NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Lord Courtney, as the practical politician he professes himself to be, might have been expected to understand the major issue of the war. He might have been expected, that is to say, to understand that the war is not being fought for the particular purpose of repairing Germany’s breach of the neutrality of Belgium, but to prevent the attainment by Germany of her object in attacking Belgium—namely, the establishment of her hegemony of Europe. Everybody, we should have thought, would by this time have realized that the German threat to the balance of power in Europe—itself the condition, as it has now been demonstrated, of the maintenance of the balance of power in the world—was a threat that would have been necessary to meet even if Belgium had never been overrun; and, therefore, as a corollary to it, that the restitution of Belgium alone could not be regarded as putting an end to the menace if at the same time Germany were threatening the balance of Europe in another direction. Nevertheless we find Lord Courtney in the “Manchester Guardian” disregarding this elementary fact about the war, and arguing as if Germany’s hegemony of Europe could only be effected by annexations in the West. In particular, he thinks, her present Russian occupations are no concern of ours, and are certainly not worth our while to fight against. Should we have intervened, he asks, if the present situation in Russia had been brought about in a war between Russia and Germany alone? Should we then have felt it our business to defend the integrity of Russia? And he assumes in reply that we should have done so, and concludes from this triumphant piece of reasoning that we have no more ground for intervening now that the situation has been brought about by other means. Leaving aside, however, the moral question of which we understand, pacifists like Lord Courtney have a monopoly; and assuming that it were proper for the world to see the Empire of Russia reduced to the condition of the native territories of Africa and partitioned among the Powers—the question of policy would still remain. Would it be to the advantage of Europe, would it be to the advantage of the world, that militarist Prussia should become stronger at the expense of Russia even if as a compensation Germany were to offer to restore Belgium, Serbia, Lorraine, and the other Western spoils? The reply is so clearly in the negative, having in view the character and ambition and military talent of Prussia, that we must affirm that, even if Russia is unwilling to defend herself, the world must defend her; and that even if she were willing to self-determine herself into the arms of Prussia, she must be refused the world’s permission. Lord Courtney’s remarkable device for ending the war by permitting Germany to win it is an example of practical politics too common among our political pacifists to be overlooked. We trust that his lordship will reconsider the case for the European balance of power and revise his present conclusion.

The restoration of the Russian provinces, however, is not the only necessity the Allies have for continuing the war even in the face of the liberal offers recently made by Germany of concessions in the West. We referred last week to the question of the relative techniques of the two opposing groups of Powers; and we indicated that in our opinion it would not be safe to conclude a peace with Germany upon any terms while she remained in possession of a superior military technique. The reason is obvious. When between two parties a peace is concluded which leaves in the hands of one a weapon of superior value to any in the possession of the other, the peace so concluded is at the discretion of the holder of the superior weapon—in short, it is a peace that is forced on the weaker party, however the fact may be disguised. That at present the technique of Germany in respect of the submarine is superior to our own is unfortunately patent. We have neither as yet an absolute defence against it nor any other means of preventing its use. To conclude the war, therefore, while this is the case would be to leave Germany virtually in possession of sea-power, for the simple reason that we should only continue to hold the sea with her consent. And the same holds good of other weapons as well. To have to rely upon the moral self-restraint of your opponent is to be exposed to the chance of his self-restraint breaking down. In other words, mere rules and regulations of warfare cannot any longer be regarded as a sufficient defence. We must be prepared for the very worst that our enemy can do when all the rules and regulations of war have
been cast aside. But that is scarcely the case at this moment, far in anarchy as the Prussian militarist has travelled; for there are still measures he may take that are beyond our present power to forecast. All we can be is to refrain, from taking advantage of a German revolution; for, in spite of all the pious protests of the strangest Socialist party in the world, the Prussian militarists at once proceeded to divide Russia among them. Would the Allies, he asks, after four years of war, treat Germany differently if Germany were to follow the example of Russia? Would the working-classes of England and France refrain, any more than the Prussian militarists have refrained, from taking advantage of a German revolution to destroy German nationality? As we say, Herr Scheidemann’s question is natural under the circumstances. With Prussia and only Prussian examples before him, it is hard for him to conceive that they have been fooled to the top of their bent. Moreover, he has a lively apprehension, based upon his experience of the policy of Prussia, concerning what might happen to Germany if the Social-Democrats should desert Prussia and leave Germany to the mercy of the Allies. The formula of the Bolshevists, he says, have not been encouraging in their practical consequences to a German revolution; for, in spite of all the pious protests of the strongest Socialist party in the world, the Prussian militarists at once proceeded to divide Russia among them. Would the Allies, he asks, after four years of war, treat Germany differently if Germany were to follow the example of Russia? Would the working-classes of England and France refrain, any more than the Prussian militarists have refrained, from taking advantage of a German revolution to destroy German nationality? As we say, Herr Scheidemann’s question is natural under the circumstances. With Prussia and only Prussian examples before him, it is hard for him to believe that there can be among the Allies, the men who have been so often fooled, a helpless enemy which he has never seen displayed by his own governing classes. Nevertheless we believe that he is profoundly mistaken. It is not Mr. Henderson alone who has affirmed that the Socialists of Germany have been misunderstanding themselves; they will not expose their country to the fate of Russia”—it is, we believe, the Allied world. Grieviously as the German Socialists have wronged the world by aiding and abetting the world’s enemies, the world, we believe, would be unable to treat them; in the event of their regeneration, as the Prussian militarists have treated Russia. The world, however, must needs continue to exist until it is removed by more powerful voices than those of the Allied Labour parties. Here is once more an opportunity for the policy we have before suggested of offering to the German people even at the expense of the french peace with justice.

While awaiting a German revolution which they do little to bring about, our pacifists continue to dream of the establishment of a League of Nations. They have not yet grasped, it appears, the most elementary condition of such a League—namely, the defeat, from within or without, of the sworn enemy of internationalism, Prussian militarism. But how ineffectual such a League would be if either included or excluded a militarist State like Prussia may be demonstrated from the very case put forward by Lord Parker in the House of Lords last Wednesday. Under the aegis of a League of Nations, he said, there would have been no neutrals in the present war: for when a State, like Prussia, had clearly broken the rules laid down by the League, it would be the duty of every other nation, party to the League, to join in making war on the League. Imagine, now, what would have been the situation if Holland and Switzerland and Denmark under these circumstances. As members of the League and custodians of its rules, they would have been expected to ally to arms in its vindication simultaneously with the rest of the world, only to find themselves compelled to bear the brunt of the Prussian attack. Lord Parker’s contribution to the debate was equalled in absurdity by the sententiousness of Lord Lansdowne. This pacifist leader, who has to his embarrassment become an associate of revolutionaries in his declining years, was of the opinion that if only Prussia could be forced to join a League of Nations more would have been done to get rid of Prussian militarism than can be done by any other means. If only, in other words, the cat were killed, how easy would it be for the mice to play. The advocates of the League of Nations remind us of another cat, the proverbial cat that let I dare not wait upon I would. Assuming for the moment that a League of Nations, equipped with its super-sovereign super-national authority (à la Mr. Sidney Webb), is desirable, it is the business of its advocates who will the end to will the means. And since it stands to reason that the means are the extinction of Prussian militarism by storm or by earthquake, by defeat or by revolution, it is to one of these that they must look for the fulfilment of their wish.

On the same day that the League of Nations was being discussed in the Lords, another excuse for shirking public responsibility for national policy was being advocated by the pacifist group in the House of Commons. We refer to Mr. Trevelyan’s proposals to create a Standing Committee on Foreign Affairs to advise, direct, and generally control the Government in foreign policy. Now there is no doubt whatever in our minds that the neglect hitherto of the study of foreign affairs has been a disgrace to the House of Commons and, still more, to the vast mass of the electorate. For an Imperial people we are as ignorant of geography, as ignorant of the study of national psychologies, as might become the inhabitants of the interior of China; and we are rather proud of it than ashamed. Anything, therefore, that is designed to call attention to the fact that we have treated our relations with the world is all to the good of our national mentality. It is a necessary, and an increasingly neces-
sary, part of the political education of our citizens. But the proposal to form a Standing Committee of the House of Commons to act as expert critics of the Government appears to us to be designed to have precisely the opposite effect from that which is doubtless intended. In the first place, a Committee must needs be, from the nature of the case, more or less secret; its existence therefore does not: do away with the imagined evils of secret diplomacy. In the second place, it is bound to be either powerless and therefore useless, or possessed of power and therefore a rival or a screen of the Government. And in the third place, in either event it becomes a substitute for the House of Commons and hence an excuse for the continued negligence by this body of its public duty of public criticism of the Executive. All this was stated with great force by Mr. Balfour in the debate on Wednesday, but without the qualifications which we shall now add. For he allowed it to be concluded that, after all, the present system of conducting our foreign affairs, because the device suggested was no improvement, did not stand in need of improvement. On the contrary, however. The criticism which inspired the suggestion to create a Committee of Foreign Affairs was a criticism of substance even if the remedy suggested was useless; and the criticism is this, that the Government's foreign policy is apt to be motivated by ideas and influences that are either anti-national or dubiously national. In a word, it is only by accident, as it were, that our foreign policy is the true expression of the character and ideals of the nation. The remedy for this, however, is neither a League of Nations nor a Standing Committee of the House of Commons. It is the reorganisation of our Foreign Office, and chiefly of its personnel; the wiser selection of our Foreign Ministers, and the better instruction both of the elector and of members of Parliament in the rudiments of foreign affairs. Given these reforms, which can be carried out with other advantages than their immediate purpose, neither a Super-national Authority nor a super-Government Committee would be necessary. The nation through the House of Commons would be ready to be directly responsible for itself.

To those in this country who still cling to the notion that the European balance of power is a purely British interest, we suggest the world is no part, we commend a recent article by Herr von Salzmann in the "Vossische Zeitung." He is not concerned, like some of our publicists, with the effect upon Russia alone of the proposed Japanese intervention which the German annexations in that country have provoked; but he is concerned with its effect upon the relations between the three existing world-Powers of Japan, America, and Britain. As a candidate for world-power herself, Prussia, he says, has the satisfaction of seeing before the present war the three existing Powers nicely directed to destroying or, at least, to menacing each the other. Japan in particular was a potential enemy both of America in the East and of the British Empire in the South. Thanks, however, to the recent German annexations in Russia this pleasing disorientation of Japan, America, and Britain was no longer in existence. By threatening to occupy Russia and to establish her hegemony of Europe by means of the Slav race, Prussia had now attracted all Japan's enmity, as well as the enmity of England and America. To judge whether Herr von Salzmann's article is well or ill founded in history, but it appears to us to be a view to balance the pessimistic views that prevail in some of our journals concerning the intervention of Japan in the war. Above all it demonstrates clearly the relation of world-power to the European balance of power; and reveals how sensitive the one is to the other in a world as ruled by the sword.

