NOTES OF THE WEEK.

We must persist in thinking that Mr. Brailsford has somewhat changed his mind regarding the war; and if that is the case with him it should be the same case with the I.L.P. and the "Herald" before very long. To assume or assert, as Mr. Brailsford does, that Russia played a brilliant second to Prussia's will to war is not to incarnate this country for having been in entente with Russia. In so far as the balance of power in Europe depended as much upon preserving Russia against Prussia as of preserving Belgium against Prussia, we can say with confidence that even if there had been no Russian entente, either French or British, the participation of France and Britain in the present war would have been inevitable. Were we to watch as a spectacle the event that has taken place in spite of us, namely, the Prussian defeat and annexation of eastern Slav territories? After having for good reasons maintained the European balance of power (and not in our own interests exclusively) for several centuries, were we to see it irreparably destroyed and a Prussian hegemony established? Even the I.L.P., when it is better instructed in history, will, we think, arrive at the general conclusion that this country was compelled, with or without the Russian entente, to endeavour to prevent the spread of the Prussian power in Europe as a condition, first of its own and, secondly, of the safety of the world. To think otherwise is to fall into a common error of naive Christians, that of regarding one's enemies more than one's friends. And this is obviously the error into which the "Herald" has fallen. In defence of Germany's present resolution to carry on the war to the bitter end, the "Herald" pleads as follows: "However much attached we may be to a peace of reasoned negotiation . . . if we had to choose between beating and being beaten, is there a single Englishman, no matter how pacifist, who would not prefer that we should do the beating? We believe there is not one." A fortiori, we are to understand, no German can make any other choice; and hence "it is idle to blame the Germans." We call this reasoning pseudo-Christian because it manifestly justifies our enemies on grounds that at least equally justify ourselves. If Germany is entitled to fight to escape defeat, we are equally entitled by the same excuse and likewise to ignore our pacifists in the process. And the reasoning is pseudo-Christian, again, because it shifts the responsibility of moral judgment and equally condemns or acquits both parties. It is, in short, the Christianity of Pilate; and that is the last word to be said of it.

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It cannot be denied that Ireland has a capacity for keeping herself in the limelight even during the greatest tragedy the world has ever seen. We should admire it the more, however, if the play on the planet were a comedy or a farce; for then, indeed, the pertinacity with which a nation of four or five millions insisted upon overshadowing the troubles of a world of scores of millions would be amusing. As it is, however, it is an irony the more. But since it is not proper to listen to solicitations you do not mean to gratify, it would be as well, before resuming the inevitable discussion of the Irish problem, to make it clear to all the world that under no probable immediate circumstances will the demand of Sinn Fein for secession be seriously entertained. For self-determination to the utmost limit compatible with our own self-determination, opinion in England is, we believe, prepared in the case of Ireland. But, on the other hand, for a self-determination which would imperil our own similar freedom we are not prepared. After all, as we have said before, the right of self-determination ("ourselves alone") cannot be regarded as absolute any more among nations than among individuals; or, if in theory it may be regarded as absolute, it cannot be unlimited in practice. Why did Lincoln deny unlimited self-determination to the Southern States unless in obedience to the principle that the self-determination of one must not unduly interfere with the self-determination of another party? Why, in general, must the will of the majority prevail? These questions are, of course, elementary; but they have a particular bearing on the present Irish problem in its extreme aspects. It is, therefore, necessary to assert explicitly that for the present Sinn Fein demand for absolute self-determination is one that will find no support in this country.

Our former observation that Ireland has no comprehension of the significance of the present war has been
borne out by many correspondents. It is supported, moreover, by the admissions and the charges of the extreme Irish Press. In an Open Letter addressed to the British Labour Party, the Irish "Voice of Labour" (formerly "Irish Opinion") accuses the Labour Party of having first sold its own soul and of now being anxious "to swallow Irish manhood" and fight the battle of British Labour's war-lords."

And what is this but to assert that the war is a British war, a British capitalist war, a war whose significance is purely British and purely capitalist? The assertion, however, besides having been denied with an abundance of proofs on thousands of Irish men and women of whom whom have sold their soul, is denied by facts as directly within Irish as within British or any other cognisance. Would Japan, we ask, be fighting against Prussia merely for the beautiful eyes of the British war-lords? Is the maintenance of the balance of power in Europe a matter of concern only to England? Are not France and Italy equally affected by it? Is it not also Ireland's concern? The reduction of the United Kingdom to the position of a dependency of a Germanised Europe certainly could not be without effect upon Ireland whose circumstances would be likely to be that of a slave of a slave. But the final argument against the theory of the "Voice of Labour" that this is a British war-lords' war has been supplied by President Wilson, who has affirmed that America would be compelled to carry on the war, even if this country were to drop out of it. What has the "Voice of Labour" to say to that? What now becomes of its hypothesis that we are seeking to enrol Irish manhood in a purely British and capitalist war? Unless all the world is out of its senses, save Ireland alone, this is not an Irish war, nor is it even a European war. It is a world-war that will settle the fate of the world, including the fate of Ireland.

We cannot say, however, that either argument or intellectual honesty is abundant in Irish political circles. Being under no obligation to act, we are not ourselves in the position of Ministers who cannot, as Mr. Churchill says, argue everything with everybody. We are willing to reason while there remains a party in Ireland willing to reason. Reasoning, however, takes two to play at; and, as we say, there is not much disposition to reason in Ireland. The current issue of "New Ireland," a paper of some intellectual promise, after allowing that The New Age is "comparatively sane," proceeds, for instance, to treat our opinions not only without reason but without any respect even for the simplest truth. We are accused of asking questions which we have never dreamed of formulating and of offering replies which have never occurred to us; and the passages purporting to be quoted from this journal have never appeared even in paraphrase or semblance in it. What is to be done by reasoning in a case like this? Reasoning is simply impossible unless the parties have a modicum, at any rate, of respect for the literal truth. The higher truths of Irish nationalism surely do not require the suppression of the lower truths of the printed text! To show that we are impartial, however, let us take an example of disingenuousness upon the British side. In the current issue of the "Spectator," the question is raised whether it is not "foolish and illogical to say that questions which we have never dreamed of..." The action of an unauthorised body, it appears, is only to assert the war is a British war, a British capitalist war, a war whose significance is purely British and purely capitalist? The argument here is more dishonest than deliberate. It is an example of the art of cutting deep into the kernel but not the futility is manifest from the facts of the case. The Irish Catholic hierarchy is not leading but following Ireland; and in the procession are quite as many

If we are to judge by appearances, Mr. Lloyd George will owe his fall, if and when it comes, not to pacifists or to the common-sense parties of the country, but to Sir Edward Carson, the evil eye of the British Empire. Sir Edward Carson, the "Star's" "King of the Bar," has been so accustomed to advocate, before ignorant juries, that he supposes upon the ignorance of the whole population; and his fees are likely to prove nationally ruinous. In his latest address to the jury of the nation he shows himself to be particularly "king-like" in his disregard for everything which he has ever said and done. But his "we" of yesterday has no relation with the "we" of to-day. He reminds us among other things of the fact that in May, 1914, Mr. Asquith was weak enough, after passing a Home Rule Act through Parliament, to promise to bring in an Amending Bill to undo it. But he does not remind us by even so much as a suggestion that the pledge of Mr. Asquith was extorted by Sir Edward Carson's threat to mutiny and to rebel. He reminds us again that the operation of the Home Rule Act was suspended in July, 1914, and without prejudice to itself or to the Amending Act; but he does not recall the fact that it was again under force majeure exercised by himself and his friends, and in opposition to the declared intention of Parliament. Finally, our Catiline has the forensic kinship to refer to the Irish "rebellion" of April, 1916, "engineered from Germany," without saying a word of the earlier Ul, or for rebels and without prejudice as regards respect for the truth; and with neither, therefore, is it possible for the present to reason with any profit.

Another most unwarrantable method of approaching the Irish problem is to mix it up, as the "Times" threatens to do, with the question of religious toleration. The fact that the Irish Roman Catholic bishops have chosen to support the anti-conscription movement: in Ireland has provoked the "Times" to suggest that the official interference of the Catholic hierarchy in politics may "shake to its foundations the whole edifice of religious toleration in these islands." This was not the language used by the "Times" when, as upon many occasions, the interference of the Irish hierarchy has been to its own liking; nor was it the language employed when Ireland was enfranchised and when the Irish were being seduced who have sold their soul, is denied by facts as directly within Irish as within British or any other cognisance. Would Japan, we ask, be fighting against Prussia merely for the beautiful eyes of the British war-lords? Is the maintenance of the balance of power in Europe a matter of concern only to England? Are not France and Italy equally affected by it? Is it not also Ireland's concern? The reduction of the United Kingdom to the position of a dependency of a Germanised Europe certainly could not be without effect upon Ireland whose circumstances would be likely to be that of a slave of a slave. But the final argument against the theory of the "Voice of Labour" that this is a British war-lords' war has been supplied by President Wilson, who has affirmed that America would be compelled to carry on the war, even if this country were to drop out of it. What has the "Voice of Labour" to say to that? What now becomes of its hypothesis that we are seeking to enrol Irish manhood in a purely British and capitalist war? Unless all the world is out of its senses, save Ireland alone, this is not an Irish war, nor is it even a European war. It is a world-war that will settle the fate of the world, including the fate of Ireland.

