NOTES OF THE WEEK.

It appears to be necessary to assure our governing classes that the British people are not in a state of panic if their present rulers are. In the long history of this country the national spirit has experienced many vicissitudes of fortune, some of which have been more burdensome than the present. Even the immediate situation is not so perilous as we have known it to be before; and prospectively we have certainties to count upon that make panic at this juncture unwarrantable. Without denying that the military position is at this moment serious, it is to our minds anything but an occasion for the general publication of even Sir Douglas Haig’s Army Order. The reserves of General Foch do not seem as yet to have been touched; and even if the immediate worst should come to the improbable worst, the fact that there are still America and sea-power between Prussia and a Prussian triumph should convince our rulers that all is far from black.

It is obvious that we are paying in panic to-day for the surrender we have made during the last twenty years to the sensational Press and its political nominees. Few of the latter are really Englishmen either by birth or temperament; and the former, under men of no stability of mind, is really more of an enemy than a friend during a crisis. Much more than the nation as a whole, it is our present governing classes that need to steady themselves. The resolution of the world that by one means or another the Prussian menace shall be destroyed cannot in the long run be frustrated. This is the solid earth beneath our feet, and it would be as well if our leaders and governors were more frequently to remind themselves of it.

It was certainly in a state of panic that the Man-Power Bill was conceived and brought into existence last week; and it bears all the marks of its originating circumstances. The theory of the Bill is, of course, that it will provide the nation with a means of repairing our recent losses; but a cold examination of the facts will prove that it can do nothing of the kind. Experienced military nations like Germany and France are well aware that men over forty are scarcely worth their keep in an active army; and, until a week or two ago, this was surely the opinion also of our own commanders in the field. Something, however, was to be done to restore the morale of our Government, and what else should be thought of but a measure of seeming effectiveness but of actual absurdity—for panic is a bad legislator. A more calculating Executive would, under the same circumstances, have thought of something more nearly adapted to the immediate situation, even if the means should have appeared paradoxical. The situation might, for instance, have demanded the return to industry of the skilled shipbuilders now in France and their employment in building ships to bring over American troops. Or, again, it might have demanded a ruthless re-organisation of the General Staff both at home and at the front. But these measures, it is needless to say, would scarcely have commended themselves to the panic-stricken Press that controls our legislators. They would have appeared, in all probability, inadequate to the occasion, not “ginger” enough. We have therefore to accept the situation as it is given, and to make the best of it.

From this point of view we are by no means certain that the Bill may not be turned in administration to good national account. If in a narrowly military sense the Bill is worse than useless, in a social sense it may be worth at least a part of the trouble it will cause. For its purpose can easily be turned from its present impracticable aim of providing men for the army into the practicable and necessary aim of regulating national civilian service. In Maryland and several other States of America, Acts have recently been passed requiring every male citizen between the ages of eighteen and fifty to give an account...
of himself, and to satisfy a tribunal that he is engaged in some useful occupation. It is a sort of civic examination, the object of which is to ensure that during the period of the war every citizen shall be usefully employed. Mark that it is not the intention of the American legislators to draw men into the Army simply. The military age in America is nominally only thirty, and at present is actually only twenty-five. There is, then, no pretence that the Acts we have referred to have an immediately military value. Their value, as we have said, is purely civic; and their object, we repeat, is to ensure that every citizen shall be usefully employed in one form or another. Now this appears to us to be precisely the purpose for which the present Man-Power Bill is designed, even though it is not intended. Dismissing as problematical the anticipation that the Bill, as applied to Great Britain, can be of any military value, there remains its possible value as a means of inspecting our citizens, of calling the roll, and of requiring an answer to the fair question—what is everybody doing with his time in these days? No citizen, we suppose, to such an examination; and, for our own part, we should be prepared to see the inspection carried into the sphere of income as well as occupation. Not only would we have the question asked: What are you doing with your time?—but we would have the question asked: What are you doing with your money? On the other hand, it is necessary to have some assurance that such an inspection be administered in a liberal spirit. Otherwise, it might become an inquisition little better than the Spanish. We ask of the examining Tribunals, in fact, that they should exercise their function in a national and generous spirit, not interpreting utility in occupation narrowly, but broadly, and remembering always that a change of occupation is usually more likely to be a loss than a gain to the State. By thus utilising the present Man-Power Bill for civic purposes of an unexceptional kind, all the opposition it will encounter as a military measure would be avoided. From a curse upon our future conduct of the war—as it will certainly prove if its present aims are persisted in—it would be converted into a blessing.

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The inclusion of Ireland in the Bill is, however, another pair of shoes altogether; for here the purpose can only be said to be military; and from that point of view other issues are raised. We can easily understand the reason of the "Morning Post," and even of the "Spectator," in face of the comparative immunity from the war of what they regard as a constituent part of the British Empire. We can even understand their demand that at any cost to ourselves or to Ireland the Irish nation should be made to experience the effects of the war as we do ourselves. But feelings, after all, are poor political advisers; and unless we are to abandon ourselves to impulse entirely, it is essential to set aside the "Morning Post" and the "Spectator" to cool. Feelings, it must be pointed out, are just as strong in Ireland as an Englishman; and the same temper in Ireland. It is, therefore, obvious that the difference in feeling is not in our favour; and that an appeal to feelings of this kind is not to the world's advantage. Moreover, as we have said, the feelings in Ireland have a better ground, or, at any rate, a more logical explanation, than the similar but contrary feelings in this country. With the approval, if not at the instigation, of precisely such Unionist organs as the "Spectator" and the "Morning Post," the authority of Parliament, after Parliament had passed a Home Rule Act, was mutinously, rebelliously, and, unfortunately, successfully challenged. The Home Rule Act is on the Statute-book, but the Unionists have made a mockery of it. But these same Unionist militarists who have reduced Parliamentary authority to impotence are now proposing to employ that authority to enforce a measure the very contrary of the wishes of the Irish people. In other words, after having repudiated the authority of Parliament when it was conformable with Irish opinion, they now expect to set it up again when it is contrary. No logical people, such as the Irish are, can possibly fail to feel aggrieved by such inconsistency. It is a little more than flesh and blood can stand. If, therefore, the plan of the Man-Power Bill is to be applied to Ireland in the spirit of the "Spectator" and the "Morning Post," we may expect a new fighting front to be created, and the whole purpose of the Act defeated in consequence.