It is sometimes necessary to call a man an incorrigible dunce or something worse; and we do so in the case of Mr. John Hill, the Secretary of the Boilermakers' Union, after a good deal of provocation. Mr. Hill has lately been writing in his official journal much of the narrow-minded nonsense concerning the alleged purely capitalist character of the war that we hoped had been disposed of for intelligent persons by events if not by reason. It is a capitalist war, he says, and the capitalists are collectively making profit out of every day of it. The peoples are at last beginning to see that they have been duped. We can understand that anybody in the position of Mr. Hill might have held these views and expressed them in this language in the early days of the war, when it was by no means clear that there could have existed in the modern world a militarist Power in whose table of values Capitalism ranked as a substitute to conquest; but the evidence has accumulated with every day of the war that far from it being a capitalist's war or anything so comparatively civilised, it is an atavistic war of pure conquest. That, on the one side, the Allies have capitalist interests to defend we do not, of course, deny. That, on the other side, Prussia has capitalist ends to satisfy or we do not deny either. But neither on the side of the Allies nor on the side of Prussia is the capitalism the predominant factor: in the one case, it is the defence of civilisation; in the other, it is the conquest of power. But even if it were the purely capitalist war of Mr. Hill's arrested imagination, the issue ought by no means to be indifferent to Socialists and trade-unionists. Between a capitalist system which rests, in the last resort, on the consent of free electors and that can be overturned by the proper exertion of economic power of the proletariat; and a capitalist system which rests on the terror of the sword—there is surely something to choose, if it is only the choice between the one and the other. In falling to discern any difference, Mr. Hill is proving that he is no man to go tiger-shooting with. By the way, we shall be interested to observe, after the war, how the minds of our professional propagandists are occupied. When anti-Prussianism is no longer necessary, will they turn with us to anti-capitalism and wage that war to the end? Or will they preach compromise in that struggle, too?

The Women's party, under the leadership of Mrs. and Miss Christabel Pankhurst, continues to take both its political ideas and its political phrases from the university of the "Daily Express." At the celebration, recently held in the Albert Hall, of the great "Suffrage victory," a resolution was passed—the only resolution of the meeting, we believe—pledging the women of England to their "primary duty of defeating pro-Prussianism and Bolshevism on the industrial as well as the political front." We are quite as much opposed to pro-Prussianism and to Bolshevism as the Women's party can be; for the one is militarist capitalism and the other is anarchist syndicalism. But we were not aware that these propagandas needed a whole new party to counteract them, or that it is the "primary duty" of the newly emancipated women of England. Miss Christabel Pankhurst employed a comparatively original phrase when she defined the contribution about which she was so much ashamed to the end? Or will they preach compromise in that struggle, too?
COUNT HERTLING, and other German statesmen taling their case from him, accuse the Entente Powers of hypocrisy because it is alleged, we are “forcing” Holland to do something, and are thereby acting towards her as the Germans (the plea is put forward in justification) had to act towards Belgium. The pacifists among us will naturally try to make capital out of the incident; but we cannot allow either them or the enemy to treat the law of angry as negligible. By this law—which has been in use for century after century—a belligerent country is authorised to seize the property of a neutral within its jurisdiction, provided, of course, that compensation is effected. The analogy with the case of Belgium thus falls to the ground; but we need not necessarily let the matter rest there. We in this country must, willy-nilly, be both counsel and judge of the Allied cause, and of the acts performed by the Allies in the prosecution of it. In the absence of an International Court, this appearance of partiality cannot be avoided; but it is, nevertheless, our duty to act, as far as we can, in anticipation of the approval of such a Court if it should ever be. It may be, as between the case and that of Germany, the issue is between right and wrong absolutely. It is not denied that there are explanations and extenuating circumstances in the case of Germany; but, whatever these may be, it is contended by the Allies that the cause of Germany is absolutely wrong. The case, from our point of view, therefore stands thus: that the Allies maintain that Germany’s object is wrong; and that, since it is an aggressive object, its accomplishment must be prevented. The German object, as we define it, is her hegemony by military means, first, over Europe, and, later, over the world. This being the case, it behoves every nation to join in defending itself and the world against Germany. Unless they wish to be enslaved themselves, and to be the means of enslaving the world, it is their duty to fight against Germany.

We recognise that not all nations are in a position to do this. The small nations bordering on Germany, for instance, are certainly not. It follows, therefore, that whether they fear or do not fear the threatened hegemony of Germany they must needs be neutral from discretion; but because they are neutrals it does not at all follow that they should allow themselves to be enslaved by Germany for their own and the world’s enslavement. Even if they do not fear enslavement for themselves, it is not right that they should be the means by which the small nations bordering on the world’s enslavement. The small nations, that is to say, owe a duty to the world, if not to themselves. It may be contended that the smaller nations cannot perform their duty without jeopardising their neutrality. But that is their affair. Having taken the view that it is in the world’s interest that Germany should not exercise mastery over Europe, we are entitled to adopt the necessary means to enforce this view. This is not military necessity, but moral necessity. If the means should imperil the position of the neutrals, no blame attaches to us; for the position of the neutrals is ex hypothesi immoral, however discreet we may acknowledge it to be. By virtue of our control of the seas, we are in a position to curtail the traffic of Holland certain services. If our object in the war were imperial aggression at the expense of Holland or of any other nation, we should be guilty of tyranny if we employed our sea-power in this way. But we contend that we are fighting for the liberty of the world, and for Holland included; and hence that we are justified in using our sea-power for this purpose.

This essential fact is seen by the Dutch Government, which has admitted, albeit unwillingly, our contention. The Dutch people do not. Which is more likely to be right? In fine, we are compelling Holland to do what she ought to do, but she good reasons) dare not do—namely, assist the Allies in defending both herself and the world against the hegemony of Germany. Let us insist that we fully recognise the difficulties with which both the Government and people of Holland are confronted. Holland is technically a neutral, for the excellent reason that she stands between two fires. Well and good. Unfortunately, of the two contending Powers between which Holland is placed—England and Germany—one of these Powers—viz., Germany—has hitherto exercised her influence over Holland to her own advantage. Germany has, in fact, extorted concessions from Holland which have had the effect of making Holland an unwilling but useful ally to our enemies. The question then arises: if Holland were persuaded to yield favours to Germany, why should she not do equal favours to the Allies? Her neutrality would have been impartial if she had, in effect, resisted giving favours to Germany; but the moment she allowed herself to do so we were entitled to demand a corresponding surrender to ourselves. It is true that Germany would threaten her if Holland conceded anything to us; but ought we, in the circumstances outlined, to let this obstacle stand in our way? As a neutral Holland should have helped neither party to the conflict. The moment she helped Germany (as she began to do long ago), even if she did so under duress, at that precise moment she was bound either to help the other party equally or to cease pretending to be neutral.

This is our theoretical case, and we believe that it cannot be refuted in law, in moral argument, or in any other way. Let us add a word with respect to the position of the Dutch people. It has long been known that they are not favourable to the Germans as a body. Holland was both a cultured and a commercial nation before the German States were united in the old “Bund,” and indeed long before the German States individually had the semblance of a culture. It is an historical axiom that a nation bordering on the sea becomes civilised in point of time before an inland nation; and the Dutch have reason to be as grateful to the sea for its protection and for its blessings as we ourselves. Nor is it true to say that respect for the German arms can influence the Dutch people; for the Germans have been far from successful on land, and they have never been able to break down Holland’s dykes, despite the unscrupulous employment of submarines. If the Dutch have grown to respect Germany on account of German “frightfulness,” they must have forgotten their own history. Can they not recall—or theiristrates—what happened during the so-called “annexations” in the annals of the Low Countries when the people, threatened, as now, from the mainland, determined, if necessary, to destroy the dykes, flood the entire country, and retire to their islands rather than surrender their freedom?
VII.—FUNCTION AND THE CLASS STRUGGLE.

(Continued.)

III.

Apart from the definite economic function of management, is there no other deposit of social value in the master-class? It would be monstrous if, after generations of contemplative industry, but of education, of access not only to wealth but to culture, the governing classes should bring nothing in their hands but a certain skill in management. Such a result would prove the intellectual bankruptcy of the nineteenth century. Have we not heard it said that the triumph of the democracy would mean the starvation of the arts and sciences? Is not this at bottom the Conservative, as distinct from the Liberal, defence of the existing system? But I need not labour the point, because we can hardly deny to the British governing classes a certain quality, as inimitable as their persons—personality.

The close observer might with truth remark that the rich and favoured of Great Britain have been criminally negligent of their intellectual opportunities; that their mentality is something to seek. In my own experience, in cosmopolitan company in various parts of the world, I have too often found the Englishman less mentally equipped than Frenchman, German, or Spaniard. But almost invariably he carries most weight by investing his platitude with personality. There was a time, not far distant, when even that quality seemed to be disappearing. The younger generation of the wealthier classes, released from the responsibility of management, their funds in joint stock companies, either frequented clubs and racecourses, or squandered the world in search of game, furred or feathered. There was a noticeable increase of intellectual vacuity and moral sickness. If the war has done nothing else, it has tuned up our officer class, which is broadly representative of social and political power. There has been an accession of personality amongst the officers and of discipline amongst the rank and file. But let the masters beware: discipline is not docility; may, if not to it, trample upon docility behind barricades. In mentality and exact knowledge I fancy a youth from a common school is the equal of a youth of equal age in Etton or Harrow. But in personality... With something so intangible, it may be best to illustrate. Here short are the biographies of two men of equal age, and both friends of mine.

John Temple is the son of a prosperous merchant. He was born into a comfortable home surrounded by a religious atmosphere, and early subjected to regular habits. He was sent in due course to a public school, where he was simply due course, and went through the usual curriculum, partly classical, partly modern. From the first, the ambition was sedulously implanted to cut a gallant figure in outdoor sports. He was practically always in training either for gymnastics, rackets, swimming, football, or cricket. He developed the habits of good sportsmanship—courtesy, chivalry, and loyal team-work. Above all, he was by constant suggestion impressed with his future, in which he would be the master of men, first in his own business and later in politics and social affairs. To the power of the pure spirit to be guided uprightly, reliability, consideration for his equals and those placed under him. No weakness; always strength of purpose. Ideals, of course, so long as they were conventional, but he must steadily guard against subservient notions, which would be a disquieting evil upon his character. This was best secured by keeping in with his own set. Tone and good manners were essential.