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Ulstermen as Nationalists, albeit the former are less demonstrative. To raise the cry of No Popery against the action of the Irish priests would thus be in Ireland alone to unite a good many Ulstermen with the rest of Irishmen in a common defence; and in England and elsewhere for the cast-out devil of the political issue seven worse theological devils would be called into our affairs. Whether all our compensations for disturbance. This is clearly tension of the wealthy classes, is now the commercial undertaking and to invest in it as in any permanent needs. Sooner or later, either during or after the war, it will not be found compatible with facts. The latest Budget reminds us of nothing as a capital expenditure whatever can it be regarded as a capital expenditure and petty imposts there. Even if, in such an extravagant and wealthy country as our own, many of these nickels make a muckle, the method is altogether too haphazard and too superficial to answer to our real and permanent needs. Sooner or later, either during or immediately after the war, a radical revolution must be made in our method of paying our national debts; and it is certain that such a revolution will entail the introduction of some new principle of taxation. Taxes upon expenditure, taxes upon commercial transactions, taxes upon profits, upon incomes, and even upon estates at death, will all, sooner or later, be found to be insufficient to meet the demands of the war-debt. A levy on capital, entailing a permanent reduction of the standard of living of the wealthy classes, is now as probable as anything human can be. Mr. Sidney Arnold's speech in the House of Commons and his subsequent articles in the "Daily News" have merely reduced to precise terms what we have been advocating almost since the war broke out. The war, we have said, is a capital loss which requires to be written off as a bad debt due to the act of God. By no possibility whatever can it be regarded as a capital expenditure destined now, or at any time, to bring the nation any material profit. To borrow the money to pay for it, and, what is worse, to borrow it at interest as if the expenditure were productive, is to treat the war as a commercial undertaking and to invest it as in some other form of business. Not only, however, is imagination revolted by this assumption, but, in the long run, it will not be found compatible with facts. A capital levy will prove to be as necessary as many another act of indemnity for errors made during the war.

The shipowners are still spending time and energy that would be better employed in building ships in what they call "safeguarding their future." And their future appears to be the restoration at the earliest possible moment of the status quo ante bellum with compensations for disturbance. This is clearly indicated in the campaign being carried on in the "Times" (of which, by the way, Sir John Ellerman of the Ellerman line is a large shareholder) for both a pledge that the shipowners will only defeat our immediate object while creating fresh difficulties for the future.

The circumstances of Lord Rothermere's resignation of the office of Air Minister have made it improbable that a free discussion of the recent changes in the air-service can now take place. This is a pity, for we believe that Lord Rothermere would have had a good deal to say for himself. Much of the criticism directed against him has been worse than unfair. It has been malignant; and of a malignancy, moreover, that will make it hard for any civilian Minister ever again to exercise any effective control over the professionals of his Department. We are not in a position to discuss the ins and outs of the particular policy upon which Lord Rothermere and the Cabinet fell out with General Trenchard; they concern the war too closely to be susceptible of public discussion at this moment; but in general we may say that in a dispute concerning policy between the civil and the expert authorities, it is not always the experts that are right. The opposition to Lord Rothermere in this instance must, moreover, be associated with political opposition to his colleagues in other departments. They, too, have always been wrong when they have retired an expert. Lord Fisher, Lord Jellicoe, Sir William Robertson, and now General Trenchard—it is always the same; every retiring official is covered with bays like a victim of sacrifice. The inconsistency, however, is apparent from the fact that at the same moment that their retirement is being deprecated, other appointments are being demanded. The Government changes its officers too often and it does not change them often enough! With such a racing compass to steer by as the Press, there is little wonder that we are often on the rocks.

In contrast with his brother, Lord Northcliffe, Lord Northcliffe not only remains in office, but occupies it with an amount of pomp a dusky potentiate might envy. Invited to reply to the question whether he had really resigned, Lord Northcliffe informed a Press representative that he was only waiting until the Government was strong enough to bear his resignation. In the meantime, though he would scorn to be a member of the Government, he would continue to carry on his "important and delicate task." Lord Northcliffe and a delicate task are scarcely congruous; and, in plain fact, it is the case that we have, and can have, only Lord Northcliffe's word for the importance either. Who can judge by results his work as propagandist of the Allied cause in enemy countries? It is a matter of faith. Lord Northcliffe's suspense, we must conclude, is upon other grounds. His more important and more delicate task is to gauge the moment when the cat is about to jump, and to be the first to cry, "Alone I foresaw it."
Foreign Affairs.
By S. Verdad.

The Western offensive, among other matters, has led our newspapers and public men to pay much less attention than it deserved to the Jugoslav Agreement entered into early in March between the influential group of Italian politicians represented by Dr. Andrea Torre and Dr. A. Trumbich, representing the Jugoslav Committee. By this Agreement, Italy—for we may assume that Dr. Torre’s friends speak for all that is fair in Italy—practically renounces her claim to the Slav populations of Dalmatia and to other parts of the Eastern Adriatic inhabited for the most part by Slav peoples. This Agreement may be regarded as confirmed by the presence of several Italian Ministers at the sessions of the Congress of Austrian subject-races held at Rome recently, the last sitting taking place on April 12. Poles, Jugoslavs, Czechs, Roumanians, and Italians subject to Austrian rule were all represented at this Congress, which communicated to the Press a summary of the decisions at which it had arrived—namely, (1) each people to constitute a separate nationality (except in so far as the Austrian Italians and Slavs may decide to unite with their parent-nations, i.e., the Italians with Italy and the Southern Slavs with the Serbs), (2) each people to recognise the Austro-Hungarian Government to be an obstacle to this object, it being the instrument of German militarism, and (3) the Congress in consequence acknowledged the necessity of carrying on a common struggle against a common oppressor.

In addition, the Italians and Jugoslavs agreed (1) that the unity of the Jugoslav nation should be recognised as an essential Italian interest, the completion of Italian unity being in turn recognised by the Jugoslavs as an essential Jugoslav interest, the Jugoslav nation being defined as the Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes; (2) that the freedom and defence of the Adriatic was an essential interest of both peoples; and that (3) territorial adjustments were to be made in a spirit of friendly compromise. Emphasis must be laid upon this point; for it indicates a close union between Italy and all the Jugoslav peoples. It was very necessary for such an agreement to be made, since the present campaign against German militarism can become and remain successful only if Germany’s growing influence in Western Russia can be checked by a union of the peoples round the borders of the Central Empires. Such a union must inevitably derive its strength from the sea, the natural weapon which the Allies, to their discredit, have all but neglected ever since the war began. Serbia, as the natural leader of the Jugoslav nations, must be made and maintained as a maritime country—as, indeed, she would have been in 1908 and in 1913 if it had not been for the implacable opposition of Austria-Hungary, acting in the interests of Germany. By this means the combined sea-power of Great Britain, France, the United States, and Italy can be made effective in the very heart of Hungary. But before this becomes an accomplished fact, the influence of the sea on international affairs must be recognised by the Allies, who now command this enormous natural force. That influence, it should never be forgotten, is fully recognised and admitted by the statesmen of the Central Empires, who have not hitherto been able to combat even the unscientific use we have made of it.

Let one fact never be overlooked: no matter how severely Germany is isolated, Germany can make up, by her cultural and commercial influence in Russia, for what she loses elsewhere. She has never lost sight of her aim of exploiting the Slav races for the purpose of dominating the world; and geography gives her an advantage which we must not seek to minimise. But geography has given the Allies the further advantage of being able to withdraw millions of Slavs from German influence altogether. This advantage accrues to them from the sea and the ships that sail on it. Ships! How many of our difficulties might not have been overcome long ago if only our own headstrong militarists had listened to the counsels of more pro found and far-sighted observers!

It is of some interest to note, by the way, that the German authorities are themselves encouraging the sale of the Lichnowsky revelations in Germany. The pamphlet, if I am correctly informed, is a success. No doubt the more liberal elements in the autocracy are trying to provide against the coming reaction.