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We are not contending that Ireland is any more wise in the matter than our own Unionists. Our concern is with the facts; and the outstanding fact, testified to by a hundred pieces of evidence, is that Ireland is at this moment a neutral country in the war, with leanings towards the Allies. And even that as a new fighting front which whose support may be won but cannot be coerced that we should treat her. What should we not be prepared to spend, both in consideration and in money, upon a technical neutral whose assistance might be as valuable as Ireland's? Because Ireland is technically belligerent like ourselves, the actual fact is not altered that Ireland is for most practical purposes so far a neutral; and we must therefore be prepared to concede at least as much to her as we should be prepared, in similar circumstances, to concede to a technical neutral. To attempt to over-ride Irish opinion in the rough-shod manner of the "Spectator" is not even promising, still less justifiable in view of the facts. The proper manner, surely, in which to proceed is with some approach to a comprehension of the psychological facts as well as with some respect for our own interests in the matter. The steps thus indicated are, in our opinion, four; and they should be taken in the following order. In the first place, it is essential that Parliament should re-establish its authority by bringing into operation in Ireland either the Home Rule Act of 1914 or an acceptable equivalent for it. That is really the indispensable minimum, and it is the duty of "loyal" Ulster to submit to it. It is essential, in the next place, that a war-propaganda concerning the origin, the conduct and the issues of the war should be undertaken throughout the length and breadth of Ireland. This is the only way to destroy any notion of the ignorance that prevails in intelligent circles in Ireland of the circumstances and significance of the present world-war. For all that many persons in Ireland really know of the war, it might be an affair on the outskirts of India or a dispute between two neighbouring European dynasties. That it is politically comparable with the Boer War is not the case, and it may involve politically for all the world, including Ireland itself, the return of the Glacial Epoch; that, in short, it is the most critical war for mankind ever fought upon this material planet. If this be so, we say, has to be taught to the Irish as if they were Middle-Westers or a people still more remote from our own centres of thought. A special committee of the War Aims Committee should at once be set up in Ireland to bring home to the Irish people their personal concern in the war. Only when this is done would it be advisable in our judgment to proceed to the remaining steps—first, a campaign for military volunteers; secondly, conscription under the auspices of the new Irish parliament. To begin, as our friends politicians propose to begin, with the last step, and to proceed thence to the first is to begin backwards what in any case can only be carried through forwards. There is simply no road the way the "Spectator" would have us travel. Shooting without arguing is not a policy.
even of despair; it is a blind surrender to blind temper. The policy, on the other hand, which we have advocated has, we believe, the merits of calculation and the prospect of success.

It has been suggested in the "Daily News" and elsewhere that in introducing such a Bill as the Man-Power Bill, and particularly in extending it to Ireland, Mr. Lloyd George has been deliberately riding for a fall. Apart, however, from the contradiction between this theory and the demand of Mr. Massingham that "Mr. Lloyd George must go"—"thy wish was father, Harry, to that thought!"—neither the evidence before us nor the probabilities of the case are in favour of the hypothesis. The military situation, we must repeat, will scarcely prove to be as black as it has been recently painted; and the panic of the Government is likely to be only temporary. By holding on, and even by doing little more than holding on, the Government may have the satisfaction of seeing the clouds lift. Again, it is very unlikely that Mr. Lloyd George, whatever may be his personal feelings in the matter, would willingly, and in the sight of the world, incur the odium of an ignominious failure unparalleled in history. Remembering the means by which he obtained his present position, and the resources involved in it, we cannot believe that he would fall of his own accord, or without a push for which at present there exists no power. For who in the world is to take his place if he resigns? Who hunger for his empty chair? We are not exaggerating his abilities, but only deploring the theory and the demand of Mr. Massingham that "Mr. Lloyd George must go."—"thy wish was father, Harry, to that thought!"—neither the evidence before us nor the probabilities of the case are in favour of the hypothesis. The military situation, we must repeat, will scarcely prove to be as black as it has been recently painted; and the panic of the Government is likely to be only temporary. 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classes who control Parliament are reasonably honourable men, capable of making responsible pledges; until they are reasonably competent men, capable of keeping their pledges, they have no right to attribute to parliamentary institutions what are their own faults. In the case of the present war, in excelsis, nothing could have been more or was more magnificent than the spirit of sacrifice in which the nation entered it. England was itself again, as it had not been since the industrial revolution. But we all know with what a succession of shocks and blows this spirit was brought low; nor were they delivered by the foe without, but by the foe within. The reaction, however, is certain to come, and, therefore, democracy or parliamentary institutions that will suffer by it. The victims, we hope, will be the politicians who have employed "free parliaments" in their own interest.

The language of Mr. Balfour in describing the Anglo-American Entente, of which the first anniversary was held last week, as "the most important occasion in the history of mankind," is not altogether excessive. If no other result should be brought about by the war than the Anglo-Saxon race and war will not have been fought in vain; for the event is already a victory for the idea of the commonwealth over the idea of a world-empire. Never now, or in any future time, will it be possible for a single Power to dominate the world. The event, however, is of more immediate importance as well. In depicting the British armies as fighting with their backs to the wall, Sir Douglas Haig omitted to state that behind the wall is a wall of American troops, whose number and valour are at least the equal of all the armies of Germany. And that they are prepared to fight is evidenced by the awful words of Mr. Page, the American Ambassador in London. America is willing, he said, "so to redden the fields of France that rulers or nations who thereafter meditate conquest will see there the price that free men paid for freedom and will hesitate and desist." These terrible words, so menacing in their sincerity, are a guarantee of much more than immediate victory over Prussia. They are the guarantee that the peace of the world once obtained by the abolition of Prussian militarism need never again be broken. For the Anglo-Saxon race, war is Page went on to say, the two re-united Anglo-Saxon Powers would continue their present task, and, with the aid of the nations that cared to stand by them, "refashion the battered world." It is as well, when we are on the cusp of the present stage of the war, to look into the future where assuredly there is hope, if there appears to be little here. The calamity of the war has not, after all, been meaningless; it is not a struggle of ants upon a dunghill; men have not died in it in vain. The sacrifice of this generation is the hope of the next.

Unlike the Washington correspondent of the "Times," its Baltimore correspondent is a mere echo of Lord Northcliffe; and in the recent speech of President Wilson he professed to see what Lord Northcliffe has always been looking for—a sign that President Wilson is ceasing to believe in the democratisation of Germany. He writes a little on guard that "Mr. Wilson has finally, if sorrowfully, abandoned the idea that a distinction can be drawn in the present stage of the war between the German Government and the German people." If it were the case that Mr. Wilson, sorrowfully or in any other mood, had arrived at this conclusion, we should have sorrowfully to say, that for the re-united Anglo-Saxon race and war was never, if sorrowfully, abandoned the idea of a distinction between militarism and democracy been greater in Germany than it is at this moment; and the wedge of Lichnowsky is being driven in by the Emperor Charles. Events, we can confidently predict, will prove us to be right so soon as the present German offensive is brought to a stop. The democratisation of Germany is the task which has been assigned to the United States as a result of Prussian imperialism. But, on the other hand, it is not the case that President Wilson's recent speech showed any weakening in his faith in democracy or in German democracy. The evidence is all the other way. He complained, it is true, that when he addressed the German people, he received a reply only from the German commanders; but he also repeated his invitation to the German people to make peace and promised "in the final reckoning" to be just to them. Does it bear out the "Times" interpretation that this particular passage of President Wilson, by which has been suppressed in Germany? Would that have been the case if the speech had made no distinction between the German Government and the German people? The facts, however, are too apparent to be affected by Lord Northcliffe's gloss. It is only a pity that such a mind as his should be in control of our good name in enemy countries.

Perhaps a little light is cast on the shipbuilding difficulties experienced by the Government in the following sentence from an article by the "Times" Shipping Correspondent: "The restoration of confidence in the future would certainly go far to stimulate that enthusiasm of builders and owners that is essential to an immediate maximum effort." Translated into a proletarian vocabulary, this can only mean that until an assurance of the restoration of their pre-war privileges is given to them, the shipowners and shipbuilders are disposed to ca' canny. Our reading of the situation, moreover, is confirmed by the speech of Sir Owen Phillips at the recent meeting of the Lamport & Holt Shipping Line, of which he is the Chairman. Whatever might be the case as regards railways, canals, and electricity, he said, shipping could not be safely left under State control after the war was over. The former had only internal competition to consider; they need not, in point of fact, be competitive at all. But shipping was not only an international industry, it was bound to compete in an international market; and it followed that the maximum of individual enterprise should be allowed to it. Would the Government, he asked, assure them that this would be the case? It was in virtual reply, we assume, to this and similar questions that Sir Albert Stanley, the President of the Board of Trade, addressed the Associated Chambers of Commerce on Tuesday. Observing that by the end of the war practically all our industries would be directly or indirectly under the control of the State, he went on to say that it would be "the function of the Government to abandon this control as soon as possible." At the same time, he said, it would be wise for the industries to organise themselves for the purpose of co-operating with the State in the future. How far this notion of the co-operation of the State with the employers will satisfy employers in the shipping industry we can easily guess. Nevertheless, it is about as much as they can hope for or demand in reason, for they will otherwise find themselves in the position between two stools. Employers, generally speaking, have tried State Capitalism (or Socialism as it is maliciously called) during the war; and they do not like it. Labour, on the other hand, has experienced it only to find that on the whole it is good. Between these two movements, the one of repulsion from State control and the other of attraction towards it, a compromise is possible in the form of National Guilds which would preserve the independence of the industry by distributing workers responsible and national control. National Guilds, in short, appear to be the probable form of industrial organisation after the war.
Guilds and their Critics.