Being destined for business, he did not go to the University, but straight into the counting-house. The death of his father prematurely weighted him with responsibility. Alert and intelligent, he was quick to see the importance of facts, of a true and reliable balance-sheet, of the statistics of his trade and of the trades with which he dealt. That carried him to national statistics and international business, which had considerable connections with America. He was not content to accept second-hand evidence of affairs across the Atlantic, so accordingly we find him frequently crossing, and not only transacting his immediate business, but comparing notes upon management, productions, trade, transport, and control, and all the problems incidental to commerce. He had learnt at school the value of team-work, so it was hardly surprising to find a profit-sharing scheme adopted. His family training had taught him more perhaps the value but the duty of sympathy with those in trouble. He adopts a benevolent scheme and personally visits his employees when sick. An employee, on the birth of a child, finds a five-pound note in his pay envelope. It is hardly surprising that he secures the enthusiastic support of his staff and workmen. "Mr. John" has a way with him.

His position established, he marries a woman of character, who regulates his domestic concerns and second's his efforts, whatever they may be. He devotes time to his children, teaches them games, and attaches them to him. It is all done systematically. He sees ahead a clear six months of comparative quiet. Trade is normal, demand equal, balance of payment steady, prices steady. So he buys the latest and best guns and rifles, and camp outfit, and all the paraphernalia of a hunting expedition. He gives personal attention to every detail. At Nairobi he is equally particular in choosing his head man and the long string of porters. He comes back with exceptionally good specimens, which you may see in his hall and study. When the war comes, he promptly offers his services to the Government, and he is there to-day, without salary or self-seeking.

As the years fly past, his friends learn to trust him, seek his advice, lean upon him. He does not disappoint them. Always he is so busy with one thing or another that somehow he finds no time to open a book, to weigh an idea, or to stimulate his imagination.

Of the economic value of his manorial function there can be no doubt. Is his personality the true spirit of his household and of a new society?

My friend Tom Wilson has a very different history. He is the son of a carpenter, and was born in a jerry-built house in a mean street of an industrial town. His parents were Nonconformists, and did their duty by their son. When he could toddle he played on the pavement, and sometimes his father would take him to the park. All too soon, he was sent to an infant school (he was less of a drag upon his mother there), later to the Board and to Sunday school. Tom never experienced actual poverty, but, when his father was unemployed or on strike, he went on short commons. He left school at the age of thirteen, and became message-boy for the grocer, who was deacon at the chapel. For six months he brought his mother home two and six a week, later five shillings. He occasionally got a penny or two from the customers, which was spent on newspapers. At fifteen his father apprenticed him to a trade. At eighteen he was an impecunious, at twenty, a journeyman. Separated by this time from his parents (capitalism breaks up family life), he was lonely and uncomfortable in "digs," and soon began "walking out" with a comely girl, whom he soon married. He had already joined his union, attending the branch fairly regularly.

Each Saturday morning Tom would allot so much of his wages to rent, so much to the Oddfellows, so much to the Prudential, so much to beer and baccy, so much to his union, the rest to his wife. His beer and baccy money and his union subscription he would pocket, his wife disbursing the rest. I remember once when visit-
ing Tom on a Sunday afternoon that his wife opened a cupboard door, showing me little envelopes in which the money was separated as she and Tom would arrange. There was no spare money.

The trade union branch meeting was a weekly event with Tom. The business was generally tedious, but he would talk of other things with his friends. In time he was appointed to some office, and gradually grew in influence. He was steady and reliable; his mates trusted him.

About this time he read Bellamy’s “Looking Backward” and Blatchford’s “Merrie England.” He joined the I.L.P. He did not like the S.D.F., which he regarded as irreligious; there was nothing hard and unsympathetic about it. At election times, whether Parliamentary or municipal, he would draw five shillings from his savings as a subscription to the funds, and spend all his spare time working for the Labour candidate.

In this wise, Tom has spent the years. He is the same age as John Temple, but is physically twenty years older. His employers have drawn out of him his surplus energy. At night he reads a page or two from some book, or the “Labour Leader,” or “Reynolds’,” but he is generally fatigued, and the “hooter” boots at six o’clock in the morning. So he is in bed by ten o’clock as a rule. On Sunday he lies on till nine o’clock, has a leisurely breakfast, and so to chapel.

Tom’s life, if you measure it in self-denial, is more heroic than John Temple’s; but it is infinitely more circumscribed. Where Tom Wilson thinks in shillings, John Temple thinks in thousands. Tom Wilson turns over £100 a year, John Temple £1,000,000. Yet Tom, too, has personality, very attractive in its modesty and quiet endurance. But John Temple has capitalised his personality, whilst Tom Wilson’s has gone into his work, as though it were nothing.

The truth is that the new society will have no use either for John Temple’s or Tom Wilson’s personality—the one a master, the other a wage-servant. But when we remember the devitalising effects of capitalism, its moral and intellectual debasement of the master, its physical and social debasement of the servant, we shall discover that our national wealth in personality has depreciated; that we cannot afford to disregard personality wherever it can be found. What must be done is to throw both the master and proletarian personalities into the melting-pot. The resultant amalgam will profoundly affect the future destinies of our own country and the world.

The foregoing is the first and not the last word on personality. National Guildsmen have something more specific to say upon it. It is their contention that the commodity valuation of labour, by ignoring personality, strikes at the worker’s most sacred possession. When the worker recovers it in enfranchised form, when he knowingly puts it into the product (from which he is no longer divorced by the wage-payment), a new era of qualitative production mill be begun. Even those who are engaged on production which is necessarily quantitative, if denied the joys of craftsmanship, will nevertheless compensate themselves in procuring as consumers the best of the craftsman’s skill.

Nothing here written must obscure the plain fact that the class struggle is the dominant element in social statics, as is the class war in social dynamics. But an examination of certain qualities in certain classes creates a doubt whether there are not other factors to be taken into account, other principles that transcend the purely economic theory of class confrontation. Creates a further doubt, if Señor de Maectu will forgive me, whether these qualities, although “subjective,” residing in the individual, may not be found to be social “objects,” things in themselves, possessing “primacy.” Even if we declare the “primacy of things,” recognised by modern naturalists, round some “thing,” be it a football or a church dogma, from whence all associations arise, our doubts are not resolved. If a church dogma be a “thing,” so also may be personality or liberty. Amongst the “ends” or “things” sought by education (itself an instrument) are personality and the development of potential citizenship. Certainly I can conceive an association seeking personality or liberty, not by the assertion of subjective rights, but in an objective spirit and with an objective end.

Let us then consider the case of a despised master class. Let us assume that this class possesses faculties of social value, the gift of management, personality, or what not. Let us still further suppose that this class retires upon what compensation equity grants it (always remembering that not one farthing of compensation is paid for the loss of the control of the labour monopoly), retires and sits the leisure. Señor de Maectu’s alternative is the new régime. The community assuredly will have something pertinent to say to these pocket Achilées. This, perhaps: “Gentlemen, you are the inheritors, and still inherit (even though dispossessed of economic power), qualities and faculties acquired by your class at our expense. You must act as men and not as bully-babes, and we accordingly expect you without further nonsense to put all your capacities, which we require, at our disposal. Your refusal will be a crime, and the punishment will not be to your liking.” What if they become conscientious objectors?

The question of personal liberty is raised. These conscientious objectors, in effect, say that they must have full liberty “to grasp the position they covet,” or to stand idle, or even to conspire for the counter-revolution. No doubt there is something in this of the liberal principle, even though we must not forget that Liberalism has no monopoly of liberty or the concept of liberty. Broadly put, and allowing for recent changes in the temper of Liberalism, the liberal principle still stands for only such restrictions of personal liberty as are necessary to the maintenance of the power that guarantees those powers. Señor de Maectu’s alternative principle is to bind individuals, authorities, and nations in definite functional activities, and to establish juridical power, backed by force, to maintain it. It seems difficult to deny the proposition that the end is greater than the association; that “rights arise primarily from the relation of the association to the thing that associates them.” My difficulty is not to deny the truth of this, but to discover its limits, to ascertain how far, if carried to its extreme, it may infringe upon other principles equally precious in human association. But so far as its economic application is concerned, it justifies resort to compulsion where there is non-compliance with the assignment of functions in the public interest. I see no infringement of personal liberty in compelling men to return to the community what they have invaded. But the negation of personal liberty, but the necessary nurturing of the commonwealth in which personal liberty thrives.

In the light of history, who can doubt that it has been the assertion of subjective rights, through the media of monarchy, economic power, law or custom, that was the cause of human tragedies? Democrats would be foolish or worse to let continue an order of society which permitted subjective rights to function to the detriment of mankind as a whole. I do not doubt that it will find in the functional principle an instrument of escape. But let us beware lest in driving out one devil we admit another. I shall not argue, but only assert that personal liberty, restricted but protected by law, has been of priceless value in the body politic. That the functional concept clashes with the concept of personal liberty is assumed,
rightly or wrongly. I can see it so wisely applied that personal liberty is enlarged; so peremptorily applied that we may find ourselves the victims of a mechanical tyranny no less galling than in the days when subjective rights held sway.

S. G. H.

The Russian Lesson for Industrial Democracy.

We cannot but think of Russia. "S. G. H." has properly said that the Labour guns must be levelled at exploitation, but not at management, while Mr. Janko Lavrin in his wonderful series of studies has made us drink the waters of that great river, Dostoyevsky, at which for two generations the Russian people have quenched their thirst. Strange as it may seem, the problem of Dostoyevsky and the problem of industrial management are one and the same. Let us begin by dealing with the second.

The Russian peasant has been brought up for centuries in the passive obedience of the Tsar, as the representative of God upon the earth. He knew of no other obedience than that due to the Tsar. Once the Tsar disappeared he could not find any other motive for discipline; in other words, the great Russian failure is due to the fact that the Russian democracy had not thought beforehand of the problem of hierarchy under the complex conditions of modern life. Sir Paul Vinogradoff has said that the non-educated classes of Russia have revolted against the educated, and that the very thin layer of educated people which had been painfully formed in a process of centuries is on the way to being destroyed. Now, if you replace generals and officers of experience by inexperienced men like Krylenko, you destroy the army. You also destroy the courts if you substitute for judges and lawyers revolutionaries composed of ordinary soldiers, sailors, and so on. And you also destroy the whole of industry if you suppress the men who know how to manage it.

It is most likely that this general destruction has been very carefully planned by the Germans, although carried out by men utterly unaware of what they were doing. But, apart from this probable hypothesis, a problem is raised of universal interest. What will happen if the communist and democratic idea is suddenly applied to modern industry? An interesting story has been told by Mr. Wilton. In one of the biggest cartridge factories of Petrograd the soldiers-clerks decided to form a committee to manage the works. They dismissed the previous managers and elected two unknown officers, their private friends. For a few days they had in their hands both the management and the money. Afterwards they quarrelled among themselves, and the two officers were then discovered to be escaped convicts, who had stolen the uniforms of officers they had murdered. As far as we can follow what has happened in Russia, it appears that only about one factory in twenty has continued working since the workmen have been in control of management. The immediate result of the taking over of the instruments of production, distribution, and exchange by the working classes has been the absolute paralysis of the industry of the country. Does this fact dispose of the noble ideal of industrial democracy? Or is it not a warning indication of what must be done to make a success of industrial democracy?

