr. Figgs has sufficiently observed this distinction.

As to the question of the working man, Dr. Figgs again simply does not do justice. He could not have read, or he must have forgotten Aphorism 49 as “Smokie in a War with the Age.” Neither could he have read Aphorism 57 of the “Antichrist.” “When the exceptional man treats the mediocre with more tender care than he does himself or his equals, this is not merely courteously, it is his own business.” (“Antichrist,” p. 220). The kind of exploitation of the working man carried on by a capitalist Age was as opposed to Nietzsche’s instincts as anything could possibly be. Dr. Figgs, I fear, has read Nietzsche and understood his language too much through the glasses of this Age—our Age. To exploit, in the capitalist sense, does indeed mean to grind down for your own use, to abuse, to outrage; in Nietzsche’s sense it meant none of these things. It meant simply “turn to some use.” In this sense, Michael Angelo was exploited by the Pope, Whistler was exploited by those whose feeling for, the correct idea of, everything. “Humphrey of the Pope, Whistler was exploited by that penetrating Chinese writer Ku Hung-Ming. Of course exploitation in the capitalistic sense is everything that is horrible, because it neither leads to any great popular achievement, nor does it ever fail to debase the people it exploits. All exploitation has by that penetrating Chinese writer Ku Hung-Ming. Of course exploitation in the capitalistic sense is everything that is horrible, because it neither leads to any great popular achievement, nor does it ever fail to debase the people it exploits. All exploitation has been carried on by a highly cultivated people. As opposed to Nietzsche’s instincts as anything could possibly be. Dr. Figgs, I fear, has read Nietzsche and understood his language too much through the glasses of this Age—our Age.

Church very hard indeed, and it is probably only human that in hitting back Christians and representatives of the Church should not be over nice in their choice of weapons. In approaching Christians and Christianity, to use a war metaphor, Nietzsche thought it only safe to wear a gas helmet, and that alone perhaps is sufficient to provoke the use of at least a little poisoned gas.

Reviews.

The Gull. By Hugh Spencer. (Collins, 5s. net.)

Mr. Spencer’s novel (it is almost a novel) is comme il faut. Everybody says and does the correct thing in the recognised way. It ought to be very difficult for an English girl to marry a Prussian officer, for there is a great gulf fixed between them; but omnium virum amorem and if the Prussian officer is worthy, of course the English girl will marry him. She would marry anybody who was worthy of her. He is worthy! He is one of the most efficient officers of the Guards, and a sincere pacificist; when he drinks to “Der Tag,” he secretly hopes that it will never come. He very generously attempted to explain his English sympathies, to say nothing of his engagement to an English girl, attract the attention of the Kaiser, who gives him a Staff appointment and forbids him to write to or to see his beloved. Apparently he was the last, and the most efficient, German spy in Belgium; and when the war broke out, he was pressed into the vanguard. His fair trial of Belgian suspects, his protests against German outrages and his refusal to take part in them when ordered, brought him to his last court-martial, and sentence of death. But he escaped; yes, he escaped and went to America, where he was joined by and to the lovely English girl, and began a campaign in favour of the brotherhood of humanity.

Mr. Spencer saves the reader the trouble of speculating about the characters of the story by simply telling him exactly what they thought, felt, said, or did. He gives us the whole content of their consciousness, and we can see for ourselves that they have the correct feeling for, the correct idea of, everything. “Humphrey was also worried about his own position. He felt the call of his country. But there was Edith, his sacred charge. What additional sorrow it would cause her to have a lover on one side and a brother on the other, who might even have to kill one another. He supposed it would be their duty to try to do so! And yet Germany, by her invasion of Belgium, had made every man who had a spark of idealism long to throw himself into the conflict. But Humphrey went out without any posters which appealed for recruits seemed to burn into his brain.” Irreproachable sentiments irreproachably expressed; one can feel that he had “a spark of idealism,” and no more; one can understand that the call of his country for recruitment seemed, and only seemed, “to burn into his brain,” one can feel how “sacred” his charge was (she was about thirty years of age); and for more than three hundred pages, Mr. Spencer maintains this level of inspiration, a remarkable feat!