VIII.—NATION, STATE, AND GOVERNMENT.

"In the most formal manner, now, we assert that the material of all the Guilds ought to be vested in the State; the monopoly of the Guilds is their organised labour power, and is National Guilds." Mr. G. D. W. Cole.

Broadly stated, these are the reasons for our belief that the State, with its Government, its Parliament, its civil and military machinery, must remain independent of the Guild Congress. Certainly independent, probably even supreme, that will ultimately depend upon the moral powers and cultural capacity of the nation's citizens. Having solved the problem of wealth production, exchange, and distribution, we may rest assured that a people thus materially emancipated will move up the spiral of human progress; that out of this movement will grow a purified political system, in which statesmanship will play its part."—"National Guilds."

"The problem of the modern State is to give free play in their appropriate environment to the economic and political forces respectively. We have seen that they do not coalesce; that, where they are intermixed, they not only tend to nullify each other, but to adulterate those finer passions and ambitions of mankind that ought properly to find expression and satisfaction in the political sphere. . . . With the achievement of a healthy national economy, the problem of statesmanship will be to transmute the economic power thus obtained into the highest possible social and spiritual voltage."—"National Guilds.

"We can act no farther as we have knowledge. Evolution is not the surrounding world which the spirit perceives; it is a beginning, a new fact. But this fact has its roots in the surrounding world; this beginning is irradiated with the colours of things that man has perceived as a theoretical spirit, before he took action as a practical spirit."—Benedetto Croce, "Philosophy of the Practical."

"In every man there is at once the solitary and the citizen. The solitary escapes not only the power of the autocrat, but the power of the community as well. The citizen and the city, however, are one and the same thing."—Ramiro de Maeztu, "Liberty, Authority, and Function.".

"What is a State? A State is nothing more or less than the political machinery of government in a community."—Mr. G. D. H. Cole.

"The problem, I admit, cannot be left where it stands: if the old Sovereign of Collectivism and the rival Sovereign of Syndicalism are alike dethroned, it remains for Guild Socialists to affirm a new and positive theory of social government."—Mr. G. D. H. Cole.

"The future of society does not depend merely on the play of the material forces which Mr. [J. A.] Hobson sets out in order of battle; a new moral world is in formation and fresh creations of the soul and intelligence of men are arising to people it."—The Nation.

The industrial reconstruction implied in National Guilds obviously involves a corresponding change both in the theory and structure of State and Government. The control of production, implicit in Guild organisation, with its correlative problem of the status of the consumer, has already induced two theories amongst National Guildsmen, both profoundly affecting, each in its own way, our conception of the State and its administrative arm, the Government. The one school sees in the State the natural protagonist of the consumer, evolving in consequence a theory of sovereignty, a balancing of political and economic power, out of which "the individual hope" is to be free. "If the individual," says Mr. Cole, "is not to be a mere pignary in the hands of a colossal social organism, there must be such a division of social powers as will preserve individual freedom by balanc-
Control in Education.

This gross defect from which all the other grave ills of Scottish education follow is that in it the teaching profession has no real responsibility for education. The Press and the Public on suitable occasions tell them how precious is their heritage, just as they honour labour by attributing to it a like place in industry. And someone teacher or advocate, for the interest of the craftsmen in his subject-matter, and so on. But I have seen, have believed this, and thereby even made it true. But this is in spite of the system; and the same authorities speak the truth when it comes to a suggestion of alteration, and would shout it from the housetops were revolution so much as mentioned. In Scotland, we are told, education is democratically controlled. It is perfectly true, and when we consider the organisation of industry, we do well to keep it before us as an image.

The control of education is in the hands of two authorities. In Scotland—the Education Department and the School Board. A double authority, local and central, is familiar enough, and is not in itself necessarily objectionable, if administration is decently divided between them. The case of Ireland is, as usual, and fortunately, rare. In its system the division of powers is rudimentary: and while some things are done by both bodies, others cannot be done at all. About the Scotch Education Department very little need be said. It bears a strong resemblance to Departments elsewhere; and is to be counted to it for righteousness that it exercised for the interest of the teachers and the children. But it was distressingly autocratic: who "my Lords" were their unhappy victim could only guess. Their educational ideas were, it true, almost always respectable, and sometimes did them credit. But dwellers in their shadow never found the paths that led to their Olympian dwellings. Never, in the course of their rule, was there vouchsafed to them an open vision. So, naturally, the people murmured.

In the eyes of the present generation of Scottish teachers, however, the chief function of the Department has been to form a bulwark to protect them and the interests of education against the School Board. This latter is a body of five or seven members (except in the great towns) popularly elected for this special purpose. The local administration of education is in their hands; they are responsible for the school buildings and equipment: they appoint the teachers, and they dismiss them when they can: and for these purposes they levy a rate on the parish. No one will deny that amongst the members of School Boards in Scotland there exist men with a disinterested enthusiasm for educational progress: but equally every one knows the facts through the first-hand acquaintance which, in this matter, is essential, will agree that particularly in the smaller districts (whose proportion to the whole is relatively very high) men were regularly elected to be the local educational authorities because they undertook to keep the rates low and the teachers in their place, though their ideas on education, and, indeed, their own attainments, might be of the level of an infant school. If anyone who is familiar with most districts in Scotland (and I do not myself know any part of England which is appreciably better) will not consider how he would fare did he propose to the electorate to contest a School Board election on a far-reaching policy of wise and generous financial provision for salaries and buildings and material, and of autonomy for the teachers, with him, at least, I need argue the point no further. Even if he succeeded, and became the owner of an administrative question and no more, the small area administered by an ad hoc body in any department of
public service is hopeless. On that even the Majority and Minority of the Poor Law Commission were agreed for reasons which apply with little change to Scottish education. The Parish School Board belongs to a stage of social organisation, long overpast, when the parish meeting was given to local control. The whole idea of control by local bodies is untenable, that division of interest and ideas will continue to make itself felt. The objection to the School Board member is not merely that he is frequently either a fool or a knave, and, occasionally, both, but that there should be such a thing as a Board in which he can find a career open to his talents—that, in fact, such a person should control education at all. He has no qualifications whatever for it; but he is permitted, and, indeed, enjoined, to dominate those who have. And this is the limitation of the Scotch Education Bill. It reforms education and improves it, but it does not revolutionise it; for the status of the teacher remains unaltered. This fingerprint marks the parting of the ways on education, and on much else besides. Is the teacher, we may repeat, the member of a self-governing profession entrusted by the State with responsibility for and control over education; or is he to be the servant of the community, local or central, doing its bidding, carrying out its most wise behests, free from interference only partly, even within the four walls of his own house? The advantage of considering this question with regard to education is that it presents an essential divergence of social theory in a form free from many of the complications which must occur in the case of industry. In one direction, it is clear, our aim is the institution of an educational guild. In the other, we may look forward to education as one of the many functions undertaken by public bodies in a collectivist state, to put it at its best. And between these two, so far as I can see, there is little possibility of compromise, and none at all of real adjustment. One principle must be taken, and the other left.