Industrial democracy must win in the end because it is impossible to prolong indefinitely a system of work under which the majority of men have not an adequate idea of what they are doing, that turns them into machines of vital productivity, and Capitalism, on the other hand, does not secure to the industry competent management. One may say that all new industries start under competent management; otherwise they fail. But the continuation of every industry depends on the chance of the shareholders electing as competent managers as the pioneers. They may do so or not, and this insecurity is one of the legitimate grievances of the Socialist movement against Capitalism.

The two advantages we hope to derive from industrial democracy are, first, that the workmen may take a greater interest in their industry when they have a share in its control; and, second, that this control itself may secure to the industries competent management. As the workmen are in more intimate touch with the work than the shareholders, they are likely to choose better the competent managers.

The Russian lesson judges us to qualify our hopes. It has already been observed that the mass of the workmen cannot immediately take full control of the complex modern industries. A good foundry must be directed by a man who unites the practical experience acquired in the workshop with an irreducible minimum of theoretical knowledge. This is a knowledge that cannot be acquired in the workshop itself. This is even more true of all the more complicated industries—the electrical, the chemical, etc. Never again, we can say, will it be possible for an average intelligent workman with no other education than that of the workshop to grasp the complexity of a modern scientific industry. The managers of a scientific industry must be men with a scientific education. And this means that a strict industrial democracy is impossible, so long as the average workman has not received a scientific education which allows him to discuss the technical problems of management with the full knowledge of what he is talking about.

And if a strict industrial democracy is impossible, a parliamentary or representative democracy is also difficult. It is impossible, for instance, that the women who varnish the wings of aeroplanes should themselves select the signs for new machines; but it is also difficult that they should properly select the persons best fitted to choose them. Of course, the shareholders have not, a priori, any advantage in this respect over the workman; but many of them are better educated, and this is what enables them to choose in so many cases passable managers.

There are industries, some of them rather complex, like watch-making, which do not require in their managers any other scientific knowledge but elementary mechanics, which the average workman can easily learn. These industries are susceptible of industrial democracy and of democratic management, given a reasonable amount of common sense and discipline. But the really scientific industries are not susceptible to industrial democracy, because in their case neither the average workman is capable of managing them nor is he capable of choosing their competent managers. And it is useless to talk over the instruments of production, distribution, and exchange if the industries themselves are going to be brought to a standstill and the workmen are deprived of their means of living. It is useless to be an industrial democ
cism if the industries are killed as well. In other words, the catastrophe of Marx has been proved possible but undesirable. The problem of industrial democracy in scientific production can only be solved by a process of universal scientific education. And now let us deal with the problem of Dostoevsky.
Out of School.

It is clear enough, at all events, that without unity of the understanding we cannot perform the act, or reach the state, for which our most inclusive term is "mediation"—an act of synthesis, involving a supra-intellectual unity of comprehension, that is prior to any but a fugitive and accidental command over the intuitions. A unity of the understanding does not imply anything so alarming as a complete grasp of all knowledge. A child can meditate; an illiterate ploughman can meditate. Their thought-material, whatever its range and state of development, can be embraced as a whole. The type of citizen who is led by the "Daily Mail" and the "Daily Express" cannot meditate. The rambling mob of his ideas about the war, for instance, can never be turned to face a common centre. He can follow the idea that it is highly important we should not be beaten in the field; but, while he is following it, he is diverging from all other ideas. You can put him in a panic—as it is the business of the leader writers, who cater for his ideas stand still and look at him, and get the sense of them as a whole. Intellectual reformers are apt to be filled with groundings over the content of his mind; but the trouble is lack of relation, not of content. The ploughman has a much smaller stock of nostrums, but he can think, and he can sometimes penetrate beyond thought. Our ideal trio of artist, saint and philosopher can carry the same process wider and further. They can escape into the general; then their minds can expand widely enough to embrace a fresh unifying concept; and then they can bring this concept to the new, particular expression, or symbolisation, of which they have been in search.

This gives us a general notion of escape and return; but the line of thought has a break in it, during its passage through the region which we are calling 'escape.' We may be able to plot the whole curve of the child's or the ploughman's thought, if it is definite enough, and we have enough insight; with the higher workings of intuition, our graph runs off the paper. We can only note where it reappears, and trace it back again to the particular expression. In the case of a real inspiration, we may well surmise that the line passes through infinity before it returns, like the graph of a rectangular hyperbole. Even for us who have no genius (unless, for all we know to the contrary, in a latent condition), the smallest personal experience of meditation shows that an escape into the general—the clamy phrase must be taken to include the sense that, for a moment, we grasp and hold our entire mental content as a unity—has some analogue in the disappearance of a line into infinity. The state of comprehension gives a feeling, analogous to the mathematical paradox, of an infinite that is dispersed and focussed both at once. For the intuition is, as well as for the graph of a rectangular hyperbole, infinity behaves like a circumstance. Everywhere which is also a mathematical point. I allude to those who, through no fault of their own, detest all mathematics; the allusion could not be helped, because the mathematical is the only symbol of infinity that has been logically 'proved,' and can be used as a connecting link. But directly you touch the idea of infinity, finite terms, naturally, become insufficient. Verbal phrases, the chord of the diminished seventh, some of Blake's intuitional arrangements of line—these are just as much symbols as the mathematician's symbol of the figure 8 lying on its side. When we speak of a unity of the understanding, the mind tries to picture an agglomeration of ideas with a line drawn round them. But the whole content of that unity, when we get it, is a whole, a sense that every idea, in virtue of its connection with the rest, is supported in its outward reach towards a distant margin which is not its boundary, but only our own present boundary; beyond this, the limit of our exploring thought, we feel that the idea has an unlimited potential range of development, as distinct from its intuitions—if we want inspired thought and inspired work—will extend our boundary; and the first step in that direction is to regard it as extensible. Here the viâ inertia of the human mind is against us. In face of all the evidence of evolution, it assures us that the boundary is now fixed, and that the only thing to do is to cultivate the ground within it and make ourselves comfortable there. (It would be interesting to trace German expansion-mania, in the territorial sense, to an origin in a compensating fantasy, due to the suppression of the finer spirituality, as distinct from biological, expansion.) The remedy must be to cultivate the sense of the boundary as something temporary and conditional, which can be thrust outward, as all experience shows that it can be—by gradual development.

We are in sight of an amplification of the points, already considered, that vital hypothesis ought to replace dogma, which is a hard and fast boundary; and that our material symbols of reality—also hard and fast boundaries—ought to be seen more clearly as the fluctuating unrealities that they, in themselves, really are. On the latter point, it is noteworthy how completely our conception of energy has come to mean, solely, that which affects matter; even when we know (as far as we know anything) that matter is only energy behaving in a particular way. In the same way as we tend to the manifest absurdity of viewing energy as a function of matter, so we tend to the equally manifest absurdity of regarding purpose as a function of energy—as something to be judged by its doing. If purpose has any meaning, its meaning is, precisely, whatever lies beyond the mere doing. And this brings us back to the importance of hypothesis. Dogma is ultimately confined to the mere doing. It is useful as marking a boundary from which we do not mean to recede, like its more active cousin, a vow or resolve; it is crippling when it marks a boundary beyond which we need not trouble ourselves to go. All conception of purpose lies beyond dogma, in the region of belief in hypothesis.

There is even a criticism to be advanced against dogma as a high water-mark, a mark that shows how far the tide has reached, without any of the errors of Mrs. Partington or the courtiers of Canute, if we regard it also as a mark from which the tide must not ebb before a further flow. We know that the mood of evolution, in which we seem to understand everything, yields, nature and rhythmically, to a withdrawal of the mind inwards, upon itself; and if, in the period of ebb, we demand of ourselves the glow of faith and perception that belongs to the period of flow, we are not most unholy upon our own natures—a strain of which the consequence is either pessimism or humbug. ("Bishop Blougram's Apology" shows an excellent blend of this humbug and pessimism, intermixed with a confused perception of the need for giving faith a reasonable amount of rest.) The rhythm is not between faith and insight on the one hand, and doubt and negation on the other: it is, rather, the simple rhythm of diastole and systole, activity and rest. But I need not begin to ponch upon an earlier preserve of Mr. Allen Upward's.
Ideals and Methods.
By R. A. Vran-Gavran.

1. As the muddy river bottom spoils the clear mountain water so evil methods spoil good ideals.

2. A man with benevolent methods and without any ideals is a less dangerous beast that a man with high ideals but without scruples as to methods.

3. "There are many more splendid idealists in the world than splendid methodists.

4. You, splendid Christian and communist idealists, look what an evil smell your rosy ideals contract when your methods are Jesuits and Bolshevics!

5. I was lying down among my flock of sheep. "How do you look at us men?" I asked, wonderingly, And the sheep answered in a sweet way:-- "In ideals you are superior to us, but in methods we are superior to you."

6. In a gold mine I asked shining gold:-- "Why does a man kill another man because of you?"
Answer:-- "Because I am more precious than man."
"Tremblingly, I asked again:-- "Tell me something more."
"Men lose their power struggling for power, and I am always powerful, being indifferent towards power."

7. My black raven was circling over me. I told him: "My dear enemy, I prefer to see you anxiously looking for my carcass than my rich friends coming with alms anxious for my life."

8. My cat, with a rat in her paws, looked at me triumphantly and said: "Am I not exactly following the example of human history of ten thousand years?"
"Not quite," I said and blushed. "You would not be inferior to us in following our example if you had instead of a trembling rat another cat in your paws and the same appetite."

9. The existence of ideals has a double meaning: A poverty at the present and an abundance in the future. Our ideals are painful because they represent a burial feast of the present and birth agony of the future.

10. I was riding on the back of my ass with my brains smoking of philosophy. Then I asked my grey animal; "Could you give me any good advice, you fool?"
"Yes," he said readily. "Those of you who use weak means towards their ideal do not believe in the strength of their ideal." "Tell me something more, you wizard." "Yes. Those of you who rush towards their ideal through dirty channels do not see their ideal frightened of dirt walking behind them instead of before. And they rush towards a vacuum."

11. I walked up to an anthill and watched the most wonderful society on earth. Then I asked the busy ants: "How do you call us men, you cher petits?" "We call you criminal insects." "And how do you call our civilisation?" A laughing answer: "A haughty noise, and a noisy disorder."
I walked down the hill again.