The Fortune: A Romance of Friendship. By Douglas Goldring. (Maunsel, 5s. net.)

Mr. Douglas Goldring has written a book with some vivacity; the story of a man who knew another man who was always right. At school and at Oxford, this Irish gentleman dominated the English bourgeoisie, taught him what to wear and how to wear it, what to eat and what to drink, taught him how to engage in society, taught him how to write, to think, taught him even how to write. So he became a success; his first play, named after a property of the Irish gentleman, was a success, and the English bourgeoisie married a member of the aristocracy. Love did not supply that flip to the hero’s dramatic genius that friendship did, and the wife, therefore, developed a quite engaging jealousy of the friend’s influence over her husband. Then the war came, and the Irish
gentleman developed quite cynical ideas of national "honour," and, for once, lost the power of guiding his friend to do the right thing. The Englishman joined the Army, and his wife rejoiced to think that, on this one point, at least, they were in perfect agreement; it was a triumph for her influence over her husband. But alas, the reality of the war taught the silly Englishman how right the Irish gentleman was; and when he returned to London, wounded, he gave evidence before the Appeal Tribunal in support of the Irish gentleman's claim for exemption on the ground of conscientious objection. The Irish gentleman was very brilliant, although the book does not record any instances of it; and the Tribunal was very stupid, of course, and ordered him to take combatant service. But, alas, the reality of the war taught the silly Englishman how right the Irish gentleman was; and when he returned to London, wounded, he gave evidence before the Appeal Tribunal in support of the Irish gentleman's claim for exemption on the ground of conscientious objection. The Irish gentleman was very brilliant, although the book does not record any instances of it; and the Tribunal was very stupid, of course, and ordered him to take combatant service. As the Irish gentleman, being Irish, was not liable for service, he had the laugh of the Tribunal; he went back to his house in Ireland, sat on the doorstep, and looked over Dublin. Thither his English friend wandered to join the Staff at the Curragh; was caught in the Dublin revolution, and was shot by one of his own men. The converted his wife to the pacifist doctrine of the Irish gentleman; she ended her feud with him, and promised to educate her son to hate war. Moral: The Irish are always right, whether they fight against England, or have conscientious objections to any form of fighting. The blow struck by the Irish gentleman was a box of the ears that he bestowed on a girl who declared that she loved him; and as this failed to cure her of love, he could no longer believe in the efficacy of physical force. He was an Irish gentleman.

**Fields of the Fatherless.** By Jean Roy. (Collins. 6s. net.)

Is this a novel or an autobiography? Whatever it is, it is not literature. The author sets down literally, fact by fact, the details of a poor Scotch girl's life from infancy to maturity, as though a collection of facts could make a truthful picture of life. She has not even the blessed brevity of Caesar, for if she went anywhere, or anybody came to her, she reproduced faithfully whatever they said or did, without any regard to the intrinsic value of the details recorded. The method is simply: "He said this" and "I thought that." "He did this," and "I felt that." "We went to so-and-so and such-and-such things happened." Antonio told a better tale than this! Her judgments are the purely conventional ones of a domestic servant who had no "followers"; she is rather superior to her girl-friends who have "followers," and do not admire good literature and pictures as she does. She seems never to have been smitten with the dangerous passion of love, but she seems to have had an ideal of love which her more experienced girl-friends neither had nor appreciated. She is saved from being a prig only by a quite unreasoning family feeling for a family to which she was allied only by the so-called bar sinister.

**We of Italy.** By Mrs. K. R. Steege. (Dent. 4s. 6d. net.)

Mrs. Steege offers in this volume a selection of letters written by Italian soldiers. They are very different in literary quality from those written by English soldiers; they have a flow of speech that seems phenomenal to us, and they talk of their intentions and their emotions in a manner that contrasts strongly with the casual phrase of slang that the average Englishman uses in similar circumstances. They are all heroes, every man of them; they say so, and no one can know better than themselves; but they say it with such ardour and sincerity that we can believe them. After all, it is only a proof of their sense of reality that they call things by their right names; the Englishman belies himself with his usual comment, his continual understatement. It is heroic to face modern shell-fire, and the man who does it is a hero, and has a right to call himself by his proper name; these chest-slapping Italians are really fine fellows, even if they say it themselves.