I have avoided calling the existing or proposed systems bureaucratic, because until the teaching profession becomes a Civil Service, should this ever happen, the term does not promote clearness. It is clear enough that the proposed changes may form a stage in this development, but certainly be more disreputable. And the Education Committees are to possess a power of co-option intended to secure on them the presence of people who possess special knowledge. To ask whether this is democracy is, no doubt, partly a matter of words; but it is also a good deal more. For the real issue appears if we consider some of the grounds on which these new proposals have been attained. The old School Boards have, naturally, resisted their extinction, bringing forward all sorts of irrelevant reasons: that the war no contentious measures should be introduced; that the county councils have an insufficient representation of burghal interests; and so on. None of them are of any significance except that which they urge in common with the Labour Party, whose argument is this: Working men can seldom attend county council meetings, which are held during the day, possibly in distant centres. The new Bill is an attempt to take the control of education out of the hands of the workers and entrust it to the county gentlemen in conjunction with retired educationists and some busy men.

It is, therefore, undemocratic, and a scandal. The assumption, in fact, which is common to all the critics of the Bill is that democratic control of education is the essential, and democratic control means that they themselves should be in charge. If we remember that what must be provided for is the devising of the general lines of educational policy and its particular application to varying circumstances, the absurdity of all this becomes apparent. It is since there is no longer the affair of the amateur, a filling-up process with which nobody could be entrusted, provided that he showed little capacity for anything else. It is the greatest thing in the community; his business is to teach the children to feel and know and will and ariight, and for lack of it disaster continues to threaten us. Nothing could be much more paralysing than the spectacle of the disproportion between the greatness of our need and the littleness of the men who desire to minister unto it. No care should be too great to attract into the teaching profession the best brains which the Faculties of Arts in the Universities produce; yet, at the moment, it is incomparably the worst-trained, the most inefficient, and the least honoured of all the professions. Some improvement in its pay and prospects seems likely, but until it gets a status commensurate with its just responsibilities, and, indeed, until it is entrusted with these responsibilities themselves, our evil case will continue in spite of us. The frank abandonment of the myth of democratic control is the first step on its way. It is a stage in the process with which anybody could be entrusted provided that he is frequently either a fool or a knave, and, occasionally, both, and since the teacher, etc.

Readers and Writers.

To the Editor of The New Age.

Sir,—In your issue of February 7, Mr. R. H. Congreve, in discussing the writings of Mr. H. L. Mencken, gives a somewhat half-hearted support to those who hate Puritanism. Mr. Congreve does not hate Puritanism very much; he has perhaps as much sympathy with the sectaries of the seventeenth century as any man in England (and I believe Germany). Even Germany has not taught him that Sunday observance teetotalism, legitimate births, and difficulty of divorce are absolutely worthless in promoting the vigour of nations. The facts are too damaging, however. It is long been known that the English-speaking peoples are not the most long-lived; they are easily beaten by a number of Continental nations. In British Columbia the public has just learnt from a Government report that Scandinavians, Germans, and Austrians are paid considerably higher wages than English-speaking men of any country. Even "Latinos"—mostly ribald Italians—get the same wages as those who speak English.

In view of all these facts, I think Mr. Congreve will have to revise his opinions about "vitalism." On this, as on other questions, he will be wise to consult Karl Marx and his disciple Kautsky. These writers have pointed out that the morality of any particular period simply consists of the code of rules which is beneficial to the ruling class. To be sure, there are certain general principles of morality common not only to all men, but to all men of a particular age always represents the economic interests of the dominant class in that age. The Anglo-Saxon is a Puritan because he is a shopkeeper.

A few years ago the American teetotallers were furious because they were told by Marxians on soap-boxes that the only way to get money for the middle class. They said that it was a wicked land, and the men should see such things, and that teetotalism was a...
movement of earnest men to stop the drinking of "deadly poisons." The Marxians replied that there were honest people who wanted to stop drunkenness, but that in order to do that it was not necessary to prohibit every drop more than one and a quarter per cent. alcohol. They said it was very evident that the wirepullers of teetotalism wanted to put down sobriety among working men, and to keep working men from meeting together. They reminded their hearers that the public-house had been the cradle of democracy. Trade unions began in public-houses, not in churches. Besides, working men would spend less money if it stayed at night; soon they would be content with less wages. If the teetotalers were really honest, then, said the Marxians, let them attack distilled liquors containing 90 per cent. of alcohol, without trying to prohibit the food content with less wages.

It appears possible in the persecution of neo-Malthusianism—has already been doubted if Mr. Congreve or anyone else in England can say that other men from meeting together. They reminded their hearers that the wirepullers of teetotalism wanted to put down a new kind of marriage, one which was to be approved only by marriage or by force. The Puritanism of anti-philistines, Prussian or Tolstoiets, we aim at wholeness, balance—in a word, virtue. R. H. C.
Out of School.

The problem of freeing intuition is largely the problem of making its rhythm, its diastole and systole, correspond with the intellectual centre of our lives. For if we are, with our painful mis-gearing of mental processes, we tend—probably by the psychological law of compensation—to make our intellectual diastole our intuitional systole, and vice versa. The result is likely to be what is called, in the science of light and sound, interference. If we could get two rhythms to coincide, not to damp each other down, if we could get our sun and moon to pull together for a high tide, we might develop a swing of hitherto unimaginated amplitude. It is this amplitude, in a work of genius, that carries us off our feet. Its incidence is generally nebulous canvas of Turner's or to play by itself the poem of Wordsworth's is as useless as it would be to cut a few square inches of the perfect vision out of a nebulous canvas and play by itself, or to make a single passage of clear beauty in the last movement of the Hammerklavier sonata.

The educational question is, whether children can be brought up with less interest in the two—or half a dozen. The mere statement of it, in these terms, brings us once again to the immense importance of a unity of the understanding, and it may suggest a few early precautions against our common tendency to disrupt that unity from the start. The danger is, that the children who dream of heaven have it between them, not somewhere above the bright sky, that they may become a little too arrogantly godlike in their demands upon life and upon their neighbours. It is better to dream of Paradise as a time and a place than to dream of oneself as the hub of the universe, which, is, no doubt, the reason why the fantasy should have lasted so long. But the remedy is to let the unity of one's own understanding reach out—as it does naturally reach out, and in proportion to its completeness—towards a unity with the general understanding, and with life as a whole. This cannot be taught by precept, either to children or to adults; it can only grow, by provision of the right soil, in the proportion to its completeness—towards a unity of the soul, with its message of reciprocity—in other words training in fellowship.

I shall not apologize for a discussion that comes back so often, from different angles to the same fundamental points is a surprise to me. The essential point is a surprise to me. The only uneasiness I feel is about my inability to get fresh life into words like unity and fellowship, which have had the breath knocked out of them, if they have not been pounded to death, upon so many and dusty pulpitations. Here the reader must take a hand, and refuse to allow good words to be spoilt by anybody's bad preaching, even mine.