In his letter to The New Age last week Mr. H. N. Brailsford appears to have modified his ideas as to the origin of the war; but he has not cast his entire skin of prejudice. It is not enough to say that "we were manoeuvred unwillingly into taking our part with Russia in a Russo-German Eastern quarrel," and that this is the case which he and other members of the I.L.P. have urged against British diplomacy. It is not enough to describe the Lichnowsky revelations as "a salutary corrective to German Anglophobia," or to conclude by saying that "My thesis is that Russia (not England) was to blame as well (I will not say "as much") as Prussia." To make these mild admissions is wholly to overlook the fact that the German Government (as Prince Lichnowsky conclusively showed) could have prevented the war by accepting proposals showered upon it from half the capitals of Europe; and it is to overlook the obvious fact that Germany’s plans against England and France had been maturing for years. The Kaiser’s visit to Constantinople in 1898, for instance, had only a secondary connection with Germany’s relations to wards Russia. Germany’s object, according to her diplomatist realised sooner or later, was to prepare the way for cutting the British Empire in half by seizing the Suez Canal with Turkish aid; and the designs of the
not upon the appraisement or nice balancing of material considerations. There is a practical sagacity, notably in the obiter dicta of Bacon and later in Cromwell's policy, that does not disregard the economic factors; but that sagacity turns to cunning or opportunism if it lose faith in the fundamental principles disclosed by time and circumstance. This is not to deny the main fact of modern industrialism that economic power precedes and dominates political action. There is a sense in which that aphorism is permanently true; another sense in which it is a polemic peculiar to existing conditions. It is permanently true in that statesmanship must possess the material means to encompass its ends, precisely as one must have the fare and sustenance before proceeding on a journey. But whilst the fare must be available as a condition precedent to the journey, it remains a means to the end. Our aphorism is a polemic peculiar to private capitalism in that the fare—to continue the metaphor—is controlled by an interested section of the community, which can consequently decide the time and direction of the journey. But when the fare and sustenance pass from private to communal control, in the process increasing in abundance and availability, we find ourselves as a people free to embark on whatever spiritual or political enterprise we desire. Economic power is not finally found in wealth but in the control of its abundance or scarcity. If I possessed the control of either water supply, my economic power would be stupendous; but with equal access to water by the whole body of citizens, that economic power is dispersed and the community may erect swimming-baths or fountains or artificial lakes without my permission. Not only so; but the abundance of water, which economically considered is of boundless value, grows less serious as a practical issue the more abundant it becomes.

Upon the substantial truth of this hangs our conception of citizenship and State policy. I have consistently proclaimed for the future Guilds the control of wealth, conceding to them no more and no less than a national trust. The disposal or distribution of that product must, in the ultimate, be guided by public policy, which knows neither producer nor consumer as such (favorably or adversely affecting now one, now the other), and has regard only to the public good. On any great issue affecting the general welfare, the citizen body will naturally discuss ways and means with the representatives of the Guilds—possibly a joint session of Parliament and the Guild Congress—but the final decision can only rest with the State, as the formal representative of the nation. To admit the principle of co-sovereignty is to admit co-equality between means and end, between the instrument and the purpose. But I am not now discussing the particular point of co-sovereignty; the principle in question is that, however economic power may be dispersed after wage-abolition, the subsequent growth of wealth deprecates it as a social consideration, and, in consequence, appreciates principle (which is an affair of the spirit) as a dominant factor in the sphere of politics. Thus, the destruction of private capitalism terminates all polemics based upon it, and sets in true relation the means to the end, wealth to life. The end in view is a triumphant citizenship, which knows how sanely to apply its wealth, "that it may have life and have it abundantly."

The dominance of economic power depends, therefore, upon two main considerations—artificially, by the private control of wealth; fundamentally, by a natural scarcity. If the former be abolished and the latter overcome, the State possesses the means to achieve its
purposes, so far as they depend upon economic resources. In this connection, it is not without significance that common parlance often describes a proprietary relation of means to end. The future of Society, of the Nation, and finally of Civilization, therefore, rests upon the will of citizenship. But this will or volition is limited by knowledge, rooted in the surrounding world, "irradiated with the colours of things that man has perceived as a theoretical spirit, before he took action as a practical spirit." Reality projects itself into the theoretical spirit, which reacts with new perceptions, out of which emerge beginnings and new facts. Viewed in this light, the spiritual process, comprehending the forms of practical activity, and creating the will to change in whatever degree surrounding conditions, is of incalculably greater moment than the means by which those changes are effected. The spiritual life of a people, thus vaguely suggested and more vaguely defined by, I fear, an illicit use of philosophic terms, cannot fail to be profoundly influenced by the State; ought, in fact, to be so influenced, when State activities are no longer entangled in that debasing real politik, by which the industrial system nonsensically survives but dominates. If this does not so, if the State, as here defined, is curt for the beau rôle, then a Democracy that knows its business, whilst ensuring economic health and strength, will most anxiously concern itself with the meaning and growth of ideas: will, with vigilance, guard against "false and disruptive ideas: will diligently explore new ideas for the enrichment of life. So long as public policy is moulded by material factors, we are only a little higher than the animals; when our policy is guided by pure ideas, we are only a little lower than the angels.

In the ever recurring choice and oscillation between these two extremes, the tone and temper of the State is in importance second only to the national spirit. Consisting of personnel (and therefore distinct from the Government which is functional throughout), it is of supreme moment that our statesmen should be inspired by principles consistent with pure democracy. "It is a terrible thing," says Professor Santayana, in his lament and witty study of German philosophy, "to have the more terrible and deeper its sources are in the human soul." He proceeds from this standpoint to examine the growth of national egotism in Germany, so far as it can be traced to German philosophy. It is no part of my case to prove him wrong or right—I am too ignorant, in any event, to undertake such a task—but let us suppose that he is substantially right, though even if he is wrong, it would not affect my argument. His thesis may be briefly stated. German philosophy (not, let us note incidentally, philosophy in Germany) he tells us cannot accept any dogmas, "for its fundamental conviction is that there are no existing things except imagined ones: God as much as matter is exhausted by the thought of him, and entirely resident in this thought." The denial that a material world exists except as an idea necessarily bred in the mind removes this philosophy from a sane recognition of nature and the practical activities, from "real reality" as Croce puts it. Thus, experience is put behind a background of concepts and not of matter; a ghostly framework of laws, categories, moral or logical principles to this be stiffening and skeleton of sensible experience and to lend it some substance and meaning." In such a mental world, where the perceptions are reality and their external objects cease to be, its ruling king must be ambiguity. This ambiguity grows the more ambiguous by the "tendency to retain, for whatever changed views it may put forward, the names of former beliefs. God freed from the notion of mortality, for instance, may eventually be transformed into their opposites, since the oracle of faith is internal; but their names may be kept, together with a feeling that what now will bear those names is much more satisfying than what they originally stood for." Thus, Professor Santayana represents German philosophy as a "camera obscura," with a universe painted on its impenetrable walls.

It needs but a turn of the wrist to add almost any content to this "ghostly framework." Suppose then that some philosopher—shall we say Hegel?—finds historic justification for the belief that German culture was foreordained to swallow up all other cultures, and the German legions, pari passu, to sweep clean the world of the outside barbarians. Nothing easier. The "categorical imperative" provides the nexus connecting concept with action. Here we have the accommodating principle: "That conscience bids us assume certain things to be realities which reason and experience now negating of."

Now let us suppose that this philosophy in its main outlines gradually percolates through professional walls to the non-philosophic world outside, the political and teaching professions become infected with the morbus philosophico-empiricus, pure philosophy is vulgarised and political activities caricatured past recognition. Out of this welter comes that "false religion."^ to which Professor Santayana was referring. Meantime, the official world, realising the potency of the ideas, spreads them, insists upon them. The schools? They must be captured. The State must certainly rely upon its subjects, "for whoever has a well-grounded will, wills what he wils for all eternity." Every national activity, academic, theological, military, economic, is subjected to the great end—the supreme and final victory of the Germanic idea, with its corollary the Germanic hegemony.

In all this we can see the power of the State, in this instance an autocratic State, uncorrected and even unmodified by an impotent mass of servile workers, incapable of real democracy. This autocracy is now doomed, if not by fact of arms, by the relentless force of truth. "The aristocratic illusion," if I may again call in aid the keen intelligence of Croce, "is closely allied to that one which makes us believe that we, shut up in the egotism of reality, are alone aware of the truth, that we alone feel the beautiful, that we alone know how to love, and so on. But reality is democratic." We are frequently told that autocratic States are, in the nature of the case, stronger and more united in action than democratic States. Doubtless there is some substance in this criticism; but we must remember that Democracy is not moved by the egotism inherent in autocracy, takes wider views, does not restrict its principles to its own national frontiers, has hitherto been weakened in the assertion of its principles by its contentions with its own autocrats and photocats. The cure does not lie in the direction of rendering the democratic State weaker, but rather strengthening it by an invigorating stream of new ideas, based on "reality that is democratic."