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**Earnest Trifles.**

By Edward Moore.

To become human the natural man must be steeped for a time in culture. But to become cultured he must emerge from it, shake it off and treat it lightly. He who never raises his head above the pond of culture is a barbarian.

Not servants of culture, but masters! For only by its masters can culture be advanced.

Culture is that which, being created, creates again. The great man is its fosterer, but also its child.

The modern world has lost the ability to reverence the things it does not understand and still more the things it does understand.

Mr. Arnold Bennett demonstrates with stolid brilliance in his novels that anything may be made interesting. By the bye, what does that prove?

To be interesting is not the end of art, but the beginning.

Among living men of genius, Mr. H. G. Wells possesses the greatest powers and the weakest will. He is a tempest of energy straining to every point and without the method even of the whirlwind.

In Mr. Wells' novels there is always a breeze blowing, but there is never the open air. A storm in a hothouse.

(A) His thoughts should be reverenced, for he was a great thinker. (B) But was he a great man? What avails the thoughts of a mere thinker? Or do you think the notions of a Bentham or a Spencer can be of any account? But when Caesar or Goethe speaks, they utter truth, whether they be in jest or earnest. Their thoughts are more than thoughts.

A philosopher is an emasculated poet, and how many of the poets are great men? One or two; the remainder are interesting weaklings.

Fallas Athene: the least beloved of the deities; she sprang full grown from the brain of Zeus. Like John Stuart Mill, she had no childhood and nothing of the child in her.

Some of our thoughts we consciously think, but our deepest thoughts think themselves. Intuitives—thought that thinks itself?

What is progress? That conscious thought should more and more become unconscious, should attain the effortless perfection of instinct. To think for the sake of thinking is a solemn hobby. It is the result that matters. The highest type is not the thinker, but he who is born exempt from the necessity of thought.

In the superman that will be instinctive which in men is a difficult, labious attempt. A golden frivolity will be his distinction.

The forms of expression in their order of value: song, speech, thought.

In how much is song superior to thought? Inasmuch as it is less conscious and cannot explain itself.

The three dullest words: Holy, holy, holy.

They have clothed themselves in all the virtues because they have not virtue.

It is less than human to be a slave—even to Duty.

"A creature of impulse," everyone said. But all the time he was acting in accordance with a vigorous code—only it was not their code.

You have decided to extend your sympathy to the
They never quarrels wi’ their pay;
Soo it war wrong of Parson, thee!
Coz Aaron nobbut lacked a cheer.

He made his tunes, he played about,
An none but Parson had a doubt;
What he was bound for—poor young lad!
A-curse I’ll own—though he war mad—
Them tunes he played, them songs he sung,
They minded you of being young,
They took me back, a boy, again,
At work wi’ Feyther down the Fen
When all the birds they utter sing
At sunrise, till the air would ring
An’ sheep and cows would stir about
Wi’ everything to make yer shout.
Yes, it war strange what he could do,
His fiddle seemed to mazzle you!
The labourers would catch a song—
An’ they was catchy—all along;
They sing ‘em yet; an’ Georgy Bell
He plays ‘em by the village well.

But all the while trade didn’t mend,
Until at last ther’ come the end.
They sold him up, lock, stock, an’ stooan,
An’ off he went, away, aloan;
Becoz he sung, but couldn’t save,
I think his feyther in the grave
Must sure a-stirred, ‘owever deep:
That smash would waken any sleep!
Young Aaron went—
I dunno where—
They say he’s gone to Manchester,
An’ there, mayhap, mid soot an’ smoke,
Makess music for the city folk;
Plays on his fiddle, time agen,
Them tunes he turned down Martin Fen
From shepherds or from wagon-boys
Or men at plough—or any noise.
He made his tunes out of the air,
From birds, or beasts—he didn’t care!
An’ Parson says he’ll make a name.
(Our Parson, what’s the one to blame?)
As if he ever could again;
Find such a hoam as Martin Fen;
As if he could, by fiddle-fad,
Get half the name his feyther had.