Perhaps it would be tantalising to touch upon 'A. E. R.'s' recent ground and say something about survival. Survival is an excellent word, because it carries no definition: time-symbolism; and as my consciousness at its 'here-and-now' centre survives—over-lives—the phases called 'past', it gathers and integrates, I see no reason why it should become subject to time (which doesn't exist) by 'ever' ceasing to do so. We can say of all live souls, as Coleridge said of the 'true great', that time is not with them, save as it works for them. But the power of escape from time-symbolism is so very slight and evanescent that I expect personal continuity in time, outside the mesh of material relations, is a less complicated notion than the truth that another that can be put by time-evolved brains into time-evolved language. It is no use finding fault with time-symbolism without which consciousness could not have emerged.

KENNETH RICHMOND.
Music.

By William Atheling.

ROUSING, THE MAGNIFICENT.

MISS EVILYN ARDEN (Aeolian Hall), not for the moment, chasing the snake in the "Magic Flute," sang Gheur with a trace of the water-bubble bird in her voice. The voice has both volume and sweetness, but its possessor small sense of gradation. There is scope but no great rhythm in very way. Again we must repeat that the word "ben" in Italian is not pronounced "baim" as in the second strophe of "Spaggiare Amare," nor yet "baahn" as it was sung in the third strophe of that lyric. In Duparc's "Elegie" the singer displayed sweetness and restraint—for two lines; Babin is far from the best of song-singers, but her art was inadequate for his "Soupir," less adequate for Debussy. We were again reminded of the potency of her voice, and Gounod's solo was adequately exposed in her rendering.

I have been personally awaiting the "younger British composers." Miss Arden's next group of numbers showed a few bad poets worse set. ("Still onward" was sung as "Stimmward." Arnold Bax's setting of "To Etna" shows that he has not even considered the ABC of his business. The singer was given about half a yard of space in the "Prelude," but sang "On the rest." J. Ireland usually shows up better than his contemporaries in these mèlés, but his song showed gaps, and we had the usual piano rattle-romble to cover up vagueness of melodic conception. Eugene Goossens, at any rate, does fit his notes to the words. The singer was so careless that she did not even trouble to sing "veux" but sang "vais" at the end of his setting to "Chanson de Fortunio."

VLADIMIR ROUSING.

Vladimir Rosing (Aeolian Hall) has small French and less English, but, in a case like his, what does it matter? He is, without varnish, a great artist. The voice is there, the volume surrounding the songs; he is superb in rhythm, and he has complete comprehension in all the variety of his repertoire. He began with "Robins in aine" of Adam de la Halle, he passed through Beethoven to the Russians. He has the great style, from the most delicate notes to the strongest. However fine he was in the medieval songs and in Wagner's "Rêves" we did not have all of him until he reached Moussorgsky's "Serenade" from "The Cycle of Death." Before that he had manly tone, without sentimentality in the "Cradle Song of Yeremonushka." Nowhere was there a so-lisitng; but the serenade gave us major art.

It is always extremely hard to write eulogy. One can only keep on repeating "Here the thing was done right," Rosing knows, and knows emotionally, what to do, and his power is adequate to deliver the effect. Again we can only say: here is the great artist. The voice is under and above and all around the subject. The song is perfectly graded. The depth of feeling, the contrasts—nothing is lacking. And the magnificence of the interpretation is no mere formal correctness. He was accompanied by Di Veroli, which, also, was as it should be.

I might also call the attention of young composers to the union of words and music in the Moussorgsky "Freisch." This strophe is so close that an English translation before me, but being wholly ignorant of Russian, I was never in doubt of which line Rosing was singing in the original. The music simply was the word-meaning. This last statement may be open to dispute, but there can be no doubt whatever about Rosing's performance.

Francesco Vignali (Aeolian Hall) is too valuable as leader and organizer of his quartette to be lost to us as a soloist. He gave his Corelli-David delicately, but with over-caution; it was clear, but a shade too reedy, the bowing but tentative. Saint-Saens abounds in phrases expressing nothing whatever, and having no inherent beauty. Vignali was at his best in Lalo's "Guitare," and his personal fineness was here of most use to him. Of course, violin and piano are dangerous in conjunction, and it is difficult to conceive anyone's playing the former to Mr. Riddle's key-smacking. There was too much piano in the Schumann. Yet Vignali was very exact in the third movement, and it was worth waiting for. His playing was delicate, but in the rest of the Sonata there was not enough of it to dominate the piano.

Miss Winifred Lawson is an amiable amateur. She has a certain over-sweetness of voice, no forte, no sense of her limitations, poor trills. Caminade suited her best; though she perhaps gave us more pleasure in the quieter moments of "Ah, fora l'ali," which was, as a whole, beyond her compass. Madame Ilma Adorowska (Aeolian Hall). Not exciting.

DEBUSSY.

With the death of Claude Debussy we lay our wreath on the tomb of one of the great minor poets of all music. For those who can estimate a man's work by quality rather than by the volume he has put at the public's disposal, his works have outweighed his contemporaries in all the major forms of music. The quality of Debussy's music has been considered by many critics in no other age, as it has been. Whether the great poet's works upset or over-shadowed all his contemporary composers in western Europe: there is no scale of measurement between a few copy compositions, such as "Sails," and the "Sunken Cathedral," and "Granada Evening," and a large waltzing-rolling quadro like "Samson and Dalila." Debussy had the grace to recognize that to a great exponent of a limited number of moods was no finer thing than to be a four-rate pseudo-solosus, and, in consequence, he has left us no small permanent heritage. His music is like that of no one else. It is supreme delicate; it is full of fantastic colour-suggestion, as no other music. There is no "printer's fat" in it. His orchestration for strings is unique. In the "San Sebastian" he has shown that the "great," the major forms were within his grasp. Only during the last ten years of his life did he cease to be regarded as a specialist, as a sort of side-issue, a delicacy, for the aesthetic; an obscurity in part to the need for intelligence on the part of his interpreters. How few are the performers who have pleased him with their renderings of his music, and how generous have been his praises for those few! There is not much room for detailed appreciation of Debussy's genius in this column. To gauge with any rightness his volume, one must think of his unique work for the piano; of his absolute mystery in arranging for voices and strings, of his orchestration, his originality in the best sense of the term. One must remember that a man's fecundity may be greater than at first sight appears. An acute critical sense keeps down the output, but does not diminish the actual invention. Derived of his subtle intelligence, of his acute emotional criteria, Debussy would possibly have produced voluminous works; he discovered and revolved would have been scat and drenched with music; he would have exceeded Saint-Saens in bulk, or been a megatherium like Beethoven or Wagner. Only a few people ever attempt to appraise the great energy required for a little very excellent work, as against the lesser force shown by a great bulk of "almost good" production. To gain appreciation of reason one must label Debussy at the start, a minor poet, before one can be heard explaining that given his time and his era, this was the finest course open to him. He showed himself an exquisite but moody conductor when he left his study and conducted to appear in the minor public capacity; unforgettably.

Note.—Raymonde Cellignon's recital of old French and Troubadour songs is announced for 3.15 p.m. Saturday, April 27, at £eolian Hall.
Modernism and Antiquism.
By R. A. Vran-Gavran.

I.
In a sumptuous modern society I once saw Cain silently entering the ball with top-hat and gloves.
Frightened, I asked him:
"How did you come here from your own generation and your place?"
"My place is still everywhere, and my party in the world is in the majority," answered the fratricide brother, griningly.

II.
In a sunny park, on which the old sun looked with a wizard's smile, a modern tribune spoke:
"We are modern and free men. We live no longer in the Dark Ages when even the wisest of men, like Aristotle, advocated slavery. We..."
I turned and saw Aristotle gazing at the specker, amazed, and whispering:
"I hoped that in twenty-four centuries mankind would develop to something much better. Alas, I see now that men have succeeded only in becoming voting slaves."