The conclusion is that, whilst at first blush the conception of the State as essentially spiritual in its nature seems a counsel of perfection, it is found on closer examination to be as practical as it is urgent. Our problem is, therefore, to win through to Democracy, and to provide it with a State organisation at once responsive to its will and capable of directing a functioning Government to definite democratic ends.

S. G. H.

^ "Egotism in German Philosophy." By G. Santayana. (London: Dents.)

* "Philosophy of the Practical." By Benedetto Croce. (London: Macmillan.)
May 2, 1918

THE NEW AGE

Two Paths.

By Janko Lavrin.

There are two dangers for every writing, and even for every thinking, man. The first danger consists in the tendency to attach too much importance to particularities and not to see the wood for the trees; the second, in the special, often unconscious, capacity for seeing in the reality of what there really is, but what one wishes to see in it.

In his ideologically fervent Mr. de Maetzu sometimes gives the impression of belonging to both of these categories. His latest article, "Let Us Be Whole," is a typical illustration. For the first thing which prevents him of being "whole" is the fact that he forgets the main idea in its special aspects. Thus, while speaking of culture and civilisation, he is again too much concerned with engineering, trade, railway service, telephones, etc. He seems to be afraid that the spiritual values would disappear with all these practical things. He forgets that such a fear is unfounded and illogical: true spiritual values are not in the least hostile to the practical life as such, but only to the materialistic direction of practical life. Chemistry, for instance, is practical and useful; nevertheless, the whole direction of our progress compels us to use it for poisonous gases in order to kill and cripple millions of men. If I say that such progress is a false progress, I am not against chemistry as such, but only against those abnormalities of our progress which compel mankind to use chemistry in such a manner.

I tried to point out in my series some inner causes of such abnormalities by emphasising that the accumulated materialistic civilisation has subdued and paralysed the true cultural (spiritual) values to such a degree that, instead of civilisation for culture's sake, we get civilisation for civilisation's sake. Mr. de Maetzu repeats, however, that the antithesis between the material and spiritual values is a false antithesis, and he bases his general statement on special facts like this: "You cannot have a good railway service if the ticket-inspector is open to bribery; and as ticket-inspectors are many, you cannot have a good railway service if there does not prevail among the general population a standard of honour. And here we see how the most material values are inextricably connected with the most spiritual." This illustration—although one-sided—may be true; but its vulnerable point consists in the fact that honesty, order, accuracy, and other "every-day virtues," on which Mr. de Maetzu insists, may be and also may be of spiritual origin. In other words, they may be imposed by external discipline, by drill, by forensic laws and values which—after several generations—may convert individuals into mechanical "moral" machines; however, such mechanical virtues have nothing to do with spirit and with those real human characters which act only according to their inner ethical impulses—even if the latter do not agree with the imposed rules and imperatives. Germans, for instance, were known as the most honest and law-abiding nation, but, in spirit of this, they have proved to be more inhuman and cruel than beasts. Everybody agrees that there is necessary a great social discipline, sense of duty and organisation, patriotism, accuracy, honesty, knowledge, energy, and other social virtues—in order to produce such tremendous works as Krupp has produced. But if Christ came again on earth and saw this product of all the above-mentioned virtues He certainly would allow Himself to be crucified a second time, in order to save mankind from Krupp and Kruppism.

There can occur many other dangerous misunderstandings as result of the "monistic" confusion of spiritual and materialistic values. To assert that there is no opposition between them (as Mr. de Maetzu does) is the same as to assert that there is no opposition between Christ and Nero. If materialistic values are not different from spiritual values, then, logically, the most materialistic type is so ipso the most spiritual and vice versa. Thus Christ and Kaiser would be of the same value. . . .

Not the dogmatic confusion of materialistic and spiritual values, but only an objective distinction and analysis of them can show us also the way out of that antithesis which has been so deeply fed by all religious men, as well as by all those whose consciousness became enlarged beyond the limits of the average size. Thanks to the actual world-catastrophe, this antithesis begins to penetrate deeper and deeper into our consciousness, and the only thing to be wished is that the greatest war in world-history may bring about a total revision of all our "activities" and dominating values. Mr. de Maetzu is right to be tortured by the questions whether the ticket-inspectors are open to bribery or not; whether the signalmen prefer to make verses to their mistresses to doing their work, etc.? But all these special questions are only a small part of the main question of our time (which seems to be hidden from Mr. de Maetzu): Will our life after the war be based on the values of materialistic Civilisation or is it possible confusion of the Russian revolution repeated the hackneyed materialistic utilitarian principles, borrowed from the West; they repeated them partly in a more childish, partly in a more vulgar, form. Therefore the fiasco of the Russian revolution is a tragic illustration of the utmost logical consequences derived from European values but not from Dostoevsky. For there is no trace whatever of Dostoevsky in it. Dostoevsky preached not a compulsory utilitarian union on the basis of "economic interests," but a free universal brotherhood on a religious basis. His wish was—as I have already pointed out—that the Russians might give a living example in this direction to the whole world. In the possibility of such a transvaluation he saw the greatest exploit and mission of his really religious nation. Therefore it is neither logical nor profound to compare such a task with that of a Spaniard who would say: "We (Spaniards) are bull-fighters; let us remain bull-fighters; we shall become the bull-fighters of the world!" Similar comparisons can change a serious polemic into a mere dialectical duel. Mr. de Maetzu is quite near to such a danger in his special statement on Christianity, for instance, in his new variations on the monistic thesis that the "principle of the body" is identical with the "principle of the soul." Once more he tries to base his conclusions on his previous statement that Christianity "does not believe that the principle of the body is different from that of the soul." But even if such a dogma really existed it would not by its mere existence prove anything, since the psychological and other facts are against it. The Roman Catholic Church has a very categorical dogma about the infallibility of the Pope; but does it prove that the Pope is really infallible? Not in the least. . . .

By the way, in his last article, Mr. de Maetzu seems to insist less on the strict monism of his previous thesis. He asserts that "if one maintains that Matter is evil and Spirit good, one is making theology, but bad theology"; but he admits a "temporary incom-
patibility” between them. To my surprise, he even states that “there is good and bad Matter, and good and bad Spirit”; thus—while defending himself against dualism he falls half into a double dualism. After such a statement, one has to make only the further logical step towards the definition of good and bad Matter, as well as of good and bad Spirit. And there is only one logical and objective definition: Spirit becomes “bad” if it is subordinated to the material values, while Matter becomes “good” if it is subordinated to the spiritual values. The logical conclusion is very simple and clear: in order to have “good” Matter one must give it a spiritual direction, i.e., one must transform it into creative material of the Spirit. . . . And this is precisely what the “Manichean” Dostoyevsky wanted, and what I was emphasising so much.

Instead of seeing this logical conclusion Mr. de Maeztu prefers to “make theology,” and even bad theology. In defending a dogma he becomes more dogmatic than the dogma itself. It is a pity to find “nothing less” was an accident due to the printers. Theological education, the first necessity is to have some working notion between an idea that this life is the all—and an idea that another life is the all—both untenable propositions; it is of infinite importance, in education and everything else, to have a working notion of what the soul is, what it does, and what it is for. By soul I mean our superconsciousness: that higher region of the unconscious which has been fairly extensively, if cursorily, discussed in preceding articles. It is possible to say that it does not exist, but I have not yet seen that argument put into any form which tells us more than that the arguer does not propose to bother himself about it. I have suggested enough ground for the assumption that it does exist even if the assumption convicts us of that which I have seen delightfully described as “a taint of mysticism.” It is necessary to have some taint of mysticism in order to develop any taint of understanding. The fear of mysticism is the desire to set limits to the mind, not for convenience and clearness, but for protection from the pangs of thinking outside a small and easy circle; it is as bad as the pseudo-mysticism that evades thought by a pretence of living entirely outside the circle.

If we are to develop the soul and its faculties, in education, the first necessity is to have some way of talking about it which does not at once infect children that we neither know nor try to know anything about it. We know very little, but what we do know is important: that the soul’s business is to get hold of truth in advance of the workings of the ordinary mind. This is a perfectly simple thing to say to a child; the child, indeed, knows it already, but he isdistrict to bring it to expression. Lack of this expression is the beginning of our customary divorce between consciousness and superconsciousness, and of the general notion that the soul is tabu except in church. We have to recognise and care ourselves of a definite soul-phobia, so that we may cease to infect children with it. This is prior to the development of any kind of method for the training of the intuitions. As a matter of fact, we are gradually learning that all sound educational method is developed for us by children themselves: the intense urgency of their interest is a force that produces method for us far more quickly than we can use it. Give a child this idea of the soul as an unconscious part of him that reaches out for truth, and you make him articulate and communicative about his intense natural interest in the way the things works. You set him observing the process of intuition, naturally but consciously, from the beginning of his intellectual life; you allow him to begin driving intellect and intuition to the ends of their powers of investigation. If Death were starved of our playtime.