12. I asked the Sun and Earth:-- "How could not you make giants of men through ten thousand years?"
"Because War hindered us. Cripples generated mankind during ten thousand years, the fathers of giants being destroyed by War."

13. Lucifer came one night to me and whispered: "What reward do you want for all your pains?" "I want to see the whole road upon which mankind climbed up to civilisation. How long would it take us?"
"Five minutes. But I could go with you on such a road only one minute."
"Why?"
"It smells unbearably."

14. "What are you doing, Miserable?" I asked a man who was up to kill his neighbour.
"I am killing the barrier of my ideal." "On the same block and with the same sword you are killing both of them: your enemy and your ideal. Are you not aware of it, Mutton?"

15. I asked men, the reputed bad mathematicians:-- "From whom did you receive your ideals?"
"From our God," they said. "How many gods have you?"
"One only."
"And how many ideals?"
"Many!"
I turned away, thinking that either their God was a devil, or they were devils.

16. A black magician, who ruled over a herd of men, asked me:-- "Why is it always supposed that there is one God only but many devils?"
"One God means the prophecy of one ideal mankind has to have; many devils means the symbol of many methods men are using at present to reach God," I said. "Tell me something more on this sublime subject," he asked, with irony. "If you allow me to cast pearls before swine, I will tell you, i.e., I will tell you that ideal and method are one and the same thing. And whoever separates them becomes a prolific father of devils."

17. Walking on a sobbing star I met once a two-legged herd with rifles in hands. "What are you up to?" I asked. "We are up to kill the enemies of our ideal." "Are your enemies mean creatures?"
"Meaner than worms!"
"What a mean ideal then must be yours, requiring such a mean sacrifice!"
And they said: "Tell us something more!" "If I should consider my enemies meaner than myself I would rather sacrifice myself to my ideal."
Music.
By William Astheling.

THE GALEIC.

There is music which reminds one of great forests, of wind and unbridled ocean that is music, by no means inferior in the room of gilded chairs and the court of Le Grand Monarque; and there is music which reminds one of clothing so much as of too much underwear and too many waistcoats. Lest the casual reader accuse me of harshness, I will not name the individual who first laureled over the bow in violin-playing should not sound as if covered with a mixture of glue and treacle.

In contrast, I am almost beginning to believe that Philip Ashbrooke’s name (as manager) on a concert programme is a fair guarantee of quality. I have been let down rather badly once or twice, but the Goldsmith-Haley concert was not a let down. (Wigmore Hall.)

Miss Katie Goldsmith gave her Purcell delightfully, with taste, discretion, temperament, firmness, causing no anxiety to her auditors. The Pugnani Preludium and Allegro might have been chosen to illustrate the decadence of music during the first half of the 18th century. Not that it is a bad piece, but there is in it more talk and less meaning than in the Purcell selected. Mr. Rowsely-Woof accompanied excellently, and the piece was excellently played.

The Glazunov Concerto in A. Op. 82 opens with a pleasant modale, goes into a cheap Andante and ends in the restaurant manner. It is not good enough. (And, damndedesks!) In her final selection Miss Goldsmith made Woolf’s “Scherzo” more interesting than Cui’s “Orientale,” and the Scherzo was excellently chosen for a finale. Woolf is a young man of talent, and worth keeping an eye on.

Miss Haley’s first move should be to get another accompanist. She has herself a delicate softness of voice, and an art adequate for the rendering of Legrenzi. One noticed a slight clipping of words in her Italian, there was ease and grace, and this tendency, in so far as it makes for clarity, is a good one, but it was just a shade overdone. In the English her singing was like little jets of breath, and she did not understand what he aimed at with his rhythm system, which was to my ear, defective. He was admirably accompanied by Di Veroli. The voice is most pleasing, and, a by no means daily occurrence among singers, thought had been expended on the presentation.

Plunkett Greene brought his faithful audience once more together, and one saw various grey and iron-grey heads in: seen at other recitals. He wastes himself on second-rate modern poems set without mastery, but when he gives us something with body to it, as for example “Kerry I Am” or “Mistress Macquire” or “ ‘Twas in the Month of May” the old fire is still there, and one need not fall back on the fine manner, somewhat Tennysonian, and somehow a reminder of what was once the best taste.

KENNEDY-FRASER.

Marjorie Kennedy-Fraser has brought out another volume of “Songs from the Hebrides.” These traditional melodies of the Gael are among the musical riches of all time, and one need use no comparatives and no tempered adjectives to express the matter. They have in them the wildness of the sea and of the wind and the shrillness of the sea-birds, and whether they will pass away quietly with the present industrious collector I am unable to say. Miss M. Kennedy-Fraser song “with no voice” but with a magnificent comprehension of the whole rhythm-structure: The Death Croon, and “Of Donnan of Eigg”:

‘Twas in the Month of May” the old fire is still

At any rate, the wildness of these chants has not been transmitted to Miss M. Kennedy-Fraser’s understudy, Miss P. Kennedy-Fraser, who has a lovely voice, and sings to her own pleasant harping. She gets, in the Seal-Woman’s song, a rhythm, and in the mouth-music for dancing a decidedly lively rhythm, but she has none of the older woman’s fire and wildness. Arthur Jordan, their male singer, has a hōned voice and a temperament which cannot tell a bag-pipe from a soft-cushion. He paraded through “Kishmu’s Galley” and his other wild numbers with a placidity which would not have disturbed the knitting circle in any Victorian vicarage. One’s sole desire was to move him with dynamite.

Miss P. Kennedy-Fraser was, however, satisfactory in “Aillte,” for here the song is narrative, after the event, and is not an expression of the singer’s emotion, but only a telling of happenings or emotions of others. For this she is fully equipped, and here, if ever, one heard the epic note. If anything can be, this is the sound of the Ossianic bards, and Homer would have been sung in such manner:

The Mouth-music for dancing: “Hin, hin, haradal seven.”

For here the song is narrative, after the event, and is not an expression of the singer’s emotion, but only a telling of happenings or emotions of others. For this she is fully equipped, and here, if ever, one heard the epic note. If anything can be, this is the sound of the Ossianic bards, and Homer would have been sung in such manner:

So much for the performance (Aöolian Hall). Of the actual work done in collecting and preserving this Gaelic music we cannot speak too highly or with an excess of appreciation. The only trouble is that it needs some singing. I do not quite know who is to sing it. Mullings is stated on the programme to have sung it. Mullings is a splendid actor for opera, but I doubt if even his voice is the ideal one for this work. Robert Parker may have sufficient savagery at anything African.

The Mouth-music for dancing: “Hin, hin, haradal O”!

It makes interesting comparison with the African syncopation, and both in the Gaelic and African there is the curious and splendid figure eight, or fold-over of one rhythm-end to the rhythm-end of the other. But my impression is that the melodic line is finer in these Gaelic things than in anything African. At any rate, it is not inferior, and with all the talk of modern music, I cannot see that the “freedoms” have amounted to much more than a few rhythms older than Gregory, older than the pietising and general taming of music during the Middle Ages.

A few danse-du-ventre tunes did survive among the people, and are occasionally discoverable in early manuscripts, but with these Gaelic airs before us we must conclude that the best melodies stayed unwritten.
THE WAR TO DEMOCRATISE GERMANY.

"Carry on, ye brave Social Democrats! If you crush the Allies, we will think of giving you some slight instalment of those Liberties they are trying to force on you!"
Readers and Writers.

Mr. Kenneth Richmond, I believe, proposes to write some critical notes on the series of articles upon Dostoyevsky which my colleague, Mr. Janko Lavrin, concluded last week. You will observe that I refer to him as my colleague; and the reference implies the expectation, as well as the wish, that Mr. Lavrin will continue to write for The New Age. He has, in the past, a series really upon Dostoevsky, to which I look forward with as much interest as I now look back upon his treatment of Dostoevsky. In order not to provoke comparisons of myself with Mr. Richmond, who is an expert on the subject of psycho-analysis, I will content myself with observing that Mr. Lavrin’s series has been more universally enjoyed than most of the series hitherto published in The New Age. Not more than a single disapproving word has been sent to The New Age upon it; and that word, I may say, came from an old contributor, with whose notions of tragedy in particular Dostoevsky’s, rather than Mr. Lavrin’s, really clashed. This fact should be very pleasing to Mr. Lavrin, who is nothing if not desirous of creating prestige for his nation. He has succeeded, he may be assured, in raising our esteem of Serbian culture by several degrees; and when, as we should, we recall the names of the Serbians now or recently in this country who have actually added to the sum of the world’s culture, the list must contain his name.

I will not presume to anticipate the judgment of Mr. John Francis Hope upon the work of another Serbian writer—a dramatist, Mr. Joseph Kosor, four of whose plays have been translated into English, and published by Mr. Henderson, of Charing Cross Road. (Two of the plays, by the way, have been translated by Mr. Selver.) But I can speak without temerity of the work of a third Serbian writer, Father Velimirovic. You will find it difficult to procure the books and booklets published by this author during his exile in England; but I can assure my readers that the difficulty would be rewarded. The Student Christian Movement (of 32, Russell Square, W.C.) publishes the longest of them under the title of “The Agony of the Church.” This book consists of four essays on the Wisdom, the Drama, the Agony, and the Victory of the Church respectively; and it sets out in language as simple as the thoughts it expresses are profound. A concept of living religion which carries with it the sense of reality. The same subject is treated further in “The Religious Spirit of the Slavs,” by Macmillan (1s. net), and the other of which, in the form of “Letters to an English Friend,” has not as yet, I think, found a London publisher. But it will, I hope, in the course of the next few weeks. Finally, I have before me Father Velimirovic’s remarkable essay, “The New Ideal of Education,” published by the Electrician Company, of Salisbury Court, Fleet Street, E.C. (3d., I should say, though no price is indicated). This essay expresses succinctly and with the unique simplicity of the writer the ideals that brood in the Slav soul. It deserves to be read, more than merely read, it deserves to be got by heart.

It should be possible before very long to discern some of the outlines of the new continent that will arise from the flood of the present war. That it will be a new continent I am convinced; and that it will contain essential features some of the aspects of the Slav soul I am likewise confident. For what has been spiritually most apparent during the war has been the struggle of the Slav soul to find expression in the Western medium. Russia, we may say, has sought to impress upon Europe Russian ideas; or, rather, Russia has sought to impress upon Europe Russian ideas; with this further resemblance in her fate to the fate of the pioneers of every great new spiritual impulse, that she has been crucified in her mission. The crucifixion of Slavdom, however, is the sign in—a sign of the end conquerers. They will not, I anticipate, submerge our Western ideas; the new continent, in other words, will be the old continent over again; but they will, I believe, profoundly modify our former configurations, and compel us to draw our cultural maps afresh. But in what respects it may be asked, will our conceptions be radically changed? The reply, I think, is to be found confusedly in the events of the Russian Revolution, and clearly in the writings of the Serbians to whom I have just referred; in the names of the Slavians now or recently in this country, the national ideal, and in the attempt, this time to be made with all the strength at the disposal of intelligence, to create a single world-culture—a universal Church of men of good-sense and goodwill. This appears to me to be the distinguishing feature of the new continent about to be formed; and we shall owe it, as I have said, to the Slavs.