III.
I smiled at the snowdrops looking curiously at me from a dunghill.
"Who are you, white spirits?" I asked.
"We are flowers on the dung of the past and dung for the flowers of the future."
"Are you, then, for modernism or for antiquism?"
"We do not understand such a distinction. We are merely a station on the long way of life."
"How old are you?"
"We? Younger than the passing snow and older than human history."

IV.
Brothers: beware of the mistake of qualifying generations according to time. Time is beyond age, ever young and shining. A new measure you must apply. A new measure I give you—the measure of the all-human smile. How many faces are unselfishly smiling without iron in your generation, O criminals? That is my question and my standard-measure of all the poor ten thousand years of History.

V.
A heap of Sacred Books were lying in a dusty corner.
"What was your mission in the world, you antiquated things?"
"To make men good and holy."
"Very beautiful, indeed! And what transformation are you expecting in coming days?"
"Any! Probably to be munitions for killing men."

VI.
Reading the History of Egypt, I exclaimed:
"Oh, you Pharaohs and high priests of Apis, how far you are now from us, old fellows!"
Suddenly, they crowded around me, and chanted:
"Not far at all. We are marching in flesh and spirit with you the modern, as the water of Nile is now in the clouds over your head. The whole Humanity of all times is travelling in the same rattling chariot."

VII.
Brothers: Often when you think your ancestors are weakly driving you from behind, I see them walking before you and dragging you on their strong rope.

VIII.
Brothers: Your ancestors walked between good and evil. What way is yours? They did some good in order to prevent evil, and some evil in order to promote good. What strange modernists you are, then, if you are still balancing on the edge between two ways and leaving to your children the painful choice between the two?

IX.
On a steel-col'd midnight, when Sirius was shining over the sleeping quarter of men, I walked in a churchyard among graves.
"What was the strangest thing you ever saw on Earth, Great Sun?" I asked. And Sirius answered in a wonderful music:
"The strangest thing I saw was the divorce of knowledge and religion, and the logical questions in consequence: Are we men not beyond good and evil? Are not good and evil merely, fabulous nonentities?"
"And what was your answer to that question, Great Sun?"
"Entities or nonentities, never mind—your human dimensions forbid you to know it—but good and evil are ever holding and directing the whole machinery of your life. As usual, in the Universe the most intangible and the least definable is the most powerful."

X.
A modern mob-leader spoke in the marketplace:
"We modern men deny both good and evil as idolatry. Our standard of value is our own interest."
At that moment, I marked a figure, in a long, blue tunic, angrily going from there, and murmuring:
"The man must have been a barbarian twenty-four centuries before my own time. For I said the same thing more gently."
"Who are you, stranger?" I dared to ask.
"Protagoras: the Sophist."

XI.
A modern man saw Lao-tze smilingly walking towards him. And the modern said to the ancient:
"Bow down before me, and I will show you all the glory of the world."
Lao-tze bowed smilingly.
The modern man took the ancient wizard into a machine and flew with him all over the globe. And then he questioned Lao-tze:
"Are you not satisfied with what you have seen?"
"No," answered Lao-tze.
"Leaning upon the walls of China, I saw many more things than on this tour with you. For I saw Tao."

XII.
Children asked me to tell them something. I looked at them with pity, and asked:
"In you, little ones, there are two possibilities: either to be the dull continuation of a turbid river of life, or to become the source of a clear river."
"We like the second possibility," they said.
"Well; it is much easier to flow than to spring. Yet you can spring if you make an effort to plunge into the source of the life-river—which is everywhere deeply hidden—and bring back with you a new, clear watercourse."

XIII.
Children: God has retired since He gave creative power to man. He is now looking at and waiting for a creative mankind to assume His own duty on Earth. A blind man asked me:
"What can you tell me about your God?"
"His name.
"Only?"
"Alas, yes. But what more can you tell me about your God in your life-darkness than merely His name?"

XIV.
Children: There is as much of the antique in modern men's thoughts as in their blood. Modernism means to separate ourselves from our ancestors. But how could you cut a river in two? Either one part of it would dry up, or the other would flow over. A new source you must dig. Lo, all your ancestors are inseparably sticking to you for cleansing.
A European hat in those days was a rarity except in the large towns and it attracted notice. That is the reason why I generally discarded it, with other too conspicuously Western adjuncts. Where the inhabitants consented, and he took his staff and walked beside me, wearing a hat, when I came on a pedestrian resting in the shadow of a rock by the wayside. He was a native Christian: that much could be detected at a glance; but of what peculiar brand I could not guess from his costume, which consisted of a fez, a clerical black coat and waistcoat quite of English cut but very much the worse for wear, a yellow flannel shirt, and a red cord with tassels worn by way of necktie, baggy Turkish pantaloons, white stockings, and clastic-sided boots. Beside him, a long staff leaned up against the rock. He sprang upon his feet and, with amiable smile and bow, exclaimed: "Good afternoon. I think you are an English gentleman?"

"Yes," I replied, "I am an English gentleman." He wondered that the Lord had not destroyed him. If I were an English gentleman I should in no way intrigue with evil-doers. He exclaimed: "Good afternoon. I think you are an English gentleman?"

I replied: "Yes, I am an English gentleman."

"Ah, thank God!" he cried. "I also am a Brustestant—a Baptist." He seemed to think that my avowal made us brothers.

It seemed from the account he gave of himself and his peccadilloes, that he was an evangelist, working to spread the truth among his wicked country-people; for the Christians of the Greek and Latin Churches were wicked and bestial. If he had not destroyed them long ago, yet when I said that I did not agree with him, but thought that they were decent folk, though rather backward, he came round to my opinion in a trice, exclaiming: "Ah, how true you speak! It is that they are backward. They will suffer no better till they get the Gospel light, the lif'in water."

I told him he was talking nonsense; that, for my part, I thought the missionaries did more harm than good, and again he changed his standpoint, though less boldly, saying: "It is so delightful to talk thus freely to a noble English gentleman. God knows that I could listen for a day without fatigue, you talk so sweet. And what you say is all so new to me."

And he proceeded to relate with what severity the English missionaries treated native converts like himself, mentioning many wicked things which they had done in his remembrance. I could not but admire his versatility and total lack of shame in his desire to please. Thus talking, we approached the village of his fears.

"If I was by myself I should be much afraid," he favored; "but not with you. These wicked booble do not dare to hurt an English gentleman, who wears the hat and is protected by the Bowers of Europe."

We had not really got into the place before some boys at play among the rocks outside the houses, spying my hat, threw stones in our direction. One hit my horse. I raised my whip and rode at them. They fled with screams of terror. Glancing back, I could perceive no sign of my devoted companion. But when I returned at leisure, having driven the young rascals to cover, I found him vigorously beating a small boy who had fallen in the panic flight and, finding himself left behind, had been too frightened to get up again.

Never have I seen a face of such triumphant malice as then appeared on that demure evangelist. He beat the child as if he meant to kill it, muttering execrations all the while and looking round him furtively for fear lest other Muslims should appear in sight, in which case, I believe, he would at once have turned from blows to fire.

"The wicked boy!" he cried, as I came up, "to throw stones at a noble English gentleman. He well deserves to be delivered over to the Bowers of Europe.

I bade him leave the child alone, or it would be the worse for him. Aggrieved, and, in appearance, shocked at my unsympathetic tone, he left his post, and I endeavoured to speak comfort to the victim; who, however, took no notice of my words, but ran hard for the village, howling lustily.

"The wicked boy! The wicked children!" the evangelist kept moaning, in hesitating tones. "It is a pity that you let him go. We will perhaps make trouble for us in the village. But you are so brave. I think the English are the bravest kind of bumble."