We have a right instinct against attempting to define the function of the soul, because defining means limiting; but it need not mean limiting in every direction. (That is definition-mania, a kind of agramophobha of the intellect.) "Truth" sets no upward-or outwards-limit, and I think it is the best-single word around which a child can group his ideas of soul-function. I have given in another place or upward-and-outward limit, and I think it is the best-singler word around which a child can group his ideas of soul-function. I have given in another place my own reasons for regarding truth as the most neglected aspect of reality; and the point has come up in the present discussion that children begin to think over and inquire about the nature of truth as soon as they are old enough to compare one story with another, and only give up the investigation because they find their elders either hopelessly uninterested in it, or else anxiously intent on translating it into terms of conscience and morals—the drag.

Out of School.
Readers and Writers.

I SAID last week that psycho-analysis is not the last word in psychological method; and I particularly desiderated a great deal more of experiment. Freud's theory of dreams, for instance, is excellent pioneer work; in a field hitherto left more or less uncultivated; but it is very far from being exhaustively explanatory of the facts. Suppose it were possible to control dreams—in other words, to dream of what you will—would not the theory of Freud that dreams are subconscious wish-fulfillments stand in need of amendment? But to control dreams is not within human possibility. Sufficient experimental work has been done in this direction to prove, at any rate, that the gate of dreams is open to the intelligent will. And there is warrant, moreover, for the attempt in a good deal of mystical literature. I was reading only yesterday the poems of Vaughan the Silurist; and what should I come across but the following passage:

Being laid and dress'd for sleep, close not thy eyes
Up with the curtains; give thy soul the wing
In some good thoughts; so when the day shall rise
And thou unrack'st thy fire, those sparks will bring
New flames; besides where these lodge, vain heats mourn
And die; that bush where God is shall not burn.

Vaughan's lines are not great poetry; but they contain a useful psychological hint.

Readers of this journal cannot have failed to notice the tendency of our writers towards philosophical discussion. It is a tendency which certainly nobody has deliberately set in motion; and it must therefore be regarded as a sign of the times. Nothing to my mind is more promising, however, than the fact; for it reveals the existence of a general desire to re-examine the bases of thought as a preliminary to the coming work of reconstruction. I can only say that I think that hitherto the reading of the reform-parties has been philosophic. On the whole, indeed, reformers have usually been content to be in a fashion of thought of whose origin they were as unaware as women are of the origin of the fashions of dress they obey. And on this account they have often enough been caught napping in their synthesis, their synthesis having developed the diseases latent in their unsuspected analysis. Look at poor old Marx, for instance, the unwitting victim of Hegelianism; and look at Nietzsche, the inspired apostle, without his knowledge, of German subjectivism. Look at our Liberals as they have been left by Mr. de Maistre and other critics—without a rag of philosophy to cover them. The cure, however, for a false metaphysic is not no metaphysic at all, but a true metaphysic; and I am not in the least convinced that a true metaphysic is impossible. As someone told me in a dream: Have patience, there is a reason for everything; and one of these days mankind shall know it.

The difficulty of popular philosophical discussion is not insuperable. It is all a matter of style. Mr. Bertrand Russell, for example, manages by means of an excellent sense of humor to make philosophy easy to understand and as enthralling to follow as any drama. The New Age writers have made the equally difficult subject of economics. It is, in fact, the business of professional thinkers to popularise their subject and to procure for their Muse and Art the same reception that the works of communications are received, and not do regard their own natural truth-quest as an odd secret. Once that is assured to them, as I have said, their own urgency to inquire provides the method, and plenty of it.

KENNETH RICHMOND.

The New Age
Mr. Russell writes. There is a contradiction somewhere between the simple richness of his style and the Spartan poverty of his ideas. He thinks gladly, but his style is warm. I suspect myself that if he were psycho-analysed Mr. Bertrand Russell would turn out to be a walking contradiction. In a word, I don't believe he believes a word he says! That tone, that style, those gestures—they betray the stage-player of the spirit.

A philosophy written in a popular style is not, of course, the same thing as a popular philosophy. "From a popular philosophy and a popular populace, good sense can be made." said Coleridge, meaning to say, I take it, that a philosophy whose substance, and not whose expression, has been adapted to the populace is in all probability false and is certainly superficial. In his "Lay Sermon," published a hundred years ago, Coleridge supplemented the foregoing remark by declaring "the long and ominous eclipse of philosophy, the usurpation of that venerable name by physical and psychological empiricism, and the non-existence of a learned and philosophical public." Between a philosophic public and a philosophic populace there is the same sort of difference as between the "public" that reads, let us say, The New Age and the "populace" that reads, let us say, Mr. H. G. Wells. Mr. Wells is a popular philosopher; but that is manifestly not the same thing as a writer who makes his philosophy popular. You see the difference which I have long laboured to make clear; well, there you have it. And all of this could be obtained in this place. The journal is the "Leeds Citizen"; and I am pleased now to mention its name.

Music.

By William Athelog.

ROISING.

MISS JEAN STIRLING MACKINLAY (Aedolian Hall, April 6) is not acceptable in her present form; there is too much of the jump through the hoop, the grin and smirk at the audience. As a music-hall performer she isn't a patch on Lauder; it is not, however, in this role that she approaches us. Possibly she has been indubitably... and she ruins them... which is a pity. The worst tricks of the appalling theatre are dragged onto the concert stage, and they are "put across," carried off, to the satisfaction of her audience, such as it is, by the vigour of her rhythm.

Given her equipment, for if she has not got a great deal of voice she has quite enough for her purpose, given her rhythm sense; if she would but add to it a little art-sense, she might have almost the best of our praises. A sudden shock, a month's meditation, might turn her into a fine performer. If, even as she is, she would sing "The Bonnie House of Airlie" with her gestures it would be almost a good performance. I take it that other critics are already weary and regard her gestures and costumes as a camouflage, for the better known among them did not attend this performance. If, however, she wishes to wear costumes and make gestures, she should not use the identical arm flittings as if in expression of so many different emotions. If, for instance, you use all possible physical activity, all the largeness of motion in rushing about the stage in imitation of Argyll's men setting fire to "Airlie," what have you in reserve for expressing the final emotions of the Laird of Airlie? The singing was good up to the last verse, which was simply inadequate; demonstrating that Miss Mackinlay just sings along without adequate planning or selection of her songs as a whole. There is in her no sense of scale and proportion... which things can be learned. She has ideas, quite a lot of them, good, bad and indifferent, but they are not fitted into a whole. Art simply is combining things into a whole; it is establishing some convention or proportion or idiom in expression. In the "Epithaph on Salathiel Pavy" she was quite good, the song was beautifully sung, and the movement, or rather lack of it, was right, up to the final bow which was exaggerated and ridiculous. Her gesture was probably at its worst in "Les Trois Sorcières." It is one thing for a foreigner to sing to us in broken English; he may be doing his best to be verbally comprehensible; but one should discourage singing in unassimilated foreign tongues. I am under the impression that she would have been hissed for "Une Perdrière" in any Parisian Café Chantant. Her sense of rhythm availed her in "Weaving Lilt," and she showed vocal technique in a way not to be minimised in her decreasing of the sound into nothing with a perfect evenness in the fading.

A man must be wholly without viscera not to be moved by parts of her "House of Airlie" despite the faults. Her performance was painful and infuriating because her vigour and elan and rhythm are of a quality so much needed, and because any violence of criticism would be justified if it could startle her into self-criticism, stimulate her to a consideration of scale and proportion, make her realise that, as she cannot be a whole theatrical company presenting an exact imitation of "life," she must find some possible modality of suggestion, and must grade her action from quiet up to some attainable maximum. Each gesture would gain in significance if she would not throw in gestures which give nothing. She is clever with about a fifth of her present supply. One must compliment Mr. Kenneth Mackinlay on his tactful and skilful accompanying.
Myra Hess, the excellent, steady, highly standardised pianist (Wigmore Hall) gave us Bach (Bk. 1, 15 Preludes and Fugues) with surety and good grading. One enjoyed the firm texture of her rhythm lines. In the next prologue there was reverie, romance, and a moodiness usually denied to the composer. Her opening of the Brahms Sonata (Op. 5) was, I think intentionally, rather anarchic—probably the proper manner for this composer. Miss Hess has not quite enough variety of tone quality, or "orchestration." Her possible development would lie in discovering more kinds of sound producible via the piano. More depth would leave her less need of bordering on pyrotechnics. In the Brahms a heavier bass and a greater richness of sound would not be wasted. These suggestions are marginalia; the reader must remember that Miss Hess is an excellent player, one of the best to be found on the English concert platform. The worst thing that can be said of her is that César Franck suits her rather better than other composers. That is a measured statement. Franck understood the piano. I admit that in his "Finale" she was reduced mostly to percussion and a few clever whistles, but I do not wish to belittle her ability, her reliability as a performer, or the fact that you could trust her to play anything anywhere with a complete freedom from amateur flaws. If people are interested in piano playing, if they like good piano playing, she is one of the players to hear.