A number of readers of The New Age have, I know, charged us with chauvinism during the war. But this, I submit, is a little grotesque in view both of the record of The New Age and of anything but chauvinistic hopes we continue to entertain. Reviewing the volumes of this journal from its first appearance, I was surprised to discover how pan-human and international The New Age has been by a kind of instinct—for mere reason cannot account for the facts I am about to cite. Contributors to The New Age, during the past ten years, number among themselves representatives of almost every race and nation under the sun, all of whom have met in these pages in the spirit of a common culture, and, I believe, a common hope and goodwill. The list, if I may trouble my readers with it, is certainly astonishing. It includes French, Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, German, Russian, Polish, Jewish, Serbian, Czech, Danish, Swedish, Norwegian, Greek, Austrian, Hungarian, Finnish, Armenian, Syrian, Turkish, Egyptian, Icelandic, every species of colonial, including Dutch Javanese, American (north and south), Indian, Japanese, Burmese, Negro, Chinese, and Sinhalese. If it were desired, in fact, to hold a Congress of Races and nations, the contributors to The New Age during the last decade would be as fully representative as any that could be got together. And as an example of fraternity and of common ideals, I do not think that our Congress could be equaled. This is sufficient evidence, I hope, that The New Age is not by nature chauvinistic, British imperialist, or insular. Show me, indeed, the journal that is less so when judged by its works. It is evidence, moreover, that nationalism in the sense in which The New Age is proud to be an English journal is not incompatible with internationalism and with pan-humanism. The true spirit, indeed, of all these degrees of association is one; and the less contains the greater as certainly as the greater contains the less.

I have ventured to remark upon this fact about The New Age in the hope, first, of silencing certain of our "pacifist" critics, and, secondly, to urge the importance of internationalism in the approaching new age. What has been hitherto done by a kind of instinct and by only a small group of people must in future be done with intelligence and by many. There must be in every nation of the world at least one organ of international culture—not for us to understand, of international propaganda—which to may be contributed with the certainty of being read and understood, articles by anybody in any part of the world. Each nation, in other words, must aim at expressing the whole of world-culture in its own tongue. That, I think, would be
a practical thing to aim at; and if, as I should like to believe, either The New Age, or a magazine of still more general character. There is a usage by the English example of the new spirit, I should sing my Nunc Dimittis with satisfaction.

R. H. C.

Sonia.

From "The Confessions of an Author" by J. S. Machar.
(Translated from the Czech by P. Selver.)

I read Dostoevsky's "Crime and Punishment." I read the story of the student Raskolnikov in my uninviting room, shivering with cold and writhing with hunger; my spirit was haunted by that feeling of grief and emptiness common to every Czech in the nineties; the conflict of life, such as I had been compelled to live it under the insane yoke of the secondary school and then hunting after niggardly coaching jobs with vain yearnings for freedom and sunshine within, burdened and afflicted me unspeakably; I was sated with the world which I did not know, nauseated by life of which I had no experience, having no strength because there was no hope, and there was no hope, because there was nowhere for it to seize hold. My spirit weighed upon me like a single ghastly idea, which seemed to me axiomatic, I felt that I must murder a human being. And I knew that I must kill them with an axe like Raskolnikov, and I found the axe in Mrs. Randa's kitchen, and it was sharp, having been recently whetted by Mr. Randa. And I felt further that my victim must be some old woman or other, and her features would resemble those of the old usurer in the novel... I found her. One afternoon I was going across the Staromestske namestni. In a covered way by St. Tit's Church there were three plates, pots, and dishes were sold. I caught sight of the proprietor, an ugly old woman. A human house—thus Fate wills it... I walked round a few times, watching the shop. Nobody went in there, the old woman was sitting in her recess, with her knees drawn up clearly she was warming her feet at the glowing coals. I seemed to be dreaming. I was satisfied, I went home, sat down, and considered the matter in cold blood. It now occurred to me that I must know whether there was a shop in the shop... I went back. I entered the shop, a bell tinkled above my head. The old woman looked at me, and it seemed to me that she guessed what I had in mind. Her glance struck me as sharp and insinuating. I asked for a tea-cup, was a long time choosing, and kept on looking at the old woman. Yes, she's the one, I said to myself. I bought a cup at last, went out, but stood still in front of the shop. The old woman was watching me... after a while she opened the door, stood on the threshold, looked about as if at random, and then fixed me with a long stare. I went away as if disgraced. It struck me that this woman fancied I was a thief, a common pilfering thief. My prompting received its first blow: then on the next day the golden March sun, a hamper from my mother with washing, a loaf of bread and tangerines, and housemaid's eplits, if you write the script, dealt it the final one. I was cured of my fancies, but the book left a strong impression. I was humbled, reduced and taken down to where other mortals were living. I began to judge them, not according to their faults and failings, but according to my own. Feeling myself as a component part of the whole, I judged from the part to the whole.

You have given Dostoevsky credit for having preserved me from murder by his "Crime and Punishment." No, gentlemen, a hundred times no. Dostoevsky is not a parochial schoolmaster of that sort. I got to know him otherwise... I did not seek Sonia, but I found her...

Sonia's name was Marie, but in that house she had been patro Sentically re-christened Vlasta, and she was sixteen or seventeen years old, slightly built, very neatly made and fair-haired, and her colouring was so pronouncedly vivid, that she seemed to have been moulded in sugar and tinted by an adept at painting, who knew naught of shades and nuances, but had put a full red on the face, an honest summer azure upon the eyes, cinnabar upon the lips, and the ideal whiteness of the human body upon the brow and temples. Her hair was dyed yellow—the lurid yellowness of straw; later, when she stopped colouring it, I saw that it was chestnut.

We sat facing each other; I looked at her and felt...
I'll manage somehow, children, to drag my to-gether for you. I've got seven gulden, Elsa has situa-tions. Vlasta could only go somewhere as a nothing. Valerie declared positively that something Valerie, and from her room she brought in a bottle of... How can I get away from here... how can I get away from here?'' You remarked Valerie, "only Yes, fifty gulden, but where am I to get them from?'' "Don't shout, Vlasta," said Valerie, soothingly, "we'll get something together for you. I've got seven gulden, Elsa has three..." and she recounted a whole string of poetical names with a complete total of thirty-five gulden.

"I will get together the rest," I announced.

"Now let's celebrate the occasion!" suggested Valerie, and from her room she brought in a bottle of wine and seven gulden, wrapped up in a handkerchief, which she gave to Vlasta. They kissed each other; then we drank, got into a festive mood and made plans. Valerie knew of an office where they provided situations. Vlasta could only go somewhere as a shop-girl, for of household work she knew absolutely nothing. Valerie declared positively that something would turn up, and that she was glad that Vlasta, anyhow, would get away from that life. And as it often happens in a broad river-bed, they are seemingly driven him from his post. She had been seduced by some student or other on a summer night in the holi-days. She had reached Prague and the house where she then was. Sometimes her father visited her, took every farthing from her and went away. Of her present life, the value of life in general, of her future, I spoke enthusiastically and with conviction. And so we sat, two lost creatures, in a silent deserted room of an ill-famed house till a late hour in the morn-ing. And we parted with a shy kiss and the promise to see each other again on the afternoon of the next day.

She came down at five o'clock the next day, and we went through crooked streets across the Franz Josef Bridge as far as Stronovka to a lonely path along the Moldau. We continued our conversation of the day before. We described our childhood to each other, and discovered many points in common there. We spoke of our likings and longings, and in many things we were in agreement. And we admitted that we were as close to each other as if we had known each other for years. When night came on, I accompanied her home. On the way back she was sad, unusually sad at the thought of what awaited her at home... At the street-door she begged me to wait a little, as she would return at once. She came, took me by the hand, asked me to walk quietly and led me upstairs to her room. Amid pure kisses and tears we sat together for a long, long time... She went for her own sake and I for her, too, because I felt that she was fond of me and I of her. We made plans for the future, but we saw ourselves, the truth, for duty bound her to that house and to that life...

About three o'clock in the morning, somebody knocked on the matchwood wall of the room and whispered: "Are you asleep, Vlasta? It was her friend. Vlasta opened the door and let her in. Valerie, a stout girl, introduced herself to me ceremoniously, gave me her hand, and sat down wearily upon the bed... Valerie propped her head in her hand and softly lamented: "How can I get away from here... how can I get away from here?'' "You," remarked Valerie, "only owe fifty gulden... but I've got a hundred and twenty against my gulden. But, you see, am I to get them from?'' "Don't shout, Vlasta," said Valerie, soothingly, "we'll get something together for you. I've got seven gulden, Elsa has three..." and she recounted a whole string of poetical names with a complete total of thirty-five gulden.

I gave her the money and did not want to detain her. She did not detain me long, promised that she would let me know how things turned out, and I went away.

When I got home I sat down by my empty box and laughed bitterly at myself. But this ebbing of emotion was certainly followed by a corresponding flood—again I saw her in her unhappiness, making her confession; the surge of emotion ceased, and I waited in suspense for her letter...
not comprehend, we speak of them as muddle-headed authors; but chiefly, I think, we reproach them for their lack of good taste and aesthetic feeling, as if these eternal masters were compelled to acknowledge the hoary standards of beauty set up by our school-books and the chameleon-like dictates of our ephemeral critics!

Now I reproached life for its lack of good taste and aesthetic feeling when, contrary to expectation, I received Vlasta's letter. She was, she said, serving in a ham-and-beef shop in the Celetná Ulice. A fine novel! The heroine behind the counter of a ham-and-beef shop! And she wrote that I was to come at ten o'clock when they closed, and that she had lots of things to tell me. I was there by nine; I sat down in the eating-room and Vlasta brought me some sausages I ordered. And she related that she had been obliged to go home to some village beyond Chrudim, that she had been with relatives to have a complete change. To have a complete change—these words reconciled me. . . . Her hair was

authors; but chiefly, eternal masters were compelled to acknowledge the hoary standards of beauty set critics! a aesthetical feeling when, contrary to expectation, I Vlasta brought me the sausages I ordered. And she wrote that I was happy. She did not explain why she had not

there was another flood-tide of her whole nature; she there was an intensity in

comparing, passing judgment, and bewailing her lot. After she had grumbled about her present grievances, Vlasta was in that house. I was impressed by the fact that although she did not care for him she had written back, that . . . she confided to me that the assistant-teacher who

spoken, and I did not ask about it. She confided to me that a young assistant-teacher was courting her out in the country; this delighted her and she told me about it in very great detail. Altogether on that evening there was another flood-tide of her whole nature; she arose from herself above the normal of ordinary things; there was an intensity in all her movements, glances and words, all was in a kind of superlative which allures, fetters and drags you along to admiration. But the flood-tide goes down and the normal of life is so drab and monotonous.