I also thought it possible there might be trouble; but I decided to go on, not wishing to show fear before that oaf. He cried aloud in awe and wonder when I told him that little boys throw stones in Christian England.

"But only upon unbelievers!" he exclaimed, imploringly, as one who would preserve his last illusion.

I replied to the effect that members of the Church of England would, no doubt, have stoned a Baptist or a Roman Catholic with plenteous stones which they had dressed in a peculiar way; but that, in my opinion, it was only natural instinct in a boy to throw a stone at any living thing which seemed unusual.

The shock this information gave him—or his private terrors—kept him silent through the village; where the people, men and women, watched us pass with what appeared to me unfriendly faces. I was at all events, expecting some attack at every step.

As luck would have it, at the far end of the place, when I could see the open country, and was giving thanks for our escape, a great big stone was thrown by a small boy quite close to me. It struck me on the arm, and hurt enough to make me really angry.

"For God's sake, sir!" implored my terrified companion. "Ride on! Do nothing! There are men observing."

I heard him talking to his heels. But I had caught the culprit, and was beating him. His yells went forth with terrible insistence:—

"O my father, O my mother, help. Ya Muslimin!"

And, in a trice, I was surrounded by a group of surly-looking fellahin, one of whom told me curtly to release the boy. I did so, instantaneously and without trouble. But no sooner had I left off beating than that man began. The boy's appeals for help went forth.
views; but this time he addressed them to his mother only, for his father held him.

I begged the man to stop, and in the end he did so.

All those ferocious-looking fellahin returned my smile at this conclusion, and wished me a good evening as I rode away.

I never saw that bright evangelist again. No doubt he ran till he had reached some place inhabited by altogether righteous, Christian people. But the way he started running was a clear inducement to pursuit to any son of Adam not evangelised.

Views and Reviews.

A REJOINDER.

The very courteous article by Mr. Clutton-Brock in the last issue of The New Age calls for a rejoinder from me, and then I have finished with the subject.

We agree that eternal life is the everlasting here and now, but apparently disagree concerning its nature and extension; in passivity, we are aware of it left vanished, temporarily or permanently; and consciousness itself will vanish if it attends too intensively to any one of its constituents. Think of anything to the exclusion of everything else (and we have to exclude something to think of anything), and it is not long before we are thinking of nothing, are not thinking at all, but are sleeping or entranced. If "life exists completely only in selves," as Mr. Clutton-Brock says (really it exists completely only in everything), it is a most intermittent and spasmodic form of reality; for those "selves" are not always in stable equilibrium, and, indeed, are not always themselves, for "man does not always think."

Then what is the value of these intense moments? They reveal to us the possibility of renewing our powers, and by harmonising the constituents of our consciousness, to allow a comparatively unobstructed passage to the force that we call life. Whether the force that we call life, whether the constituents are harmonised by religious experience or by psycho-analysis does not matter; life becomes more intense to us because it is no longer dissipated in internal conflict, but passes more freely to the performance of its functions. In psycho-analytic language, the libido which was introverted becomes extraverted again, and finds fewer impediments between it and its objects. The consciousness of power becomes the direction of power, and eternal life manifests itself in a successful adaptation to reality.

A. E. R.
Reviews.

Life and Letters of Stopford Brooke. By Lawrence Pearsall Jacks. (Murray: a vols. 15s. net.)

To this generation, the name of Stopford Brooke is familiar chiefly as the author of what is undoubtedly one of the best primers of English literature; and it is a little difficult to understand, even after reading his life, why he should have been so important a person in his own generation. For nothing that he did, not even his secession from the Church of England, was portentous; he never rose above mediocrity either as poet, painter, or theologian; as art critic, Ruskin is worth fifty of him, and his Pruner of English Literature is, after all, only a sub-editor's masterpiece. His one gift, apparently, was preaching, and those who never heard him must remain incapable of understanding the effect he produced. He seems to have been a happily constituted man of many talents, of good taste in most matters of art, but of no creative originality. His letters and diaries are remarkable for the fact that they say nothing striking; he never coins a phrase of genius, or makes an observation that is final. He has happy ideas and a fluent phraseology, but even his fairy tales are familiar flights of fancy instead of being flights of fancy to the familiar. He lacked so obviously what he desired that his best work is of the nature of mere journalism, and in anyone but a clergyman, his abounding humanity would not have been remarkable. His activity was as amazing as his capacity for friendship was inexhaustible; he never seems to have had an enemy or a rival. He seems to have done everything, been everywhere, met everybody; he was as successful as Mendelssohn, and as mediocre. His theology was not theological, his poetry was not poetical, his criticism was not critical; all his activities, from geology to art-criticism, seem to have been of the quality of the student of University Extension lectures. It is a tounding that the man should have done so much, read so much, and contributed so little to the many subjects that engaged him. His one indubitable success was as the owner of and preacher at a proprietary chapel; and even then he drew smaller audiences than any successful action manager, and it is doubtful whether he had a more enthusiastic following than the theatre attracts. He made religion as fashionable as commerce has become; he was as adored as Father Bernard Vaughan is, and as popular as a patent medicine, which, in spiritually, he resembled in effect, for his patients were always repeating the dose. Of this, he had some perception, and occasionally expressed his weariness with the women who sought his ministrations as more obvious profligates indulge in vice. There is no subtler form of egotism than laying bare the soul, to a sympathetic person; and spiritual difficulties flourish when the father confessor is as magnificently a man as Stopford Brooke was. The one thing that Stopford Brooke could not do was to make his congregation spiritually autonomous; the fact explains his success as a clergyman, with or without a denomination; it also marks his limitations as a spiritual force.

The Dwelling-Place of Light. By Winston Churchill. (Mackmillan. 6s. net.)

When Mr. Churchill is as sure of his conclusions as he is of his details, he may be able to write a story that does not, like an unfinished railway, end in a trackless prairie. The dwelling-place of light is located only in the title; Mr. Churchill is in the dark, and leaves us in the dark, concerning the end. He deals again with Syndicalism in this book, but is afraid to get up on his hind legs and prophecy; his creation of Silliston (? Silly-Stone) and of Brooks Insall, the novelist (a more diplomatic "Unsocial Socialist" than Shaw's) suggests that he believes that education and a savviness amounting to non-resistance is the only solution to the class-war.

But soup-kitchens (although very necessary) are not solutions of the problems from which strikes arise, as the simple humanity of Brooks Insall was possible only because he was a non-combatant who had the means of escape from social difficulties always at hand. But the escape from difficulties is no solution; Sir Samuel Romilly's expedient for clearing up arrests of business in Chancery by the Chancellor's staying away from his Court was an admirable expedient for the reform of litigants, but not for the reform of Chancery or the speedy execution of justice. So long as people can escape from their problems, so long will they lack solutions; did not Speck suggest, as a reason for the political backwardness of Russia, "the great facility offered to interior emigration, which was the easy and common wind-up to all our civil discontent; whilst in other countries people, no less than others, had to stay and fight out their grievances, finding by means of friction some mutual compromise"? So long as Brooks Insall can slip off the land through the countryside, so long will he fail to solve the industrial problem with all his quizzical humour, subtle psychology, and easy cariage of culture. This indecision besets Mr. Churchill's work; he can get his characters into difficulties with most of their desires, but when they get tricky, he can describe accuracy every detail of a situation or a person, he can, and does, range from a brothel to a bungalow, from a cotton-mill to a strike committee-room, from a soup-kitchen to Silliston, but having set his stage and embroidered his characters he does not know how to get them off again. Ditmar, the strike-breaker and seducer of the heroine, has to be shot by accident because the heroine of an American story could not be expected to kill the father of her child, particularly when he loved her and was willing to marry her; but the probability is, in spite of Mr. Winson's Churchill's happy dispatch, that Ditmar rose from the dead and now sits on the Committee of National Defence. We can find no reason, spiritual, physiological, economic, or artistic, no reason except Mr. Churchill's inconsequence, why the heroine should die and bequeath her baby to the care and culture of Silliston. It may be that Mr. Churchill has a suspicion that Silliston is not pulling its weight in the class-war; but to convert it into a creche for the children of the concubines of capitalists does not seem to be the best uses of a centre of culture. Mr. Churchill must "have ground more relative than this" if he would escape the suspicion that he cannot finish a story, he can only spin it out. The future should be habitable not only by gentle tramps like Brooks Insall, and Mr. Churchill should be able to outline for us, at least, the habitation that must be made with hands.