The week's treat, the feast of soul, was, needless to say, Rosing's recital ( Aeolian Hall, April 13). This gorgeous vocalist managed an atrocious sore throat with almost as much mastery as he did the intricacies of "Nereida." In the "Give me this night" he displayed the great variety of his tone quality (may we call it voice-orchestration?). He is full of sudden surprises, unexpected richnesses of expression. In Petrides' "Greek Lullaby" we had the folk-rhythms wherein Rosing is perhaps at his finest, though this programme gave him no such chance as he had at the preceding recital in Mussorgsky. In the face of folk-rhythms, and of the persistence of these rhythms in Russian music, one wonders how long the tenuous folk-rhythms, and of the persistence of these rhythms in Russian music, one wonders how long the tenuous and highly intellectualised disjointed almost imperceptible motions of the modern French school will hold their vogue. They are of our time, they are perhaps the only means in which our music will come, the best of our composers are given up to them.... and yet....

Debussy's "Noel des Enfants" is an interesting experiment; it shows the composer's unsurpassed comprehension of the relation of rhythm to emotion (chiefly in the accompaniment), it depended equally on the great skill both of Rosing and of Di Veroli. And what can one say of war-art, anyhow, when the reality is out of all proportion to any human expression? The "Noel" has emotional intensity, but perhaps no other art-value. F. Bridge's good setting to verses unexceptionably bad was properly flawed. The best of the recital was in the Tosca Aria and in the Vassilenko and Nevstruoff and Gretchaninoff songs, especially the "No Wanderer." One would prefer Rosing to sing in his native tongue (save perhaps when he does "Adam de la Halle"). There is no need for him to bother with inferior English versions; the audience will take him only too gladly in Russian.

His next recital is at Aeolian Hall on May 14. (I suppose at 5.30, the hour is not yet announced). One can't hear too much of him, or of Di Veroli's ministrations.

Jesus the Carpenter.

By R. A. Vran-Gavran.

I.

A crowd of carpenters met together to discuss the matter. The discussion went on rapidly, and Reason the page stumbled slowly behind Passion the mistress. The only beautiful thing in the room, filled with the ugly flesh, was the electric light. I prayed the light to penetrate into their souls so as to reveal something else than ugliness. And the light whispered to them: "Workers, who is your greatest friend: Jesus the Carpenter or Marx the Scribe?"

"Marx the Scribe, of course."

The only beautiful thing in the room became sad, and the yellowish rays said to each other:—

"Woe to the prophet among his own kin!"

II.

The learned heads of the sons bowed at the table to consume the fathers' endless talks on salvation in the name of Jesus the Carpenter, and how it is to be acquired: by faith alone, or by works alone, or by both combined.

At the dawn, while old Augustin with Pelagius, and Bellarmin with Jansen were sitting around exhausted and helpless, the cocks crowed outside with a fresh voice:

"By neither of the three, but by His spirit, from which flows either of the three."

III.

A company of tourists went by a wooden church on the mountain. An old lady said:—

"I do not believe in Christ the Carpenter, because I cannot believe in the virgin birth."

"Did He preach the virgin birth?" asked a wise Indian, who knew His words by heart.

When the company got on the snowy roof of the world the royal Sun sank slowly in its striking glory. And while the company plunged into adoration, a great thinker of the company said:—

"I do not believe in the beauty of the Sun, because I do not believe in its creation ex nihilo."

IV.

Two thousand years after His conversation with the crucified malefactors on His left and on His right, the followers of Jesus the Carpenter in a big city were informed that He was to pay a visit to them.

The most zealous representatives of every Church, convinced that He would come first to their Church as the right Church, stood at the door and waited. The old quarrel arose in an acute form, and no programme was agreed upon.

When He appeared, dressed in light, people were screaming from every threshold:—

"Here, first! Here, only! Here is Thy right Church!"

And He peacefully walked, and mildly asked the alphabetic list of all the places of worship.

V.

During the great council at Constanza, on the day when John Huss was sentenced in the name of Jesus the Carpenter, I saw two tables in the dining-room. At the one in the middle there were sitting the learned gentlemen with red hats and red hands, and at the other in the corner there were: Krishna, Buddha, Lao-tse and an Arabian.

"Come, O Lord, and bless our food!" a red gentleman prayed.

Suddenly He entered, the doors being shut, in His garment of light, and walked by the two tables. Then He stood for a while, looked to the left and to the right, and took the fifth seat at the corner table.
VI.

Great leaders of mankind assembled to draw up a code of conduct for individuals and nations on Earth. Someone mentioned the name of Jesus the Carpenter. Others smiled like the Roman Governor of Judea, and said:

"He preached an impossible conduct."

Hastily I gathered some children in a field of lilies and asked them:

"Why are you called His best friends, little miracles?"

"Because we believe all His impossibilities," said the children, in a chorus, with the kingly lilies.

VII.

In a muddy field, a veritable cemetery of dead flowers, I saw hundreds of decrepit war-horses lying and slowly dying. (And a slow death is longer than any long life.) I caught the half-open eye of a horse, and asked him, vividly:

"Who brought you to such an ignoble state?"

"The followers of Christ the Carpenter wanted us to go with them a mile, and we went a thousand miles."

I could not resist sobbing, and I murmured:

"Farewell, brethren, you have fulfilled His law!"

VIII.

Hunters were hurrying to kill paradise birds. And the dead birds, in heaps, were bundled together under a profane roar of laughter.

"What was your history, coloured glories?" I dared to ask.

"The followers of Christ the Carpenter desired our coat, and we gave them our cloak, too. Nothing more!"

"Farewell, accusers of His followers! You have fulfilled His law."

IX.

On a wedding-table, roses and lilies in their death agony were looking at the radiant faces of people.

"What happened with you, little souls?" I asked the flowers.

"Just nothing! The followers of Christ the Carpenter wanted our beauty to enjoy, and we gave them even our life."

I could not resist sobbing, and I articulated:

"Farewell, sisters, you have fulfilled His law! He did the same, and for the very same people."

X.

In one of the usual wars upon a planet that pleasantly swayed through ether, numberless children were crushed and expired in agony.

"What is the reason of your suffering, innocent dust?"

"Our undeserved sufferings purify the deserved sufferings of our parents, the followers of Jesus the Carpenter," said the little convulsed bodies.

"Farewell, evokers of conscience. He is mobilising you in the world above as a terrible army against the world. Through the innocent sufferers only He repeats and augments His own sacrifice."

XI.

Glittering guns were roaring over the trembling human flesh.

"How didst thou, iron, get such a dominion over men, although man was commanded to have dominion over thee?"

"Through very patient service, as Jesus the Carpenter taught. A willing service leads always to an unwilling dominion, at a desired dominion leads always to undesired servitude."

Thus answered the glowing metal.

"Well-deserved, indeed, is thy lordship over man. For lo, thou hast fulfilled His law!"

XII.

Pobjedonoscev and Tolstoi quarrelled about Jesus the Carpenter and by what means He brought salvation.

"By what He was," said Anti-Tolstoi.

"No, but by what He said," thought Anti-Pobjedonoscev.

My old raven, two hundred years old, seated on the pinnacle of a cemetery chapel, croaked very harshly when I put to it the same question.

"We ravens are so long-lived, because one of our ancestors swallowed a drop of His blood under the Cross."

"Tell me somewhat more clearly, prophetic bird," I urged.

"Well, the Carpenter Prophet was what He said, and said what He was, and did what He said and was. He unbarred the gate of Death. He saved you by the personal evidence of Immortality, for which He performed loving sacrifice. This I said over the graves of Pobjedonoscev and Tolstoi when I visited them," so said my black friend, and croaked again.

A Modern Prose Anthology.

Edited by R. Harrison.

XIX.—MR. W. W. J-C-BS.

"A lamentation and an ancient tale of wrong, A tale of little meaning tho' the words are strong."