We parted in high spirits and met the next day in a kind of superlative which

swallowing signs of squandered nights—it was as fresh in its

I was torn by a corroding physical pain. Redemption, the return to an honourable life—what folly! Moral regeneration—where lay the flaw? Ah, a worm-eaten apple would be sound forsooth. The end, the end. . . . But, after all, I was glad of it. These tiresome talks, these tiresome conversations would cease. My conscience would be relieved of a task for which, properly speaking, I had no strength. I reviewed those days, and it appeared to me that I was clad in the array, not of the hero of a novel, but of a bourgeois moralist. I turned red with anger at the thought of how ridiculous I must be to this sort of a girl with such a past, with such experience, and such yearnings in her soul.

I slunk round the kiosk only once again. I saw that Vlasta had again dyed her hair an infamously light colour. This was the last chapter. The end, in good

sooth, the end.

After that I got a letter from her. A despairing letter. She supposed I knew all. She was a worthless wretch. But I should not desert her. And if I did not come, she would go back to the place where we had met for the first time. . . . I threw the letter into the grate and went nowhere. Then, after a few days, another one came. She wrote curdly and categorically that if I did not come that day or the next, then on the following day she would most certainly be in that house.

I did not go. By chance I discovered later that Vlasta was in that house. I was impressed by the fact that she had kept her word, but it did not disturb me. As far as my feelings were concerned, she had died long before.

Two years later I was at "The Bear Cubs," a cabaret at Persyn. Smid's company, which had just been got together, was giving a performance of vocal and instrumental music upon a small stage. Smid drew my attention to a certain singer, petite and pretty, who was just about to appear, but whose voice, it seemed, was not up to much. It was Vlasta . . . She came on in a red costume, her hair was dyed yellow, she assumed a military bearing on the stage and sang a song, the chorus of which ran:

And he's a hussar,
And he has a sharp sword;
Firmly he can sit
Upon his black horse.
He gives the horse its oats,
And hurries to meet me.
The black horse and myself
He loves equally.

This chorus was sung the second time by a considerable part of the audience, and Vlasta, marching in step along the stage, saluted in military style. When she had finished singing, she took a plate and went round making a collection. When she reached me, she lowered her eyes—nothing more.

Then she sat down at the performers' table with some scabby young man who at once put his arm round her waist.

And a few years later, as a result of this incident, I wrote my book "Magdalena."
Views and Reviews.

HERE AND NOW.

I have decided that, for me at least, the idea of immor-
tality, of life after death in any form, continuous or
discontinuous, is unacceptable. It means nothing to
me but an escape from the difficulties of this life by
returning to the fantasies of childhood; it is expressive
of a failure of adaptation to environment, and on this
point I am in agreement with the psycho-analysts,
particularly Jung in the "Psychology of the Uncon-
scious." We are certainly compelled, as Mr. Clutton-
Brock alleges in the first essay in "Immortality," to
make up our minds about it; it is impossible to be
really agnostic about the question of a future life.
If this life is a preparation for another [or for five hundred others, as the re-incarnation theory
demands] it cannot be the same for us as if it ended
with death; hence we cannot escape from a working
hypothesis that it does or does not end with death,
which must, one would suppose, affect our conduct.
But we are not therefore compelled to suppose that
the conduct of believers in immortality is better than that
of unbelievers; Mr. Clutton-Brock himself admits that
"it is a strange fact that unbelievers in a future life
do not greater evil than do believers in immortality;" on
the contrary, he argues in their case, that "this refusal to
believe in a future life is the supreme example of man's passion for disinterestedness." It is naturally
clearly that Mr. Clutton-Brock should rather pity these men for refusing the reward of comfort and consolation for their outrageous sin;
but none the less, he adores their action as "the last
asceticism of which man in his passion for absolute
values is capable."

But the admission that unbelievers in immortality
may lead morally heroic lives does not invalidate the
argument that the belief in immortality does affect
conduct. It certainly does and, on the whole, prejudi-
cially; "it," says Jung, "a positive creed which
keeps us infantile and therefore ethically inferior.
Although of the greatest significance from the cultural
point of view and of imperishable beauty from the
aesthetic standpoint, for it relieves the tension in the
inner infantile fantasies, is to become monstrous
like Peter Pan, to refuse to grow
up time;" on the other hand, it produces anxiety. "The
power of guilt, and, deepest of all,
renders it less effective to blind our eyes to the vision of "the
eternal yoke?" asked Nietzsche, and
we can only be committed to the care of the psychiatrist.
It was of such a case that "Bishop Blougram" said:

And now what are we? unbelievers both,
Calm and complete, determinately fixed,
To-day, to-morrow, and forever.
You'll guarantee me that? Not so, I think.
In nowise! all we've gained is, that belief,
As unbeliever before, shaken us by fits,
Confounds us like its predecessor.

There is no doubt that we cannot, without injury, dis-
possess ourselves of the spiritual heritage of the race
unless we can get out of this vicious circle. "The
stumbling-block," says Jung, "is the unhappy
combination of religion and morality. That must be over-
come." How? By the discovery of reality, adaptation
to it, mastery of it.

"The infantile and moral danger lies in belief in
the symbol because through that we guide the libido
to an imaginary reality. The simple negation of the
symbol changes nothing, for the entire mental dis-
position remains the same; we merely remove the dan-
gerous object. But the object is not dangerous; the
danger is our own infantile mental state, for love of
which we have lost something very beautiful and
ingenious through the simple abandonment of the
religious symbol. I think belief should be replaced by
understanding, or if we should like the reality of the
symbol; but still remain free from the depressing results
of submission to belief. This would be the psycho-
analytic cure for belief and disbelief."

From this point of view, Christianity, particularly
expressed in the English translation of the Gospels,
has incomparable advantages over any other symbolic
representation of life. I have still to discover the idea
for which I cannot find some warrant in the Gospels;
and my personal experience is merely typical of the
historical experience. The orgiastic and ascetic types
can both refer to Christ for authority; the individualist,
the socialist, the communist, has each claimed Him
in turn; the pacifist and militarist alike are indebted
to Him. To Mr. Benjamin Kidd, He is the Saviour
of Social Science; to Voluntarists like Auberon Herbert
or Tolstoy, He is the Supreme Example; to virgins, He
is a lover who never ravishes; to the ravished and
injured, He is the healer of wounds and the Redeemer.
Nietzsche thought that his "Will to Power" was the
doctrine of the Anti-Chist; but Ignatius declared:
"For the business is not one of persuasive talk; but
a matter of might is Christianity, whosoever it is
hired by those who want to make our Mr. Benjamin
Kidd identify his "Science of Power" with Christianity, and
the psycho-analyst recognises his patron saint in the
figure of Christ. But it is no longer possible for us to be
saved by faith in Christ; by becoming as little children
we may inherit the Kingdom of Heaven, but we have
not conquered the Prince of this world; we can be saved
only by understanding, and only so far as faith
is the substance, the understanding, of things hoped
for can it help us to adjust ourselves to reality, to
learn that "now" is the accepted time, now is the day
of salvation."

For the conception of eternal life as the everlasting
Here and Now carries the implication of urgency upon
the very face of it; that urgency was felt by Christ:
"I must work the works of Him that sent me, while
it is day; the night cometh, when no man can
work." That urgency was felt by the less striking
perception of the conditions of eternal life: "as long
as I am in the world, I am the light of the world"
(John iv. 4). "And this is life eternal, that they might
know thee the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom
thou hast sent." It is this life which is eternal life;
and those who look for life hereafter are failing in
the adaptation to the Here and Now; and if Jung's
demonstration of the introversion of the libido which
originates the usual conception of immortality is not
immediately acceptable to them, perhaps Mrs. Bishop
Blougram" may rally them, as he rallied Gigadibs, to a perception of reality.

Do you know, I have often had a dream (Work it up in your next month's article) of man's spirit in the progress of life. Losung true life for ever and a day. Through ever trying to be and ever being. Before its actual sphere and place of life. Halfway into the next, which having reached, it shoots with corresponding footley. Halfway into the next still, on and off. As when a traveller, bound from north to south. Scouts fur in Humboldt's what's its? in France spurns flannel-where's its need in Spain? In Spain drops cloth-too cumbersome for Algiers! Linen goes next, and last the skin itself. A superuity at Timbuctoo.

When, through his journey, was the fool at ease?

That urgency of the everlasting Here and Now lies upon us no less than it did upon Christ; all things are possible unto us, as unto St. Paul, but only if we accept the heritage of the race, and do not accept fantasy for reality. If the City of God is not made with human hands, human beings will not be able to live in it—and angels need no habitation just as they dispense with visible means of subsistence. If Christianity did not mean this, then the idea of the Second Coming was simply an absurdity, instead of being a simple prevision of what the race may attain. "Oh! it makes me mad to think of what men will do, and we in our graves," said Browning's Filippo Lippi; and the same assurance of progress may safely be credited to Christ. But the condition of progress is absolute; and a number of creative impulses, and the creativity of the individual, withers, and the world is more and more," and applying it with Prussian severity. But the utter unwisdom of this "nay-saying" has become apparent; if there is not room for the complete individual in the world, then I incline to the opinion that it will be bad for the world. "Genius, as an explosive power, beats gunpowder hollow," said Huxley; and in a similar connection, Carlyle told us: "Light, or failing that, lightning; the world can take its choice. Psycho-analysts deal mainly with those who have failed to become explosive; but the whole world of civilisation is at war because a few men suffered from political chauvinism, and resisted being "hemmed in." Limit the individual, or threaten to limit him, and the world explodes; and it was a truer psychology that dictated the famous manifesto of the International: "You have a world to win; you have nothing to lose but your chains." But those chains are psychological; the world is not to be won in an after-life, but by the coming to earth of the Son of Man, by the setting free and sublimation of the libido in work while it benefits the race, expresses the individual. 

"Work is salvation only when it is a free act, and has in it nothing of infantile compulsion," says Jung; but work so chosen would be the work which we find to do, and are exhorted to do "with all our might." For we are born again into reality and not into fantasy; and here and now have eternal life whenever the sublimated libido finds unobstructed expression. A. E. R.

Reviews.

Re-incarnation: The Hope of the World. By Irving S. Cooper. (Theosophical Publishing House. 1s. 6d. net.)