Barrington's Recollections. (Every Irishman's Library. T. Fisher Unwin. 3s. net.)

Sir Jonah Barrington's recollections have all the interest of inventions; they are almost too good to be true. Yet the truth about Ireland probably is that every Irishman is a character taken from fiction, and every Irish character in fiction is drawn from life. Anyhow, here is the Ireland of Charles Lever recalled by a man who lived before Lever, just as he anticipated Mark Twain's story Gold by half a century and more. He writes of many things from education to acting, but probably the most interesting are the passages of politics, for Sir Jonah Barrington, as a man who intended to be Solicitor-General (and failed), knew everything and everybody before and behind the scenes. He writes of everything with the poise and assurance of a man of the world who yet is taciturn of honour, and if his stories are not too good to be true, they are pleasantly good-humoured, and we can find the point of them without sitting on it. The interest of his experiences of Paris during the Hundred Days is not diminished by his assurance that he detected the treachery of Fouche at the moment of his taking the oath of allegiance, and that Napoleon also observed it.
Pastiche.

BALLADE DES REGRETS.

(To Triboulet.)

Grim war envelops me, a tiny thing,
In its great swirling hurricane of woe;
The drum, the bugle, and the cannon ring
Unceasing while destruction speeds its course.

The distant yearnings that my heart outpoured
Still through the maze undying mem'ries cling,
The pen indeed is mightier than the sword
Though it be ground and grass, unharried, flow.

Myself was lost, all other things ignored,
After mass of people, in strife and dust.
Where cool, translucent streams, unharried, flow,
Or fragrant flowers their charmed beauties show,
Myste was lost, all other things ignored,
In Poetry's embrace. (Twas ever so!)
The pen indeed is mightier than the sword.

This too will change, as swift as breezes blow
After a storm, so after war's discord.
Fair peace will reign, for, though men come and go,
The pen indeed is mightier than the sword.

ENVOI.

Friend Triboulet, I go to fight the foe,
And leave to you fresh regions unexplored.
Après la guerre, mon ami, we will show
Our pen indeed is mightier than our sword.

March, 1918.

C. S. D.

HORACE ODES IV, vii.

The snows have all dissolved, and even now
Return to deck each meadow and each bough,
The rivers pass,
Abating in the span their banks between.
Earth makes a change.

In seasons, and within the clearings green
Grace dares to range,
Leading, chaf lightly, with her sisters twin,
In comedy and dance.

With the fair nymphs. Time bids us to refrain
From hope that chance
Will grant immortality as does the hour
That wreaths away.

The kindly day. The Zephyrs overpower
The cold winds' sway:
To barren Winter soon comes round again,
To heavenly loss.

Atonement cometh with the Moon's swift wane;
Whereas for us,
When either Aurous and rich Tullus past
We have been thrust,
Where father Anceas went, we shall at last
Be shades and dust.

CHESTER MASON.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

RUSSIAN AFFAIRS.

Sir,—One of your writers states that "the Bolsheviks (a term, be it remembered, which merely denotes Social Democrats of the "majority," and, if you will, the "extreme," section) are just Marxian Socialists, who, while opposed to this war in particular, because (owing to its devastating duration, Russia was literally and rapidly being starved to death for the maintenance of five or six million unproductive men in the war zone could not be indefinitely prolonged in such an industrially backward and terribly isolated country, are equally opposed to all wars in general arising out of the intrigues of the ruling and capitalist classes. But the Bolsheviks are quite prepared to resist, if need be by force of arms, all attempts at reaction, and in this they have been remarkably successful—ride their very strenuous resistance to the local reactionary efforts of Kerensky, Kaledin, Dutov, etc. Moreover, their "extremely logical Tolstoyanism" was scarcely shown in the battle of the Gulf of Riga some seven months ago, when various units of the Baltic Fleet, which is almost entirely manned by Bolshevists (throughout the Kerensky regime this fleet was solid behind Lenin), fought most heroically against the Germans, although powerfully outnumbered and outmatched. Again, the action of the sailors of the Black Sea Fleet, which is likewise mostly Bolshevist, in recently recapturing Odessa from the Austro-German-Rada forces scarcely bears out your conclusion.

Elsewhere in the same issue you read homilies to our pacifists by drawing certain conclusions from the actions (especially with regard to the peace treaty with Austria and Germany) of what you are pleased to call the Socialist Rada of Ukraine. This is laughable, but almost as ridiculous as Mr. John Buchan's ideas on Communism and Socialism as revealed in his History of the War—see Vol. 18, page 147.

To talk of members of the Ukrainian Rada znd of leaders such as Shukovsky, Grushinsky (pronounced Groshinsky) and Goloubovitch (pronounced Hoolovitch) as Socialists is as absurd as it would be to apply the term to Lord Morley or Prof. Gilbert Murray. Because the Rada authorised the carving up of the large estates and because many of its members and supporters label themselves Social Revolutionaries, people at home here have been too ready to accept them at their own valuation—even such a discerning correspondent as Mr. Philips Price, not being actually on the spot in the South, was at first taken in by them, but has learnt wisdom since. However, I would point out that the large estates in France have been divided up among the people for 120 years past, and yet France to-day is not a Socialist nation; Serbia is or was largely a country of small peasant proprietors, but, although it may be called a democratic State by our capitalist press, it is not yet a Socialist one. Nevertheless, Socialism is a rapidly growing idea there before the war, and was by no means adequately represented in proportion to the number of its devotees. Among the two Socialist members of the Skupstchina; Mr. Popovitch, the Serb Socialist now in this country, claims that with universal suffrage there would be at least eleven Socialists in the Serb Parliament. Prussia is evidently not the only country where the franchise can be improved.

The supporters of the Rada have been called Social Revolutionaries. Doubtless there are such, but all sorts of people with all sorts of opinions call themselves Socialists. I have called themselves by this title—Imperialists, indistinguishable from Kadets, such as Lebedev (who, however, with many others of the reactionary Right Wing, had to secede from the "Partiya Sotsialistskikh Revolucionerov"); advocates of small proprietorship like Mr. Belloc and Mr. Chesterton; intellectual freematices like H. G. Wells and Arnold Bennett; single-taxers like Mr. Outhwaite, etc. as individuals who incline to Fabian "bureaucraties"; people who believe in reformism of the type so prevalent in the L.L.F.; persons who talk Socialism without understanding anything about it, like our own Lord Rhondda, Julius West, etc.; indeed, all kinds of people who are scarcely Socialists at all in the true sense. Perhaps even it is possible that among the supporters of the Rada there are Socialists, something akin to Guild Socialism.

A. P. L.
"Enter, Little One, a mere human; and come out a good Prussian."