The pleasures of this world, said the night-watchman, gazing resentfully at an empty beer-jug, is fleetin'. They 'as no stayin' power. I remember the words of a preacher chap wot I once 'eard at a Sailors' Mission down Wapping way. "We are as ships that pass in the night," he ses; "dock to-day and gone to-morrow," and 'e ended up by saying that any day or any hour we might 'ave to end our last vy'ge in a port where rum and beer was known only by hearsey from new arrivals. It made you thirsty only to hear 'im, and I've never known sich an outbreak of drunkenness anywhere as there was at Wapping arter that mission. 'There's no tellin' wot men will do under the influence of drink or religion. You've 'eard me speak of old Sam Small and— Very good, sir. They'll go there some day, you may depend. I remember a skipper o' mine who arder he'd 'ad a glass or two of beer would go round proposin' to all the wimmin 'e knew. He was as steady a man as ever I met and one of the best cap'ns I ever sailed under, but the sparks 'e got himself into owing to this preponderence ort to 'ave bin showed on a magic lantern at the Band of 'ope, bein' both funny and a warnin' to others. The last time I sailed under 'im he had found 'is nemissus in a widder woman with a tidy sum put by, but o' course 'e would celerbrate it by proposin' to the darter o' the landlord wot sold 'im 'is beer. Evans 'er name was. She was a pretty gal and spirited and accepted 'im straight off, but he'd set his 'eart on the widder.

"I've done it, Bill," ses he to the mate, wot he always went to for 'elp.

"I'm glad to 'ear it," ses the mate, thinkin' 'e'd took the pledge. "You'll live to bless this hour," he ses, pattin' 'im on the back. The next minute the mate thinks he meant the d.t.s, the cap'n going almost mad. "'Wot can you see?" asks the mate. "'It's all right, I won't let it 'urt you," he ses, pattin' 'im on the back again.

"Stop pattin' me, do you 'ear?" ses the skipper, almost chokin', and trying to explain wot 'e'd done.

"You'll 'ave to send a telegram to say you've
sailed,' ses the mate, arter thinking 'ard. Unfort'n'tly, Miss Evans arrived while the skipper was sending it; and she kept sich a close eye on the men, the skipper 'ad to shave off 'is beard and be smuggled aboard as Mrs. Brown, the stewardess, though we didn't usually 'ave one. The mate sed we was sailin' without 'im. Miss Evans had 'eard 'er eyes and was n't a pity with sich a beautiful character, and smiled up at the mate through 'er tears till he 'adn't the 'eart to refuse.

The skipper didn't seem to see it the same way. His langwidge was inaccurate. The disgrace to the sect, and the mate 'ad to ask 'im to think of others as well as himself. Then 'e went back to Miss Evans, saying 'e washed his 'ands of it all. The skipper nearly went off 'is 'ead, and he kept lookin' down at 'is clo'es as if 'e arldly knew who he was. At fist, 'e pretended to be took poorly and 'e 'ad to live on weak guel and read kind notes from Miss Evans telling 'im to keep warm and sleep as much as he could. Then he tried to catch the mate alone to ask 'im wot 'e meant by it, and Miss Evans got so used to lookin' up and see the skipper 'idin' hed a mast with 'is face screwed up tryin' to catch the mate's eye that she sed 'e was quite a ship's character and she 'adn't him when she got ashore.

Ater one o' the men, wot didn't know 'e was the skipper, 'ad a love for the mate, and was lovin' off to where Miss Evans was talkin' to the mate. 'I'm Cap'n Browne,' he ses, standin' in front of 'er and folding 'is arms; and Miss Evans 'ad the 'ystericals, thinkin' Mrs. Brown 'ad gone dotty.

'You fool,' ses the mate in 'is ear. 'It's all right,' he ses to Miss Evans. 'It's only an 'allucination. Think she's the skipper.' The skipper was too afraid o' Miss Evans's 'ystericals doing 'er an injury to say any more. And when the mate explained to 'im wot 'e was, 'e began to see his way clearer, and arter a glass or two o' rum and bitter he saw 'e was warmin' up to it; but 'e nearly spoilt it all by going off and proposin' to Miss Evans before the mate could prevent 'im. 'Proposin' was second natur' to him when he 'ad a drop o' drink. He cried on 'er shoulder and sed 'e'd make her a good look cheerful. "There's to be a long account of it, illustrated with pictures, in the 'Strand Magzine.""

He went and leant over the side of the ship. "I think 'I'd do better in the 'orrible ones," he ses gloomy-like, and 'e made sich an 'orrible face that a man wot was passin' brought another to 'ave a look at it. He always 'ad a low sort of humour, said the night-watchman, accepting my offering. If I was you, sir, I'd make fun of 'im in the story and let the skipper 'ave a rest.

Views and Reviews.

IRELAND.

To turn from the present phase of the Irish problem to a sober history of the Irish Constitution and Parliamentary powers before the Union, is only to see the present phase in what Lecky called, "the cool light of history." That the Irish problem is perennial, is in a state of chronic insolubility, is one of the most usual descriptions of it; and Mr. Lloyd George's description of the Irish grievance as "spiritual " fixes the insolubility of the Irish problem as a fact. In a sense, the problem is spiritual: the Irish have a history that they have never forgotten, and that the English have never remembered, or have remembered inaccurately. The spiritual tendencies of the two races have therefore been conflicting for centuries; the English seem never to have understood that Ireland had rights, that the "wrongs" of which Ireland complained were the denial of her "rights" by law established. The average Englishman, like myself, is alternately perplexed and annoyed by the periodical revival of the Irish problem; it annoys us because it seems to deny our practical ability in government, it perplexes us because the Irish assume that we are as well acquainted with their history as they are, and therefore they accuse us of harbouring purposes that we have never dreamed of. The average Englishman's remedy of "resolute government" for the disorders incidental to an Union that has never been accepted by one partner to it, is an example of this same ignorance of the Irish problem; each generation of Englishmen is ignorant of the fact that every previous generation has prescribed "resolute government" as the cure for the Irish disorder, and this continual confidence in a remedy that has always failed only confirms the Irish in their conviction that we are worse than any of the European oppressors against whom we have fought. History repeats itself in Ireland because it is in a vicious circle out of which it can never emerge while the dogma of the insolubility of the Irish question is held by Englishmen. Spiritual problems are always insoluble because they are not reduced to intelligible terms and reasonable dimensions; and I am of opinion that Mr. Swift MacNeill has done more to solve the Irish problem by writing this book than by all his political activity. It is probably true that we do not and cannot understand the Irish; in that sense, the problem is spiritual and insoluble; but we can understand a constitutional argument, and by stating the problem in these terms, Mr. Swift MacNeill has nearly solved it.

The central fact was stated by Mr. Isaac Butt in 1873: "From the very earliest introduction of the power of the English kings in Ireland, the Irish, who submitted to the rule of those kings, had a right to the same Parliamentary constitution as that which England enjoyed." Englishmen, first at Lismore, and afterwards in Dublin, King John declared that the Irish people were to have the benefit of the Great Charter and of English law—it became an essential part of the Union between Ireland and

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* * "The Constitutional and Parliamentary History of Ireland till the Union." By J. G. Swift MacNeill, M.P. (Fisher Unwin. 10s. 6d. net.)
the English Crown, that the Sovereign should govern us—as in England—by the advice of a National Assembly." The Constitution of that National Assembly was finally settled during the reign of James I. on a basis that professed to include the whole island. That Constitution continued until 1692, when the Act of Union, it was finally destroyed. The Irish Parliament "was constituted according to English law. It had, like the English Parliament, its hereditary House of Peers. The House of Commons was elected exactly like the English House of Commons, by the freeholders on the counties and by cities and towns, deriving their right to return members from the Charters of Kings. In the two countries the laws regulating the Parliamentary Franchise were exactly the same. The Freehold Franchise was the same in both; and the Royal Charters had exactly the same effect, and were construed and tried by the same rules of law."

The perplexed Englishmen will ask: "What, then, was all the trouble about? We could do no more than constitute Ireland the political counterpart of England."

The trouble began with the fact that the King of England was de jure the King of Ireland. The English Parliament, in disposing of the Crown of England, also disposed of the Crown of Ireland. The power to do so was never questioned; it was distinctly recognized. The Act of Succession which conferred the Crown of England from the Stuarts to the princes of the House of Sophia was not accompanied by a corresponding Act of the Irish Parliament. The title of the House of Windsor, also, to the Crown of Ireland rests solely on a statute of the English Parliament. But from this dependence of the Irish Crown upon the English Crown arose the very different claim of an English Parliament to legislate for Ireland; it was a claim apparently justified by the doctrine of the Sovereignty of Parliament which had triumphed as a consequence of the Civil War, but it was complicated by the fact that the Irish Parliament never acknowledged it. The Irish Parliament had no cognizance of the existence of an English Parliament; it knew only the King of England, who was the acknowledged King of Ireland. The claim of the English Parliament to legislate for Ireland was regarded as an usurpation of the constitutional rights of Ireland; it was fiercely contested, and the claim was finally abandoned in 1682. Unfortunately, the abandonment of the claim was not accompanied by the abandonment of the purpose; and within a few years the Irish Parliament was induced, by means which were more efficacious than admirable, to pass the Act of Union which terminated its own existence, and gave power to the English Parliament to legislate for Ireland—with consequences that are visible at this moment. That is the simple gist of the matter, however it may have been disguised by party passion, religious difference, and racial incomprehension.