The theory of re-incarnation retains its attractiveness despite the banality of its advocates; and Mr. Irving S. Cooper cannot, with all his resources of dreary dialectic, rob it of its fascination as the most complete mechanical theory of morals. At first blush, it seems self-evident to a generation trained to the idea of causal connection and the evolution from the simple to the complex that "as a man sows, so shall he reap" and that in Divine law, there is no wrong without a remedy, although we may have to carry the case into the court of another life to obtain it. The problem of apparent injustice suffering for both the good and evil of human existence; there is the universe, wisely constructed and well-ordered by God, made of a mesh of immutable laws and inevitable consequences which man may invoke either for good or evil. In its own way, the doctrine of re-incarnation emphasises the Platonic teaching that "God geometrises" everything is well-ordered, symmetrical, perfect in plan and execution even to the bureaucracy of the heavens which orders our coming and going into and from earthly existence.

But the theory which seems to accord so closely with modern evolutionary teaching breaks down when we examine it in the light of that teaching. For re-incarnation is committed to the argument that God, like Nature, makes no leaps, the process of evolution
is complete from the amoeba to the man. But it is
known that there are "missing links" in the chain of
evolution, links that can only be supplied by fossil
remains, the exercise of scientific imagination, and an
act of faith. If re-incarnation hypothesis be true, those
links are necessary to the evolution of innumerable
souls proceeding from the animal to the human.
Admit that it is possible to leap one stage in the
process of evolution, and the whole argument of
continuous evolution put forward as the proof of re-
incarnation breaks down. The pithecanthropus erectus,
the three-toed hippopan, and the rest, must be alive
to-day if we "rise on stepping-stones of our dead
selves to higher things"; for just as re-incarnation
excludes the remission of sins, so it excludes the
remission of an inevitable stage in the inevitable process
of evolution. If God geometrises, He must be
geometrical; if re-incarnation is true, there are no "miss-
ing links," and the Theosophists, with their resources
of occult knowledge, should be able to produce those
links for examination.

The doctrine also limits unwarrantably the scope
of Divine activity by confining it to causal connection.
An infinity of being will have infinite manifestations,
and even the--ancients (who did not know everything)
assumed that there were three fundamental principles
which may be called Providence, Destiny, and Human
Will. That God works by process need not be denied;
prediction of any kind would be impossible if He did
not; but that He is also a person is the very teaching
of that religion which this doctrine of re-incarnation is
supposed to supersede. For Christ understood perfectly
well that God geometrises, but insisted on the
fact (new to the Orient) that God also loves. If Destiny
is the principle of absolute necessity, Providence
is the principle of absolute liberty; and Human Will,
intermediate between the two, is the principle of change.
Through man, the process becomes personal; Destiny,
"Death is swallowed up in victory," and Providence
rules the world.

Nature may make no leaps, although the "missing links" suggest that she
may forget some of her steps; but Providence may
interpose at any moment to permit of new forms of life
being created, while leaving no more trace of its action
than does a catalytic combination. The
remission of sins is a speculation, so is re-incarnation,
and it has this advantage over re-incarnation, that it
obviously does not proceed from a one-story
mind. There is not only justice in the universe, there
is also love; and if we only get far enough away from
modern art, it is possible to discover beauty.

A third argument against the theory is that by
explaining too much, it explains nothing at all. Grant,
for example, that the existence of genius is a proof of
dedication to the same pursuit in
many years or lives ago, we shall doubt the
depth of his understanding of the universe. There is an old story apposite
to the point. An Englishman suddenly and without
provocation assaulted a Jew in the street; and on being
asked to explain his action, retorted that the Jew
was one of the accursed people who crucified Christ.
"But, man," said the Jew, "that was two thousand
years ago." "Perhaps it was," the Englishman re-
p lied, "but I only heard of it this morning." Now,
it cannot be pretended that the Jew, having no cog-
nessence of his personal crucificiement, would regard the assault as a just retribution for the suffering he had inflicted in Palestine; he would
certainly not be disposed to accept it as a correction, but
to resent it as punishing one man for the sins of another.
And the very theory which makes it impossible to
accept the argument in that case; the argument by the theory that in some future incarnation we shall remember all our previous lives, and recognise the
justice which has punished and purged us throughout
the ages; for a history of unmerited suffering will
never produce a theory that it was meant to
never suffer the sinners to feel their minds to their
own correction by making the assumption that they
agree in principle with those who devise and impose
the penalties. If there is no remission of sins, if "as
a man sows, so shall he also reap," we are committed
to what Bishop Blougram called a "bewildering en-
taglement of horrible eventualities past calculation
to the end of time." The very theory that was to
clear up the difficulty, to solve the problem of evil,
only perpetuates and complicates it. It is a theory
that exalts the body above the mind and soul, earth
above heaven; which asserts and emphasises that the
only experience which is final is physical and not
spiritual experience, that maintains the geo-centric con-
ception that this is the only planet of innumerable
myriads that is habitable and approachable, which is
only to those who have learned no science since Darwin,
and can find no analogy to special creation in the
Mutation Theory, to those who have learned no
theology since their childhood and can. unaided, picture
Heaven only as an everlasting choral service, with real
harps, real trumpets, real choristers, and an indubitable
Archbishop officiating. To the materialist, a mechan-
istic theory offers a larger conception because he is
capable only of extension, and knows nothing of
ascension or penetration or of the mysteries of attrac-
tion. If he desires justice, it must be automatic
justice spewed out by what Carlyle derided as "the
machine of the Universe"; and he gets that in the
re-incarnation theory. Yet so strange are the delusions
of the human mind, this very theory, the most material,
the most mechanical, theory of morals ever invented, is
offered as a theory antagonistic to materialism; a
theory that demands that we should return to the flesh
to suffer exactly what we have inflicted, or to enjoy whatever pains we have sacrificed in
spirituality to any other, and to be "the hope of the
world." It is better to be humble and accept the
mystery of existence than to be stupid enough to accept
an explanation that tries to square accounts in the
circle of rebirth, with good and evil doled out to us in
accurate rations by an imaginary Quartermaster-
General, and finds no place for generosity in the scheme
of things.
Pastiche.

TWO BANNER SONGS.

I.

Up with the banner of the guilds,
Up with the craftsman's sword;
Sing glory to the hand that builds,
The harvest's overload,
Up with the banner of the guilds!
Up with the craftsman's sword!
Sing O for spring and youth and fire,
And strike which builds again;
Sing out the challenge to the fray,
When men are marshalled power,
When scorn shall throw their bridle away,
And freedom's branch shall flower,
Sing out the challenge to the fray,
When men are marshalled power.
O welcome widening days of wrath
And splendid strength of spring,
When you should take the freeth path
And strike be blossoming,
O welcome widening days of wrath
And splendid strength of spring.

II.

What shall we have for banner
In the glory newly born,
Our cloud above the hills,
Our falchion of the morn?
An oriflamme embroidered well,
A cross of silver sheen,
Or the symbol of a broken chain,
Or the puffs of the purveyors' ?
Two rending hands between?
The head of Christ, the brows of pain,
The pale thin cheeks of grief,
The keen light of the eyes that dream,
The firm lips of belief?
One morning in the days unborn,
Above us flying free,
Will fold and flap our banners' joy
And wind-flung liturgy.
One morning the cloud above the hills
Will fashion, falchion-wise
To see us stand again.

FRANCIS ANDREWS.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

PAINTED DRAGONS.

Sir,—I fear I am trying your reviewer's patience. If he will exercise a little further forbearance with me, I shall convince him that my bearings are not lost, that I am not confronted with a dilemma and that I do not maintain conflicting propositions. The misunderstanding is in the use of terms: this is not unusual when controversialists are sincere. The stumbling block here is the word "legalism" and the kindred misuse of "legalist." I use both in a pointedly unfavourable sense. For example, a notorious acquittal : that is a Bench of legalists, of umpires who order the release of a murderer if there is an error of spelling in the indictment. Consistently with this nomenclature, I vigorously repudiate the suggestion your reviewer attributes to me that "judges should be trained in legalism rather than in litigation." I maintain that judges should be given a training directed to develop the judicial faculty rather than the forensic gift. Fast bowling is not the best apprenticeship for test-cricket. Candidates for the Bench should be trained in equity. But here we come to the greatest misconception of all. Your reviewer places codes in contradistinction to equity! Prodigious! But natural enough as the prejudice of a codeless country. Is he unaware that French jurists affirm, "L'équité est l'esprit de nos lois"? He acknowledges the advantages of a good code. Very well: the quality of goodness in a code resides in its being a helpful guide in equity. A good code intelligently administered is the negation of legalism. Your reviewer cannot be unaware of the unfortunate circumstances in our history which dug the great gulf between law and equity. Thus Austin: "The distinction is utterly senseless, when tried by general principles, and is one shabby device of the less and vicious complexity which disgraces the systems of jurisprudence wherein the distinction obtains." What of the complete dilemma which depends upon a senseless distinction, that of placing code and equity in the position of hostile forces, whereas the unwearing efforts of the greatest jurists have been directed—and have secured a large measure of success—towards bringing equity and its vestiges, a good code, into closest harmony? The Bar Council strenuously and successfully opposes the first step in the direction of that happy consummation—namely, the establishment of an Imperial School of Law. As between the legal systems of this country and France, it is impossible to dissociate them from their exponents. I suggest to your reviewer that here, too, no less than in India, there is a definite issue. Let it be decided by the respective attitude of the bar in the respective countries to the legal products of each. That is a fairer test than the puffs of the purveyors.

W. D.

Memoranda.

(From last week's New Age.)

We shall win in the end by our differences from Prussianism and not on our resemblances to it.

Tout comprendre is not always tout pardonner.—"Notes of the Week."

Eternal vigilance is not only the price of liberty but of peace.

The Labour guns must be levelled at exploitation; if they destroy management, they may retard the economic change we seek.—S. G. H.

It is not Nietzsche but Dostoyevsky who forms the landmark and the bridge between the present culture and that of to-morrow.

The great riddle of the Sphinx is the problem of Value, the problem of God.

The greatest struggles of the Universe take and must take place in our consciousness.

Nothing is so easy as to arrive at a creed; nothing is so difficult as to attain to conscious religion.

A real Superman is the man with the deepest and widest consciousness.—Janko Lavrin.

The attainment of culture should not denominationalise a man; it should make him more, not less, himself.—John Francis Hope.

Little is done fairly on this side of death.

The best of us need to be on guard against behaving like the worst.—R. H. C.

The obvious, which often gets left out of discussion because it is the obvious, takes its revenge by coming in at the conclusion and upsetting it.—Kenneth Richmond.

Without Labour there would be no Leisure.—A. E. R.
GERMAN DEMOCRATS.

"Well, we haven't the courage to fight German Militarism; but, thank God, the Allies have!"