Lost in some smoky town he plays
An’ thinks, I say, on sunny days,
Of all the things what make life dear,
Like beans an’ bacon, cheese an’ beer!
A dreamy good-for-nothin’ lad,
Sure-bound to lose all what he had,
He might a-riz, an’ come to be
As high as you, or even me!
An’ bin well known the country round
As comfortable, warm, an’ sound.

His name is known for many a mile,
It raises, far an’ wide, a smile:
While folk they whisper, “Not right sharp!”
A fool! a fool! I war Aaron Tharp.

NIGHT.
Silent we stood, the odour of your hair
Was in my nostrils, and your warm hands were
In mine enfolded: silent we
And silent still the blue-black night above.
I could not see
Your face, I only knew
That silence and darkness and love enfolded me and you
As thus we stood,
Begirt by night’s vast solitude.
The hours, on great black wings passed high above,
Made reverent and tremulous by the mystery of our love.
Then suddenly
The veils of dark were lifted, showing me
Your histrion eyes, your face so pale and still,
And turning, I saw the silver disc of the moon, rising over the hill.

DESMOND FITZGERALD.
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

CONTEMPORARY MENTALITY.

Sir,—For the honour of the R's, I must put in a word of appreciation for Mr. Pound, and an admirably light-hearted study of the dismal. The thing needed doing; and it could not have been done in any different vein, especially during this fourth war winter, without driving towards suicide. With "M. R.'s defence of Chesterton I quite agree. I like Chesterton; Mr. Pound I don't know, and should very possibly dislike if I did. But Mr. Pound's rain of darts has not fallen only on the just; as a reader with some pretensions to a critical faculty I have been picking a good many of them out of my own hide, at a loss of little but bad air from the punctures. Not all his confounded insolence and literary contempt of court can lessen the searchingness of a critical faculty I have been picking a good many odd points out of, at a loss of little but bad air from the punctures. 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K. R.

Sir,—Mr. Chesterton has already answered his defender more forcibly than I can. He wrote some years ago: "If a thing is worth doing, it is worth doing badly." That is his declaration, his basis. In those words he arrays himself on the side of chaos and camouflage and obscurantism, and against every true writer whose sole aim and hope is that he may some day do the thing really well." The mental status quo of contemporary periodicals is as I have defined it in my series of articles. This status quo has no more powerful and therefore no more damnable supporter, than Mr. Gilbert K. Chesterton.

Ezra Pound.

ART.

Sir,—There is no use arguing with these people. There is no use trying to make them understand the difference between the rhetoric of Victor Hugo rather measly transposed into stone or plaster, and sculpture which is an art of form, whose language is form and whose effects when they are lastingly impressive are by form produced. Mr. Ezra Pound attempted some such explanation in your paper years ago; it only produced a riot. But, then, he expressed himself very badly and in the jargon of his horrible vortex. Still, he is better than the people who think that the obvious reproduction of sexual organs is the one means of producing "powerful" art. "Powerful" is a word these people are exceedingly fond of. They apply it to messy fiction like that of Mr. Thomas Burke. They need not of necessity have—a hollow inside.

Your correspondent drags in Mestrovic's temple. Perhaps it is intended to light it with pure genius, or by excess of fancy, created a beautiful house-plan—with no stairways. Did your "powerful" Mestrovic enthral by any chance consider the lighting of Mestrovic's temple? Religion has, I admit, nearly always stood for the propagation of darkness. But a temple with no means of lighting is surely excessive. Perhaps it is intended to light it with pure genius, or from some secret Serbo-Croatian power station, the clue to which is denied us.

B. H. Dias.

DRAMAT.