Ireland has always claimed the right she indubitably had to govern herself constitutionally, subject to the Sovereignty of the King of England in Council. From that she has never departed; although at times, in extremity of passion, she has proclaimed Republican and Separatist ideas, it is the right of self-government on the English model that she has always claimed, and for which she will have no substitute. The Irish problem is by nature a compliment to the English people; they want to be like us, but they do not want to be us. They insist on their similarity, but repudiate every attempt of ours to translate that similarity into identity. They will not be ignored by the English race, they will not be merged in it: the English policy of sich imponieren has failed from the time of Strafford up till now, and the only solution of the Irish problem is the recognition of her constitutional rights of self-government subject to the veto of the King in Council.

A. E. R.
destructive of social order, for the purpose of personal gain. The Middle-Class has always been the most exclusive of classes, and was most exclusive when it seemed to be most social. "It had first united the town against the landlords; then united the mastersmen against the labourers;" Middle-Class men now guarded themselves against the town organisations of which they had previously been the champions by the simple process of putting the towns in their pockets. Their habit of treacherous performances of this kind appeared in several ways. As long as they saw in the gild organisation a weapon against the workmen, they were cunningly loyal to the gilds, to the point of entirely taking possession of them. Now that their mere capital gave them power, they began to undermine still further the essential qualities of the gilds. Statutes appeared forbidding, for instance, the manufacture of cloth outside the towns of Worcester, Evesham, Droitwich, Kidderminster, and Bromsgrove." The purpose of such statutes was the withdrawal of the Middle-Class manufacturer from the sphere of influence of the gilds (which limited the number of his apprentices and journeymen, forbade night-work, and supervised his disciplinary measures) to regions where he could do as he liked. That desire to do as he liked found expression as far back as Crowley:—

For thy thynge, he sayde,
Full certayn he wyste,
That wyth hys owne he myghte
Always do as he lyste.

The "Imprecation against the Oppressors" and similar screeds would probably never have been written if what the Middle-Class liked to do had been of benefit to anyone but themselves; but from the first, the Middle-Class seemed to have been the Out-Classed, with no perception of anything but individual interest. That blindness to any social obligation is the prevailing characteristic of the Middle-Class. As fast as it dispossessed the landowners, so fast did it dispossess land-owning of any idea of social service or of the obligation of maintenance either of State or people. So long as local government offered no advantage, so long did the Middle-Class evade the responsibility of all "good men and true"; they accepted it as a means of evading taxation and securing their own welfare at the expense of the community. In the name of Liberty, they evaded the right of the Crown to assess taxable wealth; by the simple device of town grants, they evaded individual inquisition, and thereby betrayed their refusal of any rights to anybody but themselves. They were the inventors of Monopoly not for national service but for private profit; and they have never, throughout their history, discovered anything like a purpose for Monopoly. A benevolent tyranny is at least admirable for its intentions, a malevolent tyranny is at least intelligible in its satisfaction of the baser instincts; but a stupid tyranny that has acquired Power by a simple process of doing nothing, except for its own advantage, of monopolising necessities of exchange so that it might thrive by throttling industry, such a tyranny is neither admirable nor intelligible, but simply oppressive. The key to the mystery of the Middle-Class is, as Mr. Greet shows, the currency question; the Middle-Class, by understanding no more than that money is a commodity which may profitably be traded with and carries no obligations, has risen to power, to a power whose maintenance means the persistent enfeeblement and final destruction of the nation; that power will pass to humanity when we learn to reduce money to its proper level of a medium of exchange, and with that passage will pass the Middle-men, the Middle-Class. Ecrase le bourgeois, and let England become a nation again, is the inference to be drawn from this most interesting study.

Pastiche.

SONG OF THE LABOUR LEADER LORD.
(From the Ministerial Revue, "Wig-Wag.")

Once I was a pal' o' Labour's, but begob, likewise bejubers,
The chune is changed, an' there is no denyin' it. I be a full-blown Minister! My attitude is sinister Whenever agitators come a-tryin' it. I write the sternest orders; if they step beyond the borders Of my edict, and attempt to try denyin' it, I simply swoop and nail 'em, and straight away do jail 'em, And believe that what they get they get by buyin' it.

Chorus of Hangers-on:
He's a Minister! He's a Minister! And his attitude is very, very sinister. When they try it on he nails 'em, and he very promptly jails 'em, if they venture to defy a Labour Minister.

I receive some deputations, simply senseless botherations—
All these workers spend their wages on the razzle—
Aokin' what advance I'm givin' to defray the cost o' livin',
But I've got a cinch that beats 'em to a frazzle. I loudly bellow, "Nah thin, I shan't grant a ruddy farthing!"
And you can't tell me a fact or reason as'il
Move me on to say I'm able," and I bang the ruddy table;
Such diplomacy and tact the workers dazzle.

Me noble friend Lord Cuzzim took me closely to his buzzin',
When I pushed into the inner rank of bosses;
He told me I was brainy, a come-in-out-of-the-rainy,
Sort of feller, quite above the other fles.
I affected to believe him, 'twouldn't do to undeceive him,
For a chap of common sense he never tosses.
On one side the praise of gentry, if by chance he has the entry
Into circles where the cash cuts moral losses.

Chorus of Hangers-on:
He's a Minister! He's a Minister! And his attitude is very, very sinister.
He is now with inner bosses
Where the cash cuts moral losses;
He's a high-class, undiluted Labour Minister.

Plans for progress! How I funk 'em! Now I see they're clearly bunkum.
Socialise! It ain't a bit o' good pursuin' it;
It's opposed to human natur'; not a single living creatur',
Were it tried, would ever come to cease from ruin' it.
As for industry controlin', that's a fearful sort o' hole in Which the Labour men may fall; alas, they're wozin' it!
Did you say I sang its praises in the past? Oh, go to blazes!
I know better, now I'm actually doin' it.

Chorus of Hangers-on:
He's a Minister! He's a Minister! And his attitude is very, very sinister.
In the past he sang its praises, Now the scheme can go to blazes; He's a high-class, undiluted Labour Minister.
R. E. G.
PRESS CUTTINGS.

The Press Association says:—

Lord Northcliffe, who is recovering from a severe attack of influenza, extending over nine weeks, replying to a telephone inquiry yesterday, stated that, while he has protected himself privately against the recurrence of the War, he has agreed, at the request of the Prime Minister and of other members of the Cabinet, to continue the official and delicate work in which he is engaged until the Government can find someone else to carry on his tasks. He is in no sense a member of the Government, and has declined to become one in order that his newspapers may be free to speak plainly about certain aspects of the political and military situation.

During the whole of his illness he has carried on his work and he is leaving Broadstairs to-day for Bournemouth, where it is hoped that he will be quickly restored to his usual health.

A denunciation, representing the National Joint Committee, waited upon the Postmaster General to discuss a matter of vital importance to members. We failed absolutely, and failed because we were bound to fail. In the nature of things it could not win. The subject-matter was proper for employment will satisfy the present generation of absolutely, and failed weakening of the War Cabinet, he has agreed, at the

The present movement towards industrialism has not come too early; nor is it too hurried. The position of trade unionists cannot remain as it is. Neither can the position of the leaders. You have no right to send your leaders to meet your employers on unequal terms a single time more than is unavoidable. They should go, not to St. Martin's unequal terms, but to a neutral place on equal terms. Until that is possible, the interests of all of us, leaders and members must suffer. To get this equality, this power of bargaining, the stronger and more resolute we are as Trade Unionists, the more successful we shall be in our Parliamentary activities. But in so far as we favour Parliamentary action because it is safe we are deceiving ourselves, for no amount of "R.C.A. representation in Parliament" will ever make up for pusillanimity on the part of the rank and file of our Association. —"The Railway Clerk."

When the proposal of a Capital Levy, as a means of reducing the burden of the War Debt, was first put forward, it was generally regarded as not likely to do anything. The subject-matter was a single time more than is unavoidable. They should go, not to St. Martin's unequal terms, but to a neutral place on equal terms. Until that is possible, the interests of all of us, leaders and members must suffer. To get this equality, this power of bargaining, the stronger and more resolute we are as Trade Unionists, the more successful we shall be in our Parliamentary activities. But in so far as we favour Parliamentary action because it is safe we are deceiving ourselves, for no amount of "R.C.A. representation in Parliament" will ever make up for pusillanimity on the part of the rank and file of our Association. —"The Railway Clerk."

Mr. Belloc, when attacking the Insurance Act, with its frank discrimination between rich and poor, applied to a society that was governed on this general principle a phrase that has become classical. He called it the servile State. The book he published with this title marks an important stage in the discrediting of the ideal that had been largely borrowed from Germany; the idea!...