Sir,—If I am correct in stating that the chief object of modern criticism is the suppression of serious journalism should be with the intention of educating public opinion, then I must ask your indulgence for joining issue with Mr. J. F. Hope. I have read his articles with regularity and with interest, but with ever-increasing annoyance, as not only are they destructive and misleading, but so often they show venom and a malicious satire which are not the legitimate weapons of a fair-minded critic. I have no brief for any of the authors whom Mr. Hope seems fit to smite so mercilessly, nor do I know what qualifications he may possess which entitle him to administer the commandment that he must be different, and no peace is possible in the world between nations except on this understanding. Irish enmities are perpetuated because we live by memory more than by hope. There is moral equality where the sacrifice is equal. There can be no understanding where there is no eagerness to meet those who differ from us, and hear the best they have to say for themselves. A. E. It is by relativity of sound and not by loudness that music is constructed—William Atelting.

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. Development means differentiation without loss of unity, or rather with concomitant gain of unity because the more we choose to be different, the more we must unite. The process by which a feeling emerges as a thought has to be induced: it cannot be commanded. We know the good teacher by her saying, not "Think!" but "Think of camels."—Kenneth Rich mond.
PRESS CUTTINGS.

To the Editor of the "Daily News."

Sirs,—It may be that a League of Nations, including Germany, will ensure peace; certainly it will not ensure disarmament. It is not conceivable, for instance, that our country will disarm so long as the Navy. In any case, how are we better for the League of Nations? The heart sinks at the prospect of rehousing our old intolerable burden.

There is a far more promising outlook for us in the prospect of a regenerate Germany and the victory of Democracy. Whatever may be feared from an impure democracy, there can be no fear, at least, of war from a pure one. Such a Labour Government, and Labour government and war are incompatible terms. No Labour Government would contemplate, or dare to contemplate, war. I own that I look steadfastly towards Russia, who has set an example to the rest of the world. The advent of a Labour Government in this country cannot be long delayed, and such a following of the Russian precedent would precipitate change far and wide.

The supreme endeavour of all peace-lovers just now ought to be the overthrow of the Central European autocracy, the Labour Government. That done, we may look for the reward of our blood-shedding.

"Rend your hearts and not your garments," we may tell the Germans.—MAURICE HEWLETT.

January 1.

The determination of the United States and the Allies once again to make clear to the Russian and German peoples the war aims of democracy has been discussed in diplomatic circles, and late yesterday afternoon was the subject of authoritative comment by the State Department.

Whether a reply is to be made by Mr. Wilson, Mr. Lloyd George, or by M. Clemenceau is not decided, but the substance of the reply is certain to be entirely in line with Mr. Wilson's utterances, especially his last Address to Congress, although more emphasis may be laid on the fact that the hopes for peace which all the peoples share are rendered futile in advance because the present spokesmen of Germany cannot be trusted.

President Wilson looks upon the Brest-Litovsk Austro-German peace terms as they appear to the people of the United States and Entente countries overseas and to their Governments, and it is most probable that any statement of war aims will be in the form of an appeal to the people of the Central Powers over the heads of their rulers, pointing out again with unmistakable clearness that no punitive or annexationist act can be tolerated by the representatives of the German people.

It is hoped here that as a result of the reply the shallowness of the German peace trap will be exploded, and that President Wilson's persistent differentiation between the present German Government and the German people will begin to bear fruit.—"Times" Washington Correspondent.

The control of industry, however, constitutes an entirely different set of ideas from those expressed by the President of the Trades Union Congress in the minds of the more advanced Socialists, the intellectuals of the movement. This section considers the questions of hours, wages, and conditions of work, and firmly advances as its programme the complete wresting away of the industrial system, the abolition of wages in the existing meaning of the term, and the substitution of Democracy for Anciency in the workshop. This is to be done through the Unions securing every worker as a member so that they may have the entire monopoly of labour. This will come a number of stages where the Unions will be taken over by management, and then a system of dual management will be developed. The unions will then become an organism embracing all the workers in any way engaged in the industry and finally will come the stage when the complete control of industry in the interest of the producer will have been attained.